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DECEMBER, 1941

Esquire

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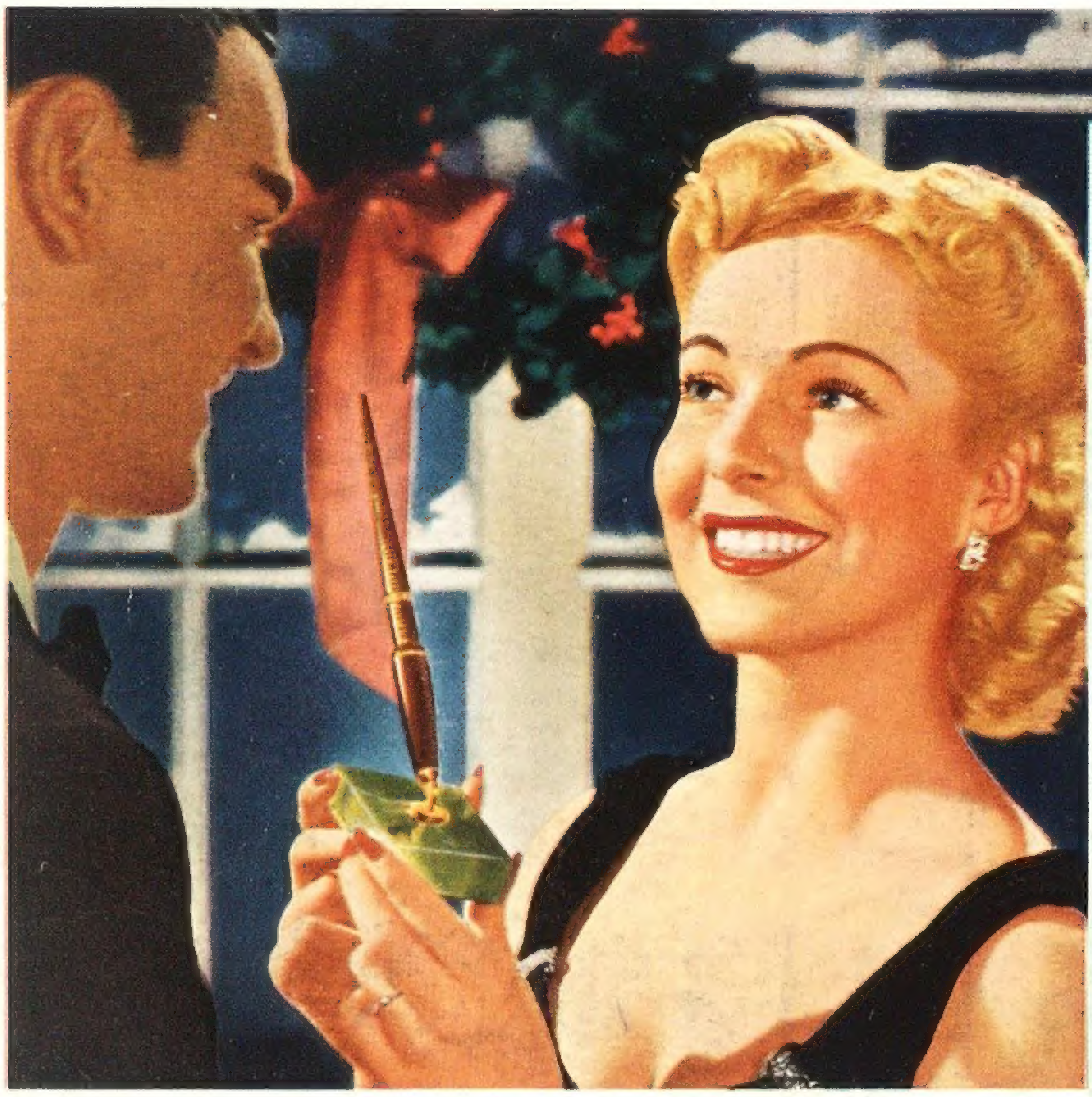

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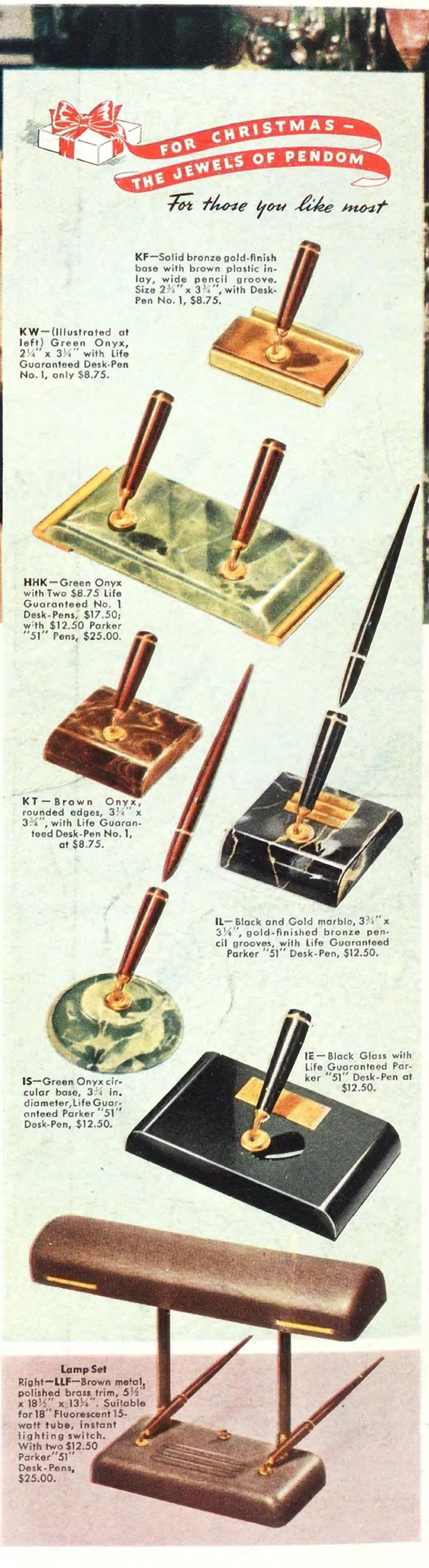

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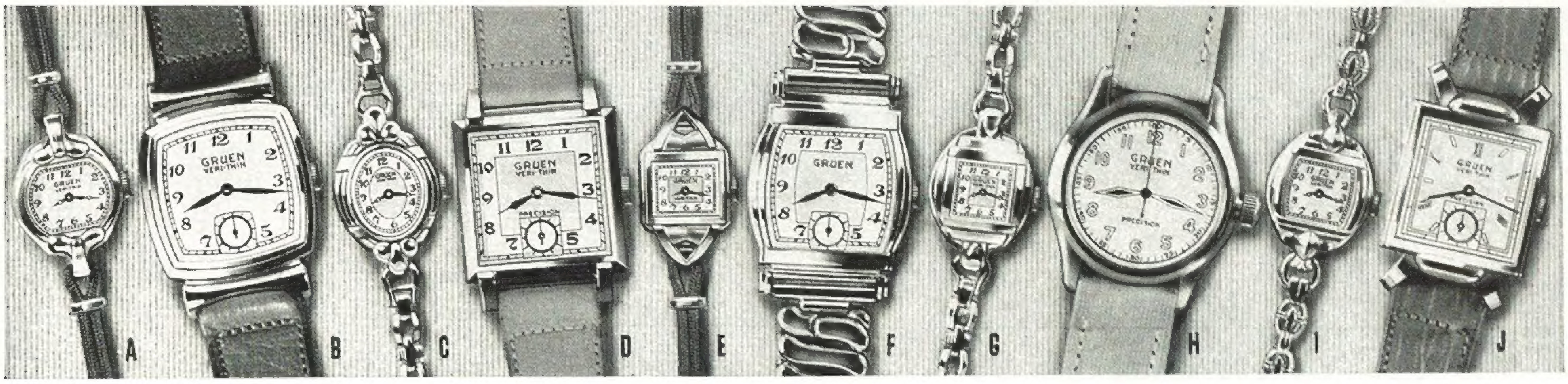

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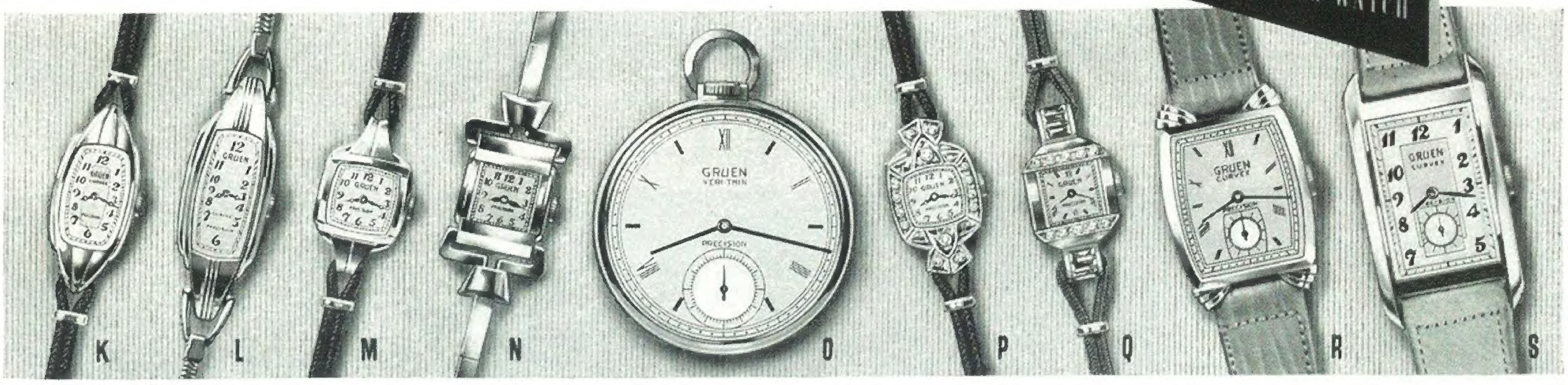

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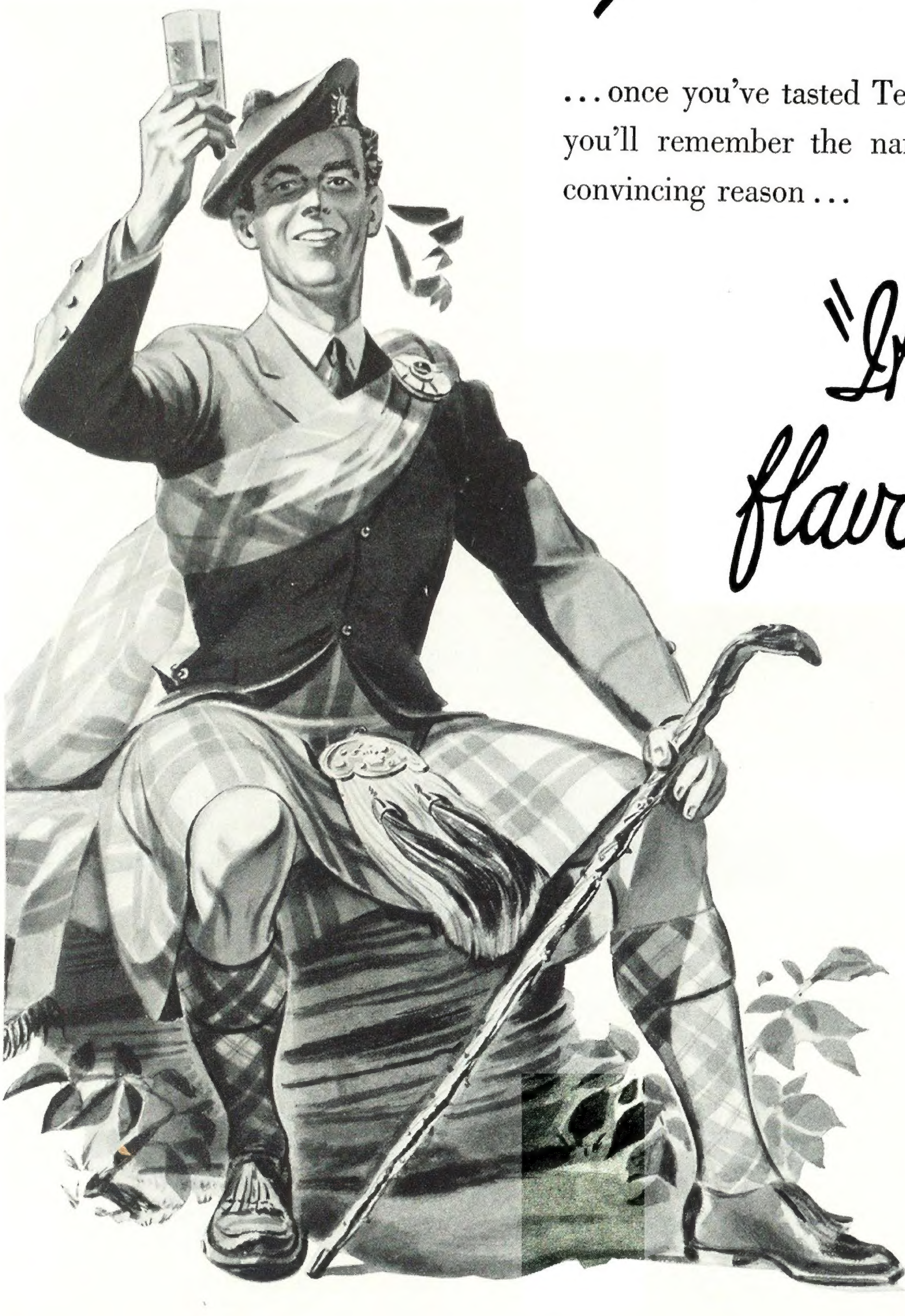

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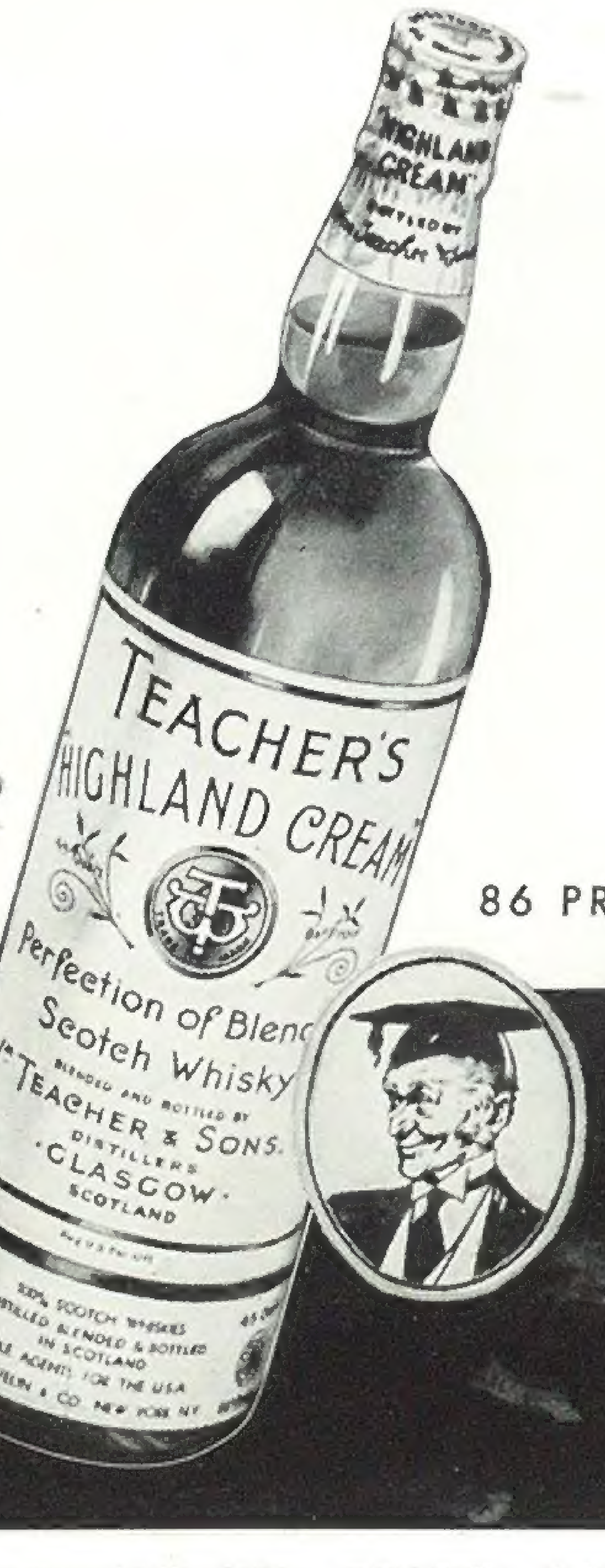
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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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NEW YORK EDITION

EDITORIAL: Hail and farewell to this one special issue

In Vienna, a few months before Hitler's arrival, we were shopping for toys to bring home for Christmas. Toward nine o'clock one night in early December we entered a toy shop not far from St. Stephen's Church. The shop was crowded and we started to look over its contents hurriedly, fearful that it might be closing before we should have had time to make a careful selection. But soon we saw that there would be no occasion for hurry. For as each of the proprietor's two assistants would complete a sale and start to wrap up the toys involved in the transaction, the little man who owned the shop would rush over and take the toys away from the assistant and insist on playing with them. Each time he would murmur something about wanting to make a demonstration, to make sure that the purchaser would know exactly how each toy worked.

The little man looked very much like one of Disney's seven dwarfs in the Snow White picture. The dwarf he most resembled was *Bashful*, and the resemblance was uncanny. But he was not too shy to make each customer wait, while he played, ostensibly to demonstrate but obviously to enjoy himself for one last time, with each toy that was being sold.

Enjoying the spectacle, we purposely waited until all other customers had left the shop. Then as the little man stood fondling each of the toys of our choice, we asked him, right out, whether it was for our benefit or his own that he was playing with them. He admitted, then, that it was because he hated to let them leave his hands that he played with them. "And besides," he added, "in such times one cannot help but wonder, as each one goes, whether one will ever again see such another."

* * *

We thought of him, in his Viennese toyshop, as we caught ourselves fondling the dummy of this issue, too often and too long and too fondly, as we kept putting off to the last possible moment the writing of this last page to go to press. The thing was, as we finally had to admit to ourselves, that for once we hated to bid an issue of the magazine goodbye. We had lived with this one too long, and enjoyed it ourselves too much, in the months we had it around the shop, to enjoy seeing it go. It's not that we hate to see you get it. It's just that we hate to let it go. And besides, as the little man in the toyshop said, in such times one cannot help but wonder whether one will ever again see such another.

By the time another Christmas issue comes around, will the glitter of metallic ink still lend a festive grace note to its cover? Will the supply of paper still be plentiful enough to permit us to indulge in any such expansive editorial gestures as this issue's four page gatefold bearing a full size reproduction of John Steuart Curry's painting, *The Light of the World?*

But these are trivial questions. The real question, for you and us to face, during the year that is around the corner, is whether the light of the world itself will be burning ever brighter, by this time next year, or guttering down in its last dwindling candle.

Still, the answer to such an all-decisive question is on the lap of the gods. Each of us, in his own little world of little men, can do no more about it than to do his best at his appointed job. And ours, for as far ahead as we can see, is to generate as much smileage as we can commit to paper and inks, to brighten the corner where we are, as one contribution to a nation's morale, however dark the days ahead may yet turn out to be.

* * *

For that little Viennese toyshopkeeper the light of his world went out swiftly, we feel sure, a few months after the night we bought a few of his precious toys. Vienna was no place for a man whose business was selling smiles, the day after the Beautiful Blue Danube turned Brown.

But the world has never yet known a catastrophe that laughter has not outlived. Nor has any tyrant in history's long roll of villains ever had the last laugh. That has always been left to the people.

We thought of that, too, that same December, as we stopped off in Nuremberg on our way back home. There, in a restaurant, we bought a tin of Nürnberger Lebkuchen and as we paid the waiter for them we wished him a merry Christmas. This waiter, too, was a small man. For answer, he drew himself up to the last centimeter of what little height he had, clicked his heels and said "Heil Hitler." But as he said it, ever so slightly and so quickly and yet unmistakably, he winked.

That was a dangerous thing to do, in Germany even then. But we chose to regard it then, and have so cherished it ever since, as an omen that some day, soon or late, it will be dangerous to say Heil Hitler, even in Germany, without winking.

* * *

To get back to this issue, we feel sure that it needs no fondling from us, in print, but that it will speak very well and clearly for itself. One or two things about it may stand explaining, but in general we feel that it is the kind of good wine that needs no bush.

It is a big issue, one of the biggest we have ever published. But it would have been even bigger, by some twenty-five to thirty pages, if the priorities situation, with its consequent temporary shortages of certain raw materials, had not knocked a number of scheduled advertisers out of its pages. Notably we ourselves notice the unavoidable absence, for this reason, of the Talon Fastener advertisement, never lacking from any of the eight Christmas issues we have published to date, and in Esquire's early issues such a conspicuous feature that in all the many parodies of Esquire issued by college magazines the Talon Fastener ad was never overlooked.

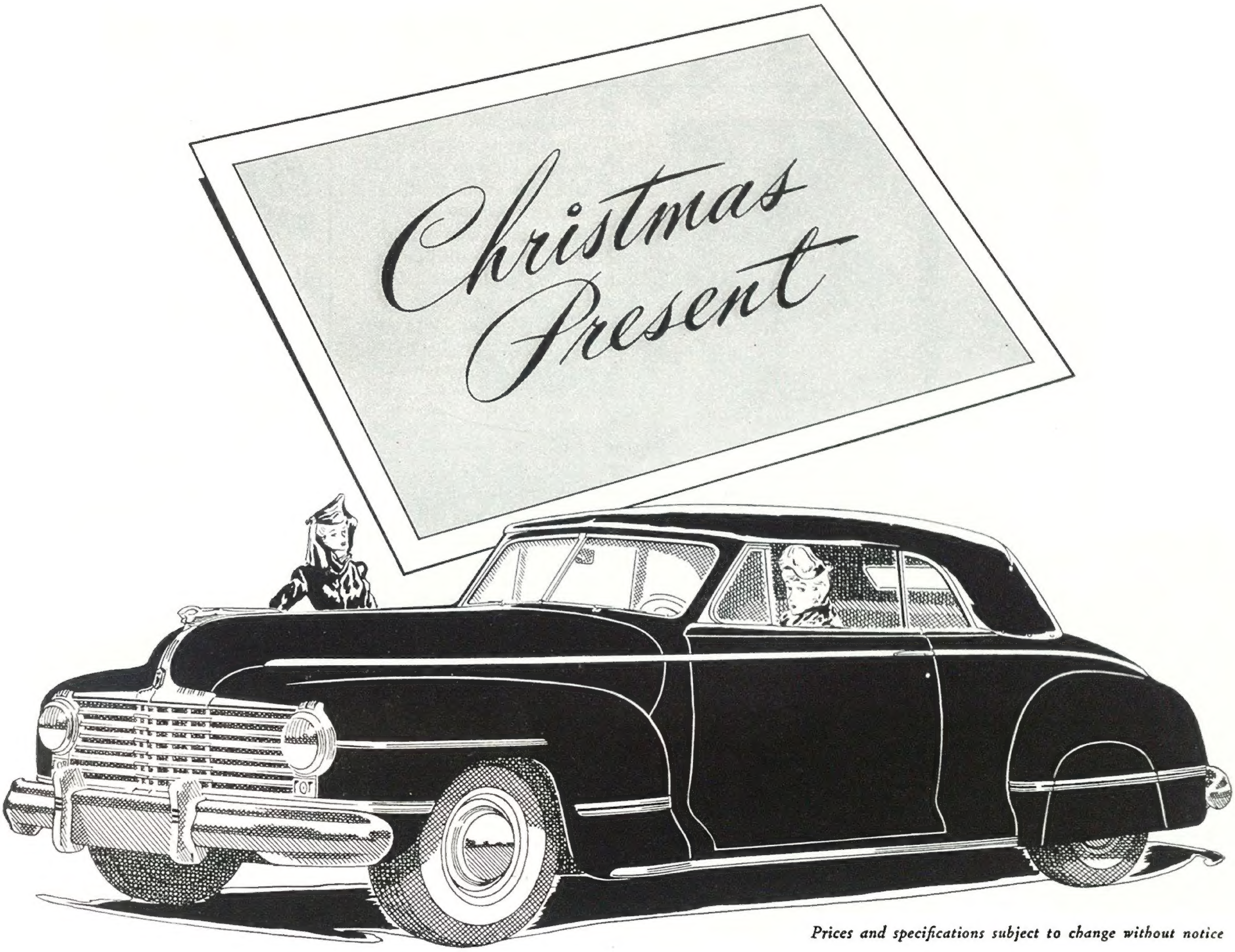
Speaking of well-known advertisements, there is one that is apparently not half as well known as we assumed. In our October issue we ran a cartoon showing a number of Japanese army aviators, lined up in drill formation, all holding their hands in the attitude of contrasting the lengths of regular and king's size cigarettes. That the imitative Japanese, gaining their impression of the American armed forces from the pictures they had seen in virtually all of the American magazines and newspapers, wherein the makers of Pall Mall cigarettes conveyed the idea that American soldiers, sailors and marines apparently do nothing quite so often and so regularly as sit around demonstrating to each other the relative proportions of these two cigarette sizes, might choose to adopt this tactic of the western world, seemed to us to be so obvious an idea as to require no caption. But to date we have answered some seven hundred letters asking for a clue to this cartoon's evidently deeply buried meaning.

Well, we would like to assure you here and now that this issue, for all its overload of cartoons, carries no such abstruse and oblique cartoon as that one. We have checked it carefully, several times, to try to reassure ourselves on that point. But still, remembering that we thought that one was pretty obvious, perhaps our certification of the transparency of all this issue's cartoon meanings is of doubtful value.

Another thing about this number, that you might never have noticed but that we'd better cover in case you do. There are no ℞ signs on any of the articles or stories this time. That's no accident. Normally, we slug those symbols on such of the stories and articles as we can't bear the thought of your overlooking in your very first bout of reading the magazine. (Whether they have ever actually served that purpose is something we've often wondered.) But this issue isn't normal, by any means. And when it's crammed, as it is, with special features all the way, we hate to admit, even to ourselves, that we consider any of them more special than the rest. (Strictly between us, if we had to name a favorite in this number's contents, we'd say it is *The Lost Halo* by Horatio Winslow, perhaps because of auld acquaintance, because that was the very first item to go into production for this issue, having been purchased for the purpose almost exactly one year ago. And if we had but one wish to make, at the moment of launching this issue, it would be that the spirit of that story should prove so infectious that it would "take," far and wide, and last the whole year through.)

In general, then, we felt about this issue's features as our remembered friend, the little Vienna toyman, felt about his toys, that he had himself enjoyed them all so much that he could play no favorites in the expression of his reluctance to part company with any of them.

So we've marked none of them for special attention. You may wallow about in them at will, unhampered by any kibitzing from this corner. And good hunting!



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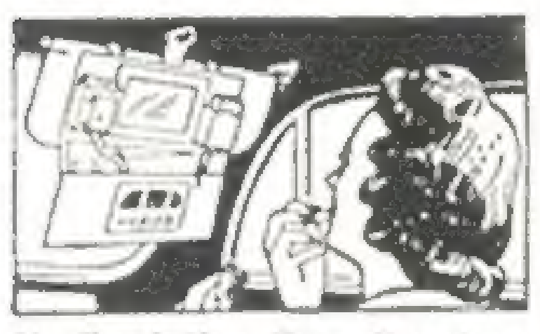
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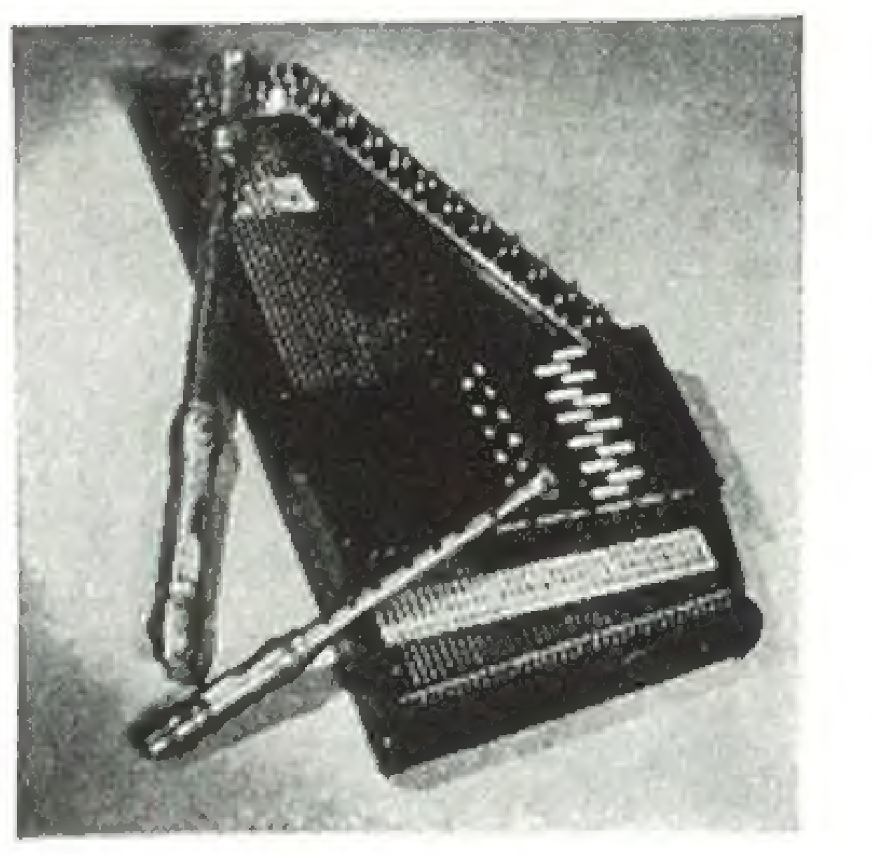

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MUSIC BOXES. They're always appropriate at Christmas, and particularly so is the one that's part of a small gray maple shrine. The doors open to reveal a hand-painted tableau of the Madonna and Child, and at the same time the music box is heard . . . The intricate workings can be seen as well as heard in the cigarette box, which is handsome on its own merits, being made of holly wood inlaid with thin strips of purple heart.

CASUAL ASSORTMENT. First, an oversized china coffee cup and saucer dedicated to the farmer. The front is decorated with every imaginable farming accoutrement, the back is inscribed with an old English verse describing the bliss of agriculture . . . Unadorned except by grace of its own lustrous red mahogany and the carved metal hinges is a three-partitioned stamp box . . . In sterling silver is an ice pick that's really a bottle opener.

CLASSICS AND COFFEE. Hermes has been resurrected from museums and mythology and appears now in lucite on top of a plastic pedestal. Twist the pedestal slightly and Bingo! Hermes is lit up from within. *Sans* illumination, but with her personal seal engraved on the bottom, he can also be had as a lapel pin . . . And, to add another unusual source of inspiration, there's a pigskin compact that's a reasonable facsimile of a breakfast coffee ring.

HERE COMES THE GROOMING. No time like Christmas for the encouragement of the appearance impeccable. To this end, here are two items of a popular line, with shaving soap and shaving lotion in crockery containers that are useful even after the very creditable contents are gone . . . You'd be thanked nicely for the military brushes in lucite, with nylon bristles, in a calf-skin box.

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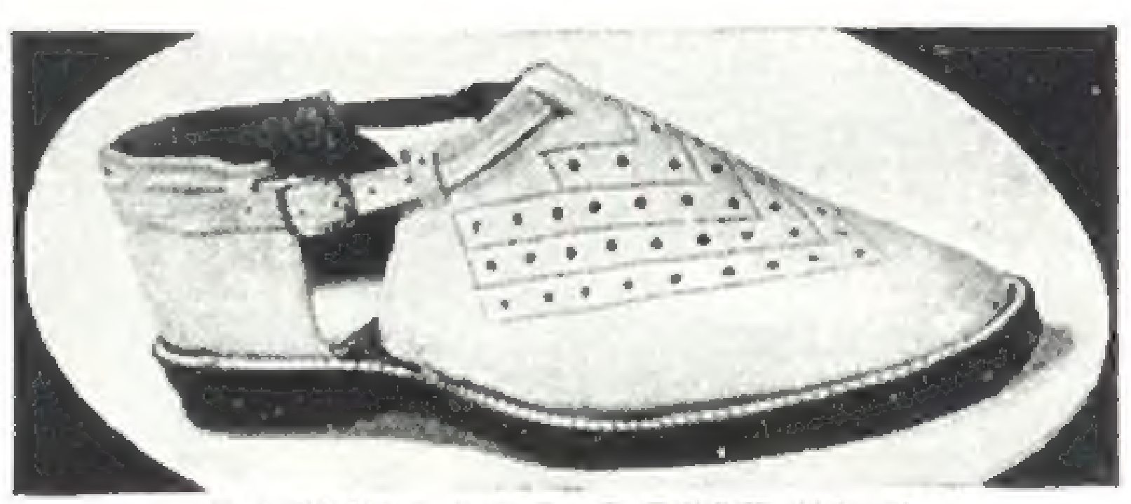
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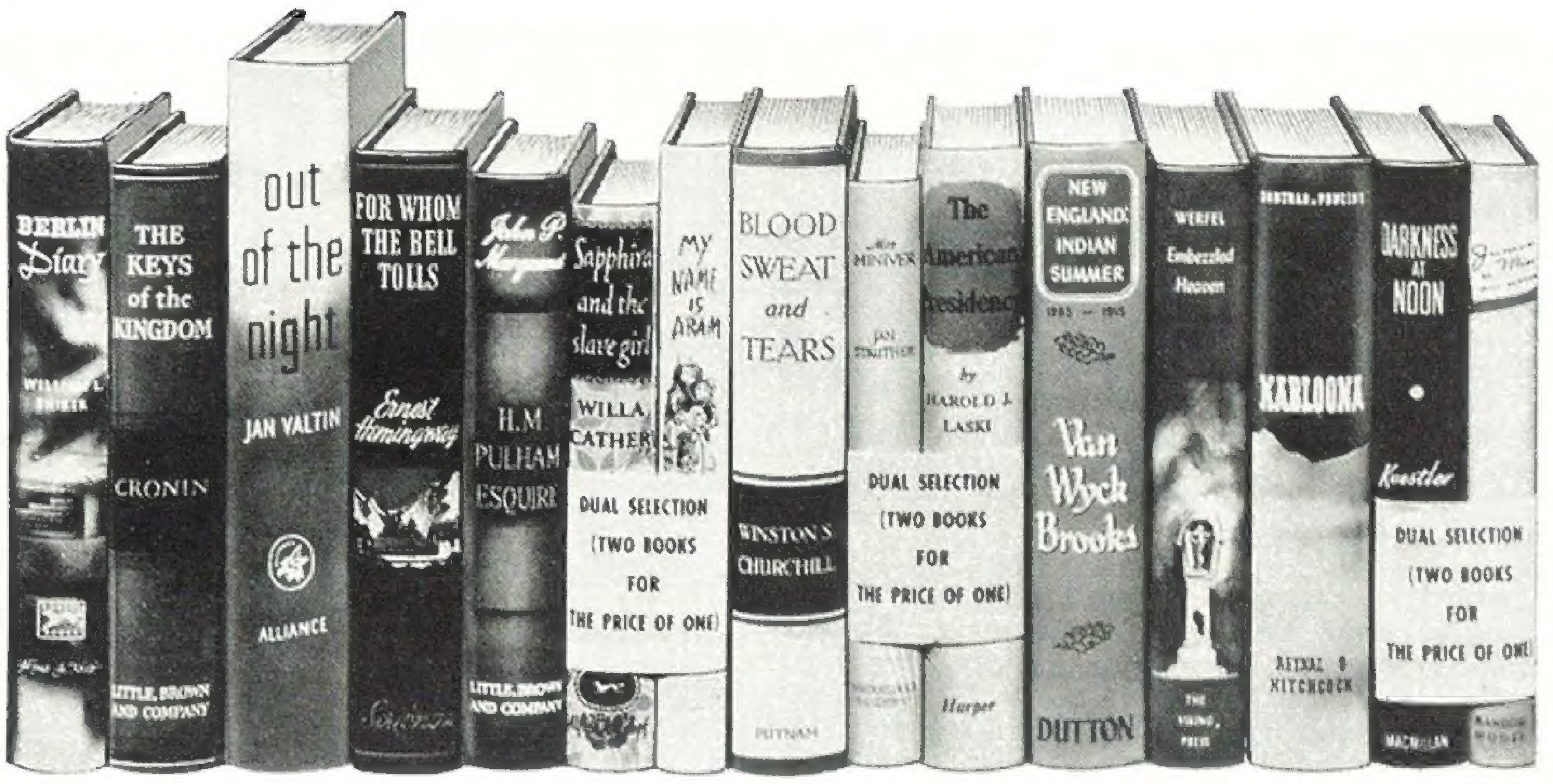
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YOU WOULD HAVE RECEIVED *Six of these books Free*

Pictured here are the most recent books that were Club Selections and Book-Dividends. Members do not have to take the selection every month; they may buy as few as four a year. But whenever they do buy the Club's selections they receive one book-dividend FREE for every two selections they buy.

OVER 425,000 families—thus at the very least, over a million discriminating book-readers—now belong to the Book-of-the-Month Club. They do so, in order to keep themselves from missing the important new books they are really interested in.

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LIST OF SELECTIONS SHOWN ABOVE

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THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM *Dr. A. J. Cronin*
OUT OF THE NIGHT, *Jan Valtin*
FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS *Ernest Hemingway*
BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS *Winston Churchill*
H. M. PULHAM, ESQUIRE *John P. Marquand*
DARKNESS AT NOON, *Arthur Koestler*
JUNIOR MISS, *Sally Benson*
KABLOONA, *Gontran de Poncins*
SAPPHIRA AND THE SLAVE GIRL *Willa Cather*
MY NAME IS ARAM, *William Saroyan*
EMBEZZLED HEAVEN, *Franz Werfel*
NEW ENGLAND: INDIAN SUMMER *Van Wyck Brooks*
THE AMERICAN PRESIDENCY *Harold J. Laski*
MRS. MINIVER, *Jan Struther*

You are not obliged, as a subscriber of the Club, to take the book-of-the-month its judges choose. Nor are you obliged to buy one book every month. You receive a carefully written report about the book-of-the-month chosen by our four judges, *in advance of its publication.* If it is a book you really want, you let it come to you. If not, you merely sign and mail a slip, saying, "Don't want it."

Scores of other careful recommendations are made to help you choose *among all new books* with discrimination. If you want to buy one of these, you merely ask for it.

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

DR LONGSTREET & MR HAGGARD

Could I have a corner of one of your pages to explain what happens to Esquire authors . . . and to put on record a certain mistake some of your readers are making? First . . . a year or so ago you printed a group of stories by Paul Haggard . . . *Let The Day Perish*, *Silver Feet of Time*, *No Peace With the Sea*, and others. They were reprinted and translated and a lot of people liked them. Well, I have been getting letters from people saying that in my books, *Decade*, *The Golden Touch*, and in my best seller, *The Last Man Around the World*, I have been trying to write like Paul Haggard and swiping his best stuff.

How true that is! But you see, Paul Haggard is a pen name I used while writing short stories. And of course, Paul Haggard and Stephen Longstreet are the same person—honest. Mr. Longstreet writes like Mr. Haggard, and Mr. Haggard has the same ideas Mr. Longstreet has . . . and that's all right . . . because they are the same fellow. Don't think I'm not flattered by your readers remembering and thinking enough of the stuff to protest. Hell, I'm just a flattery-loving goon . . . just like the next author.

As to what becomes of Esquire authors . . . well, for those readers who care: since selling my first story to Esquire, I have written for most of the slick million reader magazines (and *not* liked their formula at all) been an editor of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, been reprinted in text books at Carnegie Tech, published three best selling books, *Decade*, *The Golden Touch*, and am now keeping up the record with my new one, *Last Man Around the World*. I am a best seller in England (but not getting a dime of it), I have refused two Nazi publishers, who wanted to translate and reprint my books, I have just finished a story at Warner Brothers for Miss Bette Davis, *The Gay Sisters*, and I am about to tour America and write a series of stories for a national weekly. And I sort of like to think it all happened when I sent a short story in your direction. Go ahead, stick your chest out.

Well I hope this is the last letter I have to write to a magazine in a long time, explaining I can be two or three writers with only one typewriter.

Most cordially,
Stephen Longstreet
Hollywood, Calif.

CHARACTER WITNESS

As a reader of long standing, (or shall I say of long sitting, as my lounge chair becomes a part of me as I peruse my latest copy of Esquire on those rarely perfect evenings when I am alone) may I say that, much as I enjoy each and every page of your very fine magazine, I must agree with John S. Crall, of Anchorage, Alaska, that Esquire has lost much of the lusty appeal of the early issues.

I have heard this criticism from several of my friends who are regular subscribers. I note, also that many care little for a type of story which is often found in your pages, of which *The Indian Ocean Sits and Smiles* is an example. Perhaps such men as we are interested less in subtleties, and psychological effects than we are in down to earth humor. Never have I read an article or story, never have I seen a cartoon in Esquire, even in the "good old days" which could be offensive to anyone who is not a prude. Your type of publication must be a bit daring or it falls into the class of "home companion" magazine. These of course fill a need, but not the need of a man who, upon returning from the routine treadmill of office or shop, wants a little—call it Pep, Oomph, or what have you, injected into his day. The slightly risqué gives a fillip to an otherwise dull existence, gives the man a bit of dash and daring, at least in his dreams, while his prosaic self reposes quietly in his chair.

So, with all due respect to Esky in his present makeup, let's try to pep him up a bit. Surely nothing so radical as a gland transplantation would be needed. I'll bet there's plenty life in the old boy yet, if he's handled right.

Thanks for the many belly laughs we've enjoyed together, in the past, and here's hoping.

Very truly yours,
Chicago, Ill. R. B. Sorensen

FORGOTTEN MEN

I have of late seen many letters from service personnel and am well aware of the fact that you receive many letters from cranks such as myself. I have been an ardent reader of "Esky" for these many years past but have never dared to venture forth with a letter, you see I am a collector of "Petty's" and "Varga's" but am terribly disappointed with Varga in the October issue. Why must we of the Marine Corps be always forgotten, the Army, the Navy, the Air Corps, but not the Marine Corps.

Must we remind you that we are the oldest branch of the service! That we are first to fight and last to come back. The army was removed from Tientsin, China, several years ago but the "Leathernecks" remain. True enough we have no draftees but we do have those of us who have been called back into the Corps from the reserve.

So "Esky" please do not forget us, as we too should like to be recognized.

With best wishes for continued success from a great many of the fellows here besides myself.

A faithful reader,
Corporal Maurice T. Hamberger
Division Headquarters Company,
Second Marine Division
Marine Corps Base,
Camp Elliott, San Diego, Calif.

PACIFIC CREDO

I for one was amused at the *Key West Credo* published in your September number of Esquire under *The Sound and the Fury*. The limits of the credo would appear to be governed by a shortage of liquor at Key West. The tavern-keeper perhaps has not outgrown those bold bad days of prohibition.

However that is all by the way of forwarding to you a version of the same ode that was handed to me in mid Pacific. (Is it peculiar that the donor was also a lady?). Here it is:—

The horse and mule live thirty years
and nothing know of wine and beers;
The goat and sheep at twenty die
and never taste of scotch or rye;
The cow drinks water by the ton
and at eighteen is mostly done;
The dog at fifteen cashes in
without the aid of rum or gin;
The cat in milk and water soaks
and then in twelve short years it croaks;
The modest sober dame—dry hen
lays eggs for "nogs"—then dies at ten.
All animals are strictly dry,
They sinless live, and swiftly die.
But sinful, ginful, rum soaked men
survive for three score years and ten.
And some of us, though mighty few
stay pickled till we're ninety-two.

Yours "cordial"ly,
Ottawa, Ontario, Thos. A. Aiers
Canada

LIFE LOOKS AT LOUIS PAUL

A few days ago I took time off from my work to visit one of our military posts. Recently I had been reading reports of disaffection in the ranks of the draft army, of apathy and low morale among the newly created selectee regiments. It wasn't my first trip to this camp, of course. Most of the background material for my little satires of soldier life comes from it. It is there that my friends are stationed—Sergeant Smoot, Corky Smith, Ortwingle, Harrison Hyler, among others.

I wasn't after funny material this time, however. Morale is a serious business. Wars are no longer fought with battle axes but with subtle propaganda and gigantic engines of destruction. I myself had soldiered both during the last war and afterward, and I realized that a military organization which is composed of individuals who arrogate to themselves the right to decide the conditions under which they will fight is not an army but a mob. I thought it would be a good idea for me to do an article on what I heard and observed around this army camp.

I had already done some talking to kids in college, to draft age youngsters just starting their careers, to lads who write, to fellows who hadn't had much chance as yet to take an active part in the world's work. Too many of them, it seemed to me, lacked any conception of the meaning of a social obligation. I found a lot of them who regarded any legislation which affected them adversely or interfered with the even tenor of their ways as an abrogation of the processes of democracy. Others, I discovered, considered themselves competent to determine the exact degree of preparation necessary to defend America, though having exhibited no previous interest in military history.

Many of these fellows were going into the army, most of them unwillingly. So I thought I'd go out and talk to soldiers, with the object of returning with an article for Esquire containing the results of my investigation. If the army doesn't seem to know why it has been drafted, I felt sure the readers of your magazine would like to hear about that. If the men in the service do not understand why the wealth of this nation is being drained to create war weapons, if they think Mr. Roosevelt has shoved a gun into their hands for some private demoniacal reason, if they believe their duly elected representatives in Congress are puppet legislators, I was confident the readers of Esquire would like to hear about that.

But, damn it all, there is an outrageous fate which seems to prevent me from becoming a serious journalist, and certainly a fate which keeps me from making money. For such an article might have brought me a check from the accounting department, a check badly needed to meet the increased cost of living and the lowered tax exemptions forced upon me by Hitler's war of world conquest. The fact is that my plan for an article went immediately awry. The material gathered by me is good neither for an article nor for a story. It is good only as a communication in the letter column of Esquire.

We went over to the canteen after chow and had a coke. Corky Smith started to tell me a funny story. "No," I said. "This is different. This is serious stuff. I'm out here this time to interview you guys on the subject of morale."

"Wait a minute," said Ortwingle. "I haff to go and git me a straw to suck this here coke into me because it is more sanitary than if a person swoggles it out of a bottle."

I turned to Sergeant Smoot. "Dunlap, what about this stuff they've been printing in the papers and magazines about low army morale?"

"Don't ast me," said Smoot. "If I was an intelligent giant that knew all the answers I would be a millionaire with a yacht or something."

"Well, do the draftees like the army or don't they?"

"What difference does it make?" asked Smoot.

"After all, they're human beings, citizens, with certain inalienable rights."

"Is that so?" said Smoot. "I guess the German soldiers is human beings, too. Maybe Hitler goes up to the front with a nice big bag of lollipops. 'Here is a lollipop for everybody,' he says, 'for invadin' all them countries so good. In the meantime, anybody who he don't believe in this here war can go home, because I am a very soft-hearted guy underneath this rough exterior. There certainly ain't no sense of any of you boys gettin' killed against his will.' " Smoot didn't even smile.

"Now you're making a joke out of my questions. How am I going to get a serious interview if you men don't cooperate with me?"

"I got a date tonight with a very pretty dame," said Corky Smith.

"Is it true," I persisted, "that the men in the army aren't performing their drills and maneuvers properly? Is the lack of equipment undermining their—"

Ortwingle interrupted. "The whole trouble is with the officers," he said. "It is a rule, for instance, that it is okay for a officer to go out with a army nurse but not for a enlisted man. If that is democracy, I am a ferry boat. Take off a officer's uniform, and underneath it what has he got that a private ain't got just as good?"

This was turning out to be a hell of an interview, but I hadn't given up yet. "All right," I said. "Kid if you want to. But suppose we go to war. It's not much of a joke getting killed in a war you don't believe in, whether the reasons for that war are good or bad."

Corporal Hyler, the young draftee whose education had been interrupted by the draft, pushed back his cap. "I can't answer that question for anybody else but myself," he said thoughtfully. "War is the law of the jungle. It's stupid and cruel and unnatural. It's unworthy of civilized human beings. I am a pacifist because warfare cannot be rationalized. But a strong and vicious leader of a powerful nation can make a jungle of the universe if he so wishes. When he does, even those who hate war must fight for the right to exist. I had rather fight a war than be afraid of it all my life. Existence that is bought by submission is no good to me, because all I ever hope to have in this world is the satisfaction of maintaining my own personal integrity. I am a pacifist, but even a canary will peck back if you goad him."

"One time my ole lady had a canary named Salisbury that excaped out of his cage and damn near kilt our cat," said Ortwingle.

"I wouldn't belief that if a noter republic swore to it on a stack of Bibles three miles high," said Corky Smith.

"I'm tellin' you, it's a fact."

"Well, I ain't callin' you a liar, but that certainly is exackly the kind of a story a man tells who is tryin' to become one."

I could see I was getting absolutely nowhere with the serious journalistic article I had had in mind.

"When is a new one of them funny stories you make up about us gonna come out in Exquire?" demanded Ortwingle. "Them stories kill me."

It was no use, and I gave it up, Mr. Editor. I don't suppose I'll ever get to be an article writer as long as I hang around with Smoot & Company.

Palo Alto, Calif. Louis Paul

Continued on page 266

or the most glorious Old-Fashioned you've ever asted, use ½ lump sugar, 2 dashes bitters, 1 twist f lemon peel.

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#2. Solid brass knocker, 7" long, name gracefully engraved in 𝔒𝔩𝔡 𝔈𝔫𝔤𝔩𝔦𝔰𝔥 $2.95

Prices include Engraving and Postage!
Mail orders promptly filled

ART COLONY INDUSTRIES, Inc.
69 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

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"The best all-around boot in the world"
Manufactured Since 1850

Water-Proof, Genuine Pac Moccasin, Hand Sewed, Made to Measure. A pound or two lighter than the average boot; easy to put on and take off; no hooks to catch. Ankle strap holds boot in place, and also acts as ankle support. ACCEPT NO IMITATIONS! Get the original Gokey Botte Sauvage only by writing for measure blank and Footwear Catalog.

GOKEY COMPANY
Dept. E St. Paul, Minn.

What! Swap My
SNIPPIE
THE WORLD'S ONLY
Safe
ELECTRIC SCISSORS TOY

$1

Snippie is intriguing . . . and stays intriguing. Absolutely safe. Kiddies just can't cut or hurt themselves. Complete outfit includes cut-outs of Snippie and his pals—all for only $1.00.

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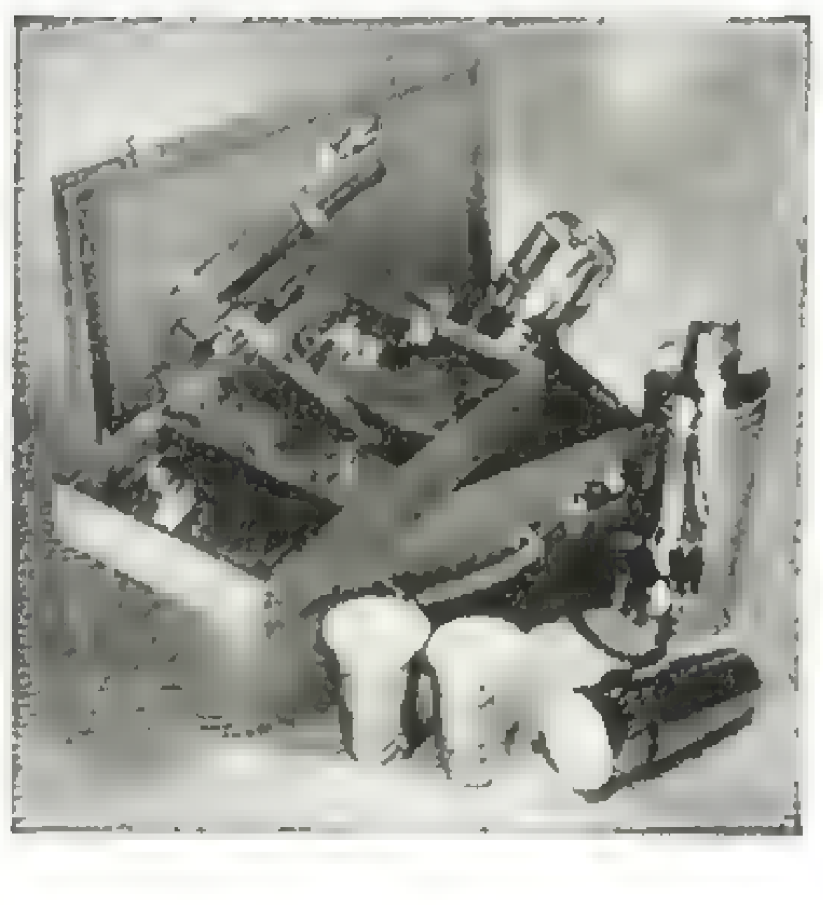
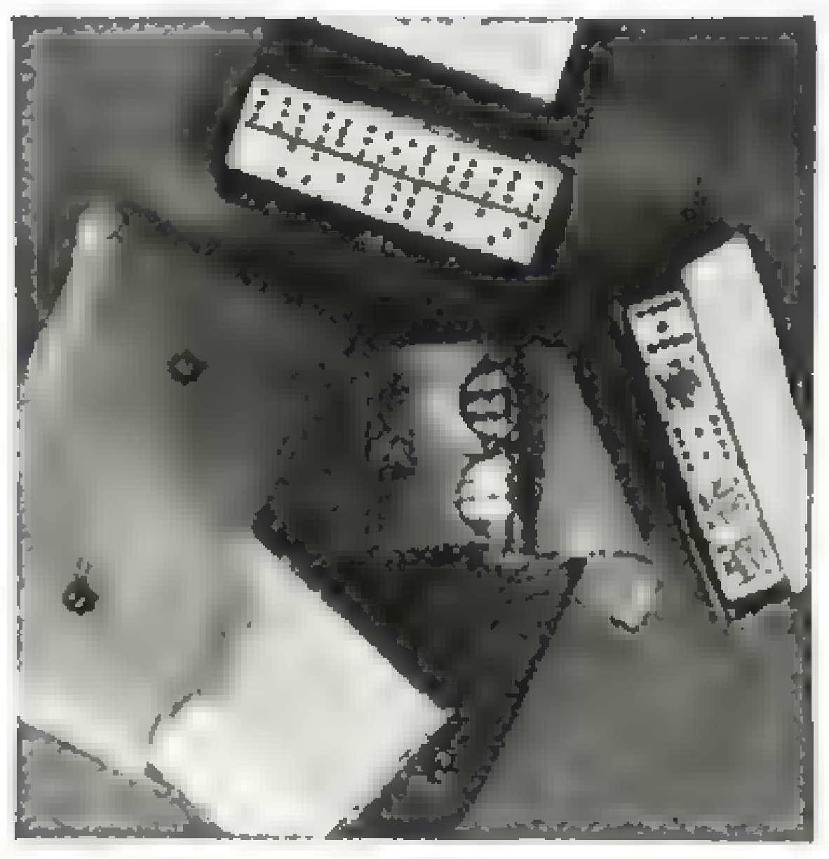
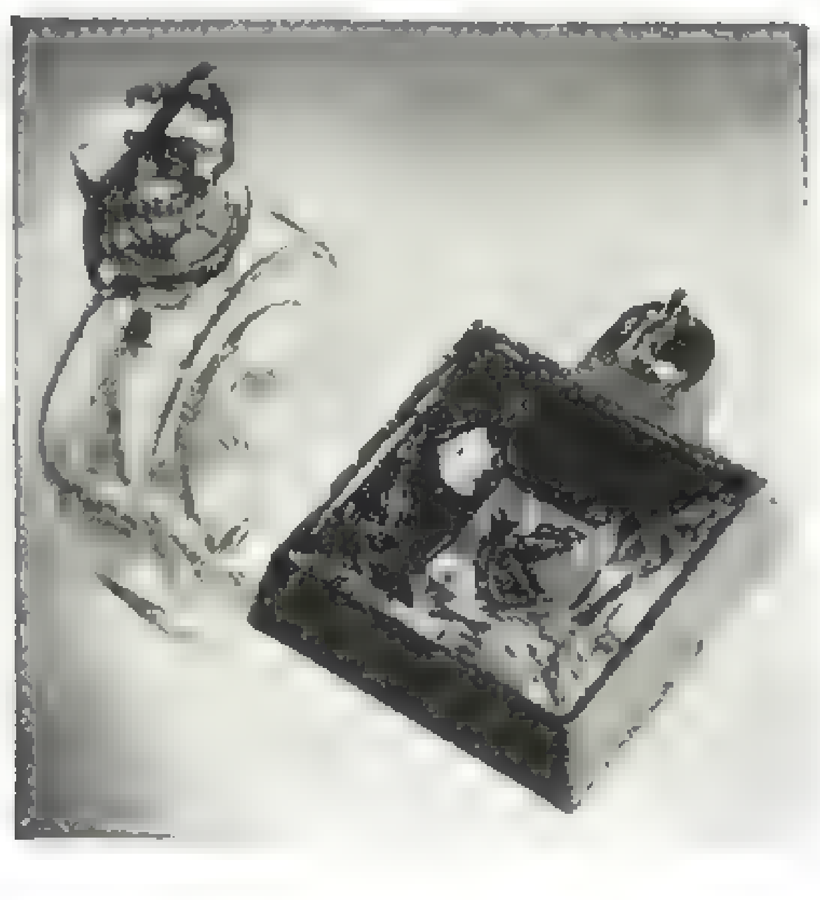
1250 W. VAN BUREN ST. CHICAGO, ILL.



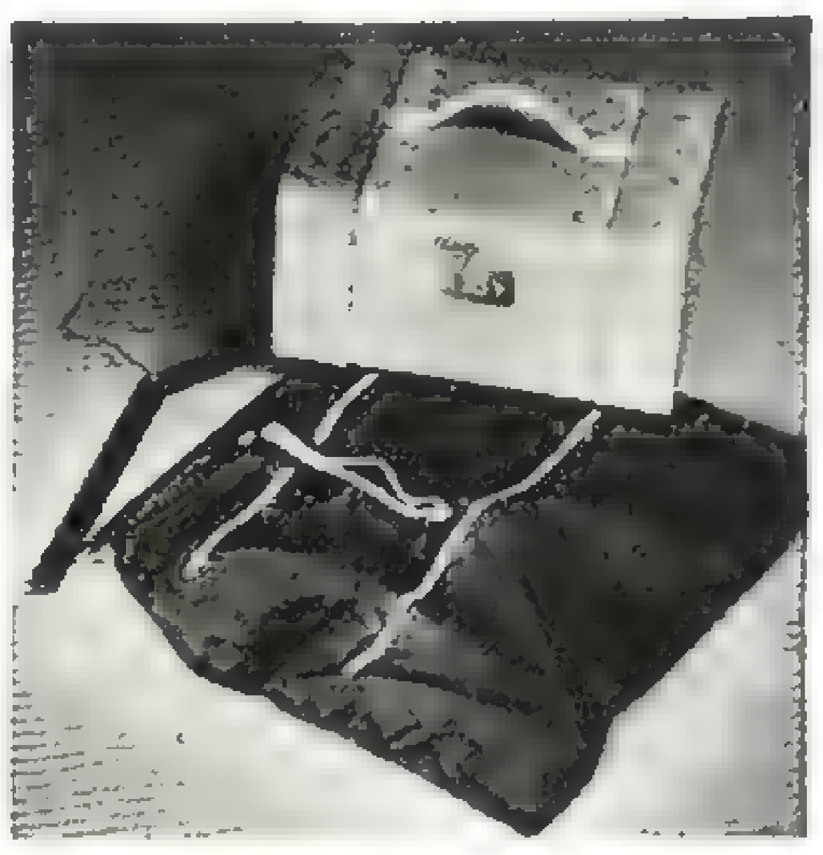
LUXURY EN ROUTE. Complete in every detail, down to bar spoon and corkscrew, is a super traveling cocktail set in red-lined cowhide. This, as you see, has a removable shelf which houses three glass liquor bottles. Below, in separate sections, are a thermos bottle, cocktail shaker, and four good-sized nickel cups. Essential bar accessories include a really sharp knife.



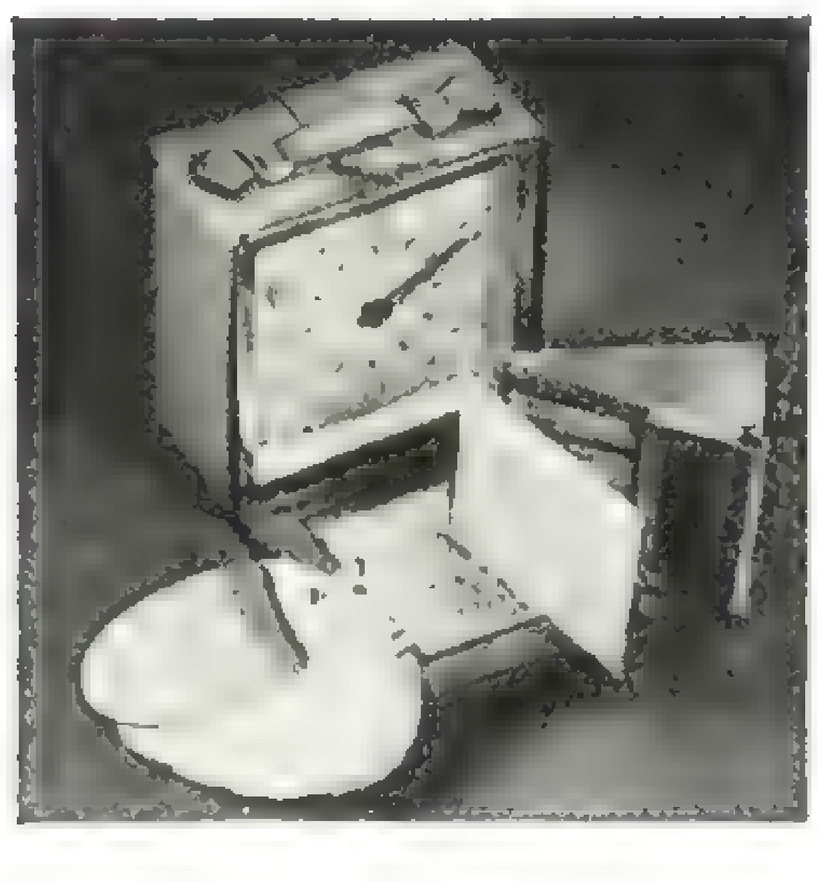
MORE TRAVEL TALK. Hardly a game is now in existence that can't be taken traveling. And here are gift possibilities to make a long trip shorter. A pocket-sized version of dominos, newly popular these days. Poker dice in a leather case, all set to make a killing. Cribbage, neatly packaged in a leather pouch. The "board" folds up.



SMOKIN' AND DRINKIN'. . . help out the gift-giver no end. Grist to the mill of any scotch-possessor is a singleton tantalus bottle. This, generously proportioned and good to look at, has its own lock to keep contents in and uninvited topers out. Front of the bottle is etched with "Scotch" or "Rye" . . . Capacious, impressive, is the leather-bound ashtray, complete with its own lighter. The heavy glass tray is adorned with a horse's head.



SHE'LL COME BACK . . . and no mistake, if she gets the snakeskin overnight bag for Christmas. The one shown is in natural color, lined in red. Has loops inside to anchor jars and bottles, a mirror on the lid, and plenty of space for an overnight wardrobe. For train trips, there's an ingenious taffeta bag that can be suspended on a hook via its collapsible hanger. Its many pockets (there's another one at the back, too) hold all her traveling clutter, from magazines to laundry.



MEMOS, MATCHES, AND MOMENTS. The moments are taken care of by a new version of the leather traveling clock. This one features a calendar in its let-down front cover, has a chromatic alarm . . . Nothing routine about a folder of matches when it's encased in sterling silver, with space for a snapshot at the back. Can be monogrammed . . . For feminine memos or doodles is the oval sterling-bound pad with composition leaves.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

CHRISTMAS A PUZZLE?
IT'S IN THE BAG
CERTIFICATE AS
COMPLIANCE WITH I. E. S. SPECIFICATIONS

If you want to be extra nice to someone—and dress up your home, too—give lamps that wear this I. E. S. Tag. For this mark of distinction tells you a lamp is "tops" for better light and safer service. It's a good guide to a grand gift!

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Shure—'tis magic! Fill PADDY with water, spread seed, watch miraculous growth of bright green hair, eyebrows, sideburns. Grows for months, can be planted many times. Durable pottery, rich suntan color, 5" tall—a lovable, unusual gift. Mail $1 now for PADDY, postpaid, *complete with special seed. Money back guarantee!*

PADDY NOVELTY CO.
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Removes cap from ANY bottle; glass, can, Mason or other jar. Screw cap, pry-up, friction, vacuum, crown or any other style cap comes off with simple twist of wrist. No bruised fingers, no frayed tempers, no glass breakage. Also tightens screw caps. Zim is a handy, compact, kitchen wall or cabinet fixture that swings out of way when not in use. Lasts a lifetime.

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Will cherish this beautiful De Luxe Linen Bound Edition containing over 120 pages of authentic and authoritative facts pertaining to Pipes, Cigars, Tobaccos, Meerschaum, Amber, etc. A veritable treasure trove of smoking information entertainingly presented. Facts vs. fables. Tells how to be a smoking expert—how to judge values of Pipes, Cigars, Tobaccos. How to blend your own—scores of private formulae—Tobacco and Health (Scientific Charts and Governmental Reports) no punches pulled. Will save you hundreds of dollars.

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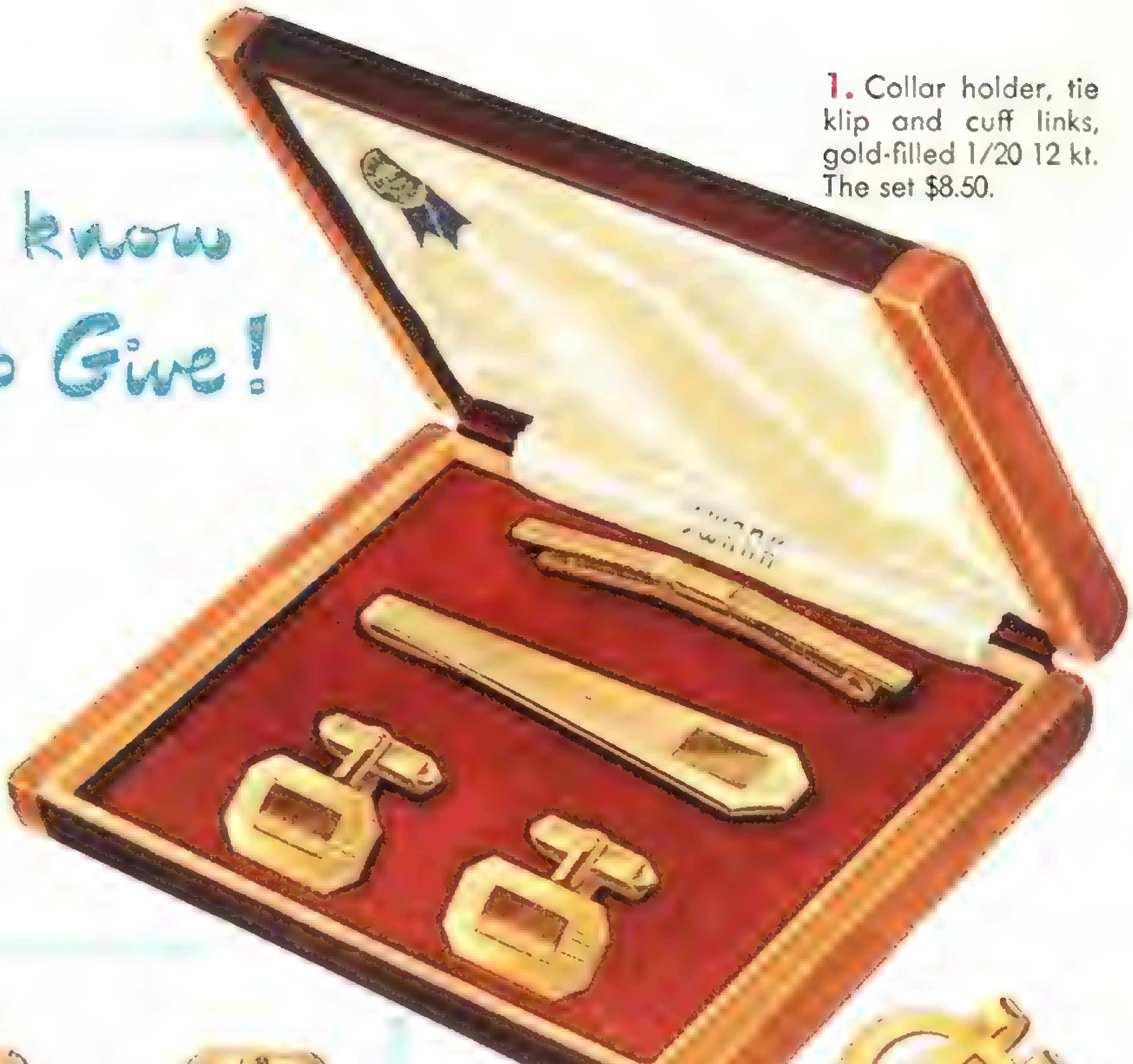
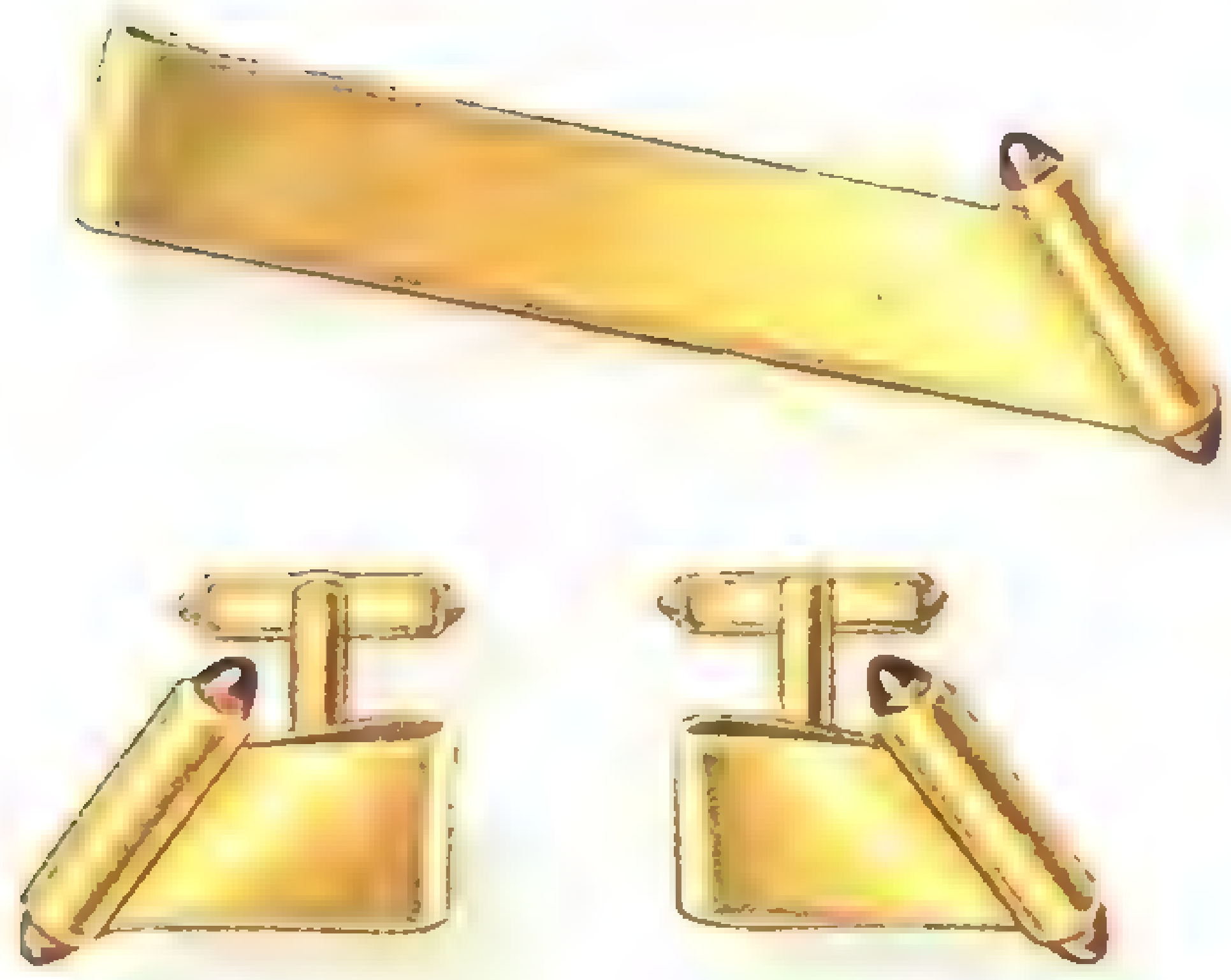
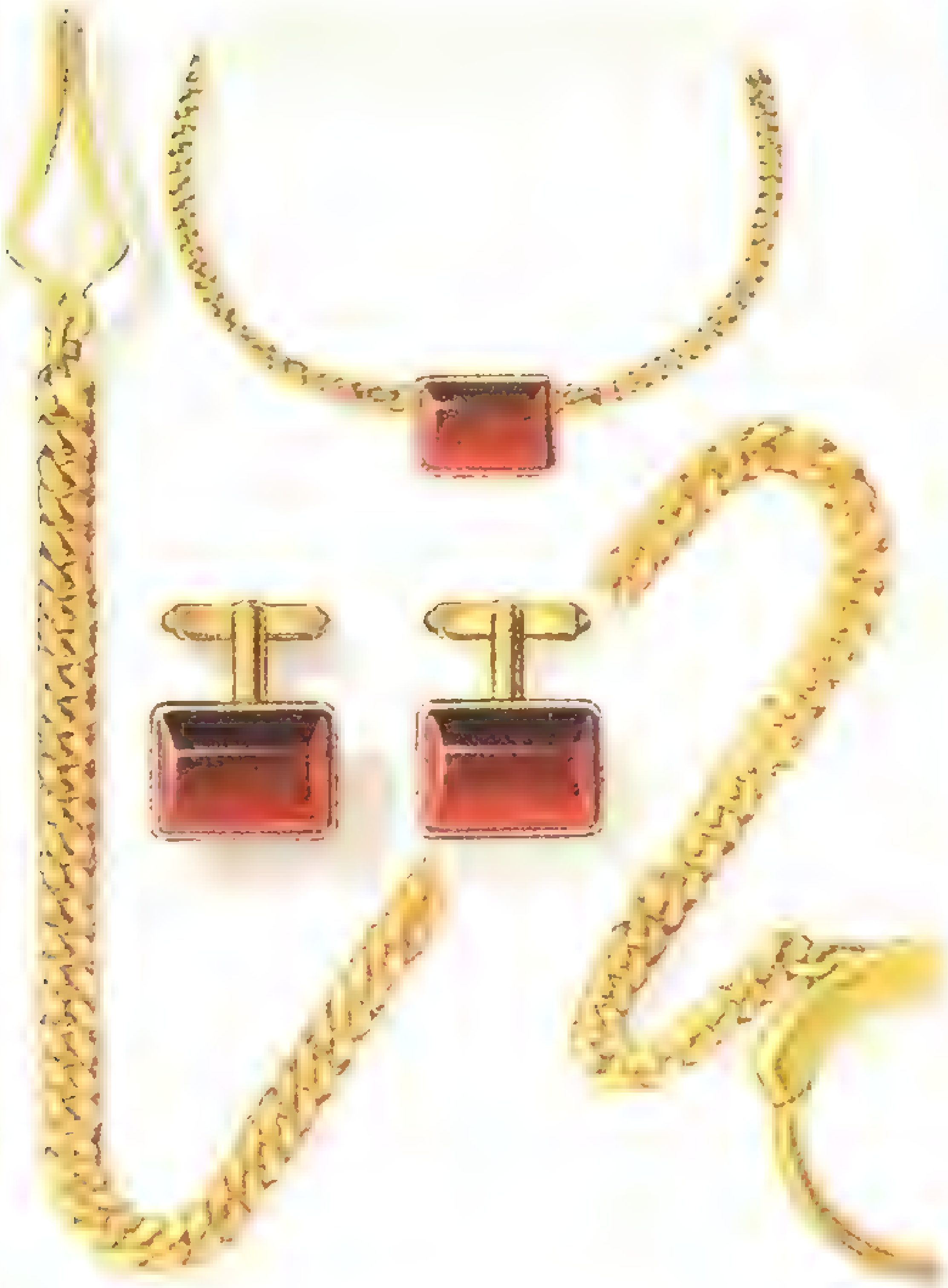
If you're puzzled about a gift for him . . . don't consult Santa Claus . . . consult Swank. For, from a man's point of view, if a woman is clever enough to flatter the man of her choice with the smartness, good taste and quality of Swank Jewelry . . . she's got the gift of gifts . . . the gift of knowing what he'd pick for himself. If you would flatter the old he-male ego . . . the gift to give is Swank! At leading jewelers', dept. stores and men's shops . . . attractively packaged for Christmas.



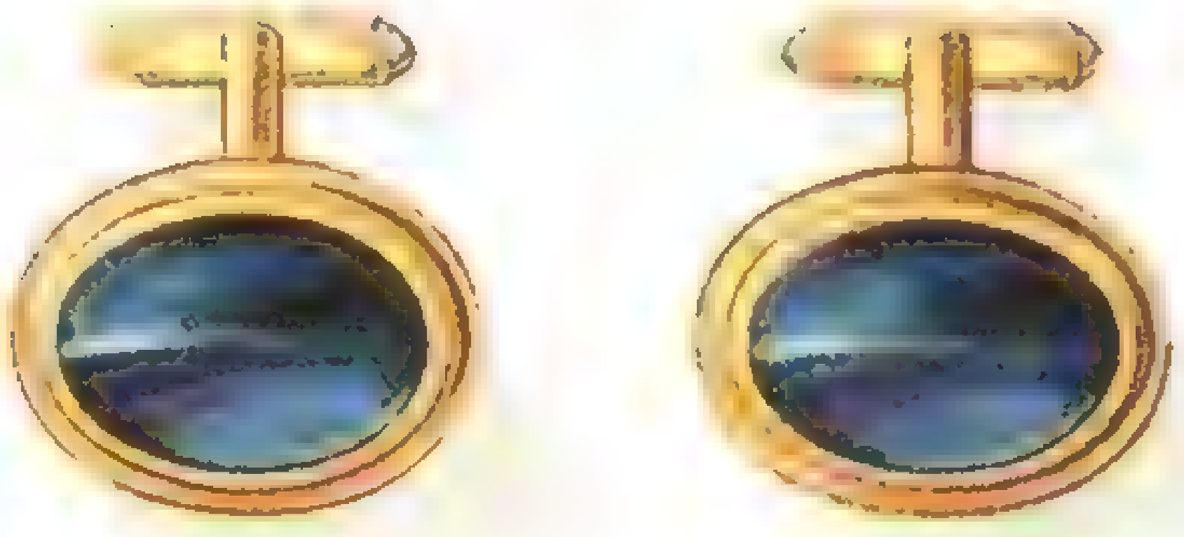
1. Collar holder, tie klip and cuff links, gold-filled 1/20 12 kt. The set $8.50.



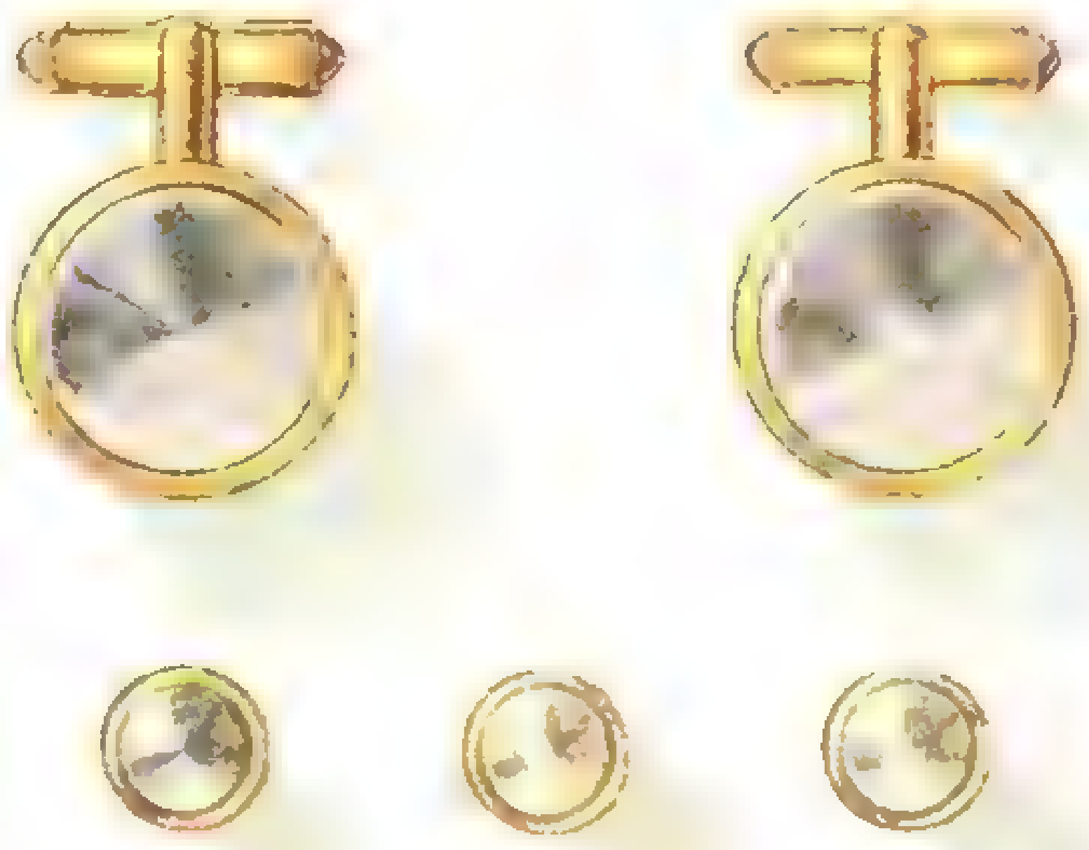
2. Tie klip and cuff links. Gold-plated, scroll ends set with colored stones. The set $4; sterling silver $5; gold-filled 1/20 12 kt. $8.50.



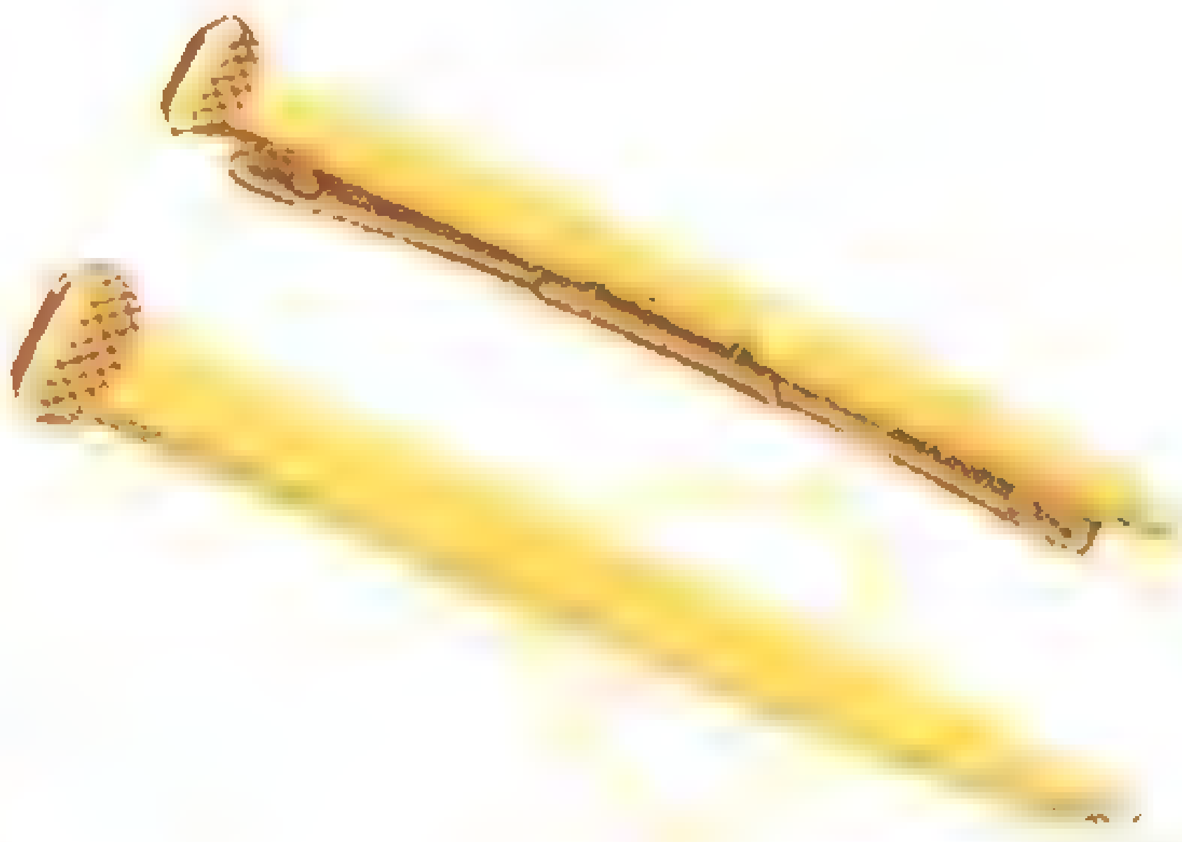
3. Cravat chain, cuff links and key chain. High domed cabochon in gem-like colors. The set $3.50.



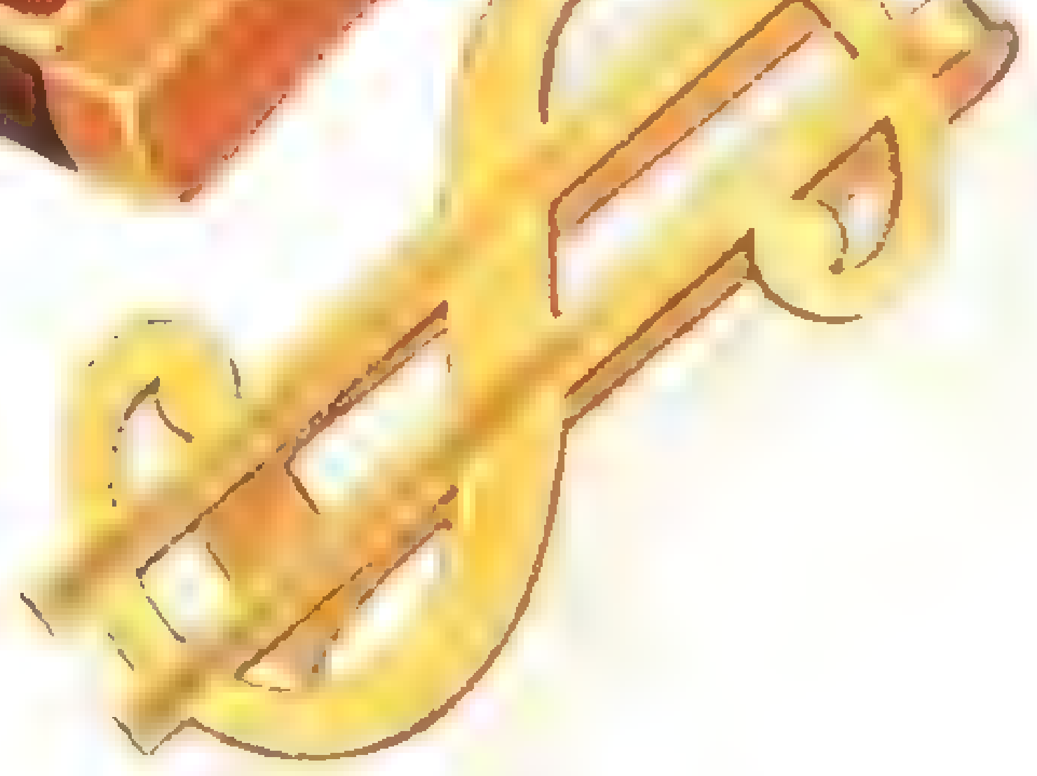
4. Cuff links with oval shaped high cabochon stones in all precious stone colors, ruby, sapphire, emerald, topaz. $1.50.



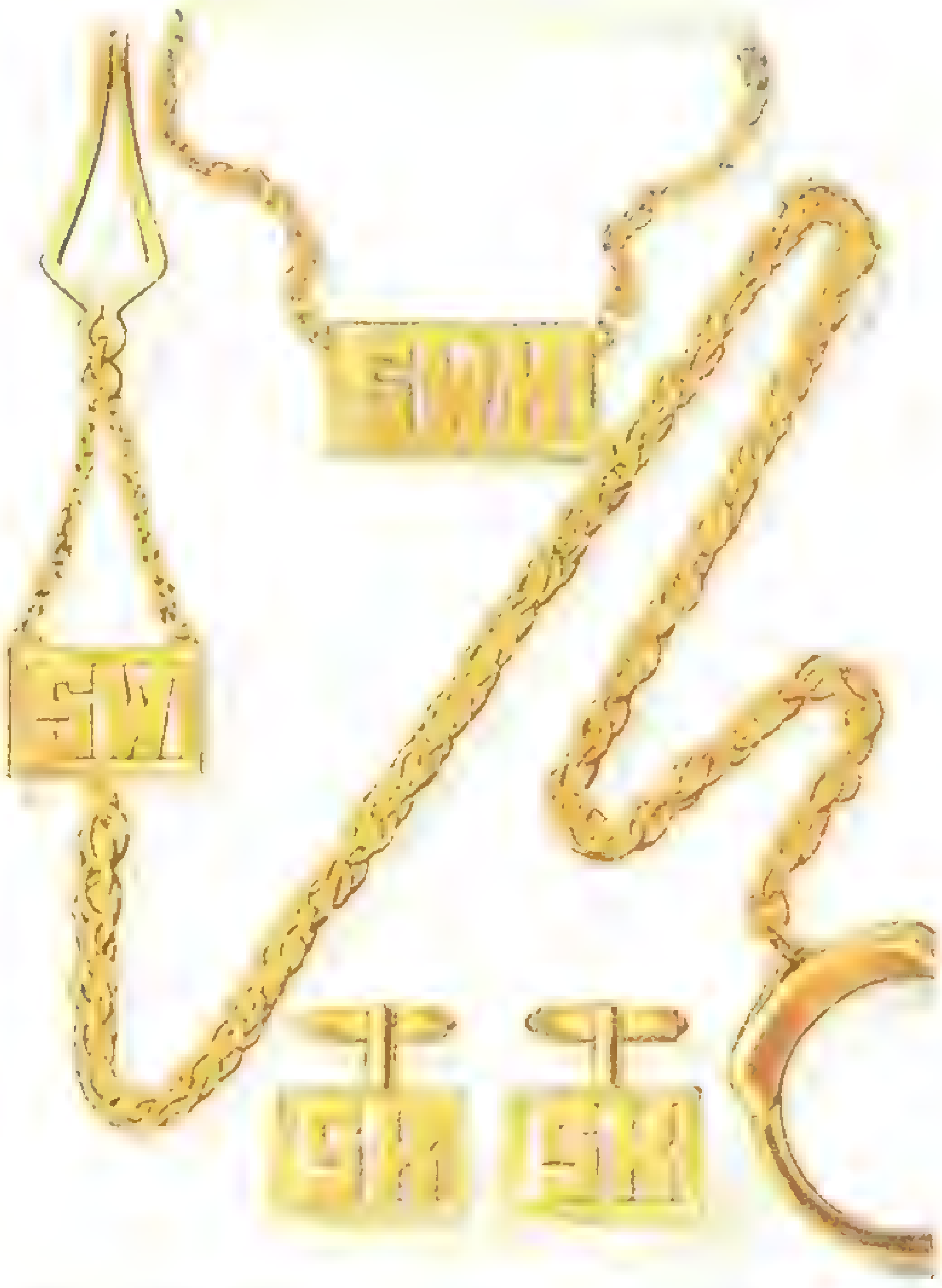
5. Evening set of smoked mother-of-pearl for tux; in white mother-of-pearl for tails. The set $3.50. Others to $35.



6. Horse Shoe Nail tie klip and collar holder, elegantly executed in gold plate. The set $2.00.



7. Money klip ingeniously designed in gold plate, $1; sterling silver $2.50; gold-filled 1/20 12 kt. $5.

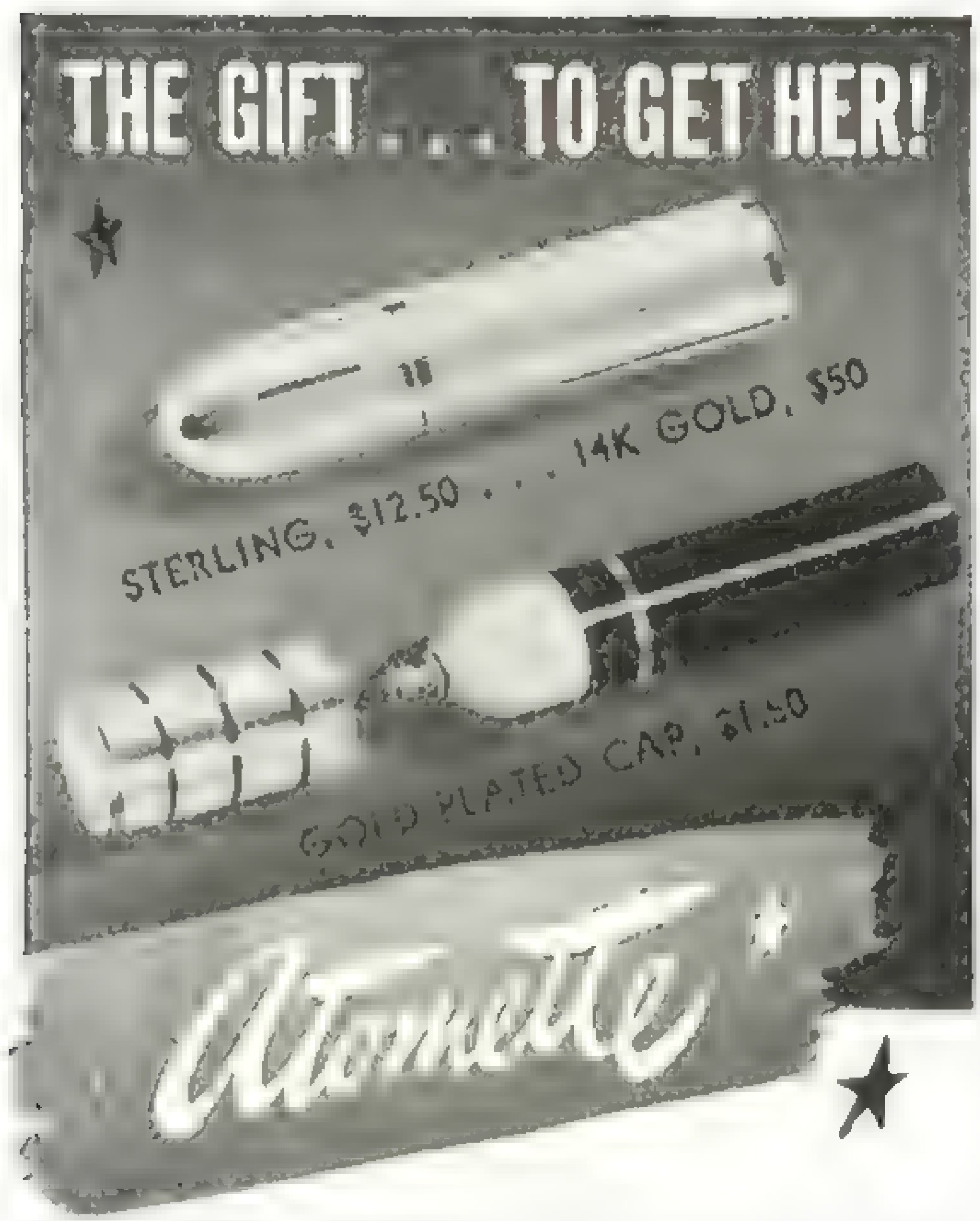


8. Aristo-gram cravat chain, key chain and cuff links, personalized with his own initials. The set $5.

SWANK

Copr. 1941, Swank, Inc., Attleboro, Mass.

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE


THE GIFT . . . TO GET HER!
STERLING, $12.50 . . . 14K GOLD, $50
GOLD PLATED CAP, $1.50
Atomette

PERFUME DISPENSER FOR PURSE

She'll be thrilled! Atomette keeps her favorite perfume purse-handy *always*. Leak-proof! Clever! "Just press the top to release one drop!" Modern to the minute, smartly styled. Here are Atomettes for *every* woman on your gift list:

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Your copy free.

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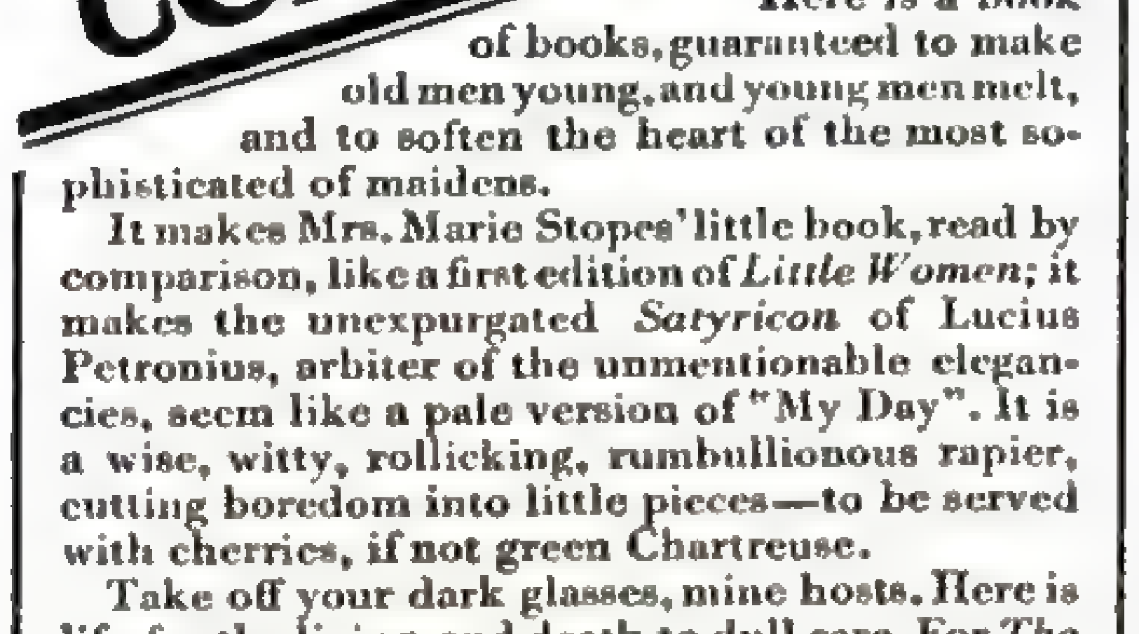
"GAYER THAN DE MAUPASSANT."
THE BEDROOM COMPANION
THE BEDROOM COMPANION or A Cold Night's Entertainment
Being a Cure for Man's Neuroses
A SOP to his FRUSTRATIONS
A Nightcap of forbidden Ballads
Discerning PICTURES
Scurrilous Essays

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THE BEDROOM COMPANION

Here is a book of books, guaranteed to make old men young, and young men melt, and to soften the heart of the most sophisticated of maidens.

It makes Mrs. Marie Stopes' little book, read by comparison, like a first edition of *Little Women*; it makes the unexpurgated *Satyricon* of Lucius Petronius, arbiter of the unmentionable elegancies, seem like a pale version of "My Day". It is a wise, witty, rollicking, rumbullionous rapier, cutting boredom into little pieces—to be served with cherries, if not green Chartreuse.

Take off your dark glasses, mine hosts. Here is life for the living, and death to dull care. For *The Bedroom Companion* is more than a companion; and its subtle magic is not confined alone to cold nights. Diverting, subversive and riproaring, it will make even a marble Venus sing "Hosanna". It is a pulse-quickening, verve-making cornucopia of wisdom and pleasure—219 pages of *je ne sais quois pas*, wonder-working and suave.

Act quickly, gentlemen. Rip off the coupon, mail it now, and enjoy the sparkling, succulent, spanking pleasures of the higher learning. **$1.98 postpaid**

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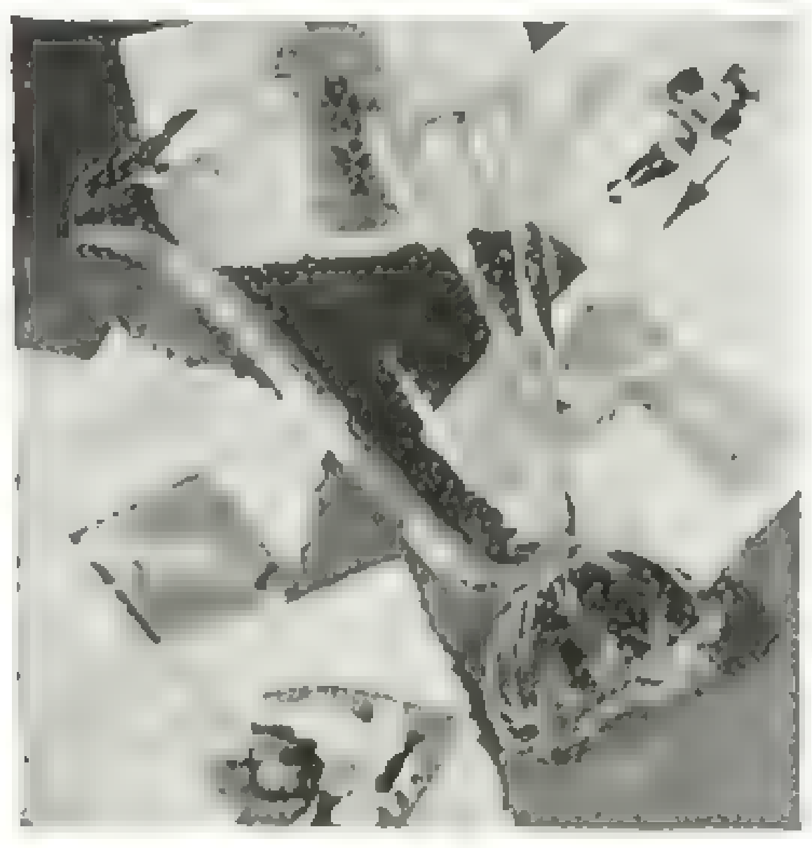
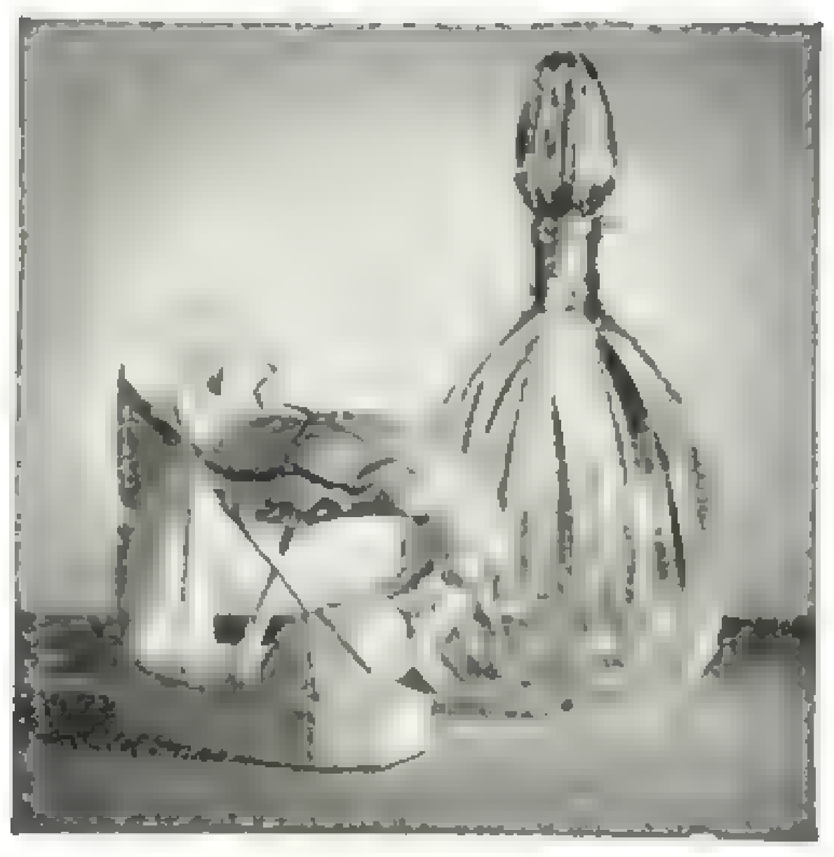
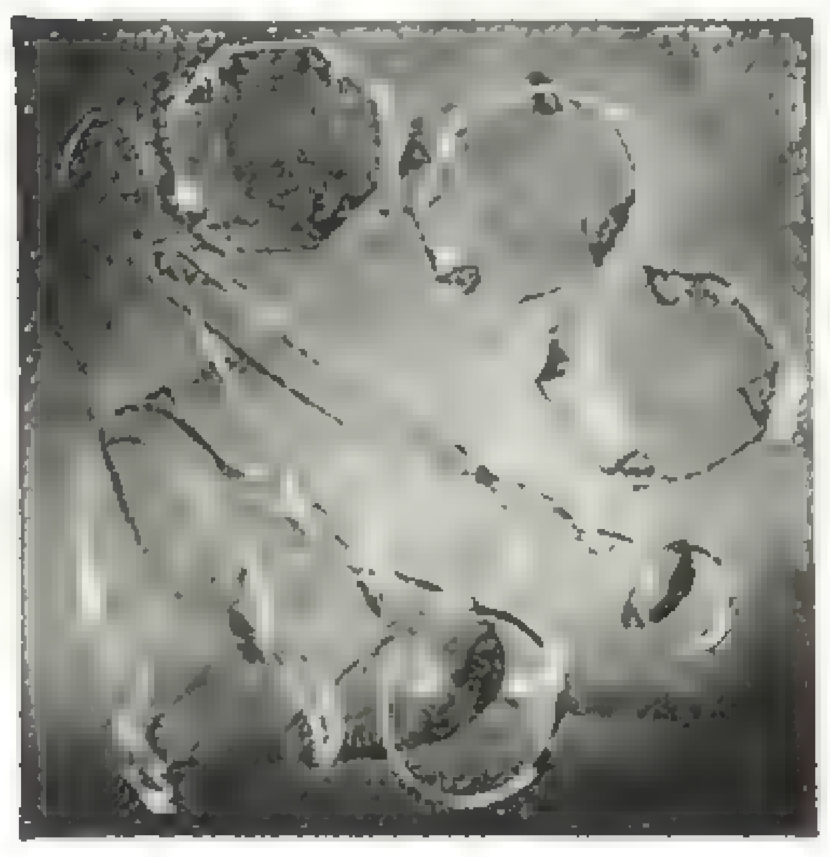


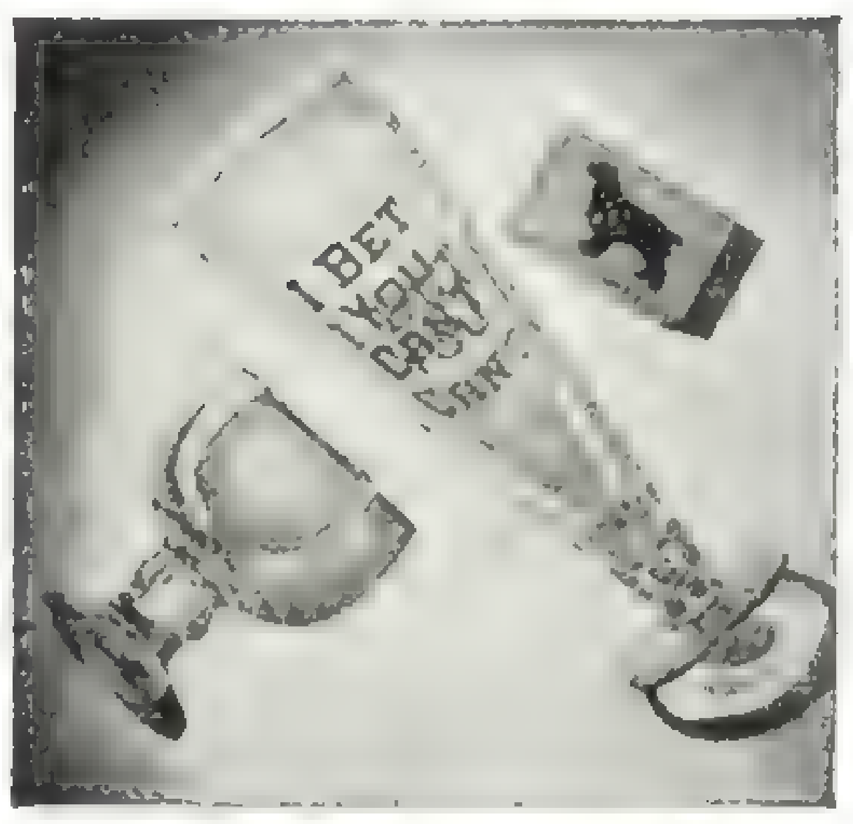
COCKTAIL HOUR. You'll doubtless get many a Martini poured for you from the American crystal cocktail pitcher. Its classic lines are pointed up by the star optic base . . . Guest towels are rendered hilarious in appliquéd linen. The two at the left are reversible, with a figure costumed on one side, *au naturel* on the other. Diagonally across in the picture is another towel, featuring the lift-up skirt . . . Keyhole views are the cocktail napkins' theme.



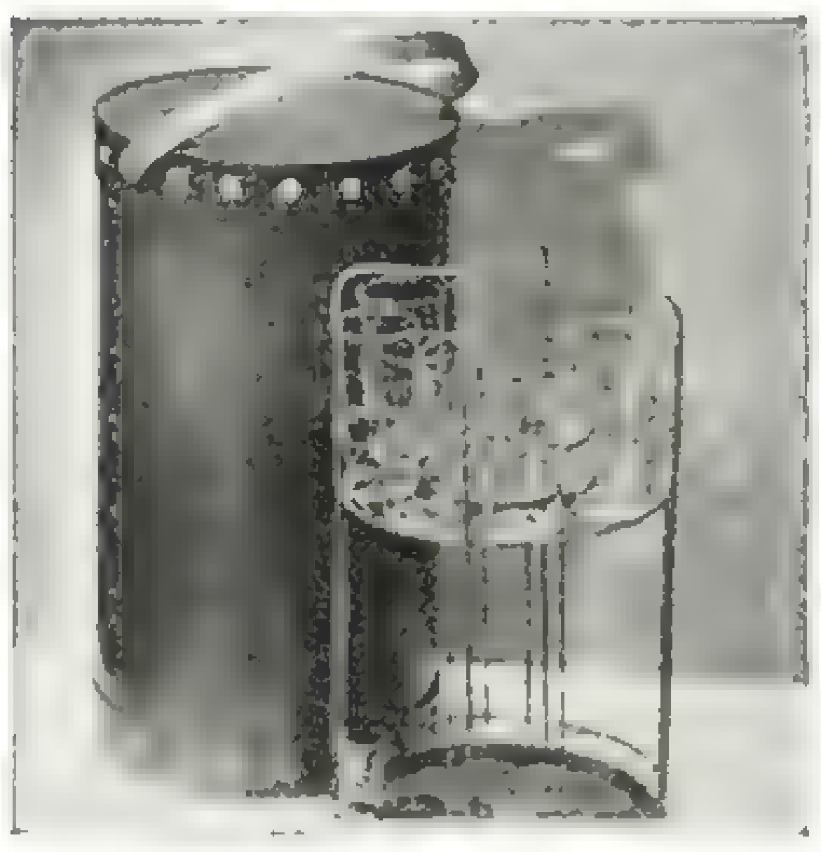
COLLECTOR'S ITEMS. The bird is one of a pair of bookends—though they can be used in a purely decorative way, and, we think, deserve to be. Made in Bali of native wood by native craftsmen who come naturally by their sense of line and form . . . There's fine line and form, too, in another example of American crystal, this time a decanter for liqueur or whiskey.



LUCITE TO THE BAR. Lucite is a good mixer, too, in its way. And here are a few more points in its favor for holiday imbibing and gift-giving. Dog-eared coasters that are practically indestructible; a Martini spoon, featuring the corkscrew twist in the handle that also embellishes the punchbowl spoon and the ice tongs.



TWO BEAKERS, ONE BOX. The globe-shaped glass is a revival of the beer glass prevalent before the Experiment, when capacity knew no limits. Its purpose now is for pretzels and peanuts. As to the over-sized pilsener, its legend reads "I Bet You Can't," to which we concur and recommend it either for flowers or just the hell of it. Flanking this is a two-toned plastic cigarette box, beautifully painted to order with any animal subject you like.



BAR IN THE HAND. The price of this drum-shaped bar is small, its purpose practical. When the metal glass-and-bottle holder is not in use, it fits inside the crocodile-stamped drum, which may then be used as an end table. Comes the urge for conviviality, and the insides are hoisted up on top of the drum for easy access. Complete with eight glasses, an ice bowl, and two shot glasses; has room for four bottles.

Ranger

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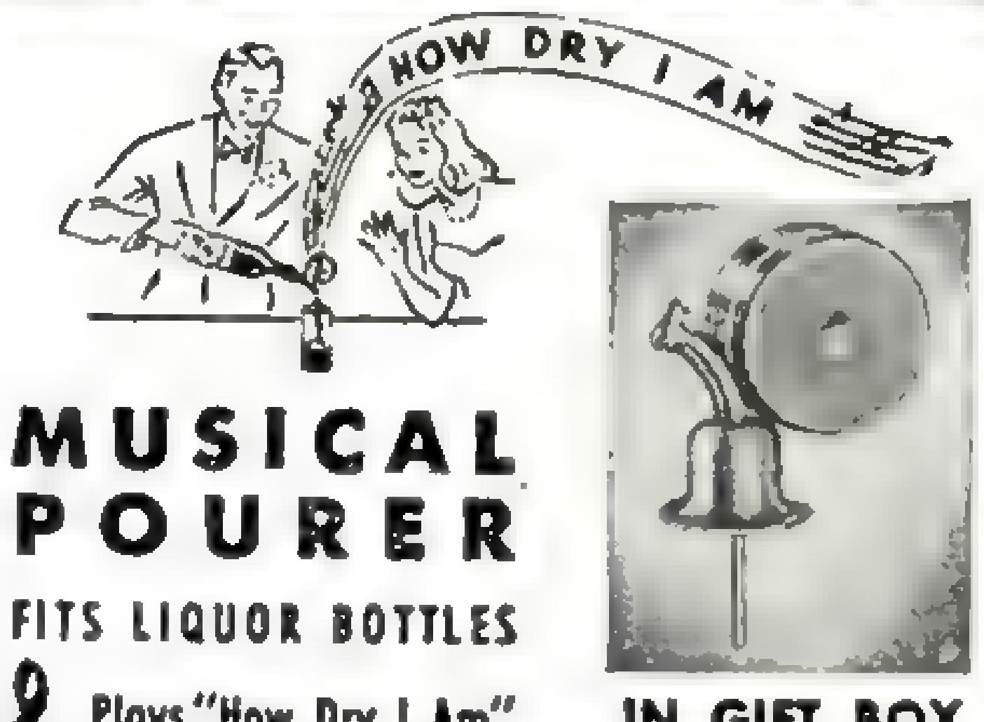

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MUSICAL POURER
FITS LIQUOR BOTTLES

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BAY RUM
IN JACKETS OF NATIVE PALM

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NEW • THOUGHTFUL • DIFFERENT

Specially treated tissues in handy, vest pocket booklets. They clean off every smear, leaving no lint. What's more—glasses can't steam up all day after wiping. Approved by leading opticians.

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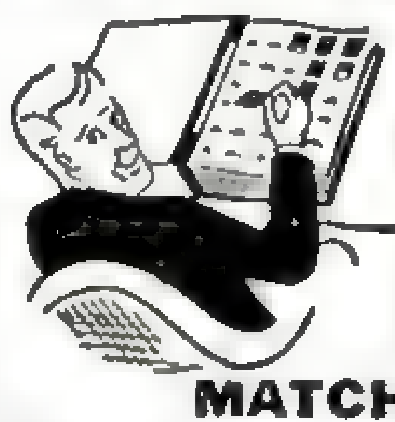

MATCHBOOK ALBUMS

make unusual Christmas gifts. They are specially welcome if they're the good looking, practical Master Matchless Albums, equipped for all 6 popular sizes or for "standards only", as you wish. Send Masters this year; and treat yourself to a big $2 worth. At dealers or from

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THE MODERN WORD FOR ASHTRAY

Accurate die-cast scale model . . . 6" wing spread . . . finished in high polished chromium . . . R.A.F. or U.S. emblem in color. Plane on swivel pedestal . . . black or walnut plastic base. Removable glass liner. Order direct. Specify emblem and base.

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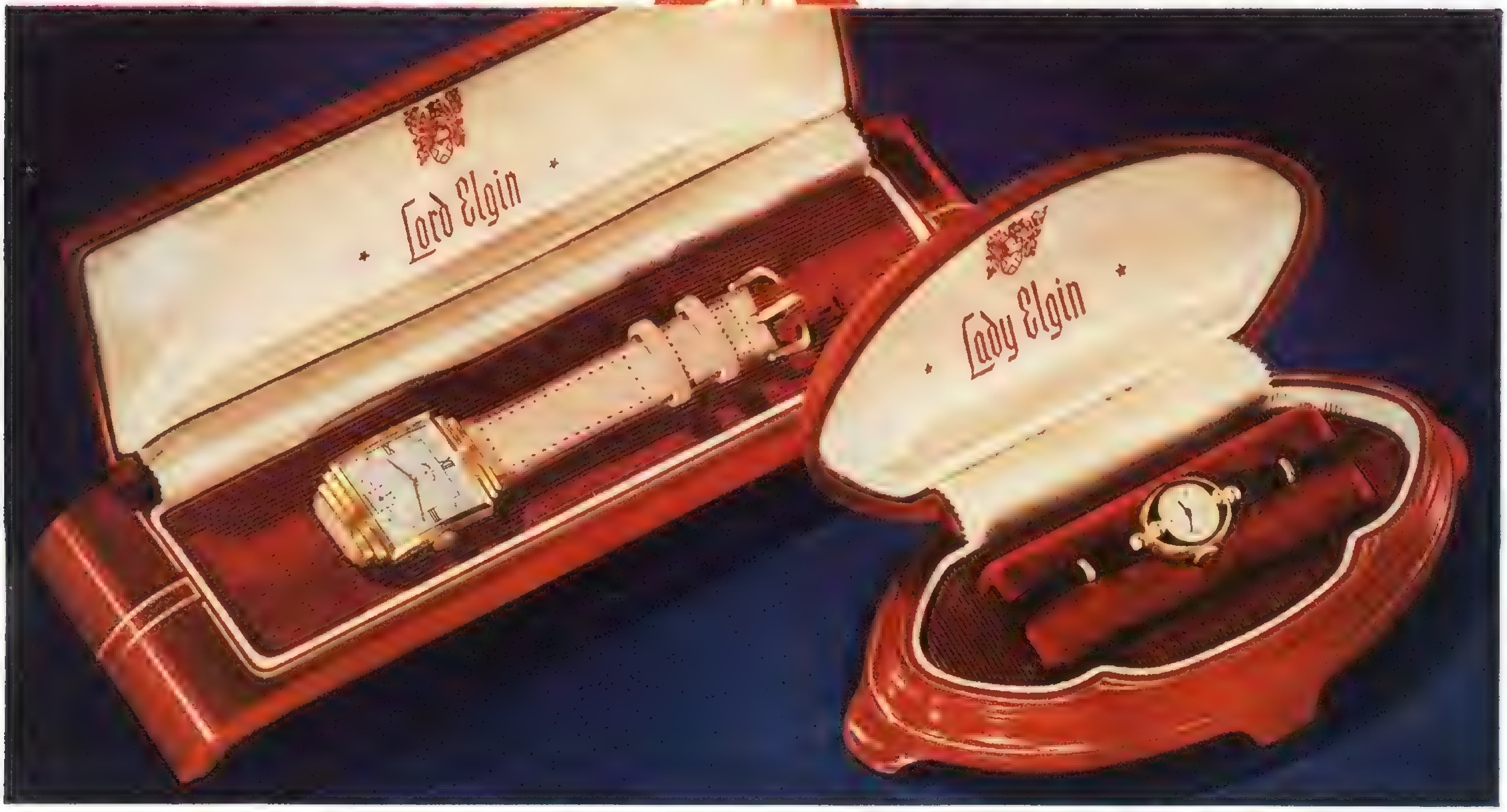
Lord Elgin
21 JEWELS

Lady Elgin
19 JEWELS

IN SMART COLORFUL PRESENTATION CASES



Lord Elgin. Stunning terraced design. 14K gold. $110.00

Lady Elgin. Smart black enamel trim. 14K gold. $62.50

America's most celebrated timepieces!

THEY BRING NEW BEAUTY...NEW DISTINCTION TO CHRISTMAS GIVING

Proud beyond words will be those who wear these master American timepieces. The new models for Christmas have the simplicity and beauty of great art. Their designs are highly original—the inspirations of leading American stylists. And their superb accuracy is a tribute to the skill of Elgin's fourth-generation craftsmen.

The cases for the new Lord and Lady Elgins are platinum, gold or 14K gold filled. Many are finished in the popular rosé color. A number have high-curved crystals and unique tinted dials. No watch has fewer than 19 jewels. Each bears the Observatory Certificate for exceptional ability proved in a great time observatory.

Thoroughly American! Elgin is the world's largest-selling fine watch made in America. And today Elgin's skilled craftsmen are doing their part for defense, too—making precision instruments for army, navy and aviation use.

This Christmas choose a lovely Lord or Lady Elgin timepiece at your jeweler's. Prices from $55.00. Elgin De Luxe models from $42.50. Prices include Federal Tax. Slightly higher in Canada. Elgin National Watch Company, Elgin, Illinois, U. S. A.

Lady Elgin. Lovely high-curved crystal. 14K gold. $67.50
Lord Elgin. Extremely thin case. 14K gold filled. $62.50

Lady Elgin. Matching bracelet. 14K gold filled. $60.00
Lord Elgin. Flexible ends. 14K rosé gold filled. $67.50

Lady Elgin. New pastel dial. 14K gold filled. $55.00
Lord Elgin. Mirror-finished case. 14K gold filled. $62.50

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

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don't go hunting
for your husband's

XMAS PRESENT Step into your favorite department store, gift shop, or sporting goods store and ask to see the distinctive Whitehall Line of original gift ideas in Fish and Duck Plaques, gorgeous Book Ends, and Table Lamps in gold, silver, or painted in natural colors.

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Factories — Whitehall, Michigan

ATTRACTIVE DECANTER

A popular gift for any man or horse lover. Fashioned in clear glass from an actual stirrup. One Pint Size. A pair for Scotch and Rye or Bourbon makes a welcome gift. Also attractive as ornament for ivy. *Price, each only* $1.25 *prepaid.*

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NOW YOU CAN BE IMPRESSIVELY TALLER simply by changing to "ELEVATORS"

The QUALITY Shoe that Makes Men Taller

These amazing new shoes make you impressively TALLER the instant you put them on ... and "confidentially" too, because outwardly, they look like any other fine shoe ... it's the inner construction that increases your height, and improves your posture, too. At leading shoe stores, in a selection of smart styles for sports, business and evening.

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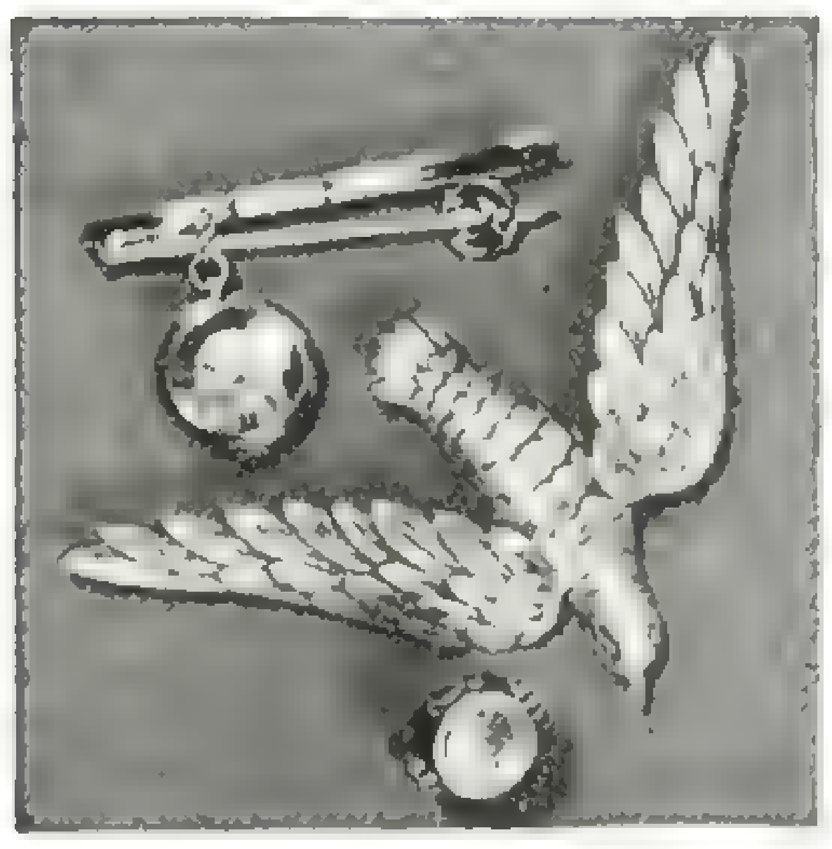
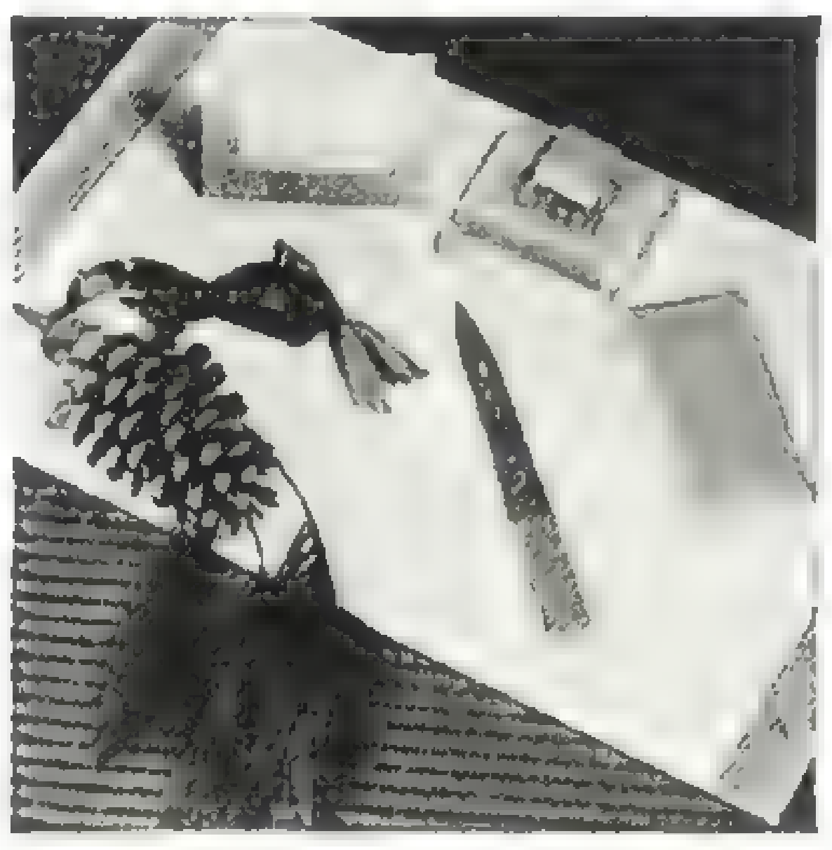
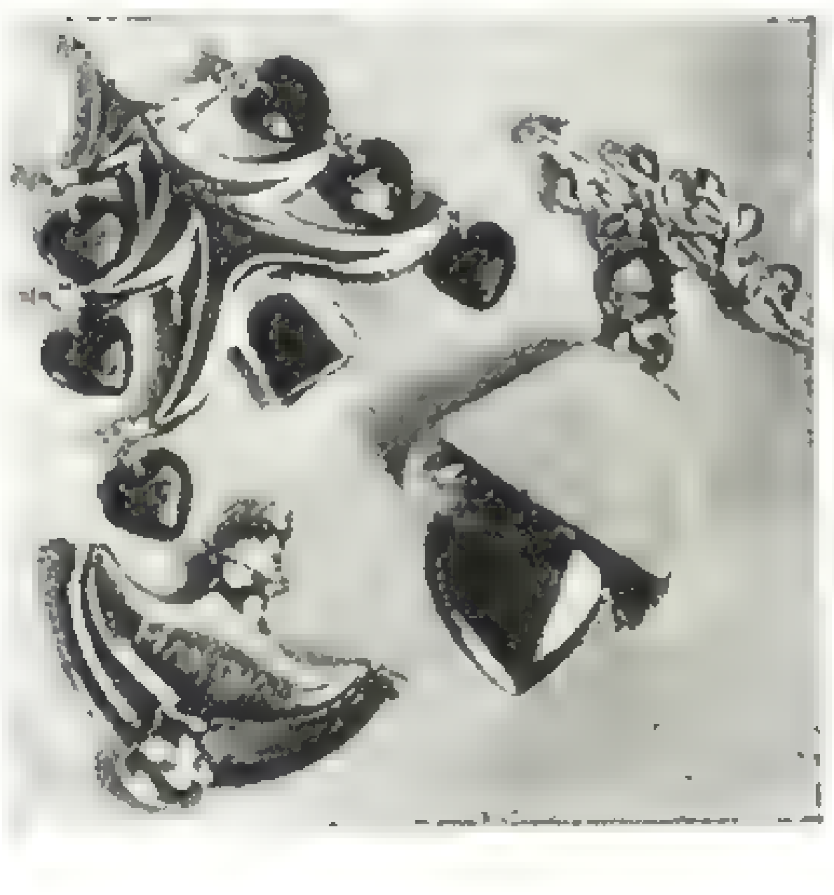
For Name of Nearest Dealer & FREE BOOKLET
write: Dept. ED, Stone Tarlow Inc., Brockton, Mass., Exclusive Manufacturers of "Elevators"



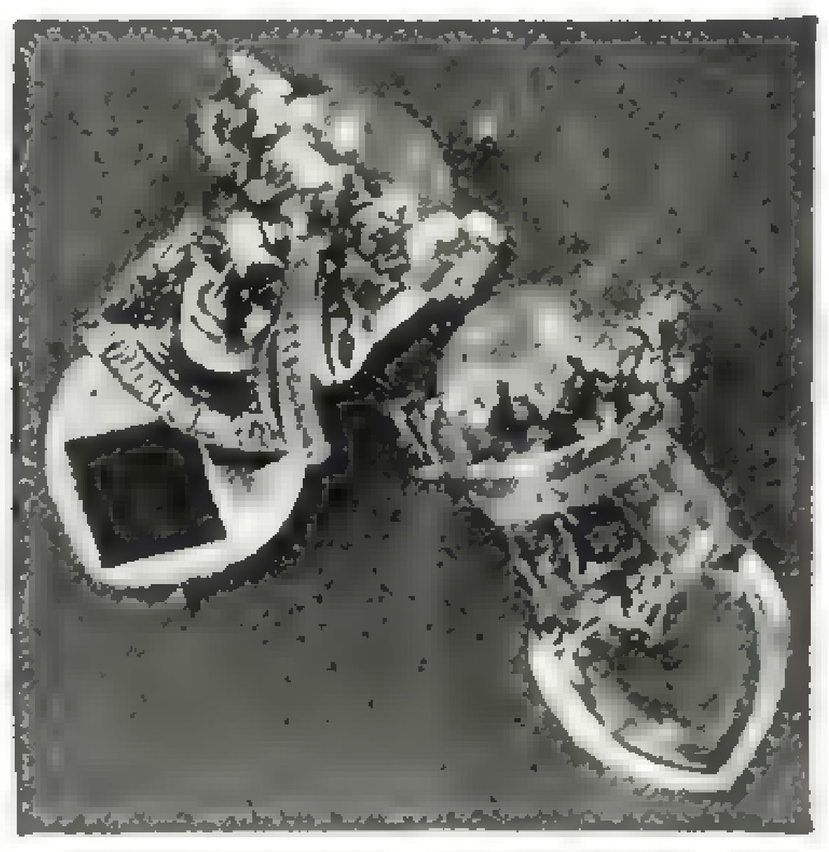
ALL FOR HER. To begin with—a gold-filled lapel watch, particularly designed for the delectation of lady skiers and their audience . . . The bird on the wing has adjustable aerial appendages with clips on each, and there's an extra clip on the body. Perfect anchorage for those deep V-necklines. Lucky bird . . . But not least, a ring watch, 17J movement, 14K gold. The case is hand-made.



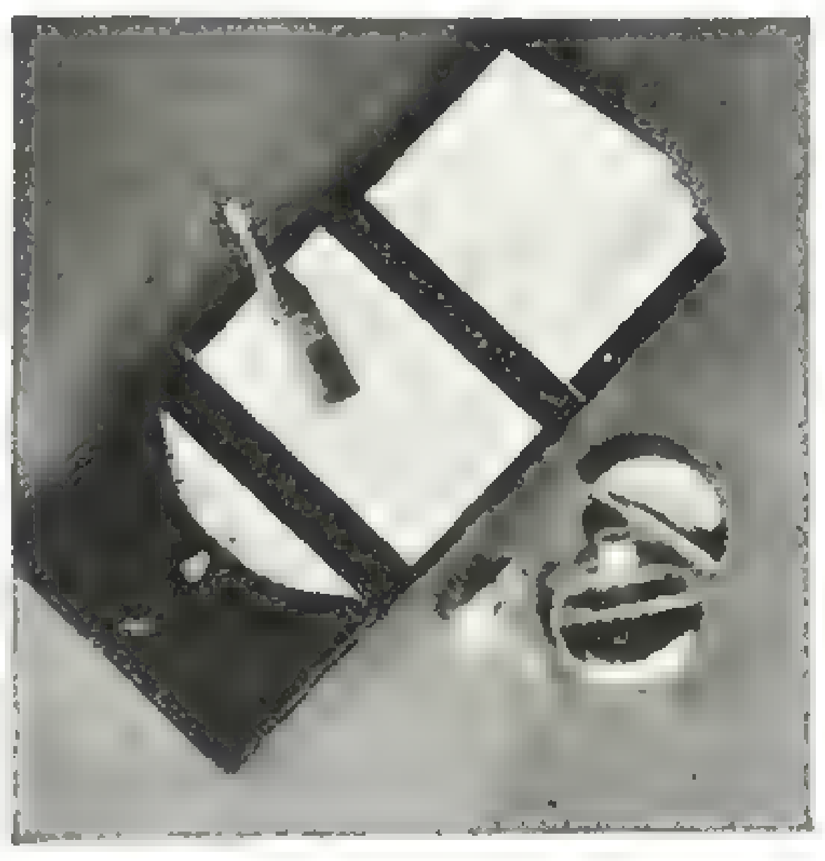
SNAKESKIN FOR EVE. A nice compromise between femininity and efficiency is reached with the five-piece desk set in snakeskin. The light, neutral color and reptilian texture will please her eye, the businesslike design will make light bookkeeping a pleasure . . . In tune with the Christmas season is a ribbon-tied pine cone for closets, to be sprayed with its own special pine scent. An apt gift when more than a card is indicated.



CATCHWORDS. New and entertaining is a lapel-pin series designed after familiar expressions. Two are shown here—*I Pine for Thee,* in the form of a pine tree hung with green heart-shaped "cones." *For Whom the Bell Tolls* has a locket as a bell-clapper. Rounding out the whimsy cycle is a pin in the form of a door knocker, finished off with her name.



PLAY YOUR ACE. She should be vulnerable to one of these. They're lapel watches, the like of which you've never seen, being that the watch is set in the crowns of this bejeweled king and his consort. A glance downward tells the wearer the time. Aside from the watch feature, the clips are eye-catching affairs, set with a variety cf synthetic stones. Either the king or queen can be had with a mirror set in the crown instead of the watch.



HANDBAG FILLERS. Three birds with one stone are mowed down with the fine leather checkbook holder. There's a compartment for car license or calling cards, a niche for a memo pad, and the checkbook folds tidily up in its own groove. A small leather "bottle" for aspirin is an amusing extra gift; and last, there's a perfume bottle encased in sterling silver for the leakless transportation of her favorite scent. A sterling silver funnel comes with it.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

CALIFORNIA FRUITS
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Something different to give friends and business acquaintances, or to serve at your formal dinners. Attractively packaged in valuable genuine California Redwood "Treasure Chest", which can be used for other purposes.

Chest of 6 ten oz. jars $4.00
Brandied Dates stuffed with walnuts, Brandied Cherries, baked Oranges in Grenadine, Brandied Dates, Prunes in Rum, Brandied Whole Apricots.

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Baked Oranges in Grenadine, Brandied Dates, and Prunes in Rum.

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Tool of 1001 uses, does precision work on metals, alloys, wood, horn, plastics, bone, glass, etc. For your own hobby enjoyment or as a gift.

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Uses 300 easy-to-change accessories to grind, drill, polish, cut, rout, carve, saw, sand, engrave. 25,000 r.p.m. Wt. 12 oz. Postpaid with 7 Accessories, $18.50 on 10 Days Trial.

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Only $15

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Write for complete Airguide folder of gift inspirations today!

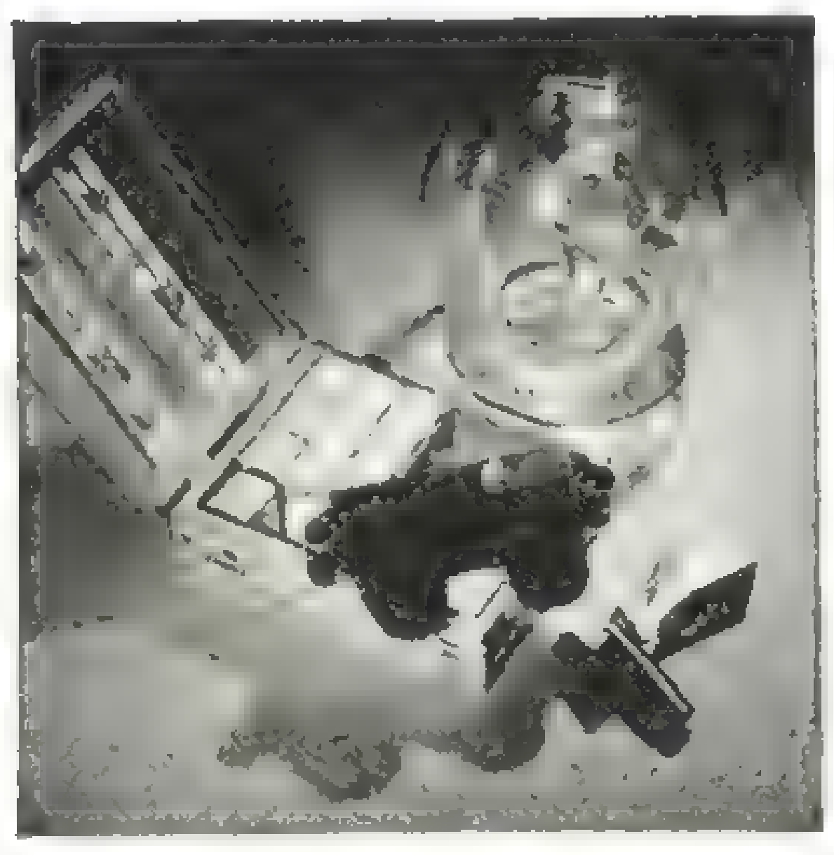
Fee and Stemwedel, Inc.
2210 WABANSIA AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

A PIG AND A PAIR. This Lilliputian barnyard scene consists of a delightful plush pig, in beige or pink, whose concealed music box plays *This Little Piggy* or *Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf*. The farmerette astride, and the frilly onlooker, should win the heart of any doll-playing moppet, being constructed of a lifelike latex substance and dressed with scale-model chic. Part of the manufacturer's profit goes to Bundles for Britain.

FAMILY GROUP. Animal toys are perennial favorites with small fry, and an outstanding candidate for the nursery zoo is this kangaroo mother and child. The offspring, carried about in a handy pouch, can be removed at will and is an appealing pocket edition of his proud parent. In biscuit-colored plush, it is durably constructed against hard juvenile usage, is sizeable enough to be impressive.

START 'EM OFF YOUNG. For youthful citizens on the verge of their first Christmas, a soft white hand-knitted sweater with, somewhat in anticipation, his college letter emblazoned on the front . . . When he rests his weary bones in the painted nursery chair, a music box plays a soothing tune . . . The doll has real hair and eyes that open and shut, and walks with little urging when led by the hand.

FOR LARGER BOYS . . . Say, football-followers of voting age and upwards. Plays are worked out on the top of a box lighted by an electric bulb; score is kept with a board marked out like a regular field. Opponents draw cards marked with offensive and defensive plays; these are inserted together in the box, and a traveling light follows the play right down the field. Very dramatic.



PICTURES AND PENNIES. Returns to the fold the old-time stereoscope. This streamlined version comes with a wide choice of educational films, covering subjects like the circus and the Grand Canyon. The third-dimensional effect is quite fascinating . . . Frugally-saved pennies are in full view in the round glass bank. When the chicken is up to its eyes with lucre, the bowl may be removed intact.

Ranger

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Miss Saylor's
coffee-ets

Exotic little candy gems of real cream and pure coffee. Coffee-ets, smooth and hard, have the genuine flavor and refreshing lift of a cup of morning coffee. Perfect for quick pickup. Smokers love 'em. An excitingly different gift. Individually wrapped. If not at your dealers, send your list with check.
7½ oz. tins 50c • 1 lb. $1

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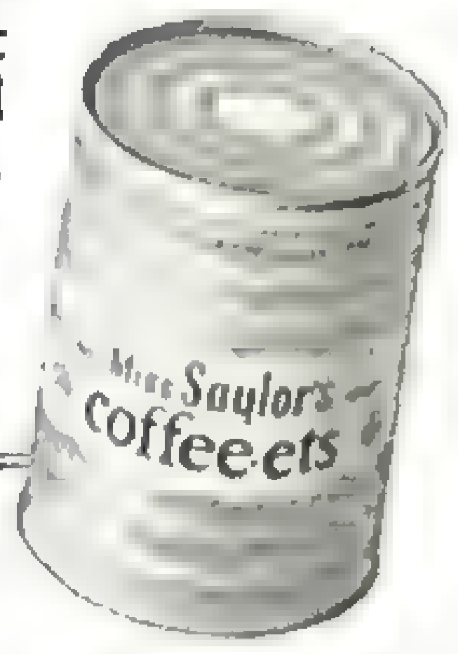

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Ted dear,

I'd feel awfully silly saying these things out loud, but I really think—

It was Hollywood's loss when you went into business—

The way you wear your clothes makes them look like Bond Street—

You'd look right in a yachting cap, a polo helmet or the White House—

You deserve the best things in life and I hope you'll have them all someday—

Meanwhile, here's your Seaforth, and a Merry Christmas from

Nan

For the MAN at the top of your list!

STURDY STONE JUG of Talc, Cologne, Deodorant, Hairdressing or Shaving Lotion; mug of Shaving Soap, each $1

DISTINCTLY MASCULINE fragrance of heather and fern . . . Shaving Lotion and Soap in "Tom and Jerry" mug . . . set $2

GRANDSTANDER: three fat jugs in box seat . . . Season's outstanding gift package . . . Cologne, Lotion, Talc . . . set $3

A MAN'S EVERY NEED served by deluxe gift package of Seaforth . . . jugs and mug plus hand soap . . . sets $7 and $5

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FOR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS, the "right" gift . . . named for famed British Seaforth Highlanders. All packages have rich Xmas wrap.

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ALFRED D. McKELVY COMPANY · MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

Old Mr. Boston says—

CAN YOU IDENTIFY THESE 10 DRINKS?

The Perfect Host will know them All —and they're All he needs to know!

HERE, Gentlemen, are 10 of the most popular drinks being mixed in America today. They're drinks polite guests exultantly welcome and brash friends loudly demand!

And whether you're a freshman bartender or a Ph.D. in Mixology, you'll enjoy trying to name these drinks. We've given you all the clues you need—initials, recipes and the chief ingredients of each. Just fill in the names.

Score 10 points for each correct answer. You'll find the answers —no peeking—near the bottom of the right hand page. 100 is perfect—the score of the Perfect Host. 80 means you're the very soul of hospitality. But if you score below 60—well, that can only mean you're one of those fellows who never forgets a taste . . . but just can't remember names!

1.

BRONZE LABEL
5 YEARS OLD

It's a M________ J________

Made with rich and mellow 5-year-old Mr. Boston Bronze Label Bourbon, it prefers Southern mansions and moonlight but does well in any congenial surroundings.

Fill Silver Mug or 12-oz. glass with finely shaved ice. Add 2½ oz. Mr. Boston Bourbon Whiskey. Stir 'til glass is heavily frosted. Add 1 tsp. Powdered Sugar. Fill with water. Stir. Top with sprigs of Fresh Mint.

5 Years Old—86 Proof

4.

Mr. BOSTON
DISTILLED DRY GIN

It's a D________ M________

This piquant prologue to dining has rare zest and delicacy—yes, and a precisely balanced flavor—when it's made with Old Mr. Boston, the only Dry Gin that's blended with 17 rare and imported flavors.

1½ oz. Old Mr. Boston Dry Gin; ¾ oz. French Vermouth; 1 dash Orange Bitters. Stir well with cracked ice. Strain into 3-oz. Cocktail glass. Serve with an Olive.

Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits
90 Proof (85 Proof in some States)

8.

Mr. BOSTON
MINT GIN

It's a M________ C________

Made with Old Mr. Boston—America's largest-selling Mint Gin—this one is fresh and sparkling—as invitingly cool and fragrant as a mint bed after an April shower.

Juice ½ Lemon; 1 tsp. Powdered Sugar; 2 oz. Mr. Boston Mint Gin. Pour into 12-oz. Tom Collins glass. Add cubes of ice. Fill with Carbonated Water and stir. Decorate with slice of Lemon, Orange and a Cherry.

70 Proof

9.

Mr. BOSTON
SLOE GIN

It's a S______ G______ F______

This tall and popular favorite tastes as beguiling as vintage Burgundy, thanks to the tempting, wine-like flavor of Old Mr. Boston—America's largest-selling Sloe Gin.

Juice ½ Lemon; 1 tsp. Powdered Sugar; 2 oz. Old Mr. Boston Sloe Gin. Shake well with cracked ice and strain into 8-oz. Highball glass. Fill with Carbonated Water. Decorate with slice of Lemon.

70 Proof

2.

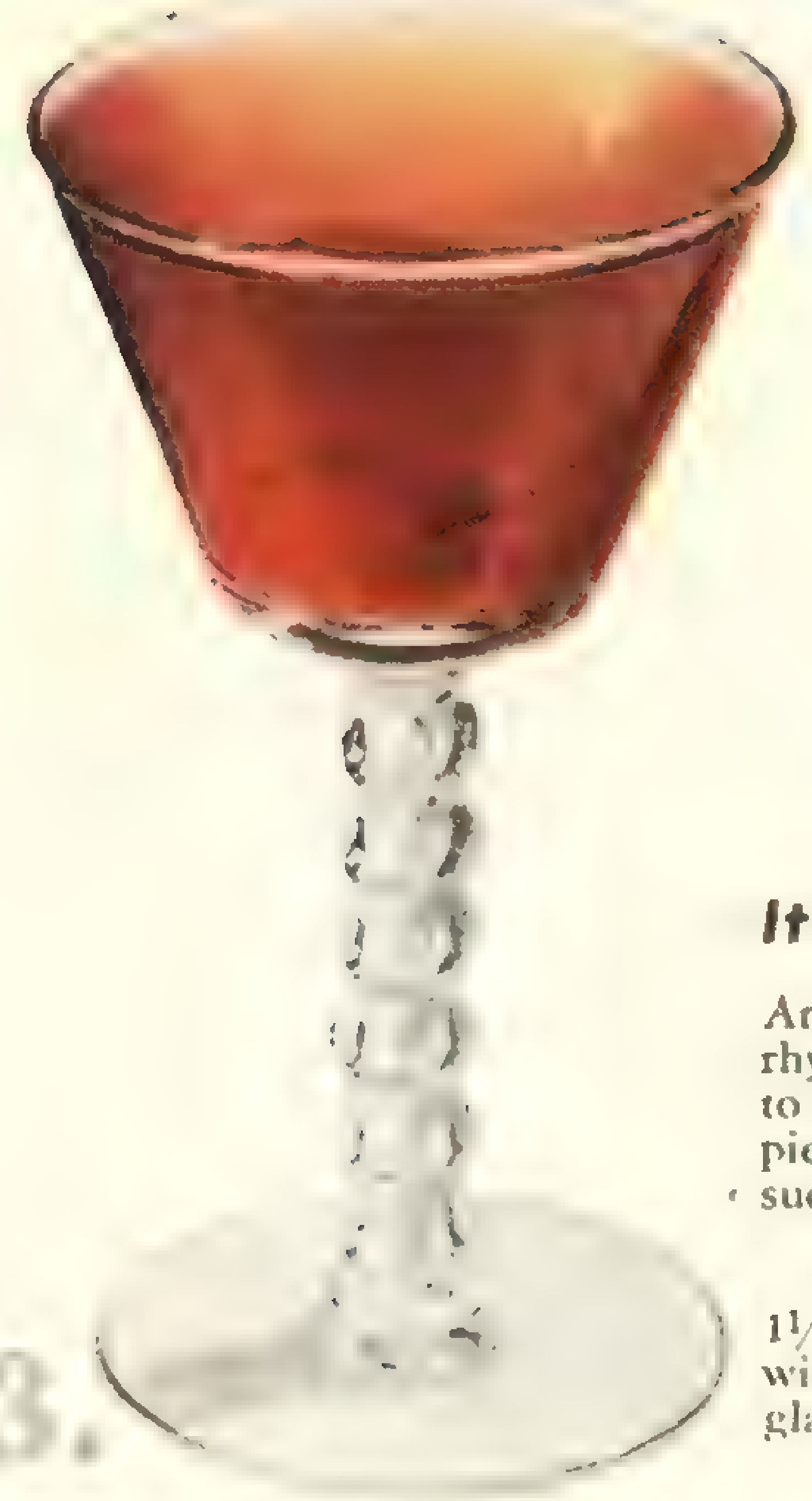
ROCKING CHAIR

It's a W________ S________

And it's a sweetheart of a snifter despite its name—if it's made with Mr. Boston Rocking Chair Whiskey, the light, light blend that's smooth as "keg-rocked" whiskeys of old.

Juice ½ Lemon; ½ teaspoon Powdered Sugar; 2 oz. Rocking Chair Whiskey. Shake well with cracked ice. Strain into 6-oz. glass. Fill with Carbonated Water. Decorate with a slice of Lemon and a Cherry.

75% Grain Neutral Spirits—85 Proof



3.

Mr. BOSTON PINCH

It's a M________________

And this cosmopolitan cocktail can trace its rhythmic smoothness and delightful taste to Mr. Boston Pinch Whiskey, that masterpiece of fine whiskey blending that sings such a dulcet duet with good vermouth.

1 dash Bitters; ¾ oz. Italian Vermouth; 1½ oz. Mr. Boston Pinch Whiskey. Stir well with cracked ice. Strain into 3-oz. Cocktail glass. Serve with a Cherry.

66⅔% Grain Neutral Spirits—86 Proof

5.

Mr. BOSTON'S
"SPOT BOTTLE"
WHISKEY
4 Years Old

It's an O________ F________

This ancient and honorable cocktail takes a new lease on flavor, made with Mr. Boston Spot Bottle Whiskey, mellowed and enriched by a 4-year siesta in the wood.

½ lump of Sugar; 2 dashes Bitters. Add Water to cover Sugar. Muddle well. Add 1 cube of Ice; 2 oz. Mr. Boston Spot Bottle Whiskey. Stir well. Add twist of Lemon Rind, slice of Orange, Lemon and a Cherry.

4 Years Old—85 Proof

6.

7.

OLD Mr. BOSTON
Imported
RUM
OLD Mr. BOSTON
Imported
RUM

It's a C________ L________

Starring Old Mr. Boston Imported Dark Rum—at domestic prices because it's imported *duty-free* from the Virgin Islands, a U. S. Possession.

Juice ½ Lime. Drop skin in glass. 2 oz. Mr. Boston Imported Dark Rum; 2 cubes of Ice. Fill with Coca-Cola. Stir well.

It's a D________________

Credit the Tropics for this quencher and credit the Virgin Islands for the smoothness of Old Mr. Boston Imported Light Rum. It makes a D____ doubly delightful!

Juice 1 Lime; 1 tsp. Powdered Sugar; 1½ oz. Mr. Boston Imported Rum. Shake with ice. Strain.

Both 86 Proof

HERE ARE THE ANSWERS!

1. Mint Julep
2. Whiskey Sour
3. Manhattan
4. Dry Martini
5. Old Fashioned
6. Cuba Libre
7. Daiquiri
8. Mint Collins
9. Sloe Gin Fizz
10. Apricot Rickey

10.

OLD Mr. BOSTON
APRICOT NECTAR

It's an A________ R________

You'll find it hard to name but "easy to take"—if this drink is made with Mr. Boston Apricot Nectar, America's largest-selling liqueur. Fresh-picked apricots give it its luscious tang and rich, hearty goodness.

1 cube of Ice; juice ½ Lime; 2 oz. Old Mr. Boston Apricot Nectar. Fill 8-oz. Highball glass with Carbonated Water and stir. Leave Lime in glass.

6 Proof

OLD Mr. BOSTON

Importer and Distiller of

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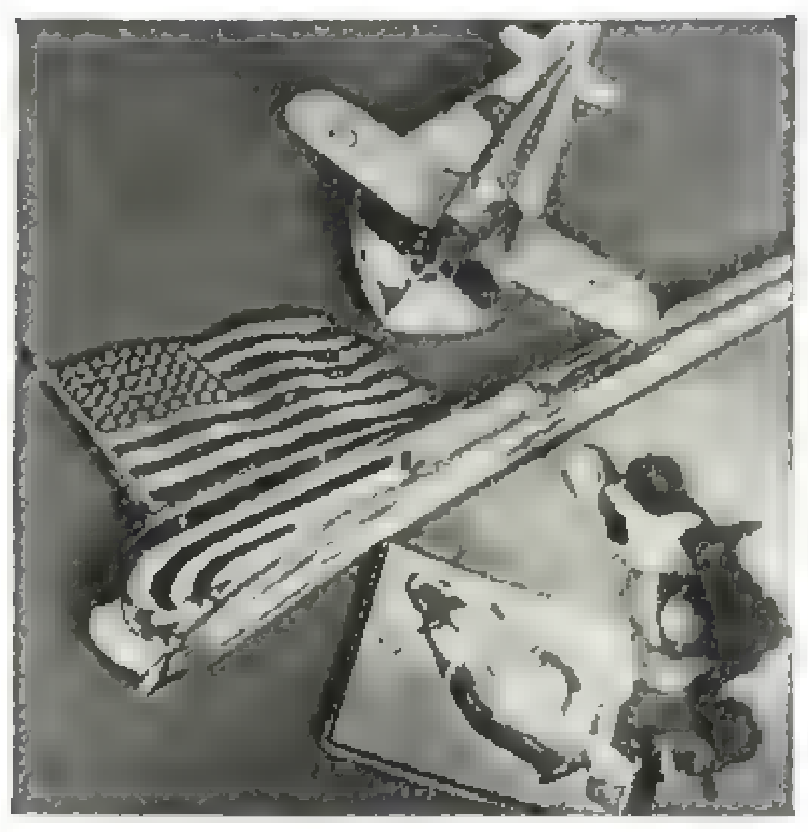
MAN AGAINST THE ELEMENTS. Imagination goes beyond the limits of mere design when a sports jacket is also its own package. The evolution of this practical weather-resistant garment is shown alongside, first akimbo just as it is before some happy hunter dons it, again when, after a few folds, twists, and zipper-pullings, it becomes little more than a knapsack . . . The combination axe and knife, sharing alternately the same handle, are fitted in a cowhide case.

GIFT CONDENSATION. Either of these takes up only an apologetic amount of suitcase space, but should prove useful to travelers. Four plastic cups nest within each other and are covered with a matching top. They make their home in a saddle-stitched pigskin case . . . The chromium spoon is a two-way-stretch job, being that it opens up to exhibit a teaspoon at one end and a dessert spoon at the other. The case is pigskin.

LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT. Anyone with a car should be in line for either, or both, a chromium-handled magnifying light, for reading maps in the dark, and/or a lucite light with a magnet at one end. Helps to find lost nuts and bolts, and picks them up as well . . . A good emergency item is the self-generating flashlight that works under its own steam, without batteries.



REFINEMENTS FOR RADIATORS. Almost any automobile can become individualized, as well as patriotic, with one of these radiator cap decorations. Old Glory unfurls itself in red, chromium, and blue; a Vought-Sikorsky plane model can be tipped upward or downward at the whim of the owner. Alfred, the penguin, gives you an idea of what can be whipped up from a sketch or photograph in truly personalized, made-to-order fashion.

LEATHER LUXURY. No two ways about it, the four ways about the folding clock are the makings of an impressive gift. Within its small boundary are not only the more usual timepiece, but a barometer, a thermometer, and a clock calendar . . . For the well-balanced checkbook, a holder in natural ostrich is a worthy offering.

Ranger

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WORLD'S PRODUCTS CO., Spencer, Ind.

"Now hand me the wow

...the pay-off

...the gag-box..."

MOTHER: I don't understand a word you say!

DAUGHTER: The little Stetson box there in your hand . . . with the miniature hat in it and the certificate.

MOTHER: Oh, that! Why didn't you say so? Such language!

DAUGHTER: Call it anything you like, I know the Master is going to fall for it. There isn't a man in the world who doesn't like some kind of Stetson hat . . . I know *that* much about 'em, anyway.

MOTHER: I'm sure he'll like it. And he needs it. And what a lot of shopping it saved us.

DAUGHTER: Saves *him* shopping, too. All he does is turn in the certificate and pick out a new Stetson.

MOTHER: More than that . . . I'm going to do the same thing on Easter and Father's Day. More hats for the Master, as *you* call him, is my motto!

Give him a

STETSON

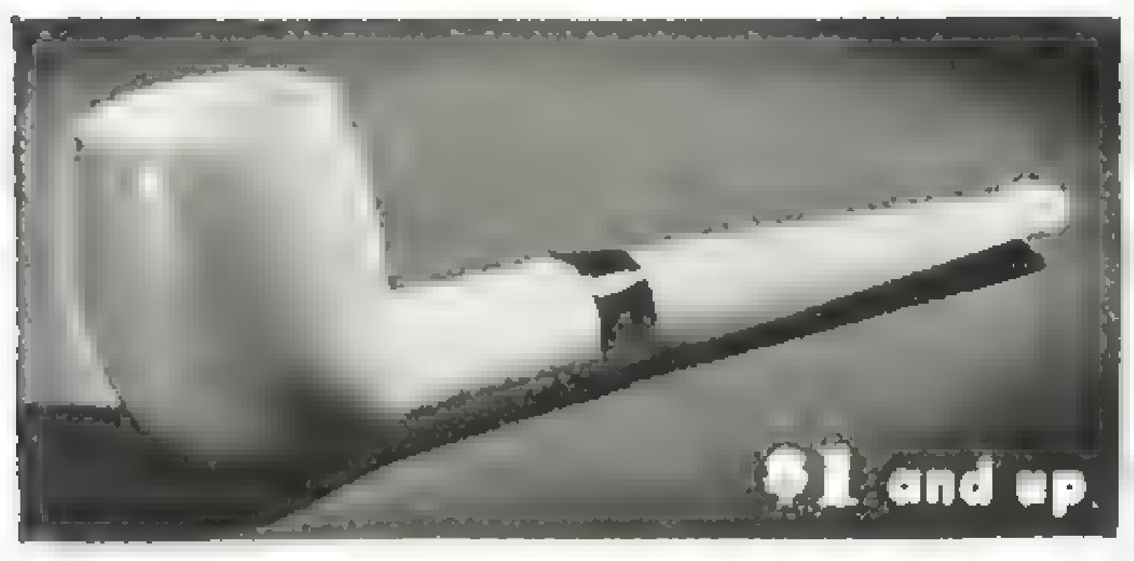
for Christmas

FROM $5 TO $150

STETSONS ALSO MADE IN CANADA

Gilbert Bundy

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE



DANCO* *HOLLOW-BOWL*

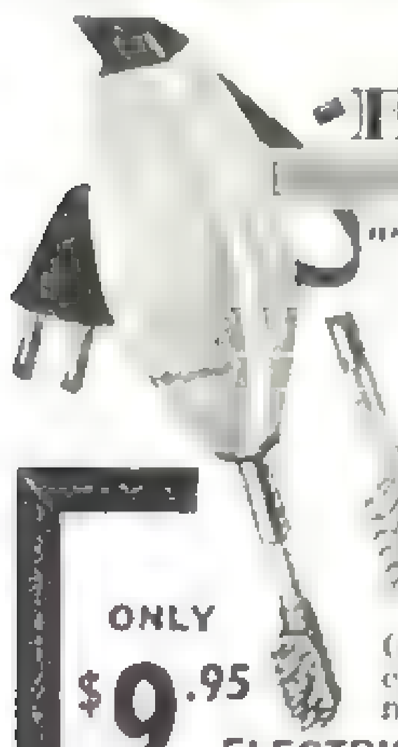
Naturally you'll give him a pipe . . . why not make it one he'll enjoy! Danco "Hollow-Bowl" . . . the exclusive double bowl washable pipe that smokes sweet and cool from the first draw . . . needs no breaking in . . . colors like a Meerschaum. Here's a handsome, practical MAN'S pipe . . . the pipe for a really happy New Year.

If your dealer can't supply you, write to

DANCO PIPES, Inc.
99 Hudson Street, New York City

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

This Gift Is DIFFERENT!



EMC & M Electric Gum Massager and Toothbrush Toothmaster

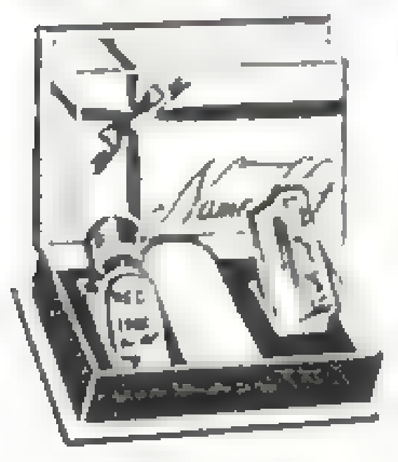
Cleverest, most practical Gift — for "Him", for "Her", for young or old. Protects against dental ills. 3 minutes' scientific Gum Massage with Toothmaster better than 30 minutes hand massage. Dentist-recommend for massage and teeth cleansing.
Give a "DIFFERENT" gift! Order Toothmaster TODAY! Call for it at leading stores, or mail check or money order with Dealer's name.

ONLY $9.95

ELECTRIC MOTOR CORPORATION
1215 State Street Racine, Wis.

Extra Rubber Gum Massagers and Brushes, 5 colors, 80c ea. ★ Underwriters Approved

GIVE IT—USE IT!



NAME-KIT makes a personal gift for them or you . . . stamps name permanently on all clothing, books, linens, etc. Black indelible ink, pad, name in script or block letters. 1000 stampings. Mail orders filled 24 hrs. $1.00 **Name-Kit Co.**
625 Chestnut St., Phila, Pa.

A really smart gift
Forstner
INITIAL KEY TAG
Choice of leathers
Any two initials
$1.50

Just the thing for luggage, auto or personal keys

Rhodium finish. Choice of black, brown, red, green or blue *genuine* leather or natural pigskin. Packaged in attractive gift box. At department stores and better shops. If your favorite store can't supply you, write direct.

—— FORSTNER CHAIN CORPORATION ——
Dept. 124, Irvington, New Jersey

Enclosed is............for..............Initial Key Tags
Color of leather....................Initials:................
Name________________
Address________________

THE SIGHT OF LUCITE . . . is a heart-warming one Christmas morning. From top to bottom: A picture frame with room for six snapshots; three at the back, three at the front. A bureau-type cigarette box with two drawers. A box designed to hold your Gin Rummy equipment and cigarettes.

THREE FOR THE DESK. A stamp box is a good thought in difficult cases, and here are two varieties. The one at the left is a double-decker affair for air mail labels and stamps. Sterling silver. The smaller box, handcrafted in pewter, can hold stamps of any denomination preferred. The traveling copper and brass clock has space in the door for a photograph. Eight-day alarm.

TICKLE THE OLD RISIBLES . . . with a fervently decorated shaving mug laden with turn-of-the-century roses, labeled with your man's first name and the year. For cigarettes. The swear box is to aid and abet New Years' resolutionists. A five-cent penalty for every obscenity will effect a sure cure, and possibly leave him speechless. And old razor blades, neat porcelain boxes, adorned with various hilarious whiskery illustrations.

FOR HER AND HIM. We point with pleasure to the man's wristwatch that is handsome and does handsome. Designed with restraint and great good taste, its handmade case is in either 14K gold, or gold-filled. 17J movement, suede strap. The ladies' watch is noteworthy for its unusual ripple crystal façade and knotted suede strap. 15J. The initialed cuff links speak for themselves, except that here, too, you and your budget have a choice of a gold-filled pair, or 14K gold.

THEME WITH VARIATIONS. So many of you wrote to us about the gentlemen's herb mixture last May that we present it again, in a new dress for Christmas gift-giving. It's done up in green-tied cellophane and enclosed in a handmade box painted with melting sentiments . . . Try a brush-shaving pal out with a new brush made of goose feathers. That's what we said—and they're as stout and lasting as they're soft . . . Among the finer things of life is a cedar alligator pipe and tobacco pouch that contains a flameless pipe lighter.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

UNIQUE GIFT FOR MOTORISTS

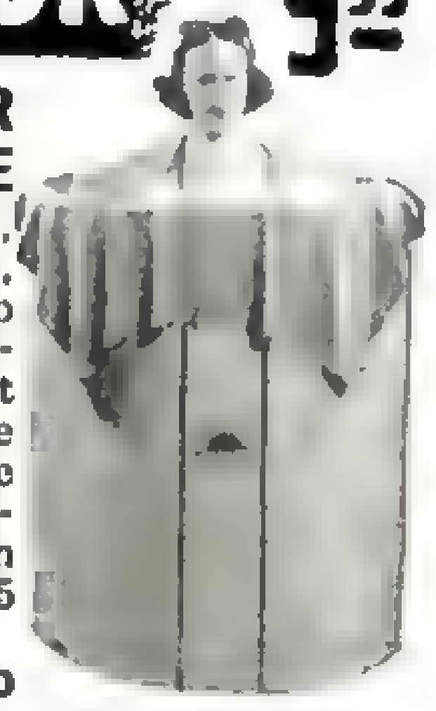
When car wheels spin in snow or mud, Auto Raft saves tow-in bills. Graduated lengths of hardwood held by chain. In water-proof bag, **$1.95.** Some give two, **$3.90.**

FREE! Exciting Book picturing 293 original gifts. For every one from glamour girls to elderly uncles. Prices for every budget. Write for book E-12.

LEWIS & CONGER · Dept. E-12
6th Avenue and 45th Street, New York City

WAKE UP YOUR Scalp

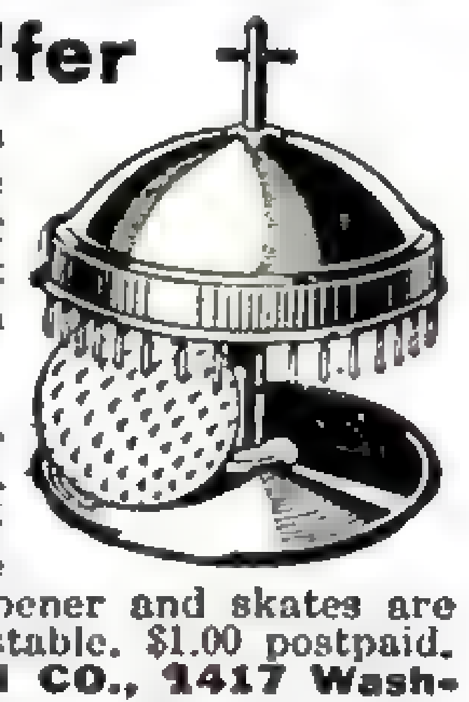
THE SECRET OF HEALTHY HAIR Hair getting thin? Bothered by dandruff? Don't waste time moping or doping your hair. Wake up your scalp, see the difference, *feel* the results. Let the new electric driven VITABRUSH answer your worries. 5000 vitalizing strokes per minute. Restful. Pleasant. Satisfying. Takes only 3 minutes a day. Recommended by scalp authorities. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write now for full information and money-back offer. Hershey Mfg. Co., 195 So. LaSalle Street, Chicago.



PERSPIR-ATOR $9.95

THE MODERN TURKISH OR VAPOR BATH FOR HOME USE
Complete with streamlined cabinet, infra-red electric heater, vaporizer, rubber apron. Portable. Roll up when not in use. Positively guaranteed. Sent postpaid upon receipt of $9.95...or pay $9.95 plus postage on delivery. Try it in your own home only according to complete instructions. If not satisfied, return within 10 days and we will refund your $9.95

PERSPIR-ATOR MFG. CO.
Dept. 404 TOLEDO, OHIO



Gift for the Golfer

Score a hole-in-one Christmas morn with Bobby's Portable Golf Hole! Improve putting right in the living room. "Just like a cup on the Green." Each $1.00 or 3 for $2.75 postpaid.

And Skater
Add to skating pleasure. A few strokes with the Berghman Sharpener and skates are like new. Adjustable. $1.00 postpaid. **E. BERGHMAN CO., 1417 Washington Boulevard, Maywood, Ill.**

MEN—and Women, too!
EXEROW

★
for YOUR HEALTH and FIGURE
★

RIDE and ROW THE BATTLE CREEK WAY!
Enjoy most efficient health-building rowing AND riding! Natural HYDRAULIC pull of rowing plus benefits of horseback riding—adjusts for mild exercise or strenuous workout as you wish. Rhythmic movement of handles, seat and pedals "symmetrizes" and beautifies entire figure. EXEROW safely normalizes WEIGHT—improves HEALTH and appearance. Direct factory price. Write for information TODAY.

Battle Creek Equipment Co., 121 E. St.
Battle Creek, Mich.

THIS LETTER is republished because so many wrote us last year in appreciation of its warm Christmas sentiment.

To Jim—for holding my hand tight the day we were married...

for seldom remarking, "That's what I had for lunch."

for sparing me those chilly trips to heat the 6 a.m. bottle.

for never opening my mail (though I sometimes do yours!).

for the things you didn't say the time I ripped off the fender.

for balancing my checkbook without grumbling or pitying.

for not having to be defrosted when I forget to send your suit to be pressed.

for treating my women friends as though you liked them.

for the way your eyes light up when our glances happen to meet at a party.

for being so eternally *there* for me to lean on!

for wanting a *good* watch for years and years, but being too unselfish to go and spend the money on yourself.

Dearest, here's your Hamilton with all my love!

Peggy

HAMILTON
America's Fine Watch

MARTIN. 17 jewels. 10K natural gold filled. 18K applied gold numeral dial.......$44

RUTLEDGE. 19 jewels. Hard platinum. 18K applied gold numeral dial to match. $192.50

WILSHIRE. 19 jewels. 14K coral gold-filled. With black Roman numeral dial. $57.75

LEXINGTON. 17 jewels. Sturdy case of stainless steel. Black dial, white numerals. $40.75

FELICIA. 17 jewels. 10K white or natural gold-filled. With gold-filled bracelet..$40.75

BERNICE. 17 jewels. 14K natural or white gold. 18K numerals. Domed crystal...$77

FIRST LADY. 17 jewels. 14K coral gold. Set with 12 diamonds; 10 garnets........$410

MONICA. 17 jewels. 14K natural gold. Roman numerals and black dial....$60.50

OLIVIA. 17 jewels. 10K white gold-filled. Roman numeral marker dial, silver finish. $44

ALL PRICES INCLUDE FEDERAL DEFENSE TAX

All Hamiltons are cased in precious metal (except special Military watches). 17 or more jewels. $41.25 to $5,500. Prices subject to change without notice. Write for folder. Hamilton Watch Co., 128 Columbia Ave., Lancaster, Pa.

There's a General Electric Radio Here for EVERYONE!

IF you want *your* Christmas gift to be *the favorite of all,* choose a radio from the G-E beauties pictured below.

Here are radios *money could not buy* a year ago. Every one is new! Every one has new and exciting features!

Console and radio-phonograph combinations are built for FM (Frequency Modulation). That's the new type of broadcasting that brings you the *full* musical range of tones and overtones—practically static-free!

The new G-E Portable Radio has a built-in storage battery, *and is self-charging!* General Electric also offers a wonderful selection of new table models. Some in rich wood cabinets, others finished in colorful jewel-like plastics!

De Luxe Combination—Complete with FM! Put this superb radio-phonograph right at the top of your Christmas list. It's something everybody will enjoy! It gives you the best in radio and recorded entertainment—plus FM. You hear tones and overtones that ordinary radio cannot bring you. Model LFC-1228, **$300***.

In Sparkling Catalin Plastic! Any friend would be thrilled to receive a beautiful radio like this! It comes in lovely, jewel-like colors—ivory, maroon, onyx and brown—some with contrasting trim. Each case has a molded, streamlined handle—so it's easy to carry it from room to room. See it today while they're still plentiful. Model L-571, **$23.95***.

Convenient Terms! *G-E Radios are priced from $13.95. *Prices subject to change without notice and will vary in different localities.*

One Gift Sure of a Welcome! Here's the perfect gift for boys at school or for men in the service! A smartly-styled, but inexpensive, radio-phonograph combination! Plays 10-inch or 12-inch records with lid closed. Tunes in standard broadcasts without aerial or ground wires. Model LC-638, **$39.95***.

Also a radio-phonograph with an automatic record changer. Model LC-658, **$69.95***.

Latest FM Console! This new General Electric opens up a whole new world of radio. For it gives you more powerful short-wave—finer domestic reception—and FM, the new kind of broadcasting developed by Major Armstrong, which is practically static-free and brings you the overtones that make music really *live.* Model LF-115, **$159.95***.

An Excellent Newscaster! Built to receive domestic and foreign broadcasts without aerial or ground wires. It reaches out and brings in faraway stations. Powerful superheterodyne circuit with broad-band RF stage. Cabinet of matched American walnut veneers. A perfect radio for the study or den! Model L-633, **$42.95***.

Merry Christmas

Something New!

G-E SELF-CHARGING PORTABLE

Has its own storage battery. You can play this new portable radio all you please without battery replacement worries. Self-charges while it plays on AC house current. Model LB-530, **$44.95***. Now offered in an attractive Christmas gift package.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Gifts from Gotham . . .

Esquire's staff has gone shopping for you in New York. On the next two pages are illustrated the pick-of-the-Avenue gift selections.

For specific gift information,
please write,
Esquire Fashion Staff,
366 Madison Avenue, New York City,
or telephone,
Murray Hill 2-5400, Extension 109.

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Louis Sherry
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Jet
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Christmas Eve

1 Alligator bag for the woman on the go. *2* Box full of tempters. *3* Chow mitts. *4* Glamorous set; brilliant red ostrich feathers in tiara and muff. *5* Possession. *6* Rococo bracelet follows the current trend for ornate costume jewelry. *7* A finishing touch. *8* Shell design compact. *9* It's smart to wear chenille evening mittens. *10* An amusing pin. *11* Have her favorite portrait hand-painted on compact cover. *12* Plastic bracelet with earrings to match. *13* Coin bar for quick change. *14* Like the elephant, she'll never forget you. *15* Jet. *16* If she skis. *17* A very personal gift. *18* Chiffon with lace trimming. *19* Gold and ruby set; flower of the bracelet may be worn as pin. *20* Lapel watch. *21* Glamorizers; aquamarine and topaz pin and earrings. *22* Bill clip watch. *23* Costume ring.

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Christmas Adam

1 For short-wave radio fans. *2* Glasses revolve merrily around the filling station; one push gives a jigger-full. *3* Wool-lined capeskin gloves. *4* Casserole and Petite Marmite for midnight hot snacks. *5* Sporting wool plaid socks. *6* Flannel robe of specially processed wool; moth-proof. *7* Sleep in luxury. *8* For the pipe fancier. *9* Time-telling toilet kit for travelers. *10* Pigskin wallet. *11* Serve liquor with dignity. *12* Hand-stitched gloves. *13* Britain delivers the goods. *14* Service cigarette case. *15* Making big ones out of little ones. *16* Plaid wool taffeta shirt. *17* Traditional gift of the season—plum pudding. *18* Keep in mind the colors of his suits. *19* To brighten his country outfit and warm his heart. *20* Versatile game set for travelers, for convalescents or just for fun. *21* Smart paisley printed lightweight wool muffler. *22* A hamper of Scotch and *23* Wines from the good old U. S. A.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LEON DE VOS

CHATEAU MARTIN
BRUT
CHATEAU MARTIN Brand CHAMPAGNE
CHATEAU MARTIN

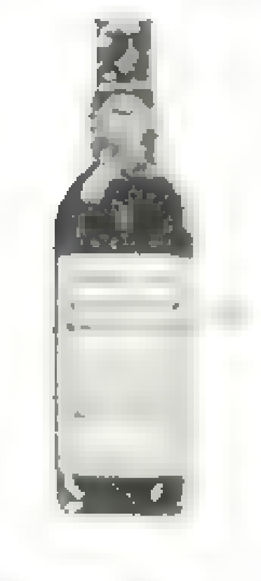
IN AMERICA'S FINEST HOMES

CHATEAU MARTIN

HAS REPLACED "LOST" IMPORTS

Thrill your guests and make your parties really "pop" by serving Chateau Martin Champagne. Connoisseurs all say Chateau Martin tastes as good as imports costing many times as much. Give—serve—enjoy any of the Chateau Martin Wines including Vermouth, Vintage Wine, White Label and Sparkling Wines.

Sweet Types Contain 20% Alcohol By Volume



CHATEAU MARTIN VINTAGE WINES
Port, Vintage of 1933—Sherry, Vintage of 1935. Probably the finest American wines existent.

CHATEAU MARTIN WHITE LABEL
The cream of California's vineyards. Available in all types and sizes at surprisingly low prices.

CHATEAU MARTIN TABLE WINES
Make every meal doubly enjoyable with any of the 15 different types of Chateau Martin table wines including Claret, Haute Sauterne, etc.

18% Alcohol By Volume

CHATEAU MARTIN VERMOUTH
Get some for your holiday parties. Available in both sweet Italian and dry French types.

IDEAL FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

For that special person who already "has everything", a beautiful gift box of assorted wines and champagnes will hit the spot. Your dealer will be glad to make up assortments at any price you desire. Just phone him for immediate delivery.

What's it got that has sold more than 25,000,000 bottles of Chateau Martin wines. Taste it and see.

EASTERN WINE CORPORATION • BRONX TERMINAL MARKET • NEW YORK CITY

FASTER TO FLORIDA

The Famous ORANGE BLOSSOM SPECIAL

24 Hours, New York to Miami—23 Hours 5 Minutes to St. Petersburg
Beginning December 12

Completely air-conditioned. All Pullman. Wide choice of accommodations. Club-buffet and Lounge-buffet cars. Dining cars. Daily from Eastern cities.

Leave N. Y. Pennsylvania Station 12:50 P.M.

SILVER METEOR — America's Most Famous Streamliner
Now in Service

Air-conditioned. Diesel-electric locomotives. Modern Pullman and deluxe coach service to both coasts of Florida. Seats must be reserved in advance. Tavern, lounge, observation cars. Personal service. Lv. N. Y. Penna. Sta. 2:05 P.M. daily, (1:50 P.M. eff. Dec. 12).

Four other Seaboard trains daily to Florida and the South

Low Rail Fares — Consult Ticket Agent or S. B. Murdock, G. P. A., Seaboard Railway, 12 West 51st St., New York City. Tel. CIrcle 5-7200.

...GO MODERN GO SEABOARD!

TO PLEASE THE "HARD-TO-PLEASE"!

Gifts

Worthy of an angel...a heavenly nightgown of sheerest pink chiffon, appliquéd with blue winged cherubs . . . $19.50

"Certainement".. embroidered on gossamer pink panties trimmed with exquisite black lace. $15.50

"Illusion".. fine linen cocktail napkins, with "nicely-naughty" hand appliqués . . . . . Doz. $14.50

Motto ashtray, in the shape of a violin. $1

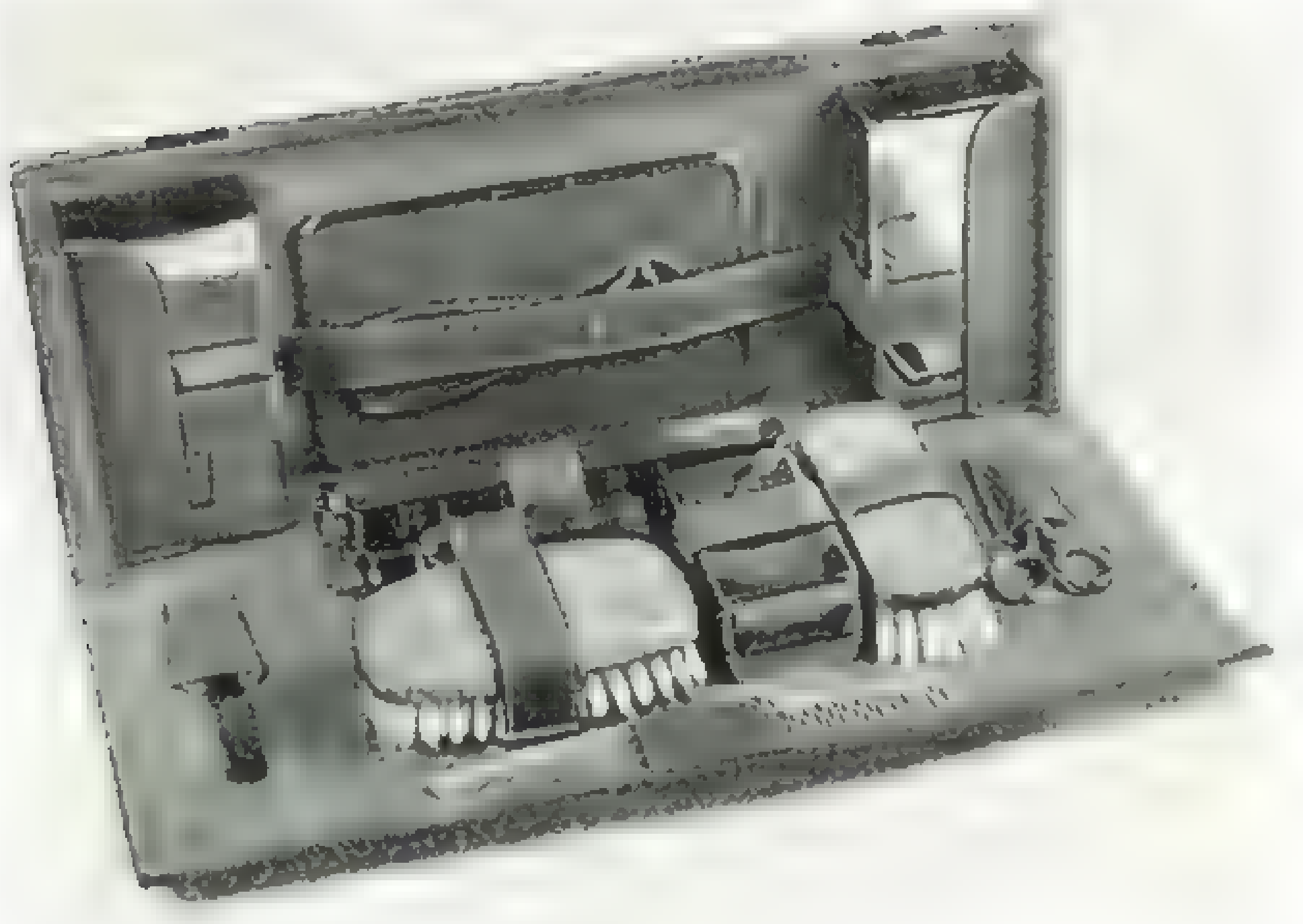
Amusing "Gay Nineties" vase, moulded like a corseted torso $1.75

A chiffon evening handkerchief that is like a cloud . . . with bleeding red hearts and discreet phrases in one corner $3

Booklet sent on request.

Kargère

535 MADISON AVENUE AT 54TH STREET • NEW YORK



SADDLE STITCHED COWHIDE DRESSING CASE, lined with fawn suede containing 11 toilet articles, as illustrated. Measures 15" by 6" by 2⅜", $22. Other Dressing Cases, various styles and leathers, are $7.50 to $58.

BROOKS BROTHERS' COLLAR-ATTACHED SHIRTS, made in our own workrooms with 4 different collars and in many materials. Illustrated, left to right (top), Clifford collar (short buttoned down points), White Scottish Cheviot only, $5.50; and Polo collar (longer buttoned points), White Scottish Cheviot, $5.50 or Blue, White, Tan, Grey, Green Domestic Cheviot, $4.00; (middle) Tennis collar (points to be pinned under tie) in Tartan Flannel, $14.00; and (bottom) in Striped Broadcloth, as illustrated, $4 and $5, or in Blue or White Domestic Cheviot, $4.00; and Golf collar (round cornered) in Striped Broadcloth, $4.00 or White Scottish Cheviot, $5.50 or in Blue or White Domestic Cheviot, $4.00.

BROOKS BROTHERS BANDANNAS, imported from England, are $2.00 to $7.00. Choppas (top and middle) are $5.50 to $7.00. Foulards in many colors, sizes and patterns (bottom), $2 (20"x20") to $3.50 (24"x24").

ESTABLISHED 1818

MEN'S AND BOYS' CHRISTMAS GIFTS FROM ENGLAND, SCOTLAND AND AMERICA

Christmas gift suggestions at Brooks Brothers begin at a dollar or two and range on up to fifty dollars or more. Imported articles from England and Scotland present the usual wide choice—despite current irregularities in shipping—and are supplemented by fine selections of domestic things, many of which are made in our own workrooms. Everything, as you would expect, is "Brooks" in style, materials and workmanship—which makes for dependability, assurance and satisfaction in shopping.

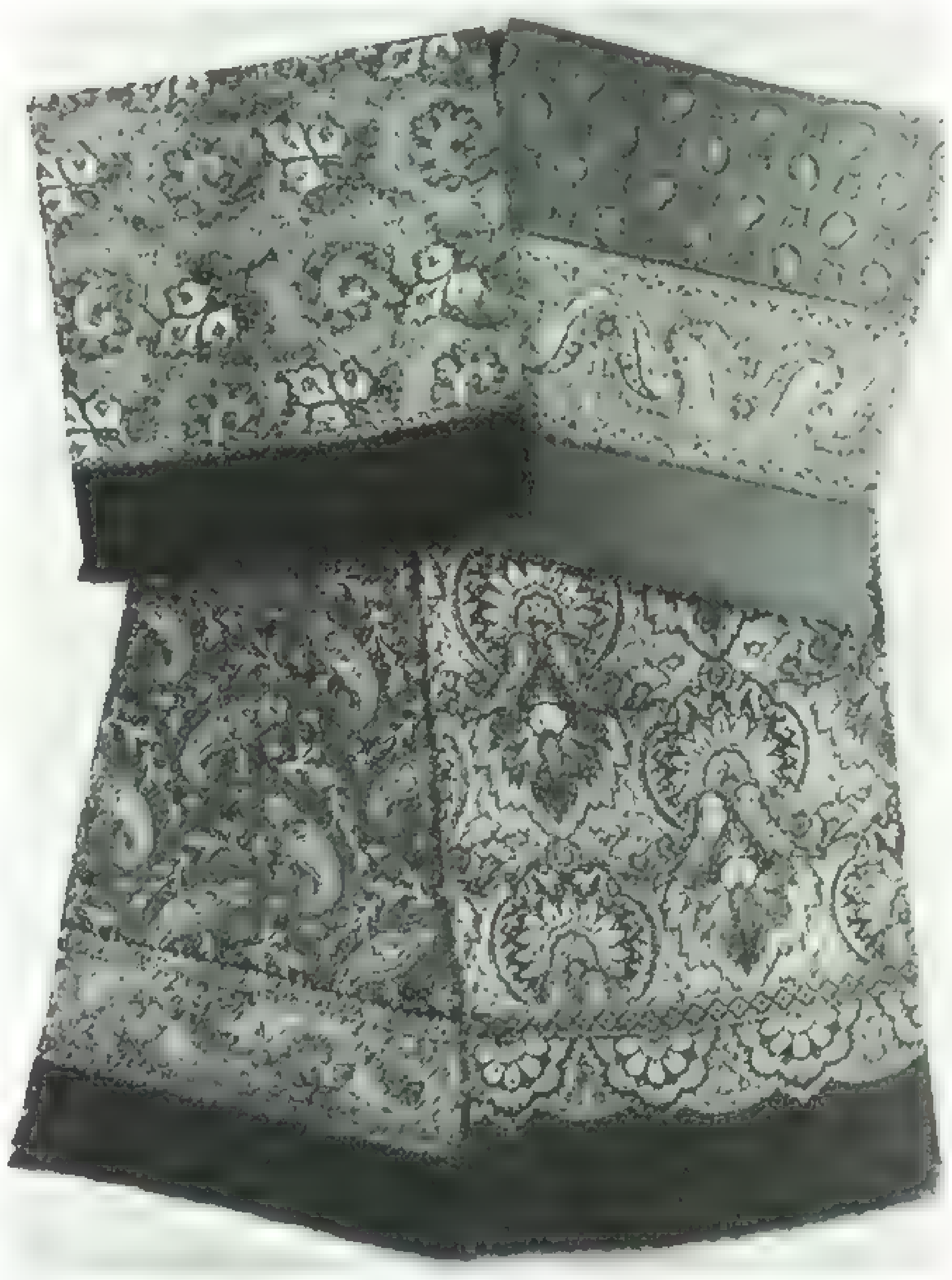
Write for a copy of the Christmas Edition of BROOKS *Illustrated, containing pictures and descriptions of hundreds of gift suggestions.*

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes
MADISON AVE. COR. 44TH STREET • NEW YORK
BOSTON • SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES

BROOKS DRESSING GOWNS, in a wide choice of materials, patterns and colors, range from $6.50 (cotton), up to $80.00 (wool). Foulard Silk Gowns range from $18.00 to $45.00—the gown illustrated is $18.00.

WOOL SOCKS range from $2.50 to $5.50. Illustrated: Diamond pattern, domestic, hand-framed, $3.00; Birdseye pattern, from Scotland, $2.50; and Argyll plaids, from England, $3.00. Many colors and other patterns.

SWEATER-AND-SOCKS SETS are imported from Scotland. Matching patterns, as illustrated, Diamond Back Terrapin and Birdseye. Sweaters, $10.00. Socks, $2.50.



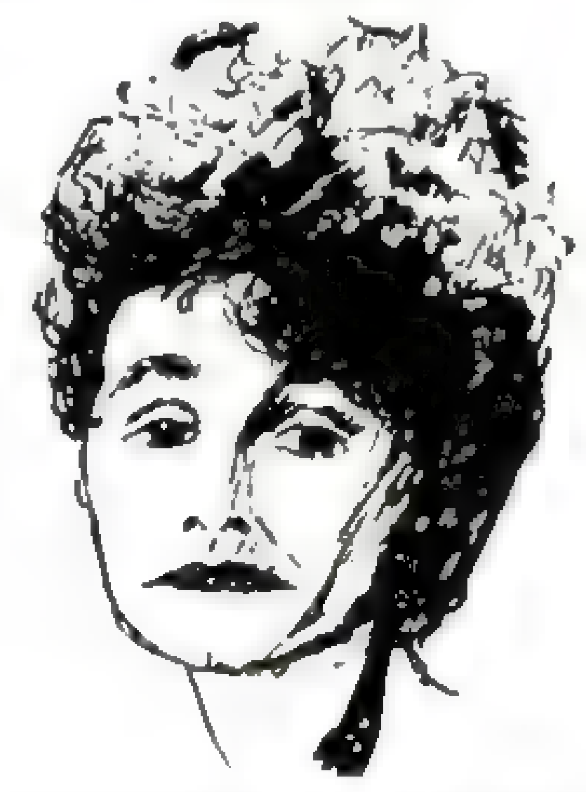
CASHMERE WOOL MUFFLERS FROM SWITZERLAND: Persian and Paisley patterns as illustrated, each pattern may be had in a choice of four color combinations (green, blue, brown, red). Fringed ends. $3.25 (12"x50")

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

THE MOVING FINGER WRITES

There aren't two kinds of people. There are five. Nadya Olyanova, long experienced in the analysis of personality through handwriting, says that your personality quotient is found in one of five types—materialistic, vital, artistic-creative, intellectual, or philo-progenitive. If you say "Huh?" as we did, to the last, Mme. Olyanova will explain that it applies to scripters whose real careers are parenthood. These might *think* they're the intellectual type, but actually the be-all and end-all of their existences is swarms of offspring. This dominant characteristic, naturally, doesn't prevent the other four types from being devoted, even prolific, parents. But basically everyone ticks on one or the other premise. And the philoprogenitive's heart is really in it.

Nadya Olyanova ought to know. She's been dealing with personality for fifteen years and has seen a lot of suppressed desires pour out of thousands of fountain pens. "Everytime you write something," she says, "you give yourself away." Judging from the vast number of letters she receives each month, there are plenty of citizens who are more than willing to give themselves away. Also, and to the constant trial of Mme. Olyanova's patience, they expect her not only to tell them what kind of a guy they are, but what's going to come from it, and should they have that operation or sell the business?



"Handwriting analysis," says Mme. Olyanova, "is not fortune-telling. It is merely a clue to character, based on the interpretation of a person's own way of handling a creative tool—in this case, a pen. It's through that person's manner of using a pen—as individually as anything else he does—that we can proceed to analyze his character. Handwriting happens to be the most convenient way of doing this."

In spite of her psychological approach to handwriting analysis, some of her clients, even after a reading, are still under the impression that they have had their fortunes told. One woman came to Olyanova the other day and told her that she had accurately "predicted" her husband's death by gas at his work. "I didn't remember the case," says Olyanova, "but what I probably told him was that he might cause his own finish by his recklessness."

Olyanova's no slouch on employment problems. She has on her roster of clients many large firms who have used her talents to decide whether or not a man should be employed. With devastating accuracy, she will study loop formations, pen pressure, slant of letters, and produce a picture of the man that might dismay him, did he but know. Even executives who were reluctant, at first, to believe in her system (fortune-telling again) were brought to the conclusion that she had something there.

Nadya Olyanova, with the inmost hidden secrets of humanity at her fingertips, is not the Delphic Oracle type one might expect, but a pocket-sized edition of Nazimova (whose handwriting, incidentally, she has read). Her distinctly Russian appearance and temperament are belied by speech as accentless as any American speech could possibly be. This is the result of a childhood spent mostly here, prior to her return to Europe, where she studied psychological subjects with Adler. It was through the science of personality that Olyanova finally entered into the realm of graphology, occupational advice, and surveys through penmanship into the psychiatric field.

She is currently working with Alcoholics Anonymous, that self-saving group of leaf-turner-overs, helping them get straightened out by getting to the bottom loops of their handwriting. "Alcoholics," she has discovered, "are easily detected through their writing. They are what I call 'bankrupt idealists'—all of them perfectionists, who in refusing subconsciously to accept any compromise with fate, get accustomed to habitual overdrinking as a form of release."

Although Nadya Olyanova enjoys every phase of her work—and she works at it assiduously—she is particularly interested in the research field and would like to obtain a fellowship to further this ambition. In spite of all the work she has done from a humanitarian standpoint, she feels that there is much more to be done that only time and leisure can bring about.

There is, so far, one conclusion Nadya Olyanova has reached out of the vast pile of letters in her files. "There's no such thing as a normal person," says she.

Ranger

TELEVISION NEWS

Of Genuine Importance to the Modern-minded

HAYNES • GRIFFIN *presents* GENERAL ELECTRIC *Musaphonic with FM**

TELEVISION AND RADIO RECEIVER

BECAUSE television is so totally new, completely different than any other form of radio entertainment . . .

Because with a GENERAL ELECTRIC Musaphonic Television set, you get all the advantages of the finest type radio entertainment . . . *Plus*—

The most advanced engineering practices, the product of 16 years of research, study and development . . .

For now you can *see* as well as *hear*, your television entertainment . . . In your own home from a beautifully designed Musaphonic cabinet, perfected, large size, high definition pictures are viewed in mirror. Wide angle vision enables a large group to enjoy these programs from every part of the room.

This three band combination provides perfection in radio, absolute tonal and visual fidelity—a beautiful clarity to ear and eye. Thus your favorite programs are brought vividly to life in thrilling action.

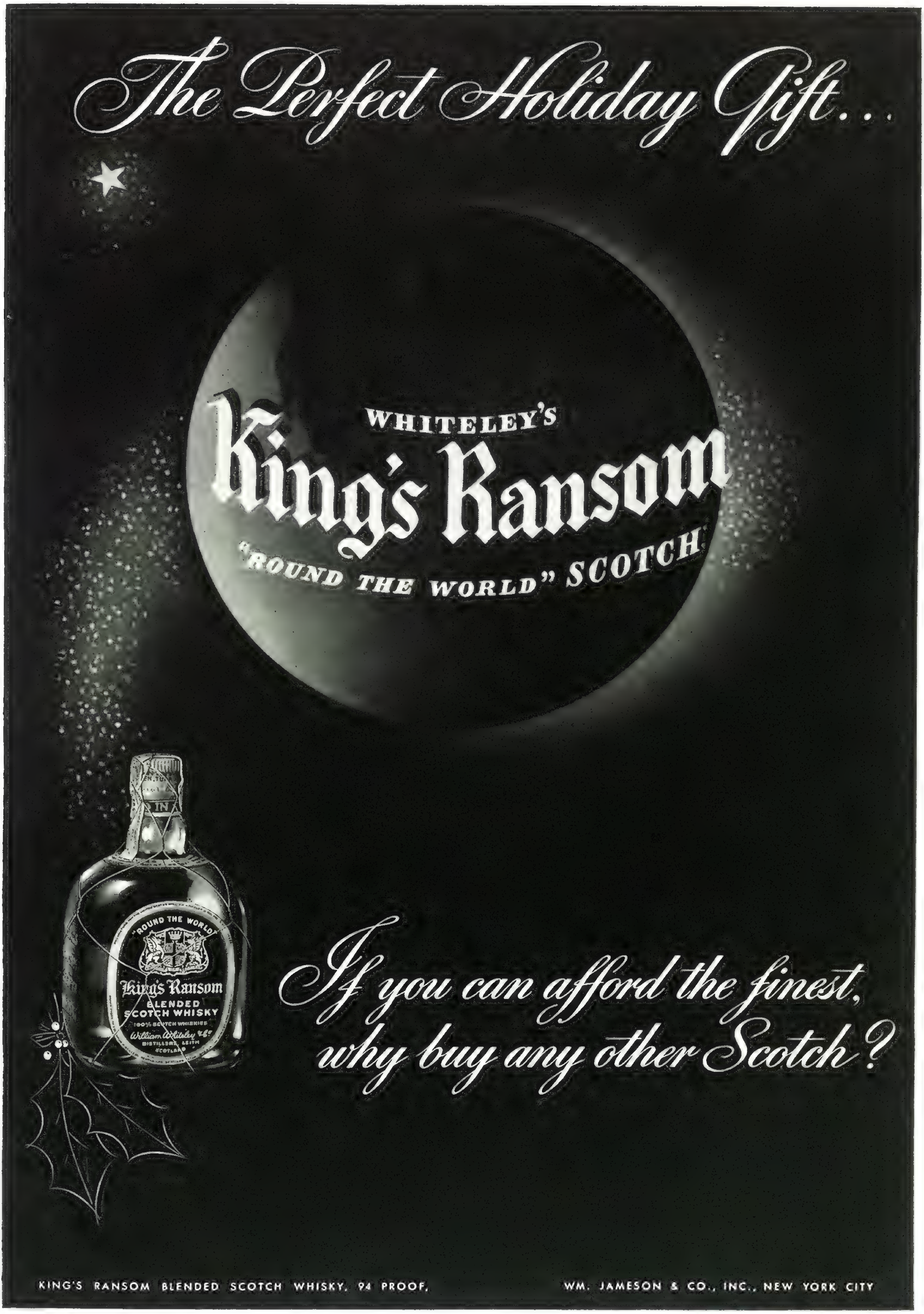
Ask Haynes-Griffin for a demonstration today.

Haynes•Griffin
Roosevelt Hotel
373 MADISON AVE. NEW YORK
at 46th Street

MUSAPHONIC (illustrated at right) is a new type musical instrument . . . *with an entirely new beauty and perfection in tonal quality and appearance* . . . here, for the first time, you will find many different and advanced features in musical reproduction. (Audio power output exceeding 50 watts insures high fidelity response from special twin speakers—De Luxe automatic record changer—Excellent home recorder—Beautiful cabinets by Baker.) See and hear this great achievement today in our enlarged, handsome salon in the Hotel Roosevelt.

Intelligent installation by Haynes-Griffin Dependable Service Department.

*ARMSTRONG WIDE SWING FM for perfect sound.


The Perfect Holiday Gift...
WHITELEY'S
King's Ransom
"ROUND THE WORLD" SCOTCH
'ROUND THE WORLD
King's Ransom
BLENDED
SCOTCH WHISKY
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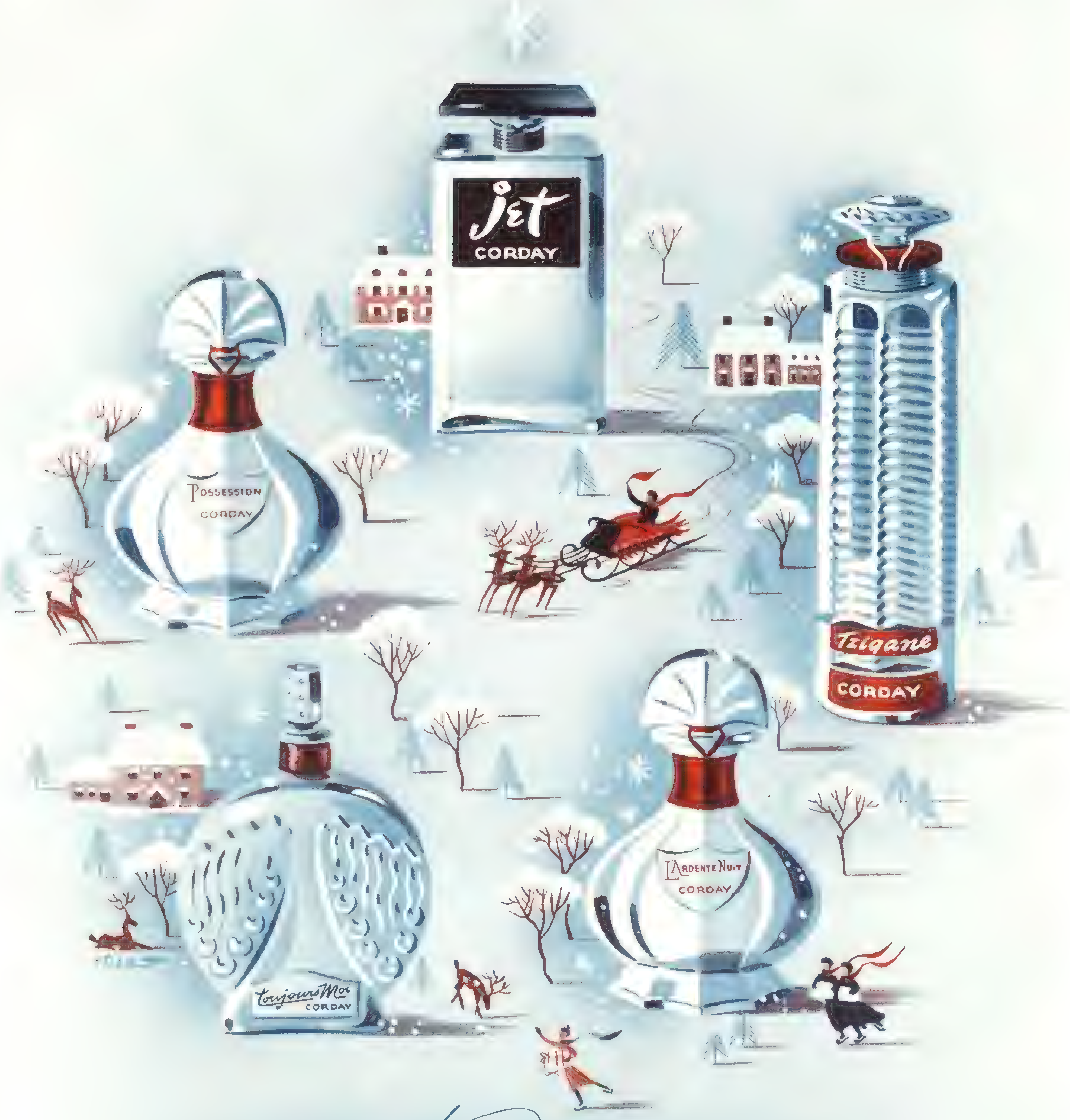
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MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

BEE PICTURE

Arriving in town simultaneously with the Christmas spirit will be a new tenant at the Paramount picture. There won't be a single familiar name in the cast, but advance information about the leading players is almost superficial because if you've ever seen an insect you know the characters in *Mr. Bug Goes to Town.*

MR BUG GOES TO TOWN

In Miami late this spring, we had the opportunity of watching part of the metamorphosis of *Mr. Bug*. It wasn't like anything Teacher explained to us in nature study, but it was something to see. The sprawling, one-storied building that houses the Fleischer Studios has represented the field of operations of more than seven hundred souls since early in the year – not counting a previous year of advance preparation. By the time we arrived, the results of all this labor were summed up in a roll of film that could be compared to a house with some of the rooms completely furnished, some with the plaster not yet on the walls, and some whose foundations were still to be dug. It was sufficient, however, to put across the idea that in *Mr. Bug Goes to Town* is something new and delightful, and as ingenious in effect as anything yet come to light in the field of the animated cartoon.

The locale of *Mr. Bug* is a patch of earth, once a garden, just a matter of inches from Broadway–almost to a dot the spot that called forth inspiration for the story. Authors Ted Pierce, Dan Gordon, and Izzy Sparber dreamed up the idea of an insect opus in an office in the Paramount Building. One of these gentlemen, resorting to the simpler relaxation of looking out the window instead of beating his head against the wall, commented, without a great deal of originality, "Those people down there look just like bugs." The reaction from his fellow-authors to this statement resulted in *Mr. Bug's* story, and the very last line of the picture, when the embattled insects have at last found refuge in a penthouse garden (refuge, indeed, say we), is practically the same as the above quotation.

The thought, actually, is reversed in the picture – "Those bugs act just like people." And both symbolically and specifically, they do. The hero, Hoppity, is Jimmy Stewart in grasshopper's clothing, with the same Aw-Gee personality. Honey Bee, were she an actual person instead of an attractive figment of seven hundred people's imagination, could be Deanna Durbin for her fresh femininity, while the villain who pursues her, if Gene Lockhart doesn't mind, has the deep dye of that gentleman and comes under the heading of C. Bagley Beetle. (Sss-s!)

There is another villain. You. You are represented in *Mr. Bug* only by your feet. Your feet may be taking you to church, who knows, such are your good intentions, but they're just one earthquake after another to the insect world.

The Fleischer Studios and Paramount Pictures, however, have no intentions of instilling a Be Good to Bugs spirit in your minds. The purpose of the story is merely to point out a parallel between insect and human community life in more or less allegorical form, but even before that, the idea is to entertain you.

To this end, there are the many settings designed for the unfoldment of this drama of life and love. One of the most enterprising is that for the Fly-Away Club, to which Hoppity and Honey repair for an evening's rug-cutting. It is located directly under a manhole cover in an electrical conduit where the electricity and telephone lines of the city are laid. Through the manhole cover holes come the alternating red, yellow, and green lights of the traffic signal on the corner–so the Fly-Away's management has no spotlight problem whatsoever, when the katydid chorus does its turn.

There are houses made of match boxes, chewing gum wrappers, and all the conceivable rubble that finds its way into an unweeded lot. C. Bagley Beetle, who has control over the only safe spot in the bug's plot of ground, dreams his evil dreams in a discarded compact.

It is doubtful whether anyone could find more unusual careers than evolve from the making of a super-duper animated cartoon. Stanley Quackenbush, for instance, is responsible for the earthquake that comes about when a steam shovel goes to work on the insect's home ground. It's one thing to create an earthquake for the standard type of movie – no small feat – quite another for the animated

Continued on page NY-12

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

Starred for Christmas....
our Very Saks Fifth Avenue

POLO ROBE

feel the plush, baby-tender fabric . . . with the super-consistency of cream . . . cut sleek and dashing as a playboy's polo coat . . . with ace-high tailoring . . . and big, pearly buttons. wear it for lounging . . . for a high drama evening wrap, rayon-and-silk . . . in Beige only. **25.00**

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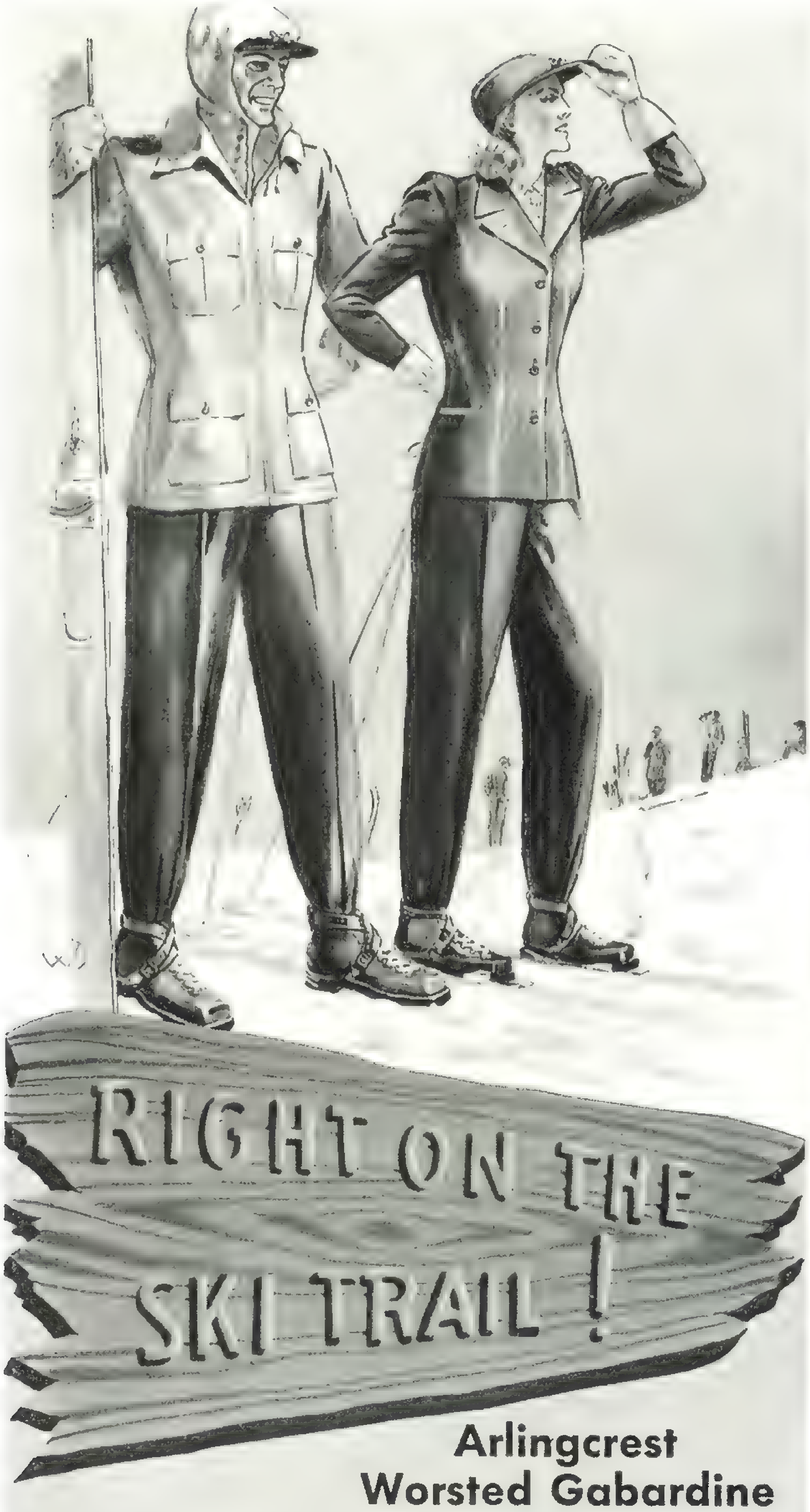
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For Her... Sizes: 12-18 — Colors: Navy and Airforce Blue. Jacket piped in red has cotton poplin lining specially treated to resist wind, snow and rain. Cap to match.

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Parka — wind-resistant cotton poplin.

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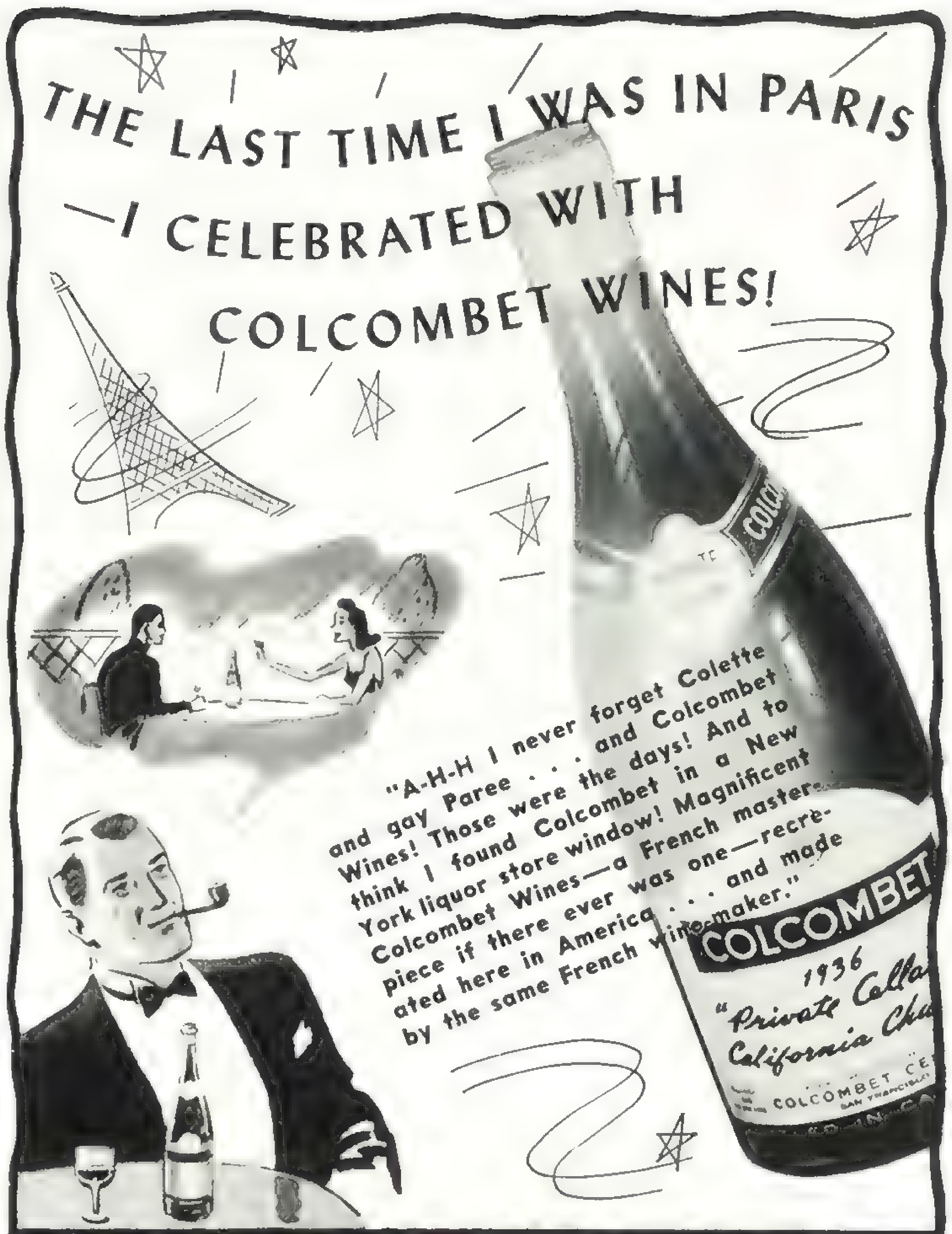
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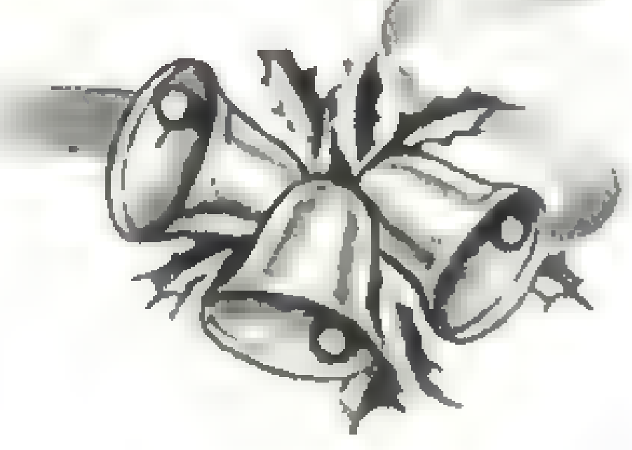

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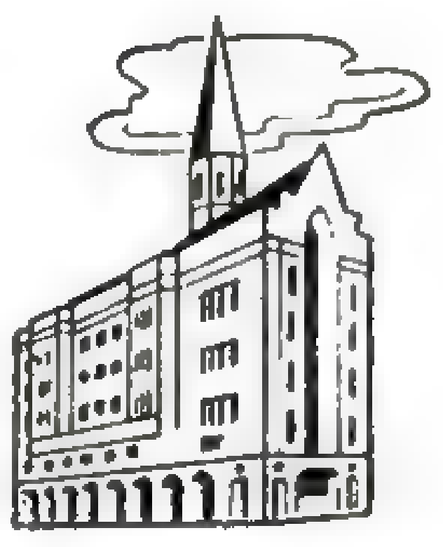

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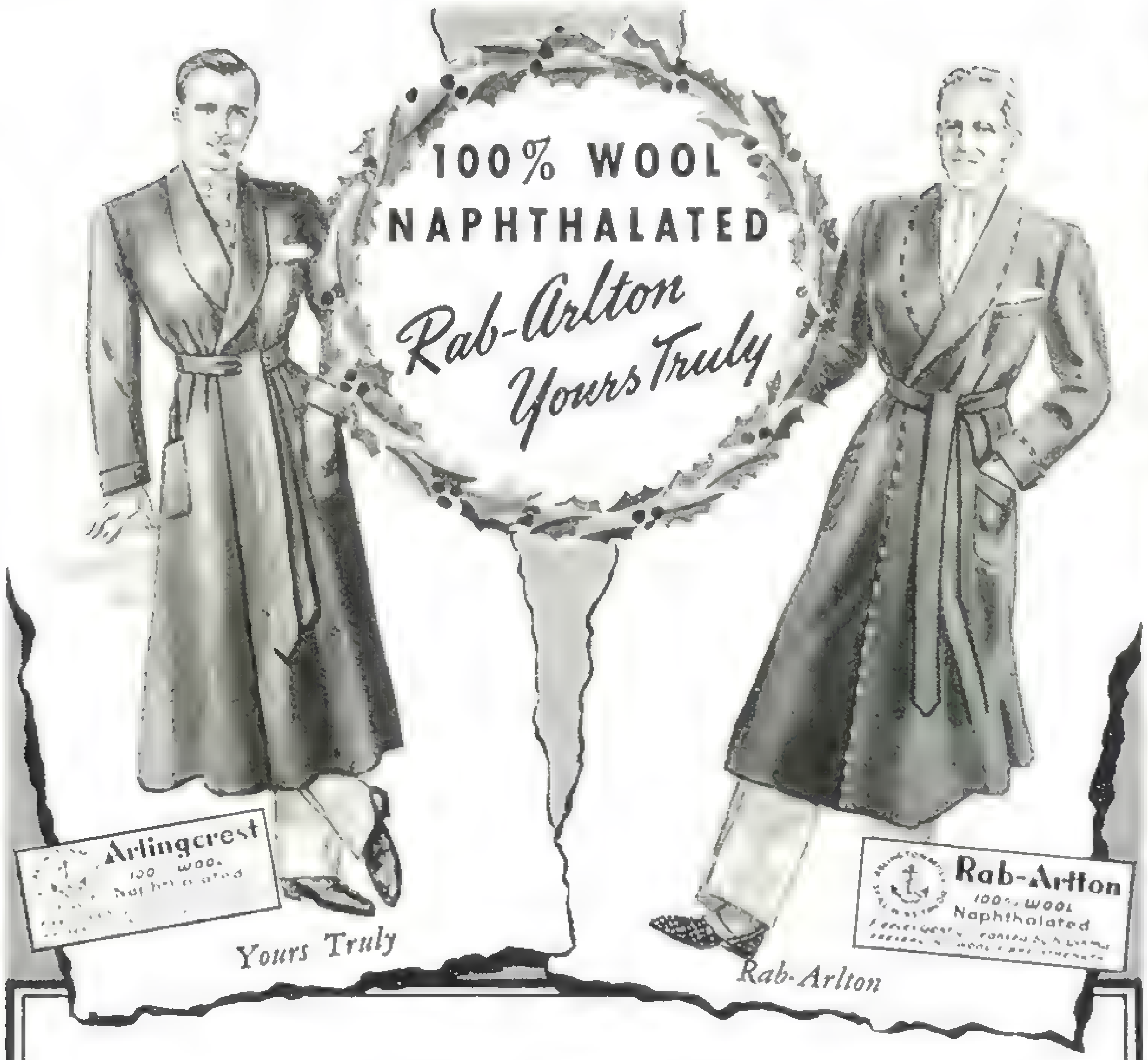
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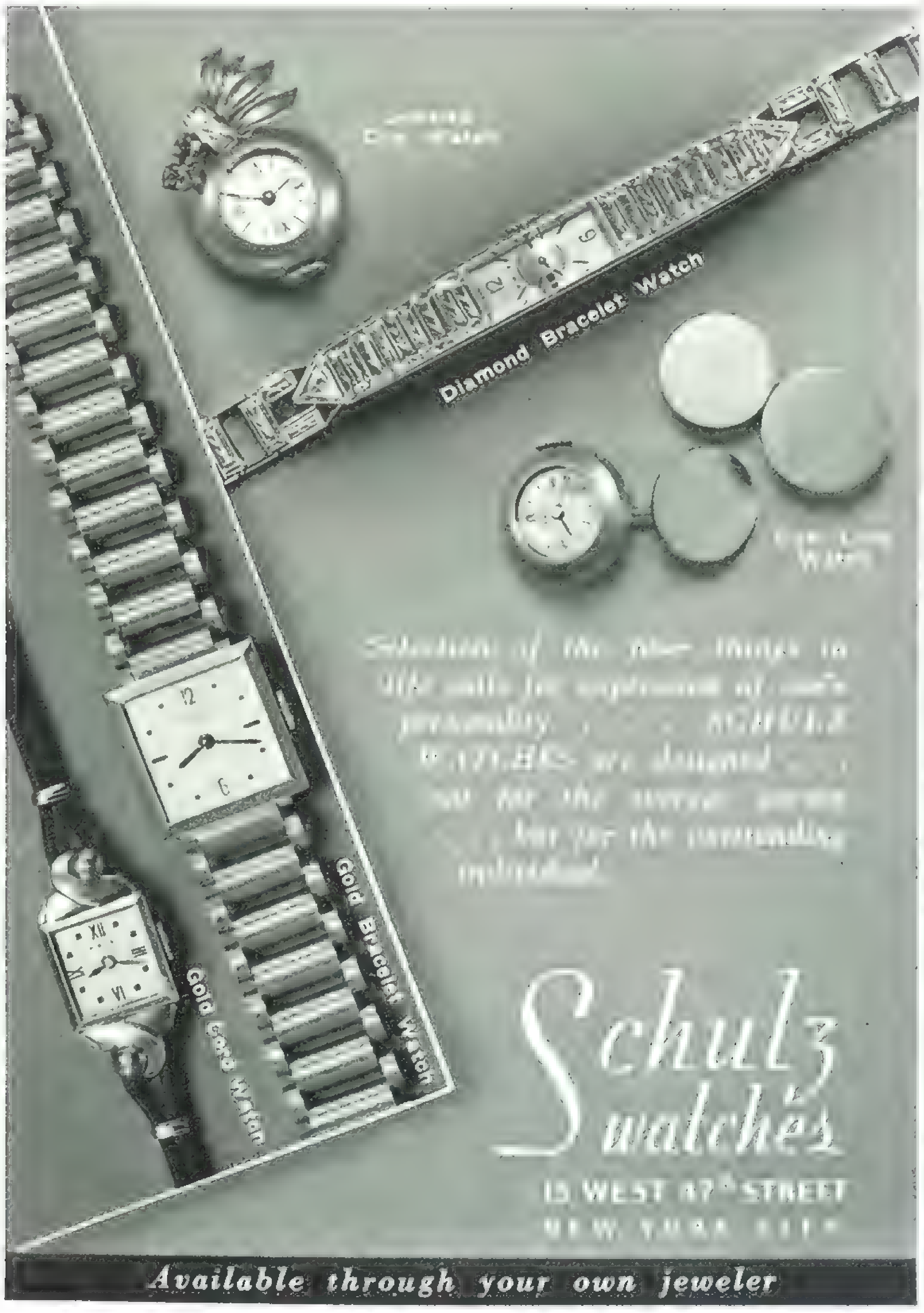
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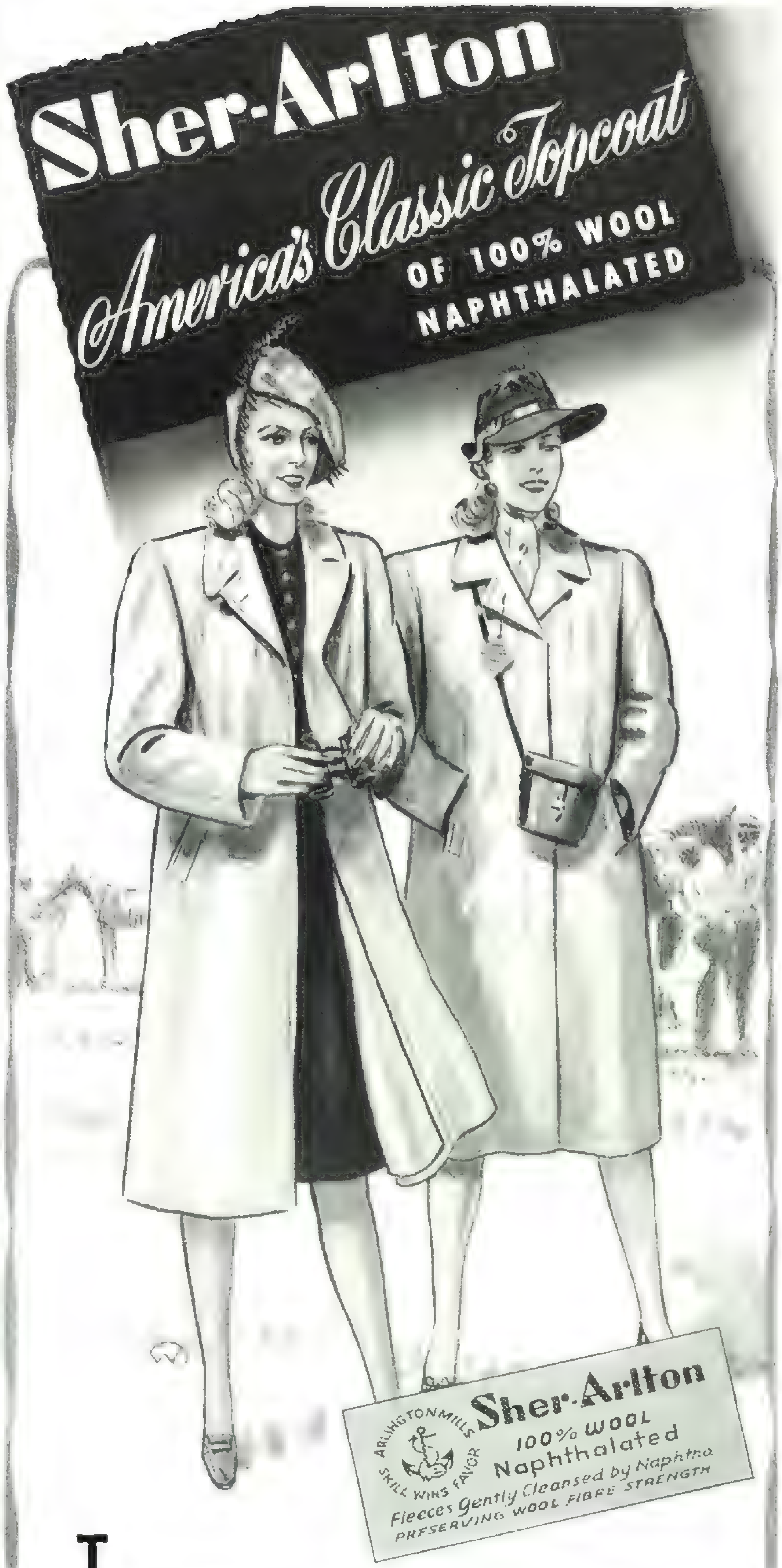
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Travel smartly North or South in a Sher-Arlton topcoat shown here in two versions, one having removable zipper wool lining. Both are expertly tailored by SHERMAN from Arlingcrest Gabardine, 100% Naphthalated Wool . . . virgin fleece cleansed by naphtha, preserving wool strength. Look for this identifying label. Weatherproofed by Cravenette process. Earl-Glo rayon lining. Sizes 10-20 and 9-17. Natural color.

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A bar makes entertaining an easy pleasure for host or hostess. Guests can step up and "order" or play bartender for themselves. All the fixings for mixing are right at the tippler's elbow.

HAVE A BAR OF *Your Own!*

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Bars like this are specially designed to suit your home or office decorative scheme. Our designing staff is always at your service—to give you a bar exclusive yet not expensive.

New "ROLL-O-BAR"-- *On Wheels!*

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OTHERS FROM $21.50 UP

In Antique White, Brown Alligator, Morocco Leatherette, or "Leopard" (Above)

FITS ANY SPOT—Marvelous for the hostess who must entertain in tiny apartment or small home. 19" in diameter when closed—proper serving height, 30"—rubber-tired castors—steel frame construction—adjustable shelves—hasp for padlock—sturdy dropleaf bar top.

With two removable serving trays (chrome rails) which fit top of bar.

Write for big 52-page Gift Catalog No. J-5 . . . It's New!

Full of ways to have more fun at your parties—hundreds of clever gadgets, novelties, glassware, unusual exclusive gift items. A reference wonder for host or hostess. And it's free, with our best wishes for your Merriest Christmas and Happiest New Year.

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"EVERYTHING FOR YOUR ENTERTAINING NEEDS"

THEY'D MAKE A LOVELY COUPLE IF HE WERE ONLY TALLER

Stop Wishing.. Now you can be taller than "SHE" is!

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Plain, perforated, wing tips; Black or Tan Calf, Brown Suede, Patent Leather.

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MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

Continued from page NY-9

screen. Quackenbush's earthquake, which has required approximately three thousand separate colored drawings to depict, resorts to a camera trick to make it even more effective. Toward the climax of the quake the camera itself is playing a part in intensifying the trembling by being made to do a shimmy-shag while photographing the drawings.

You'll notice with satisfaction the result of more research in *Mr. Bug* – the complete realism of human motion. No human face is depicted, but in almost every instance where they're shown, it's from the knees down, and walking. There is none of the jerky motion that has heretofore seemed inevitable where human beings have been depicted in animated cartoons. This, surprisingly enough, is a process of simplification, not elaboration of previous methods. The Rotoscope is still used–that's where photographs of human beings in action are projected on a special projection board and then traced. But Dave Fleischer, director of *Mr. Bug*, says, "With our new method of depicting human movement in drawings, details of clothing, shadows, and lines, will be eliminated from subordinate planes, providing us with a fluid figure whose movements are smooth as an air brush effect."

So, whether you're looking for technical progress or an exhilarating cinematic experience, you are not at all unlikely to find it at the Paramount when *Mr. Bug* comes to town.

IN A MANNER OF SINGING

Jimmie Daniels' career could be an illustration of the longest distance between two points. He's the young night club proprietor who sings in his own place in Harlem's 116th Street – a small, dimly-lighted room dominated by two grand pianos and the aforementioned Mr. Daniels.

November 23rd is the second anniversary of this out-of-the-way but increasingly popular spot, represents a considerable jump from the day Jimmie first came to New York to take a job as private secretary in an insurance company. We are to believe that he loved his work, but not for long. At least, not as long as it kept him away from New York, for after he and the insurance business parted company, and he got another job in Arkansas, he was back here inside of six months.

Prosperity was not turning the corner for Jimmie Daniels after that, but a trend was being indicated. He worked as a porter, and as a soda jerker. The turning point came when *The Connecticut Yankee* went on tour, and he got a job as dresser to Jack Thompson. He was dresser for Thompson again in *Fifty Million Frenchmen.* The culmination of this brief, tantalizing theatrical experience was the Finding Himself of Jimmie Daniels. He had the theatrical bug.

Katharine Cornell was the star of Dishonored Lady when Jimmie was seen for the first time on any stage. He had a few lines to speak and was in seventh heaven when, after four months, the company went on tour. Cornell, he recalls, was "the most considerate and kind star one could imagine."

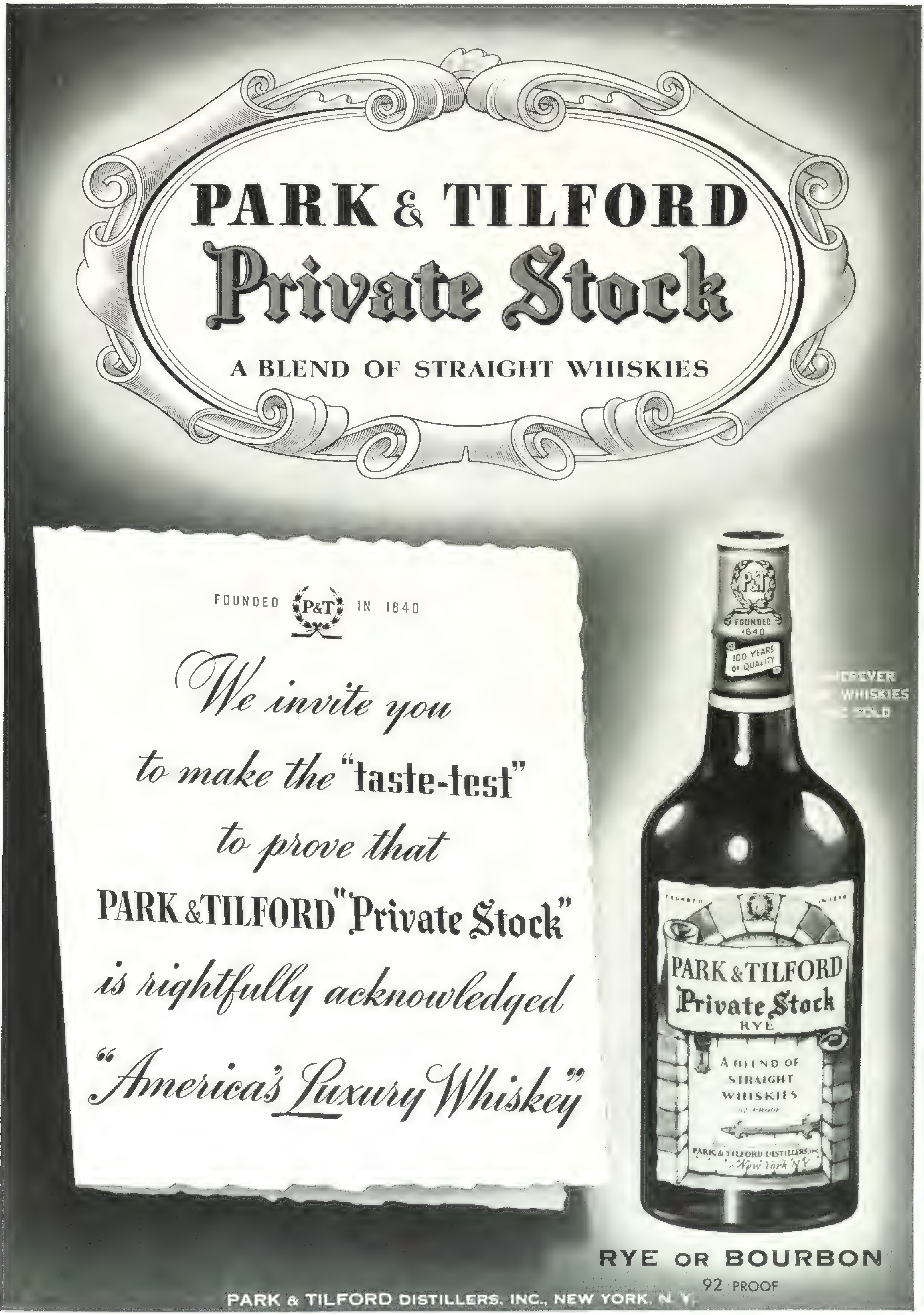
Returning again to New York, he landed a couple of parts in stock, in the meantime another trend was being indicated. He was being requested to stand up and sing at night clubs and parties. One or the other of his friends would egg him on. "I kept being asked, and I kept being delighted to try," he says. It was fortunate for him that the song *You're Blasé* was the catch-song of the time, for it was perfectly in keeping with the intimate type of ditty that is now distinctly his own.

"A friend of mine who was host at a little place in Harlem asked if I'd like to sing there professionally. At a salary. And what a salary! Whatever you're thinking, it was smaller than that," says Jimmie.

But he took the job, and the place – it was the Hot-Cha – caught on. And so did he, for from there he went to Fefe Ferry's Monte Carlo, and then to Ciro's in London for eight weeks. He sang at Marion Cooley's Sunday night suppers, then carried on a trans-Atlantic commutation between Le Ruban Bleu here and Le Ruban Bleu in Paris. This had been going on for about two years when he opened his own place.

There's a reason for the fact that Jimmie Daniels' place is almost always crowded, and not the least is Jimmie Daniels himself. He's one of the few people who can sing *The Last Time I Saw Paris* and make you like it. And *Darling, Je Vous Aime Beaucoup* was cut out for him as much as it was for Hildegarde, both having, though in quite different settings, the approach correct to conversation-piece songs.

Ranger



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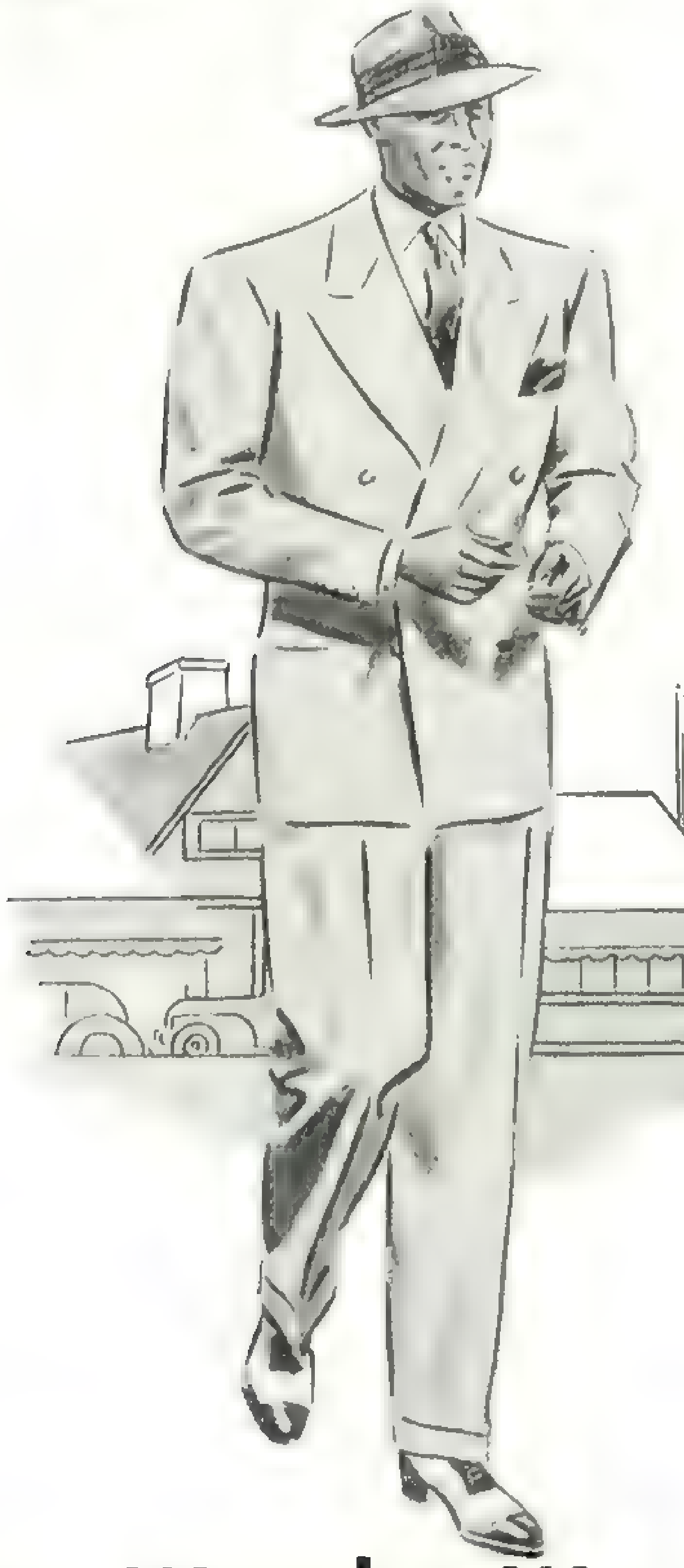
For Southern Wear—



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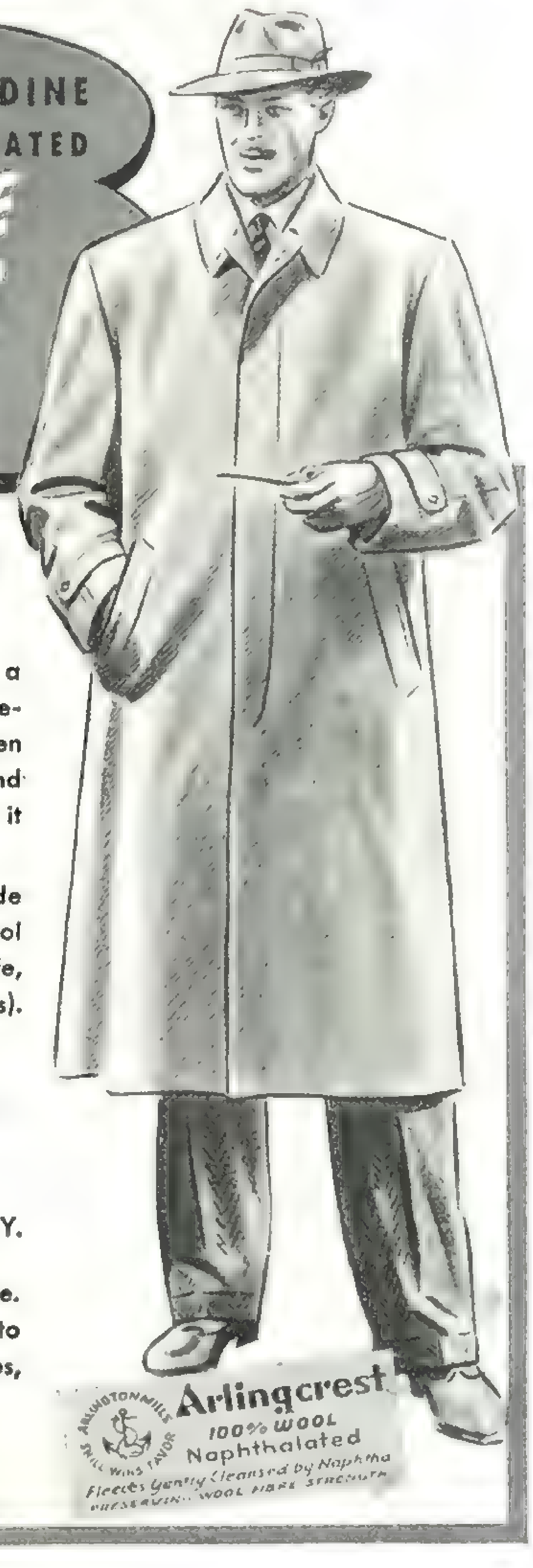
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Sizes: Regulars, Shorts, Longs—in all sizes

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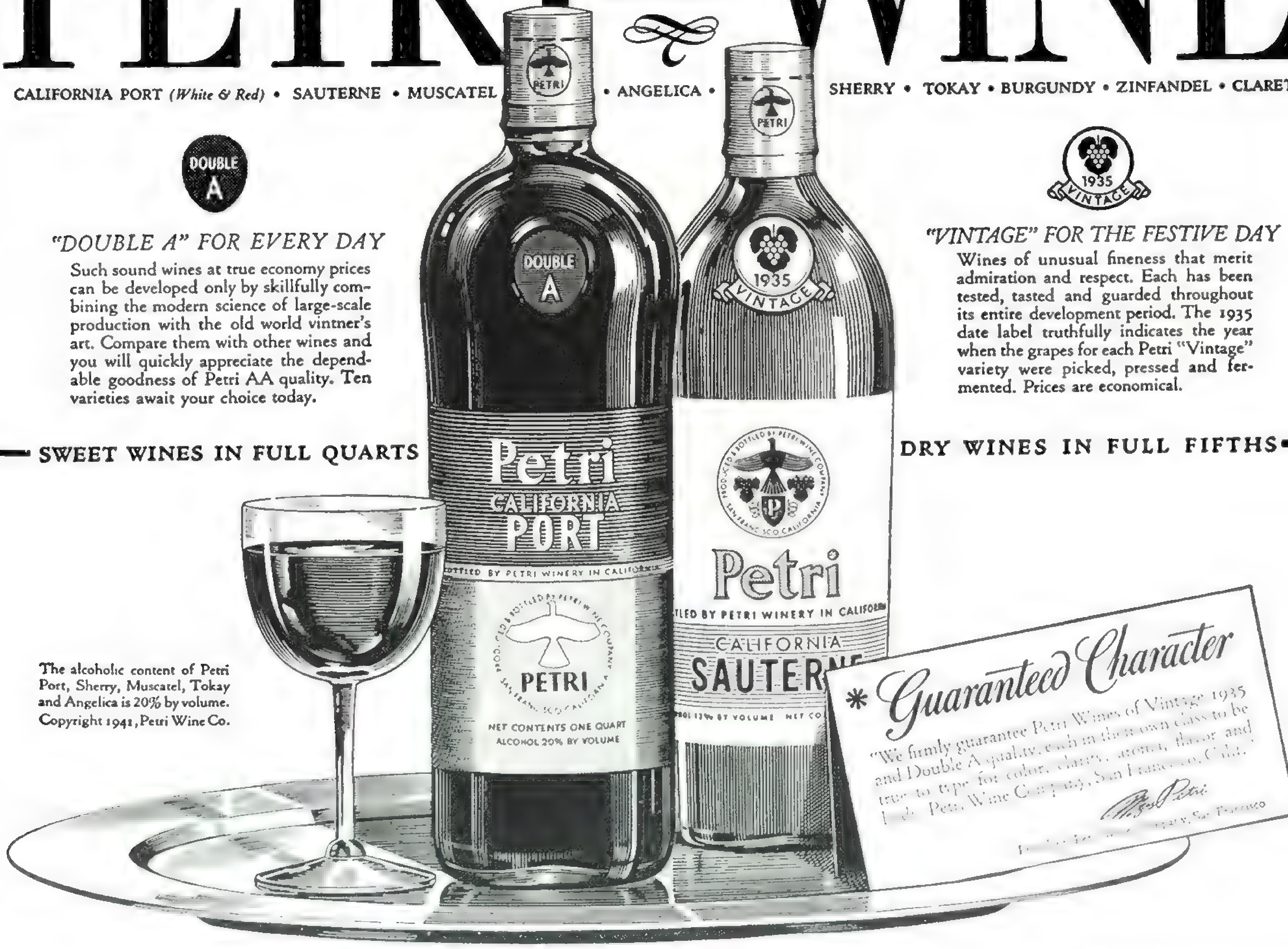
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"We firmly guarantee Petri Wines of Vintage 1935 and Double A quality, each in their own class to be true to type for color, clarity, aroma, flavor and body. Petri Wine Company, San Francisco, Calif."

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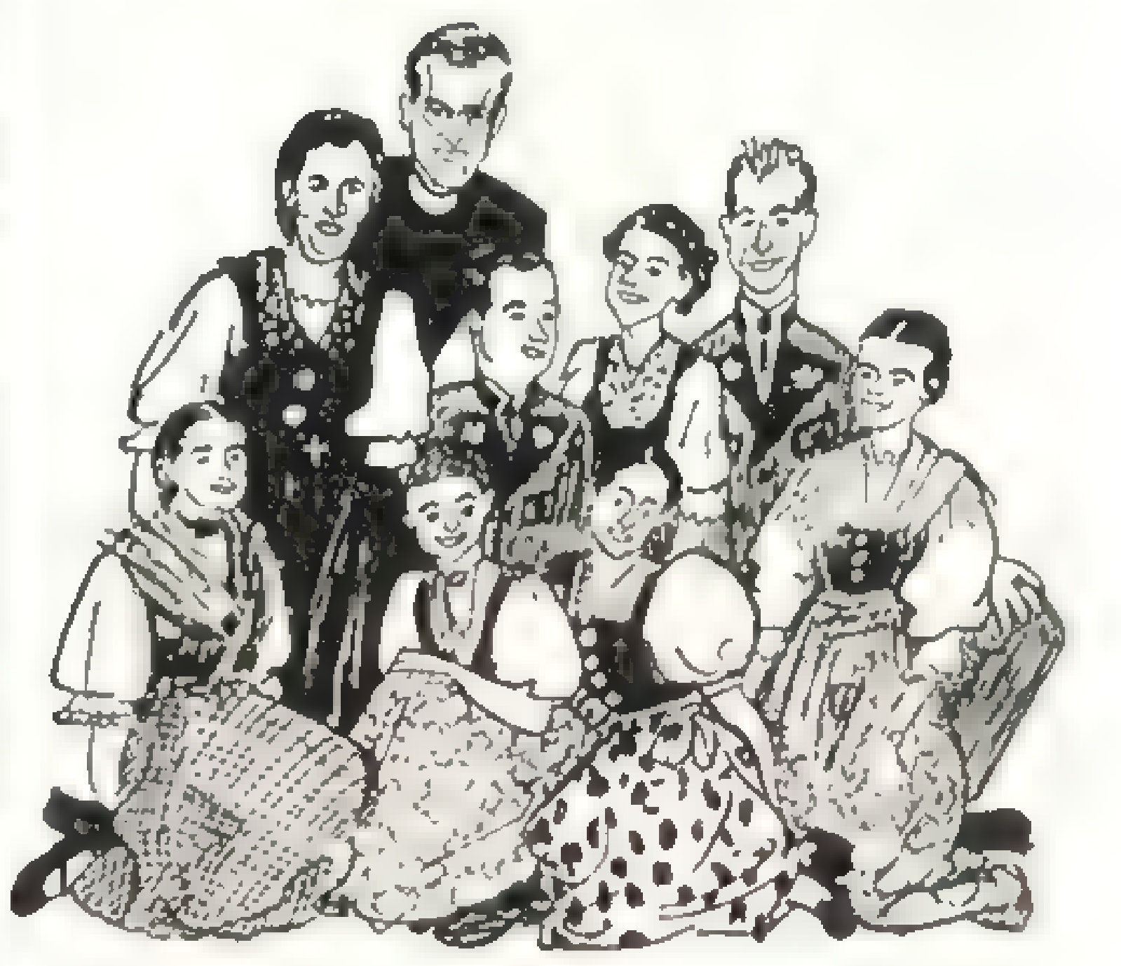
SIXTH AVENUE AT 45TH STREET, NEW YORK

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

FAMILY CHORUS

Christmas wouldn't be Christmas without the Trapp Family. This vast and incredible brood, about to give their fourth series of Christmas concerts at Town Hall, attract to their audiences people who otherwise stay home with the Sunday papers on Sunday afternoon throughout the year. The Trapps just manage somehow to instill in Manhattanites' hardened hearts that good-will-towards-men feeling, after all else has failed.

That could be—and for the most part, it is—because of the excellence of the Trapp's singing, and their well-chosen repertoire. But it could also be the mere fact of the Trapps themselves, exuding the family spirit at a season of the year when the family spirit is most consciously thought about. For after one has seen and heard the Trapps, one carries away the feeling of a family group in which no particular person dominates (except, by common consent, the Baroness), but where everyone gets along just fine. This is rare, but then so are large families.



It's their candid unaffectedness that sets the Trapps apart from any other singing group, as far as we know, on the concert circuit. Without it, it is doubtful that adverse circumstances could have, as it happened, brought them before a public that constantly grows.

Mentor, guide, and leader of the Trapps is the Baroness Maria Augusta von Trapp herself. A vibrant, strong, extremely attractive personality both on and off the concert platform, she brought to them, in the peaceful days at Salzburg, an extensive training in music, to which was added their inherent gift for it. They had leisure in those days, and the means that went with an ancient title and an ancient castle. Music to them was a hobby, but something to work at diligently nonetheless. And they were *all* interested in it—Rupert and Werner, the two sons; Agatha, Johanna, Maria, Hedwig, Martina, and the youngest daughters, Rosemarie and Eleanore. The young priest who held mass in the family chapel each day, Dr. Franz Wasner, led their singing. He is still with them.

Even if necessity hadn't forced them to turn their singing into lucrative paths, the chances are the Trapps would have become well-known on the concert stage, anyway. Before the Nazis took over Austria, making a decision on a matter of principle imperative, Lotte Lehmann had visited them and urged them to come to America to sing. She didn't succeed then, but they did agree to let their children enter a folk song contest at Salzburg. Through this, they were given the offer of a concert tour, which took them to England, Italy, France, Holland, and the Scandinavian countries, where they were promptly adored by every audience who heard them.

They had received an offer from an American manager just about the time they decided they must leave Austria—all thirteen of them. So they came, practically penniless, with their voices and talent the means of their entire livelihood. It was a struggle at first, but after a few concerts, other towns began demanding them, and they were firmly established in a joint career, not to mention the hearts of their adopted countrymen.

Because of their numbers (the thirteen is now fourteen, since Johannes' birth in Pennsylvania a few years ago) transportation has its own peculiar problems. But the Baroness fixed all that soon after their first successes. She made a yearly arrangement with a bus company, and now they travel in their own big bus with their name proudly lettered across the front.

When they're not traveling, they live in Pennsylvania in almost complete self-sufficiency. Since it never occurs to any member of the family to be a prima donna—she'd get short shrift if she did—they each do their own special chores, with never a whimper. Between times—when there are any—they give lessons on the recorder, an instrument they all play with proficiency. They have, incidentally, done much to bring about the revival of this medieval musical instrument.

"Never an idle moment" might be the Trapp's motto; but it's really a matter of bringing up. As the Baroness explains, she wants them to be "Happy and good—and good for something." And they are.

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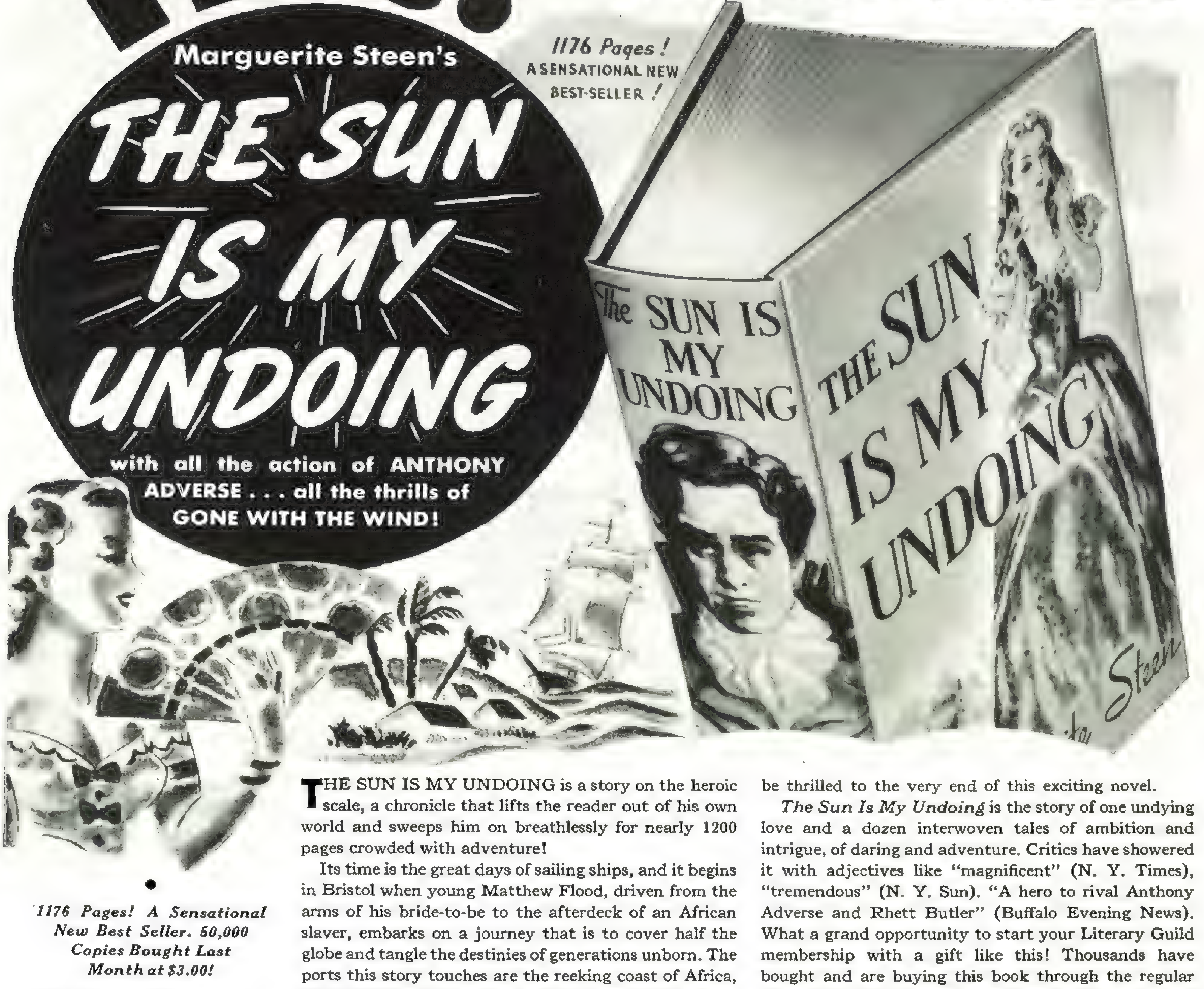
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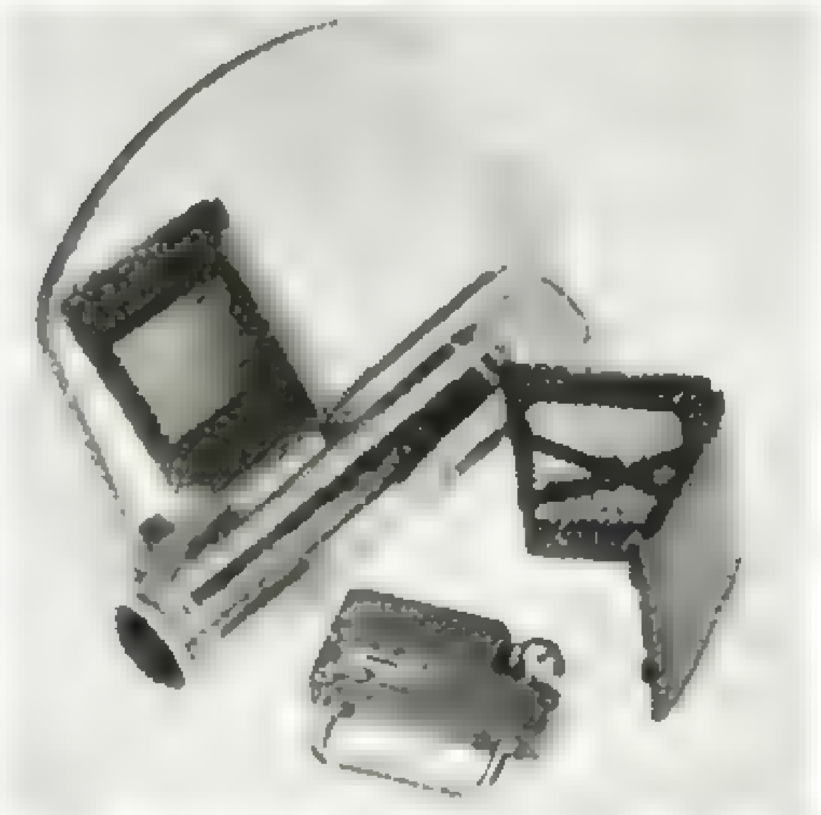

STOCKING GIFTS. Three inexpensive items that could serve as "extra" gifts are a handbag mirror underscored with a battery light, good for nose-powdering and glove-finding in the movies; a stamp folder in colored leather that holds stamps on either side, based on the now - you - see - it - now - you - don't principle; a new kind of key holder, in plastic. Keys slide onto a rod, held in place by a knob. Can be monogrammed.

GOOD SPORT. She should be rewarded if she keeps her stance on the ski run, or consoled if she doesn't, with something like the sports box designed after early American spice boxes. This one's adorned with two skating figures and is held by a white leather strap. For socks, extra handkerchiefs, chilblain lotion, camera films, or anything she can think of—and she will. The electrified lamb mittens will keep her hands warm daytime or evening.

COSTUME PIECES. Restraint and opulence, without too much of either, are represented first by the necklace and bracelet set in three-toned gold pearls, noteworthy in this case for their fine lustre. Second, the pin, quite splendid with its handset synthetic stones. "Doors" open to reveal a watch and make conversation . . . To keep her treasures in, a suede jewel roll with enough pockets and partitions to hold a bureau-drawer full.

GARDEN GROUP. All this, assembled together in its red wicker basket, is a fine thing for the lady grubber. Besides the basket (long-handled to prevent stooping), there's a rubber kneeling mat, a stainless steel garden fork and spade, flower scissors, pruning scissors, garden markers, jute twine, and a pair of gloves especially treated to keep her hands soft.

CHRISTMAS IN BED. We don't recommend elbow pillows as a gift for lively souls, but we'll bet they'd be welcomed by a gal who's in the hospital or otherwise out of the Christmas running . . . In the same category, a taffeta bag suspended from a board that goes under the mattress. Keeps handkerchiefs and papers near at hand. Has a luminous button . . . The folding desk, in a variety of coverings, is handy in places where a regular desk isn't.

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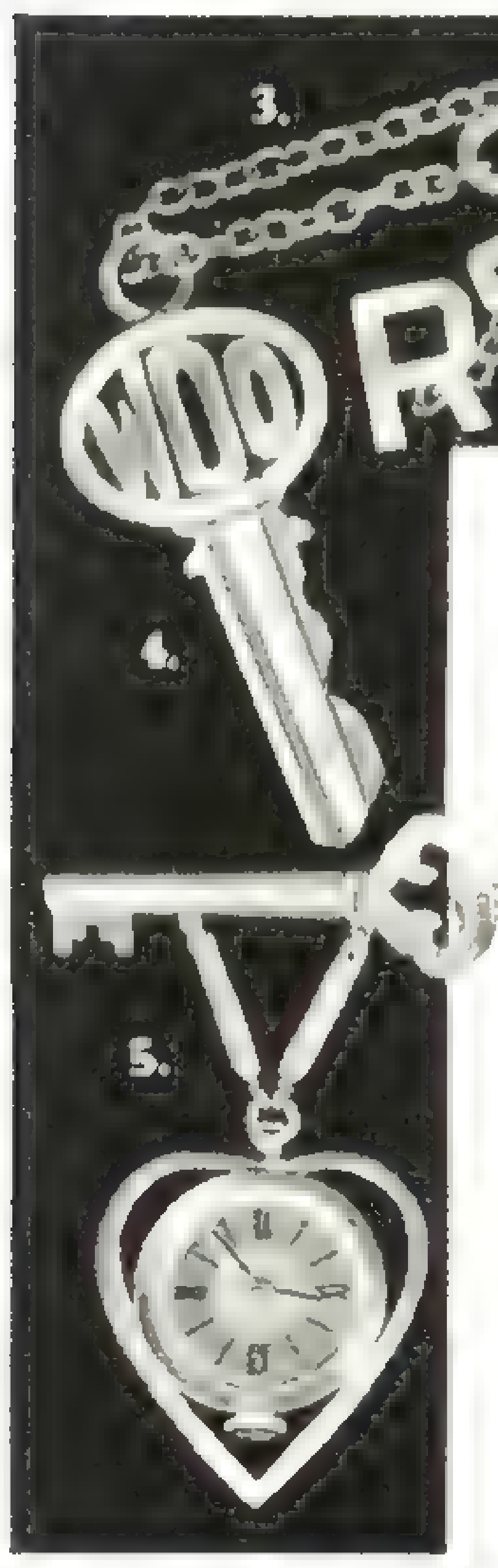

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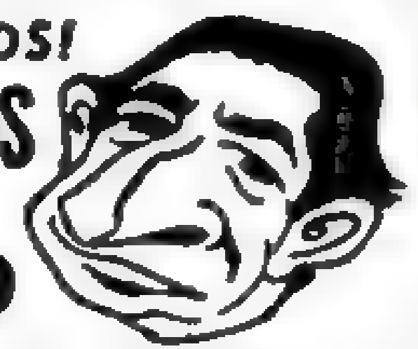

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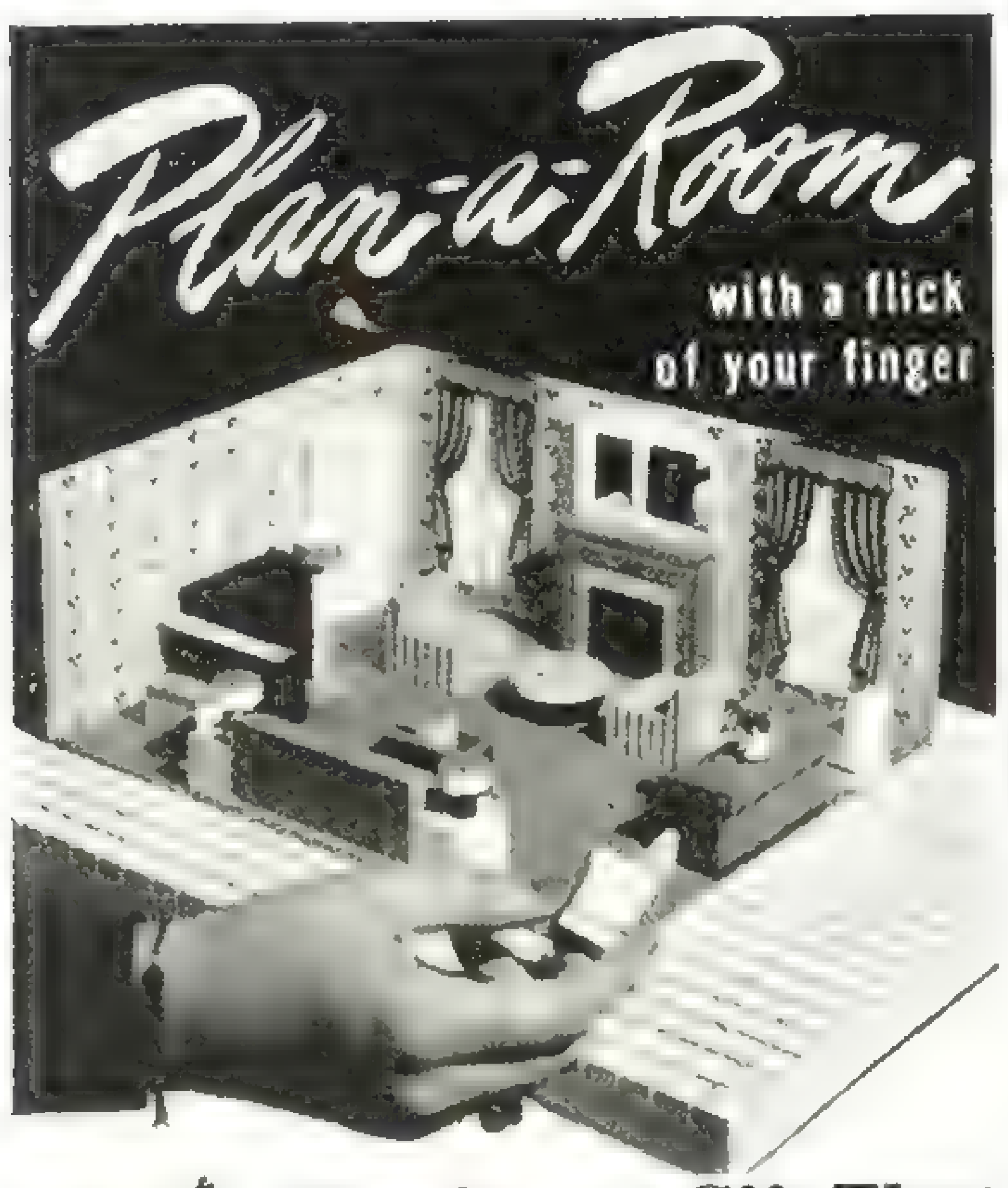

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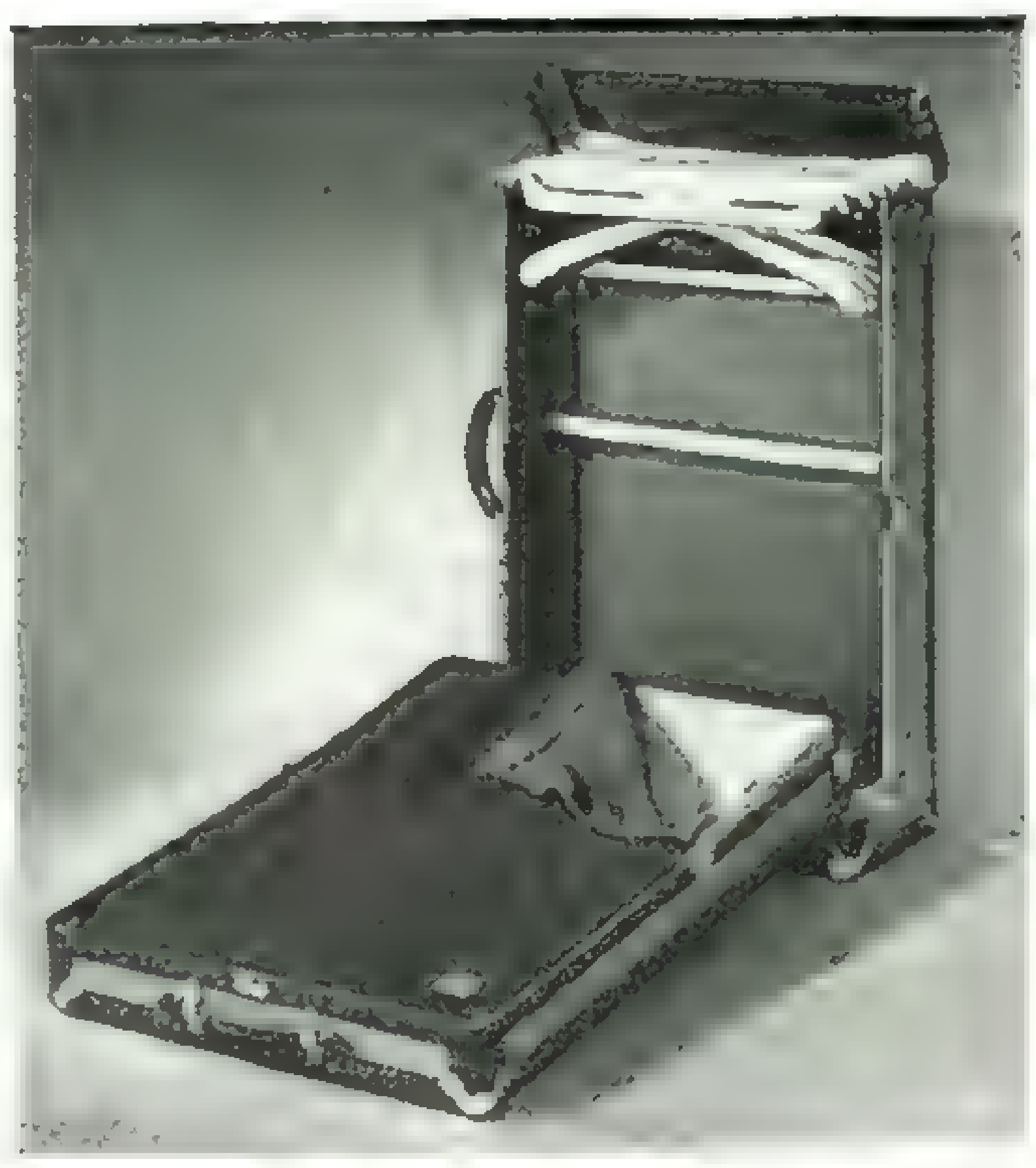

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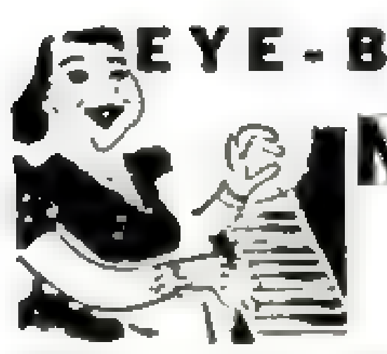

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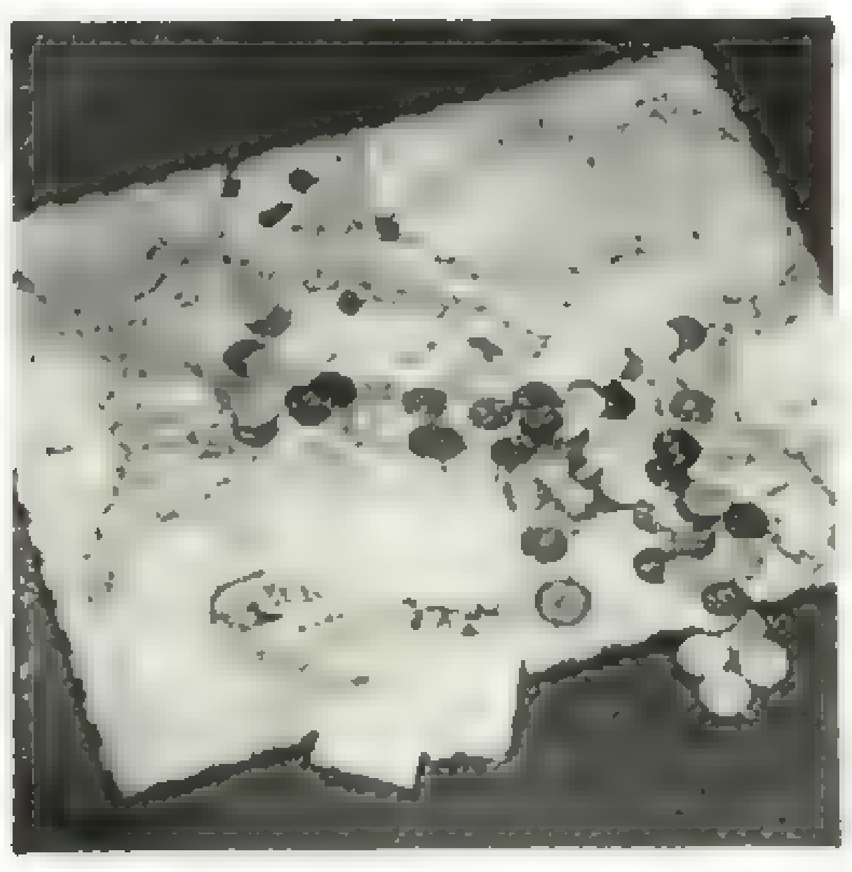
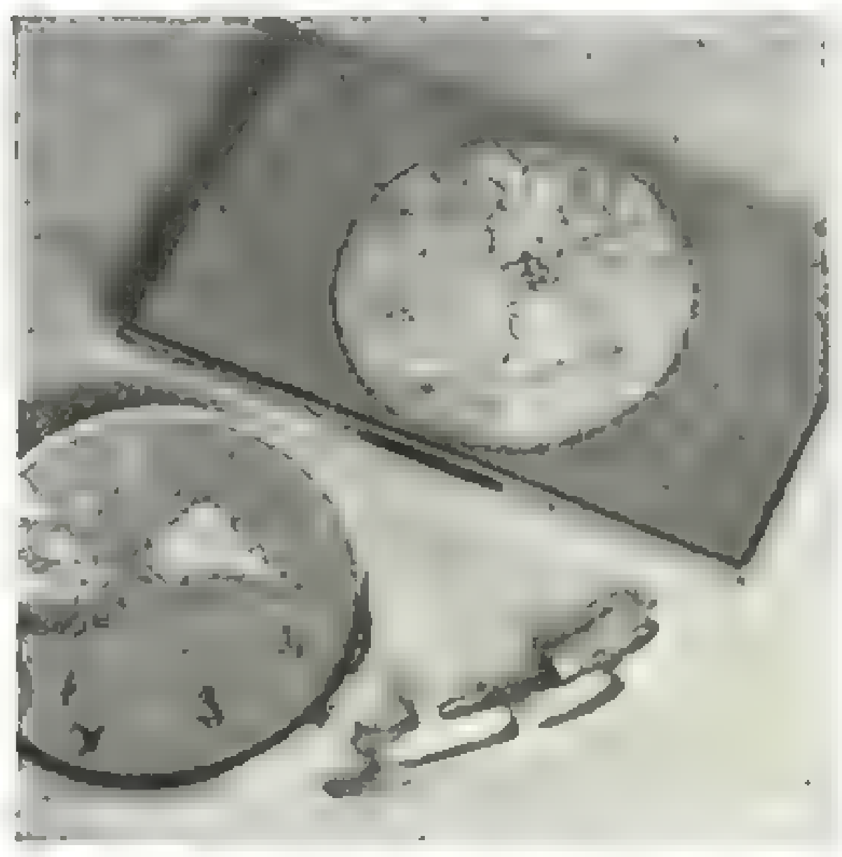
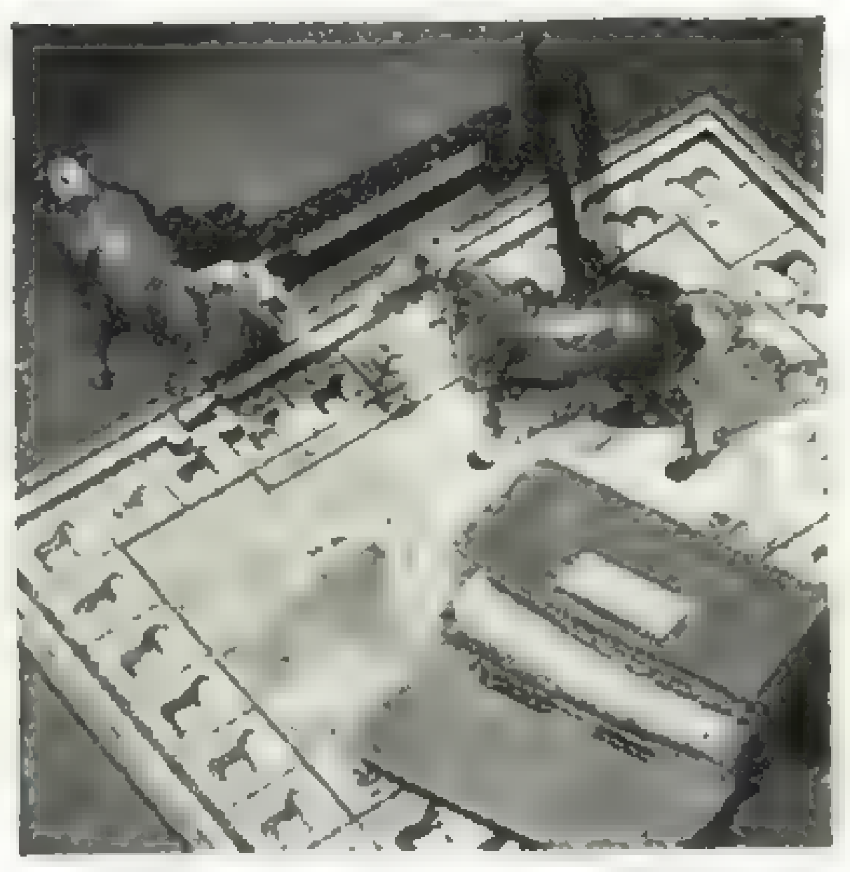


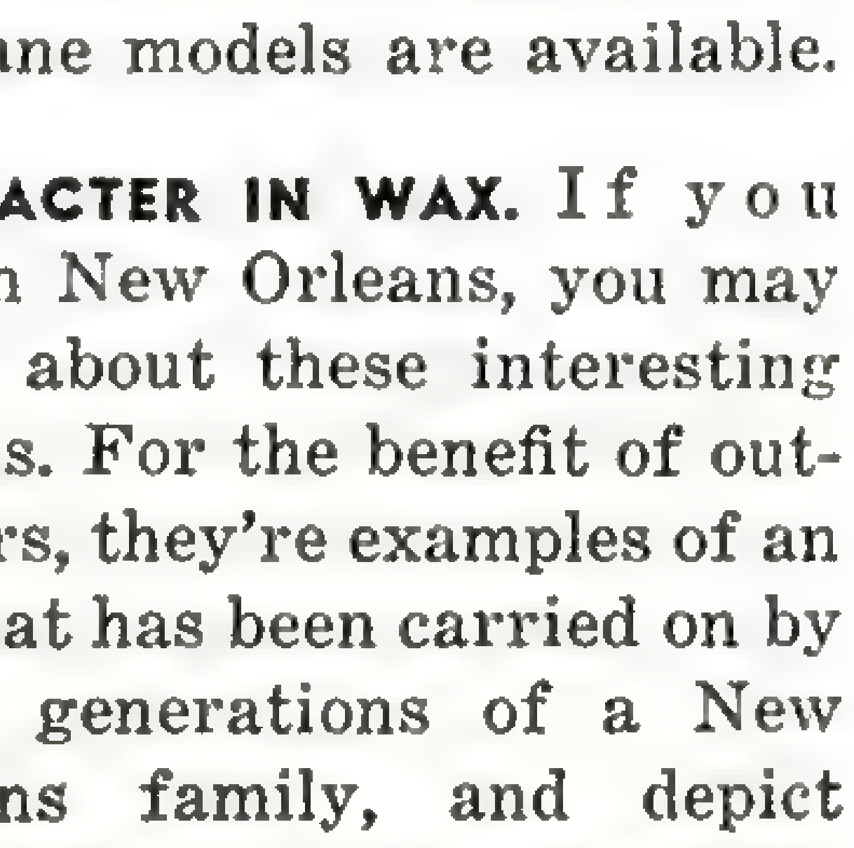
GEOGRAPHY — PASTIME. This game is a swell escape mechanism, dealing as it does with geography but based on the fictional quality of the treasure hunt. Anywhere from two to six people can play it; the idea is to claim the buried (and authenticated) treasure indicated on the map. A roll of the dice either gets you places—or it doesn't. But there are plenty of angles to the keen competition, so that those with a losing streak needn't feel out of the game.



GEOGRAPHY — FEMININE. Our own Ranger survey indicates an enthusiastic feminine reaction to the gold- and platinum-plated cigarette case and compact. They have That Look, aided and abetted by the two-toned finish and colored enamel dots marking places of interest in both the Americas . . . If her traveling is done largely under her own steam, on skates, she should appreciate a pin that's a pair of scale-model skates in sterling silver.



GEOGRAPHY—EQUINE. The horse map is as much historical as geographical, and should be absorbing to horse fanciers. The horse, his appearance, his point of origin, and his various uses, are covered in this decorative gift . . . If the painted metal andirons were any more horselike, they'd move. Very heavy, very handsome . . . The map case for motorists is surprisingly inexpensive; has two auxiliary pockets, two pencils, space for notes.



POINT WITH PRIDE. You're supposed to give the kits from which these models are made to your little boy, but he'll be lucky if he pries you loose. The ship should look like the *U.S.S. Cabot* illustrated when you're finished, though all you start with is a shaped hull, scale-model fittings, and a book of instructions. Same applies to the model railroad, which can be completely assembled on the kitchen table. Kits for airplane models are available.

CHARACTER IN WAX. If you live in New Orleans, you may know about these interesting models. For the benefit of outlanders, they're examples of an art that has been carried on by three generations of a New Orleans family, and depict street criers of magnolias, fish, and pralines; there are many others.

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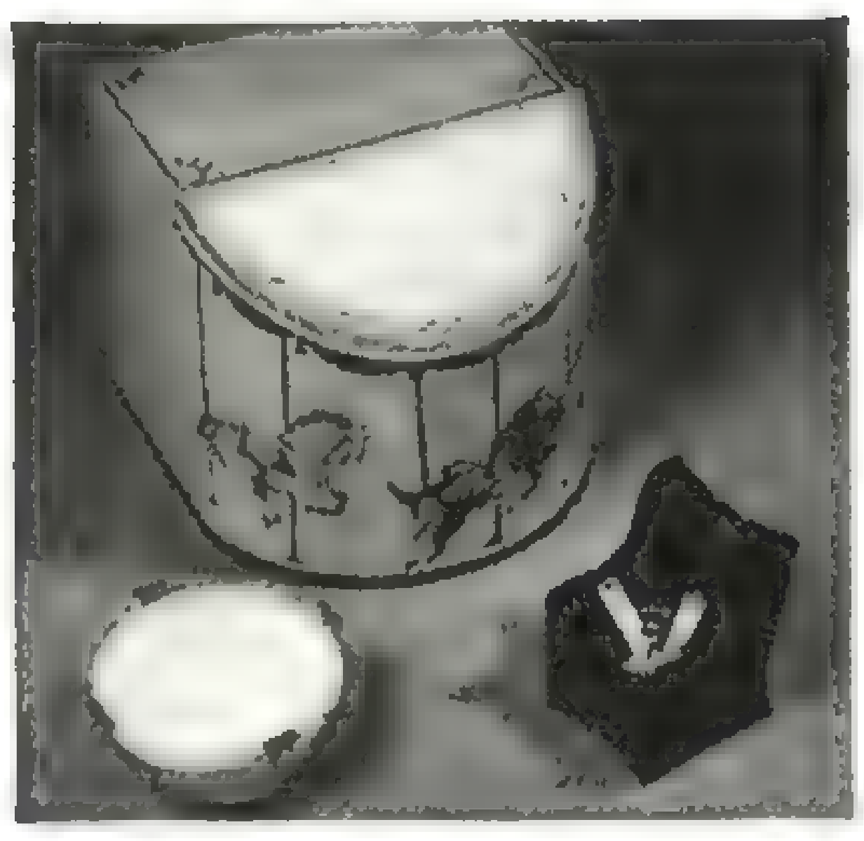
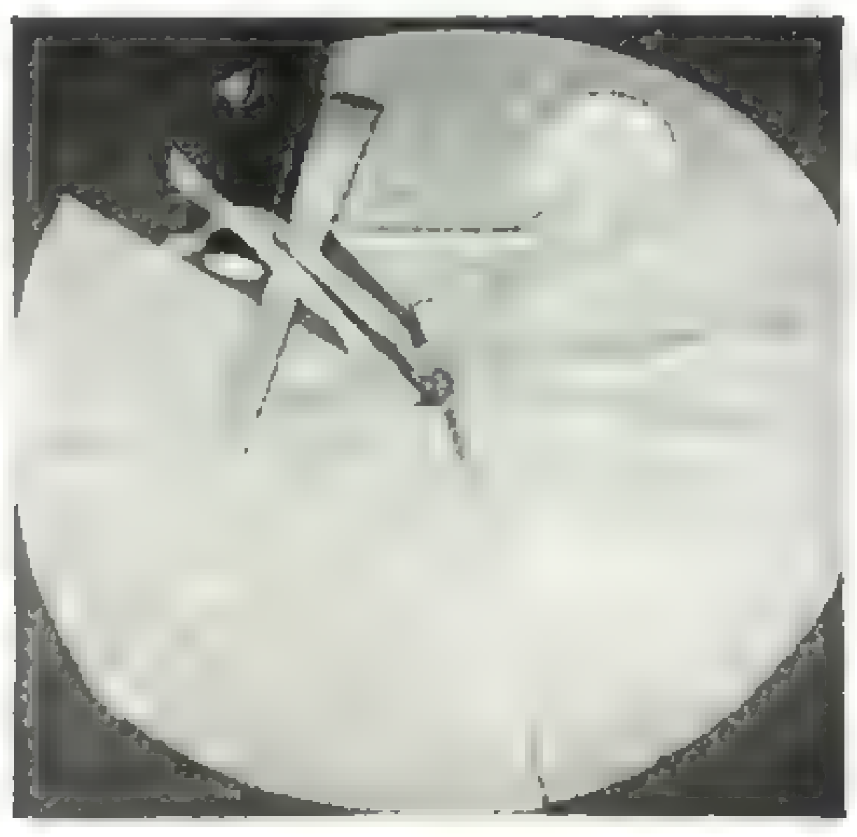
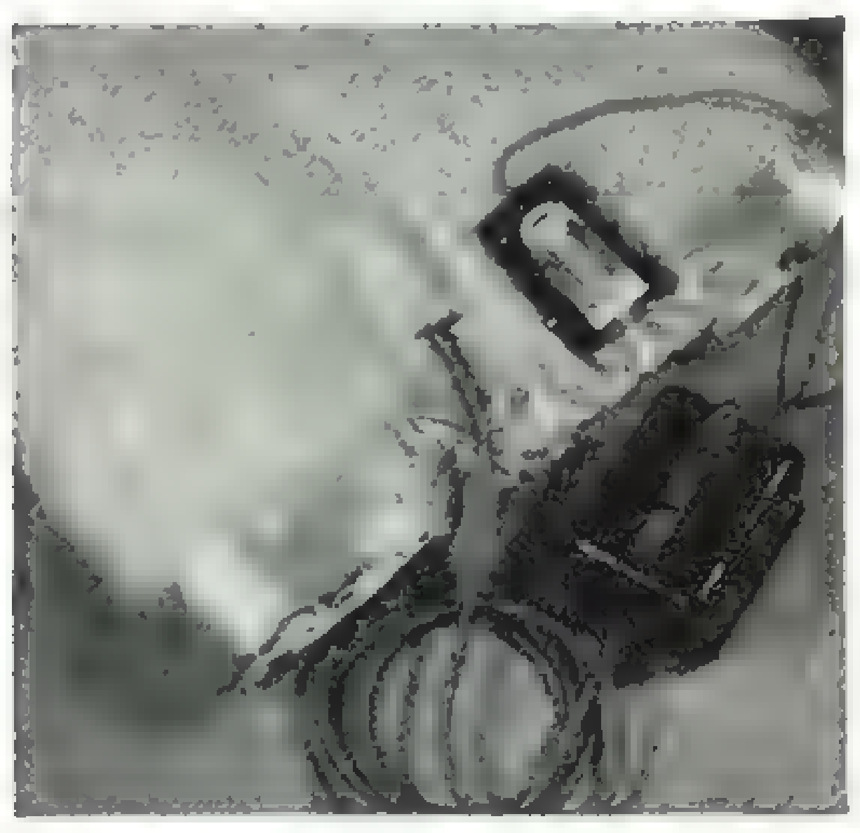


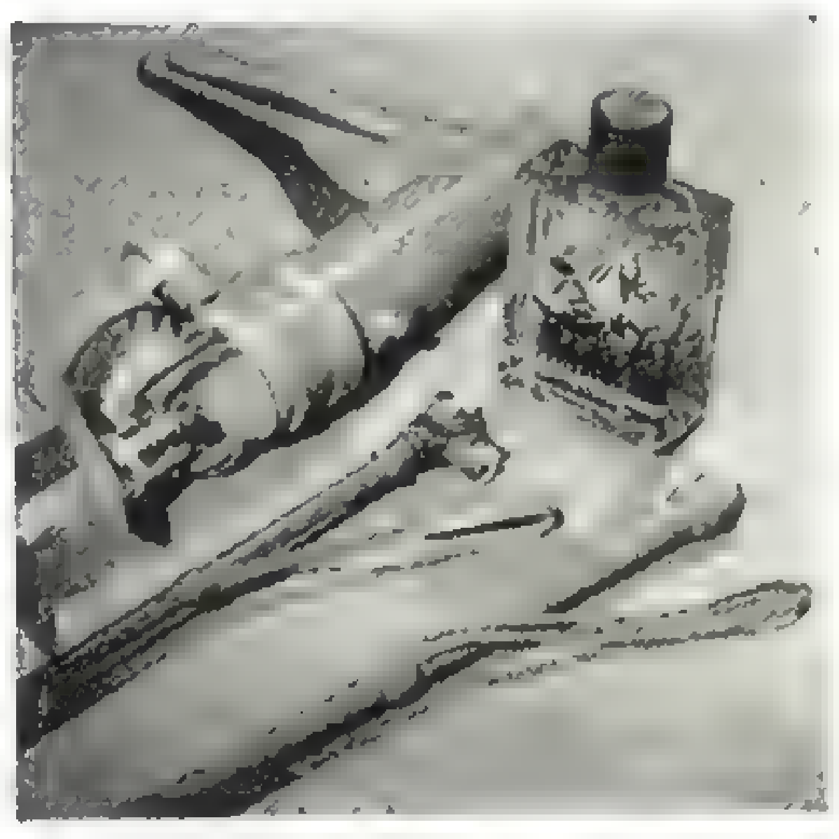
THREE CONTAINERS. Glorifying the lowly pretzel, here's a hand-painted metal box like the old-time grocery store's tea chests. With its circus horse decoration, it should add eye-appeal to any bar . . . Slightly indelicate, but rife with laugh possibilities, is a cigarette holder designed after an elemental article of infantile furniture . . . A fine shaving soap comes in the miniature copper kettledrum, which can be refilled or used later for cuff links.



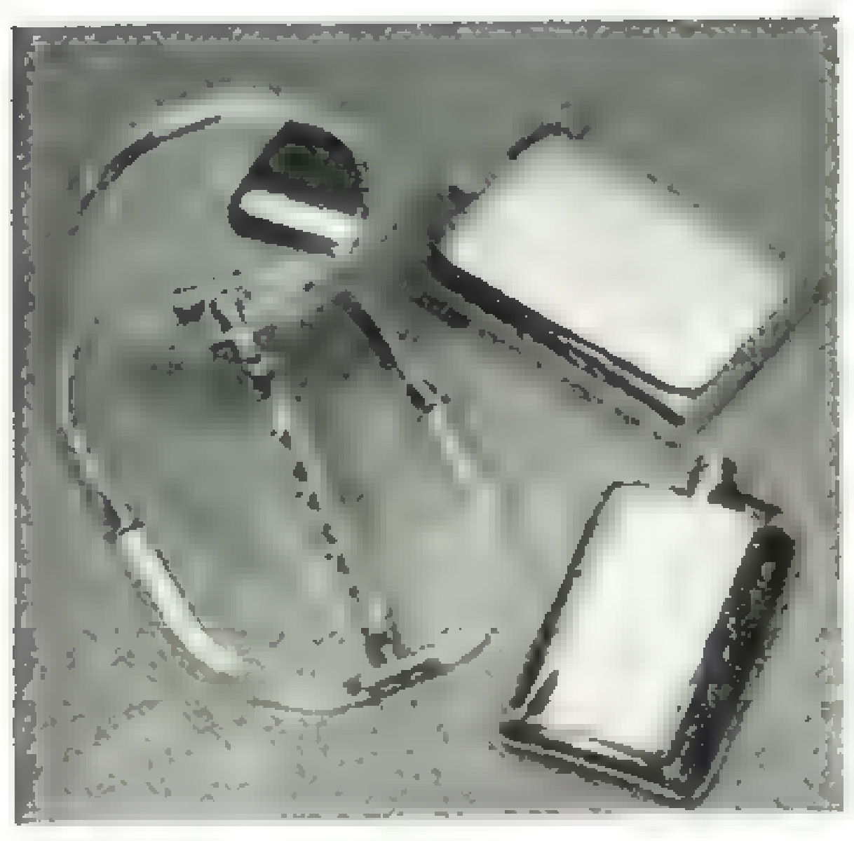
SHOULDER ARMS. Powder specks spattered all over her dress are not encouraging to the amiable feminine disposition. You can introduce her to a good thing by giving her the double gift of two attractive latex capes, packaged in a silver-colored tube. They go on over her shoulders, tying in front, to protect her dress while she's applying makeup. Each sports a detachable pocket for her powder puff.



SELF-HEATING BLANKET. Thanks to electrical genius, it is now possible to have only one blanket to a bed and still be warm in wintry weather. What meets the eye is a luxurious satin-bound wool blanket; almost hidden at one end is a cord to be plugged into its own electrical unit. The blanket can be heated throughout to any temperature desired.



TALLY-HO. If he rides, you might as well encourage it so you can break out with the gift of a flask for his saddle, hand-blown glass in a cowhide case. For both the Master and Missus, riding crops that are smart, rugged, and inexpensive. Hers sports a dog's head; his is plaited cowhide. And you might bowl him over with one or all of a new kind of men's toiletries in distinctive, three-dimensionally decorated bottles.



FLASKS AND REFLECTIONS. Flasks offer an opportunity for lifetime gifts. These, made of Brittania metal (which doesn't impart a foreign flavor to the contents) are effectively unadorned. Three capacities... Femininity will appreciate the tricky lucite mirror. Can be hung around the neck for both-hands-free making up, set on its base, detached for use as a hand mirror, folded up for traveling.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

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Treatment
FREE!
Sample not to be sold
GLOVER'S
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and
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MAIL COUPON
TODAY!
FREE!
TWO free bottles!
One Application, GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE—and sample of NEW Glover's Shampoo!
Recommended
Good Housekeeping
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DON WOODS, appearing in "Bachelor Daddy" a Columbia picture, uses GLOVER'S!

Men, you can take a tip from the stars—if you've been using *scented* hair preparations without success, switch to the MEDICINAL treatment used by millions! *Try* GLOVER'S, with massage, for Dandruff, Itchy Scalp, and excessive Falling Hair! You'll actually *feel* the exhilarating effect *instantly!*

Send at once for this generous *complete* application of the famous GLOVER'S treatment FREE—and you'll be agreeably surprised by the results! Regular size bottles at Drug Stores everywhere. FREE application of GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE and the new GLO-VER Beauty Soap SHAMPOO, in hermetically-sealed bottles, by COUPON only! Useful booklet, Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair, included FREE!

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Send FREE samples, Glover's Mange Medicine and new Shampoo. I enclose 3c to cover postage.

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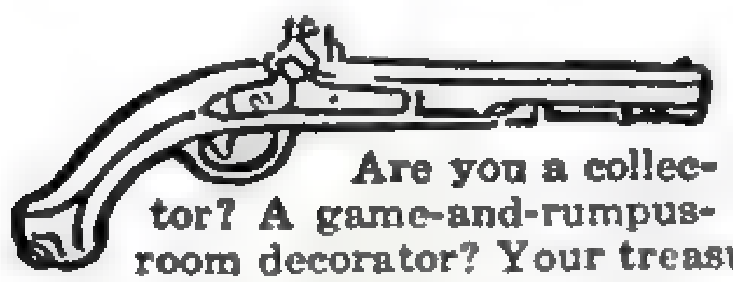

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Are you a collector? A game-and-rumpus-room decorator? Your treasure hunt ends in our catalog, listing hundreds of authentic items. Typical values: *Large antique flintlock pistol* . . **$15.00**
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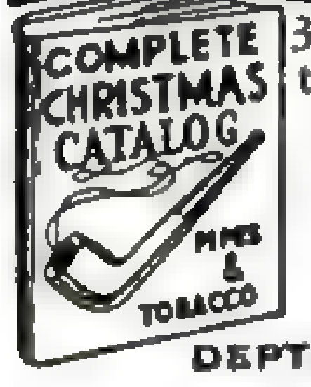

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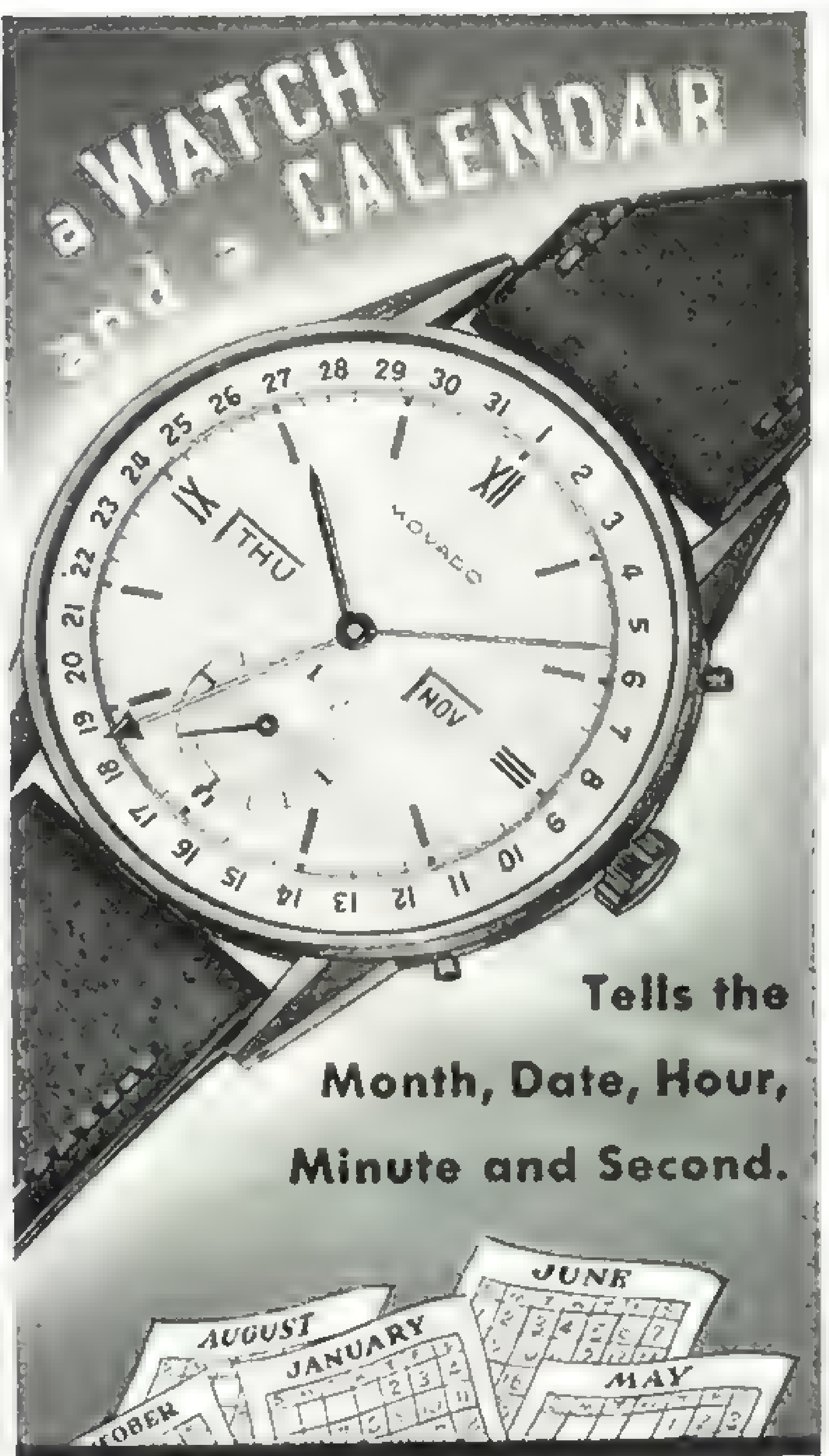

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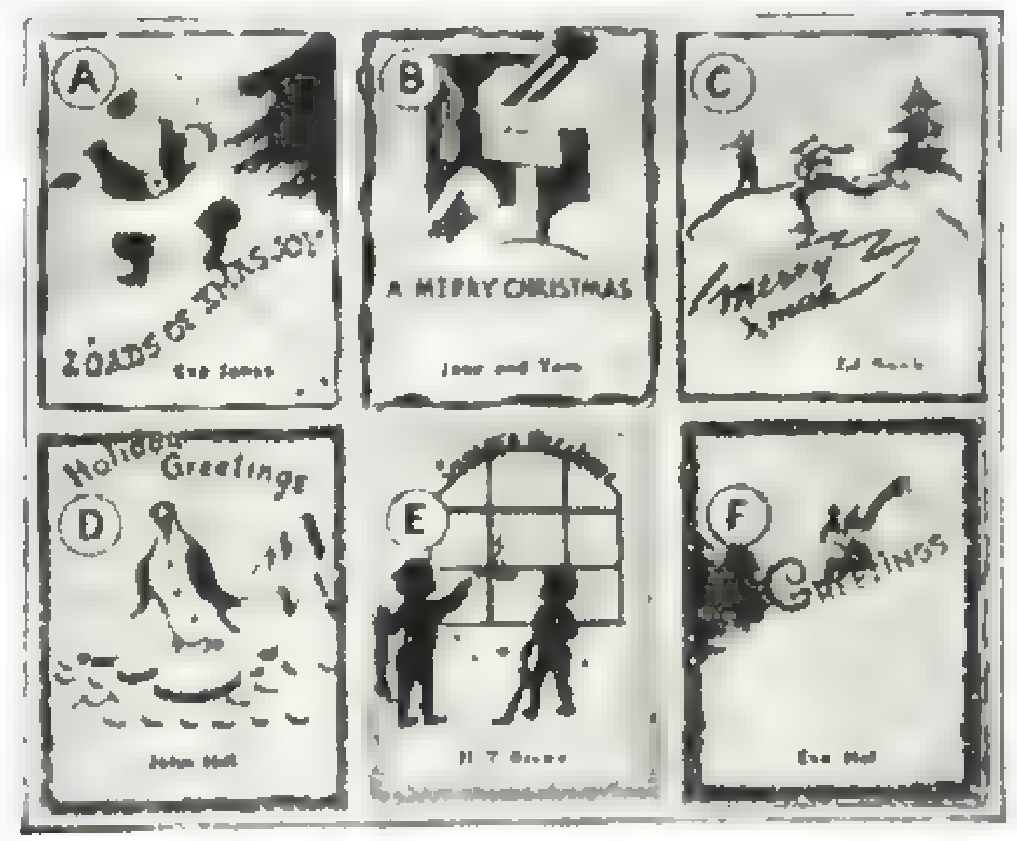

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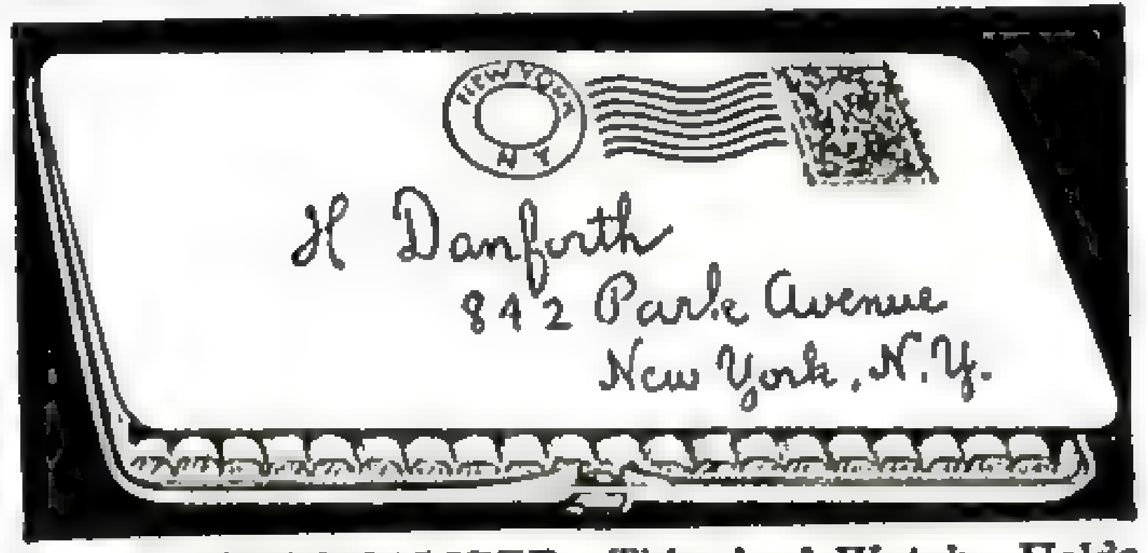
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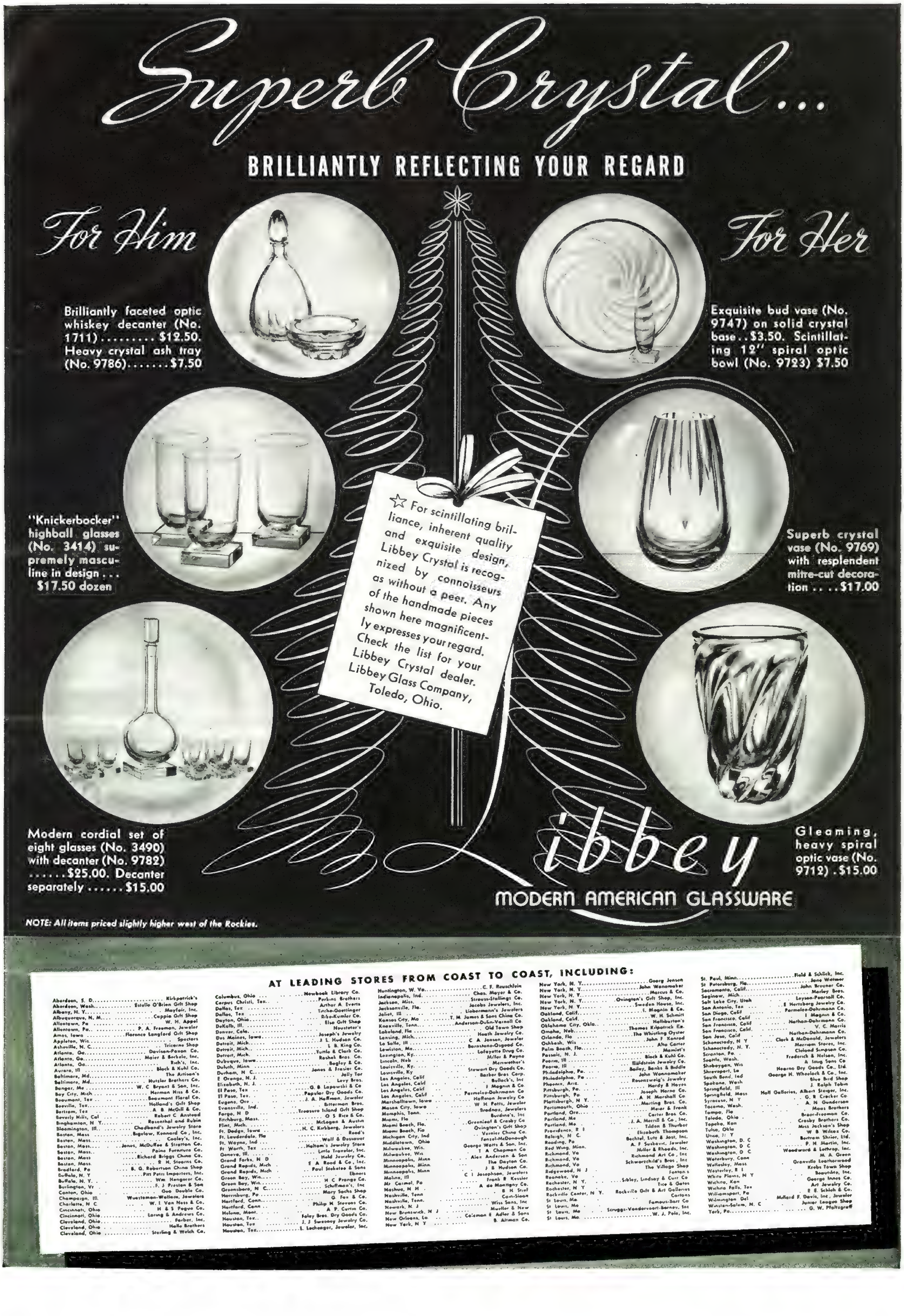

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Brilliantly faceted optic whiskey decanter (No. 1711)......... $12.50. Heavy crystal ash tray (No. 9786).......$7.50

"Knickerbocker" highball glasses (No. 3414) supremely masculine in design . . . $17.50 dozen

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Cleveland, Ohio	Halle Brothers
Cleveland, Ohio	Sterling & Welch Co.
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Dayton, Ohio	Rike-Kumler Co.
DeKalb, Ill.	Else Gift Shop
Denver, Colo.	Neusteter's
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Detroit, Mich.	L. B. King Co.
Detroit, Mich.	Tunis & Clark Co.
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Duluth, Minn.	Bagley & Co.
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Ft. Lauderdale, Fla	Reed's
Ft. Wayne, Ind	Wolf & Dessauer
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Knoxville, Tenn.	Anderson-Dulin-Varnell Co.
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Lansing, Mich.	Heath Jewelry Co.
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Los Angeles, Calif	Bullock's, Inc
Los Angeles, Calif	I Magnin & Co.
Los Angeles, Calif	Parmelee-Dohrmann Co
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Mason City, Iowa	W H. Potts, Jeweler
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Miami, Fla	Burdine's, Inc
Miami Beach, Fla.	Greenleaf & Crosby Co
Miami Beach, Fla	Ovington's Gift Shop
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Milwaukee, Wis.	George Watts & Son, Inc.
Milwaukee, Wis	T A Chapman Co
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Minneapolis, Minn	J B Hudson Co.
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Oakland, Calif.	W. H. Schmitt
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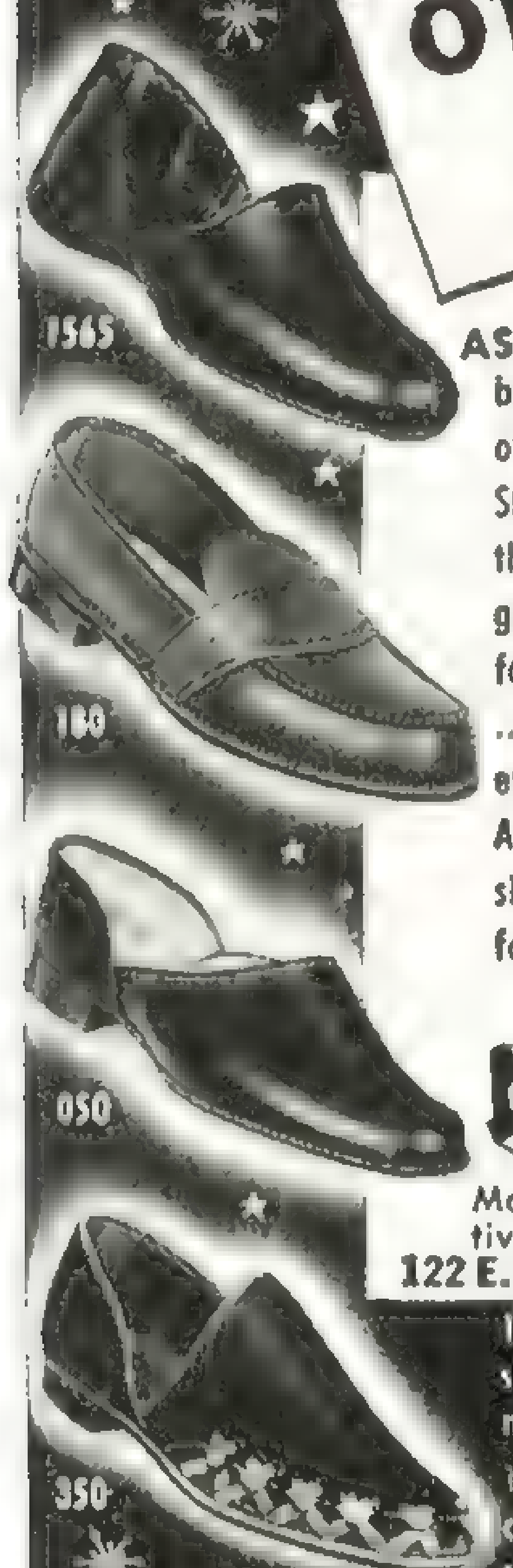

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Send the following Adler slippers packed in Holiday Wrapping. [Add 25c per pair for Postage and Handling]

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Here it is—a handsome, practical gift for all your lucky friends—the Five Feature Directory for telephone listings and other important things you refer to. There are no tabs to break off; yet you can find any listing, easily, in two seconds, thanks to the unique page arrangement. You'll find separate listings (printed in 5 colors) for

Telephone Numbers (*and there's plenty of room, in case you know 38 people whose name begins with D!*)
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Five Feature Directories are compact (6 in. x 9½ in.); cover of embossed simulated leather in two-toned maroon, with gilt lettering—a handsome accessory for desk-top or telephone table.

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Gentlemen: Please send me ____ Five Feature Directories at $1.50 each.
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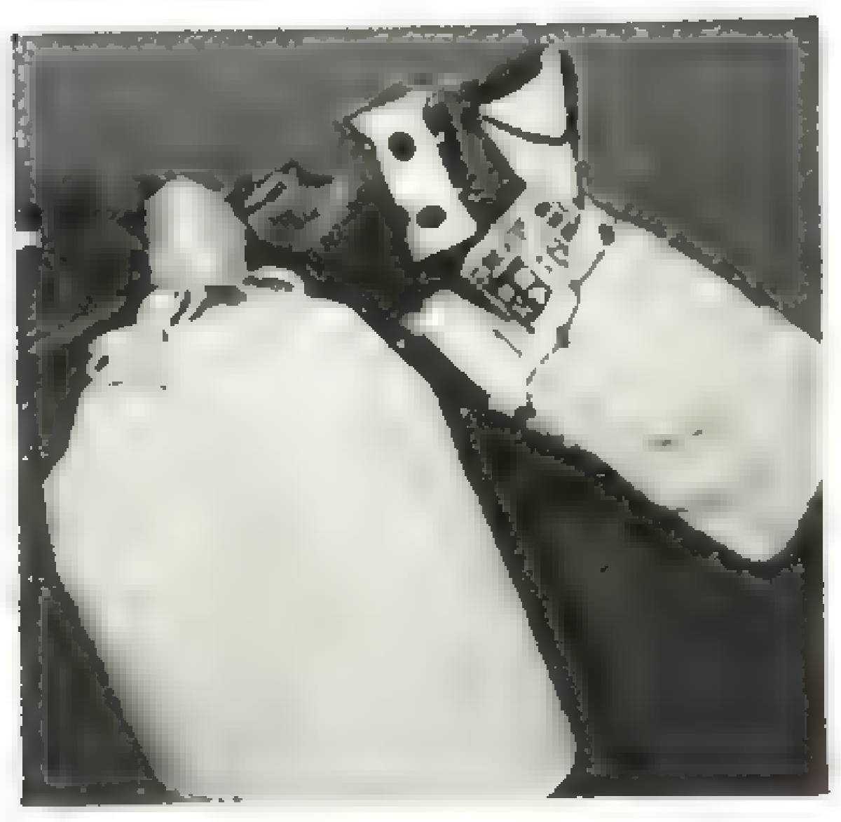
Name
Address
City State

UNIFORMITY. We've been told that one of the major lacks within the ranks is suitable hanging-up equipment for uniforms. So you might send him a couple of capable coat-and-trouser hangers. The coat part is curved to conform with human shoulder angles; the attached section has a vise-like grip . . . The same train of thought brings about a pair of collapsible shoe trees, in cedar.

STANDARD EQUIPMENT. If he hasn't a writing case by now, he'll like the trim lines and serviceable pocket space of this one. Made of leather-bound khaki, it has loops for pen and pencil, is possessed of a calendar and address book . . . Nothing new, perhaps, about a jackknife, unless it happens to be as super as this one, and as useful to an Army or Navy man . . . Officers can be guided to quarters with the compass set in the key ring with insignia.

CLOSE SHAVE. Using any standard double-edged blade, this very new razor works on a vibrating principle, really does a job on tough whiskers. All this is accomplished through a spring contained in the handle. A few twists of the wrist and the razor leaps into action . . . Sewing on Army and Navy buttons is less of a task with a neat, practical, leather-covered sewing roll, completely equipped.

CARD TRICK. Games are good, whether they're especially invented for Army or Navy purposes, or consist of more familiar material in a compact package. The leather case of this one can be used as a dice shaker as well as a container for two packs of cards; one pinochle, one a regulation deck. Poker dice are also included in the set.



OLD KIT BAGS. Either of these can be the Army or Navy man's Christmas stocking. The smaller one contains an incredible amount of useful odds and ends—to name a few, sewing kit, chewing gum, mirror, talcum, toothpaste . . . Edibles contribute largely to the contents of the larger bag; there are sweet biscuits, ginger snaps, candy, and pretzels. Both bags can be used later on as catch-alls; the larger, perhaps, for laundry.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

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by "That Man Drew"

Smart, wickedly witty, these newest releases will put over any party. The famous Charley Drew, Broadway's favorite, sings these new numbers in his own smart, sophisticated style. Album No. 6 (4-10" sides) at $2 includes: "Caviar Comes from Virgin Sturgeon" "She Went to See a Man About a Dog" "You Can't Fool the Boys Behind the Desk" "Mabel's a Glamour Girl Now"—Album No. 7 (8-10" sides) at $5 includes: "The Blushing Bride" and "His Fanny" "They Didn't Give The Bride Away" "Bell Bottom Trousers. . . The Fleet's in Today" "She's a Virgin on the Verge" "Gracie is Socially Secure" "Lousy Louisa" and "Mary at the Zoo" "The Man With the Crystal Ball" "The Girls I've Loved and Lost"—These records come in handsomely contained albums . . . they make perfect gifts! You will agree that these recordings are the real McCoy! We pay U.S.A. Postage on orders of $5 or more.

FREE—Write for Party Record List

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MONOGRAMMED GLASSES

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4 1-2 oz.—for Cocktails; Fruit Juice .
8 1-2 oz.—for Highballs; Table Use .
11 oz.—for Tall Drinks; Ice Tea . . . .
$3.00 dozen
Add 15c per doz. west of Denver. 8 each of above sizes in special ass't at $5.75. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Underline initial of last name. 5-day service—postpaid. New 32 page catalogue on request. ORDER NOW!

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LATEST WAR MODELS!
EXACTLY LIKE REAL TRAINS!
100 MILES PER HOUR!
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LARGEST HOBBY CENTER in the WORLD!
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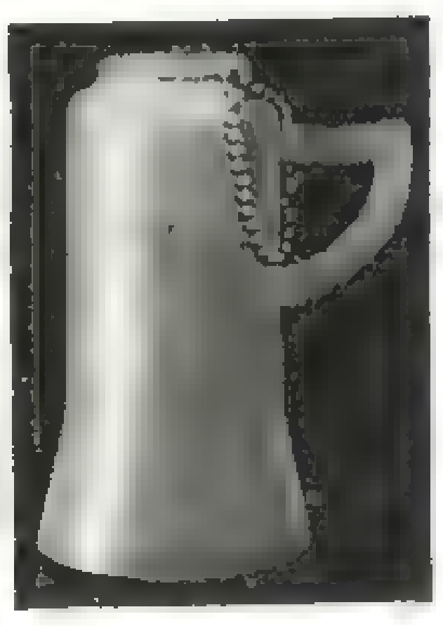

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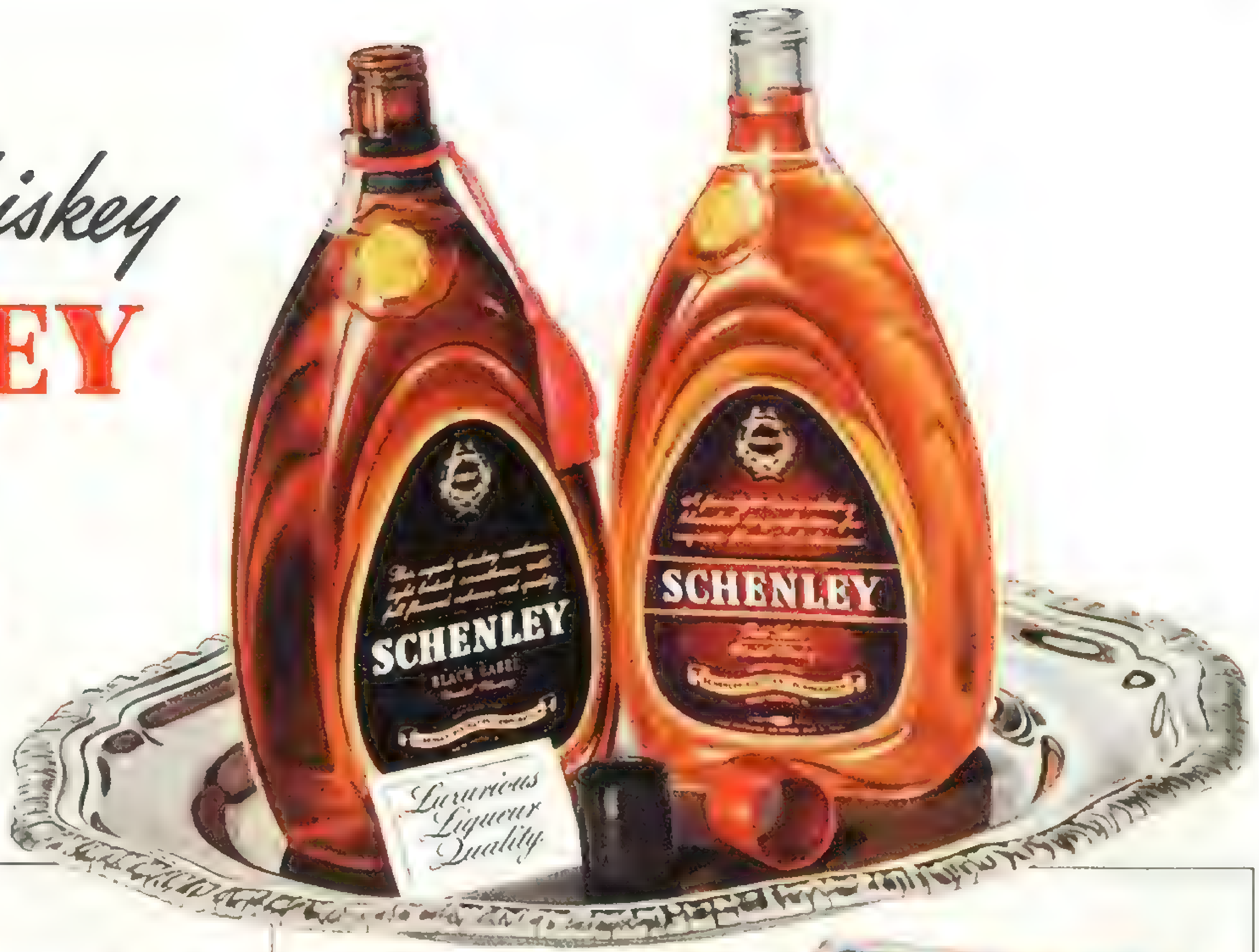

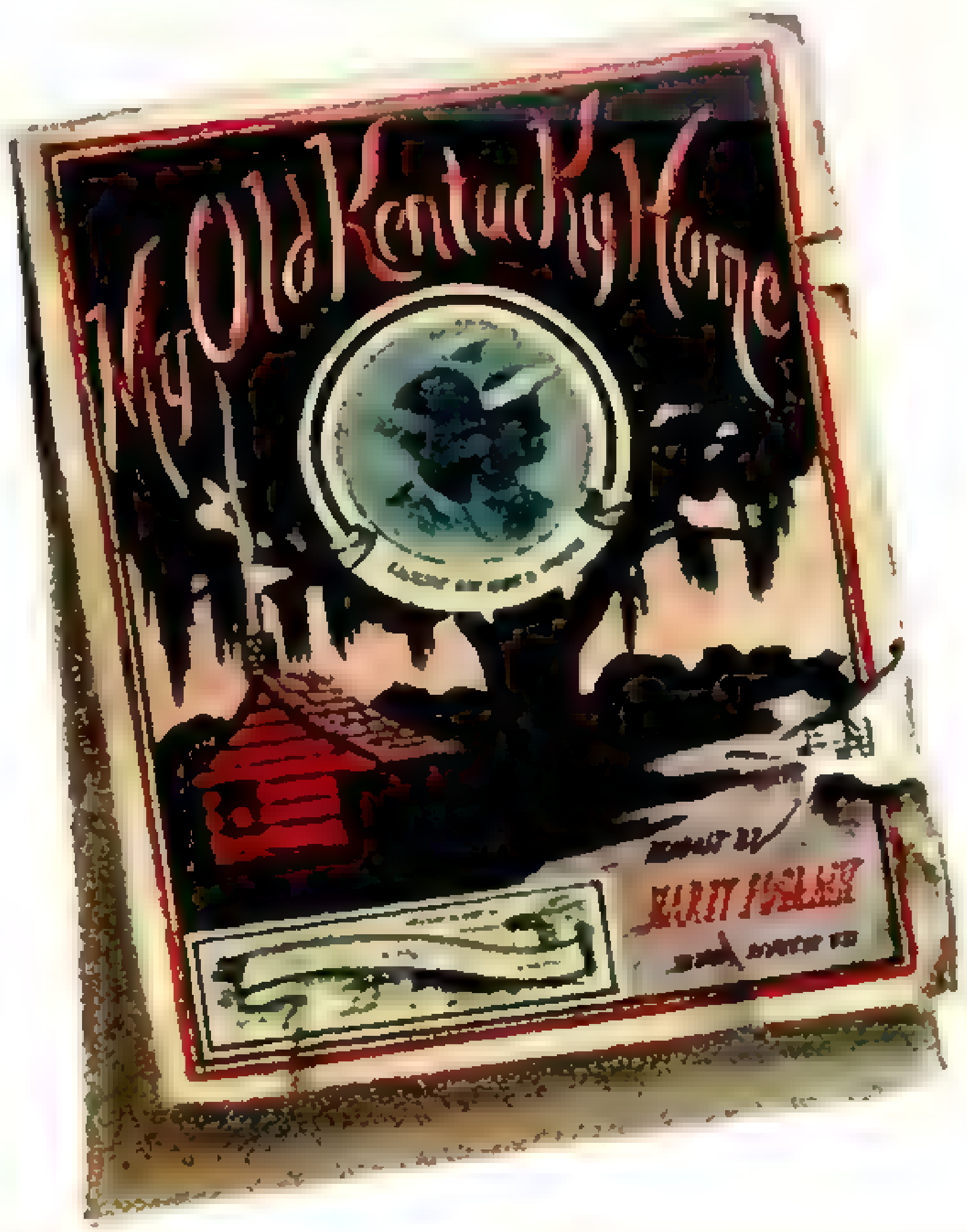

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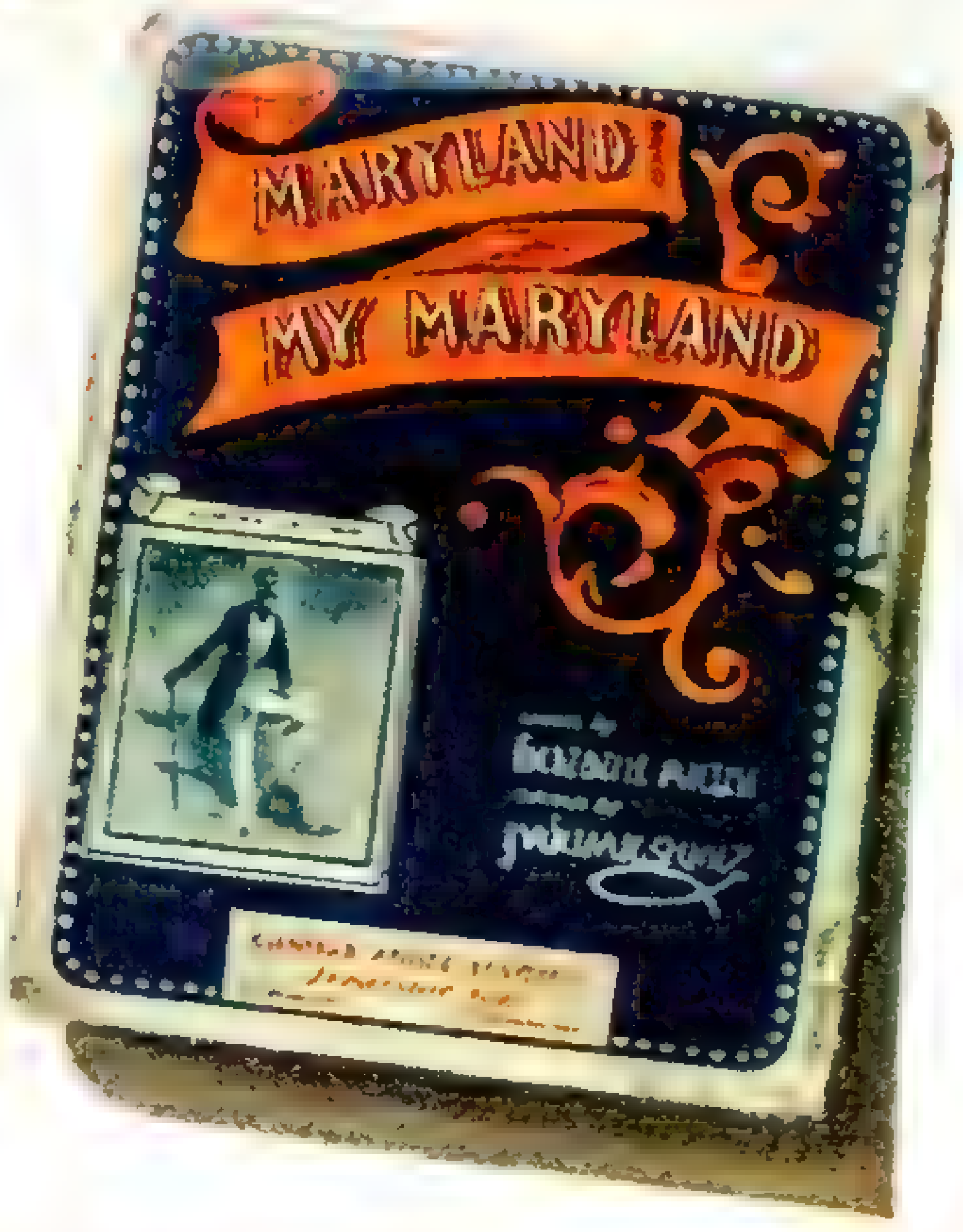

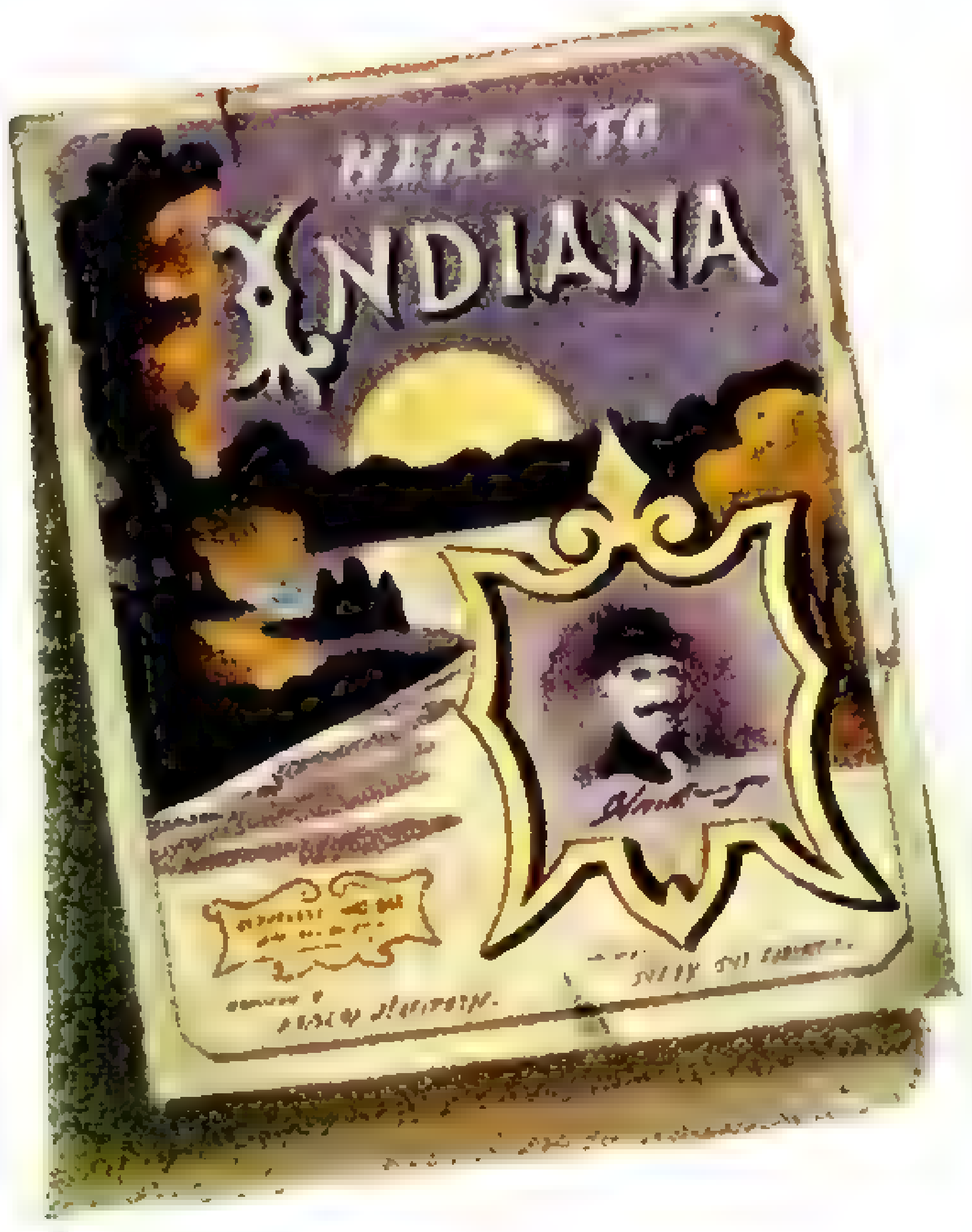

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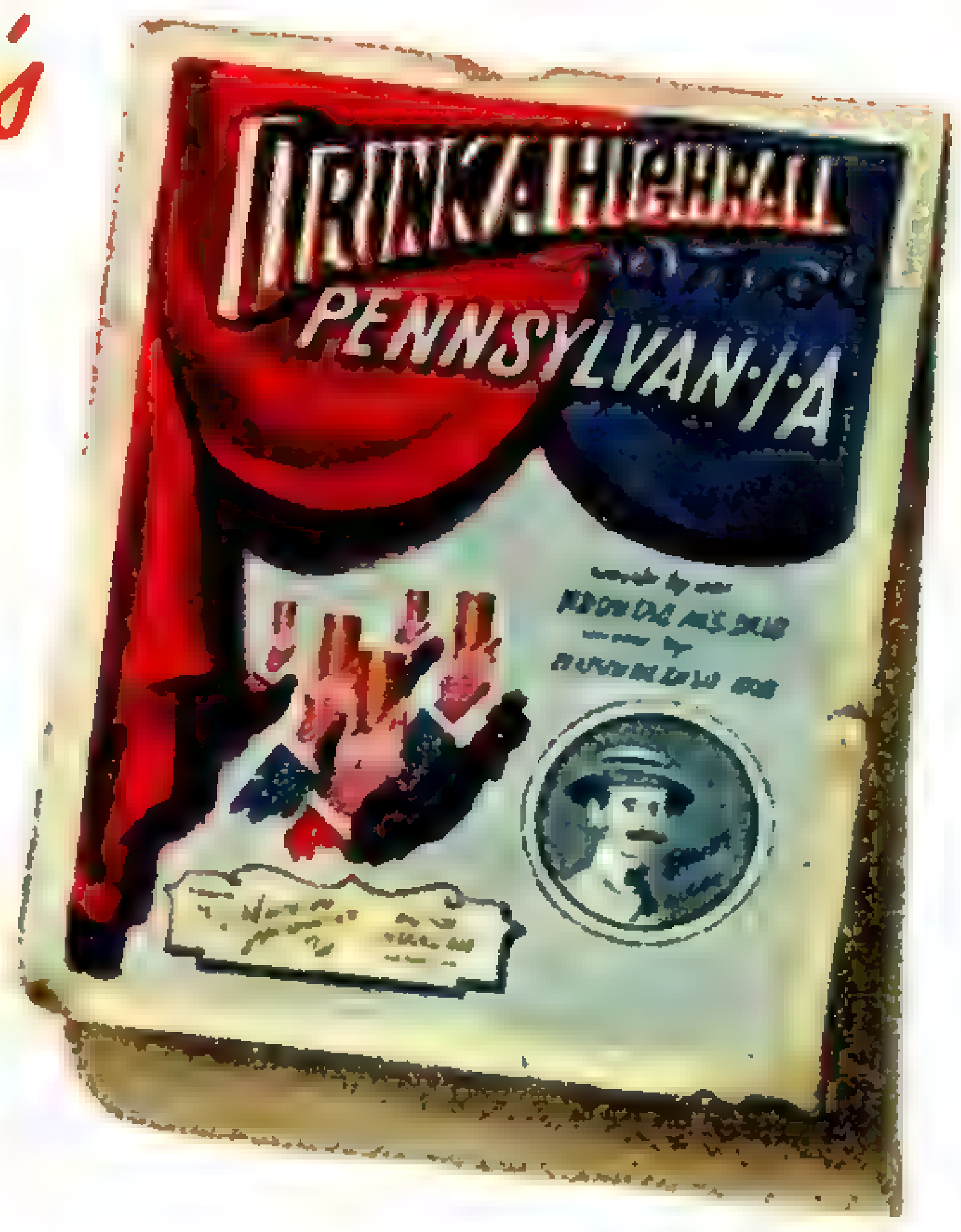

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Intensely we hoped that diminutive Dorothy Lewis, ice queen of the St. Regis's Iridium Room, would catapult into the pocket of our white waistcoat. But no such luck, and we could only console ourself with the super-superbness of the St. Regis cuisine, mobilized under the beneficent supervision of maitre John Kroll who now has charge of nourishment and cellar treasures throughout the hotel. Our indignation against the management for discontinuing the Maisonette Russe was evidently shared, for now there is a *new* Maisonette (with La in front of its name), located in the same distingué dugout but gayer in color scheme: pink ceiling, bright red and blue garniture à la Bakst Orientale. Nicholas Mathey and his orchestra furnish the music for dancing and entertainment; personable he-man Yasha Nazarenko is back as guitar-strumming m.c.; and flaming shashliks are tropped from the Gallic-Slavic kitchen.

Conversational lunching and dining of an ultra sort are provided for at the smart-banquetted Brussels Restaurant, 26 East 63rd, of much, much Continental André Pagani, than whom few hosts can bow more elegantly over a lady's paw as he greets his sabled flock. We've exclaimed about this restaurant ever since it first burst forth, and each revisit confirms our greedy mania for it.

As usual at the Coq Rouge (65 East 56th) the accent is on youth and his Park Avenue girl friend, but the hearty forties and gray- and white-haired olders seem to have an equally swell time, choice cheer being the keynote of the place. Baldly genial Joseph C. Smith, one of the mainstays of New York's night life, has command of the tunes for dancing. Sophisticated fiddle wizard Bela Bizony unleashes his cajolery, teamed up with pianist Rudy Timfield. The décor in the main room has been redone and there's a gifted new chef named Hubert. But the Skyline Bar remains inviolate, and host Frank Bonacchini's sincere cordiality hasn't slipped an inch, nor tall Gigi's table solicitude.

Seafood shore dinners "R" stupendous chez Billy the Oysterman, 10 West 47th St., where the pictured likenesses of the Walrus and the Carpenter from Alice in Oysterland look over your shoulder at the bar as though they wanted to horn in on your Champagne cocktail. Maine lobsters vie with the bivalves for honors of the house and steaks, too, are a specialty as if prime cattle were members of the swimming class. The general air of this uptown-near-Radio-City Billy's is of today, though non-modernist; but the old-time original establishment with its veteran crew still flourishes at 9 East 20, conducted in conjunction by Billy's brother Harry. Personally we'd travel further than to either to obtain clam chowder as noble as *both* of them serve.

Costumed folk dancing is resorted to spiritedly at the Castleholm (344 West 57th) to shake down the toothsome provender plundered from the smörgasbord layout. Having tarried in the anteroom, entitled Viking Bar, for a few Aquavits, we felt pretty folksy ourself and plunged with gusto into the dill-seasoned lamb stew, topping off our meal with a bevy of small pancakes laden with Swedish cranberries, incidentally taking aboard a glass or three of Swedish Punch. Any serious aridity in between had been fought off with a bottle of good California Claret of Cribari. Thorough these Scandinavians.

"No demi-tasse, Erneste," says the wrinkled-pussed bloodhound in suite 915 at the Hotel New Yorker as he scans the Doggie Dinner Menu. That cod liver oil was 'to the point' and the bones-and-raw-meat entree was delicious, so now I'll just have a biscuit, canine style." (All his master has to do is call Room Service. If fireplug and tree service is required, consult Bell Captain.)

Shh! Sh!

Here's a tip. Next time you drink one too many or eat a bit too much, try a jigger of Fernet-Branca. Fair warning: it's bitter, but worth it in morning-after pep and ginger.

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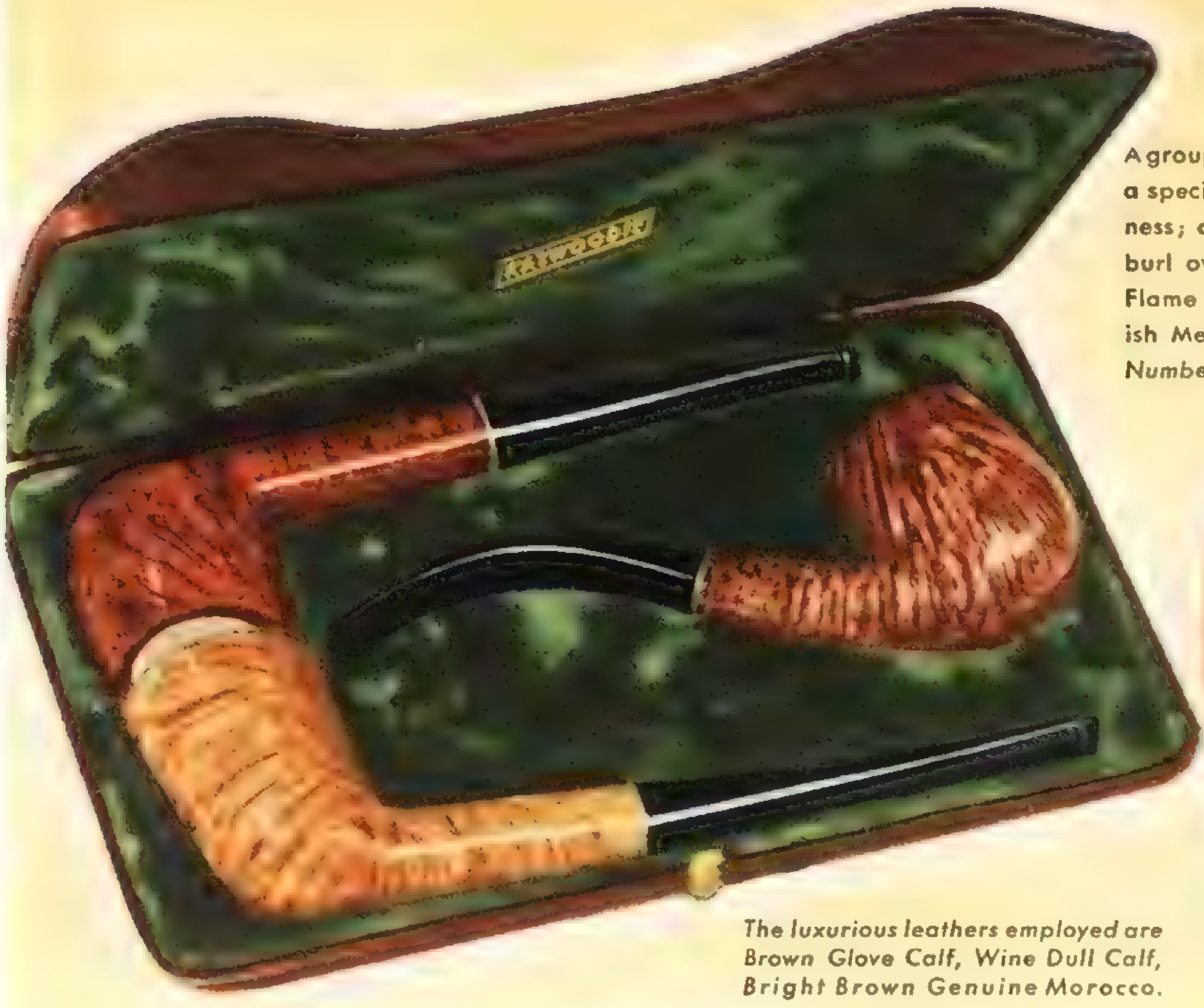
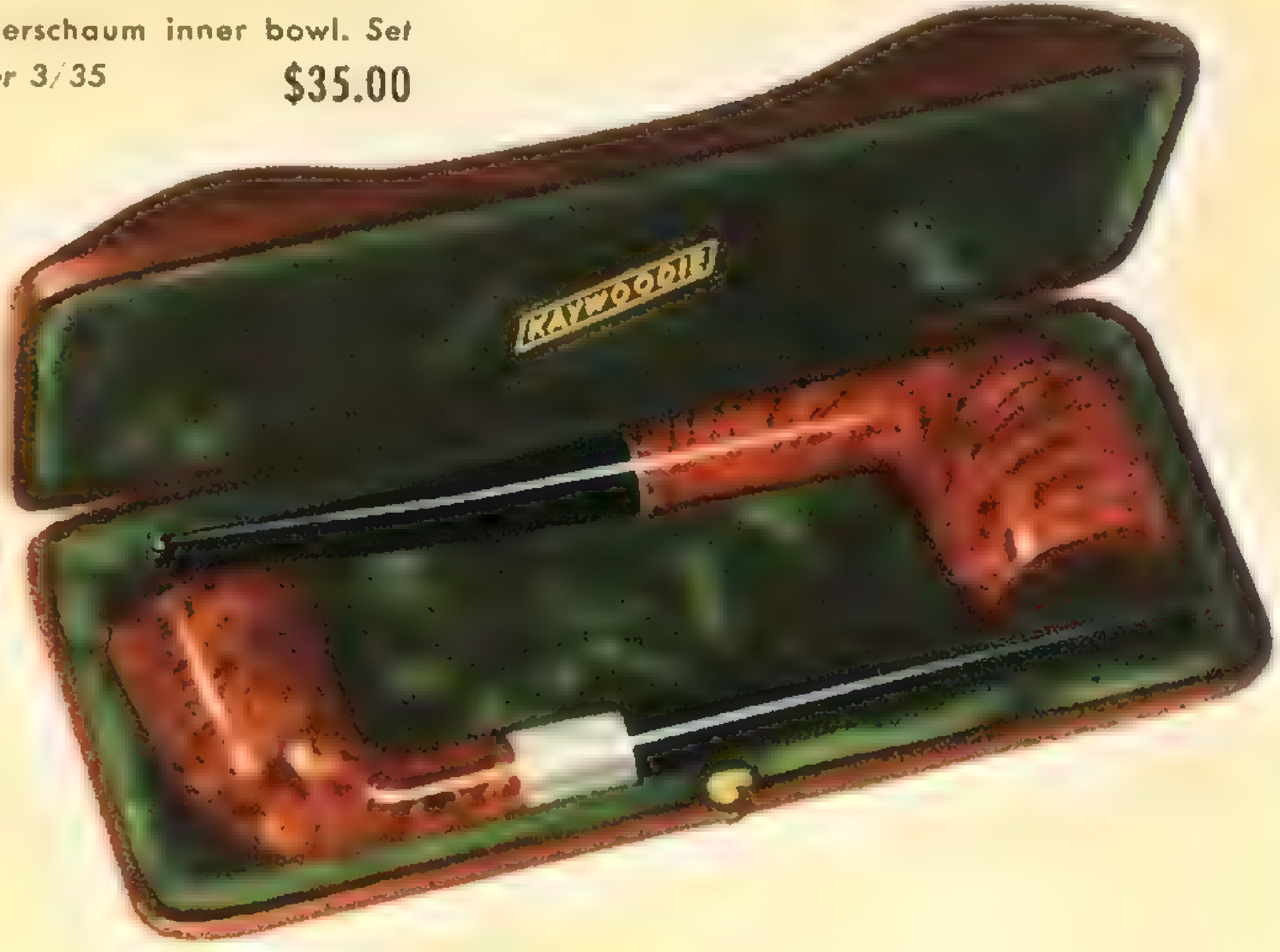


A group of three Kaywoodie Pipes: a specimen briar of unusual fineness; a Flame-Grain cut from a burl over 100 years old; and a Flame Grain with imported Turkish Meerschaum inner bowl. *Set Number 3/35* **$35.00**

Two handsome specimens of natural briar grain—one with traditional broad band (which stays bright forever). *Set Number 2/15* **$15.00**



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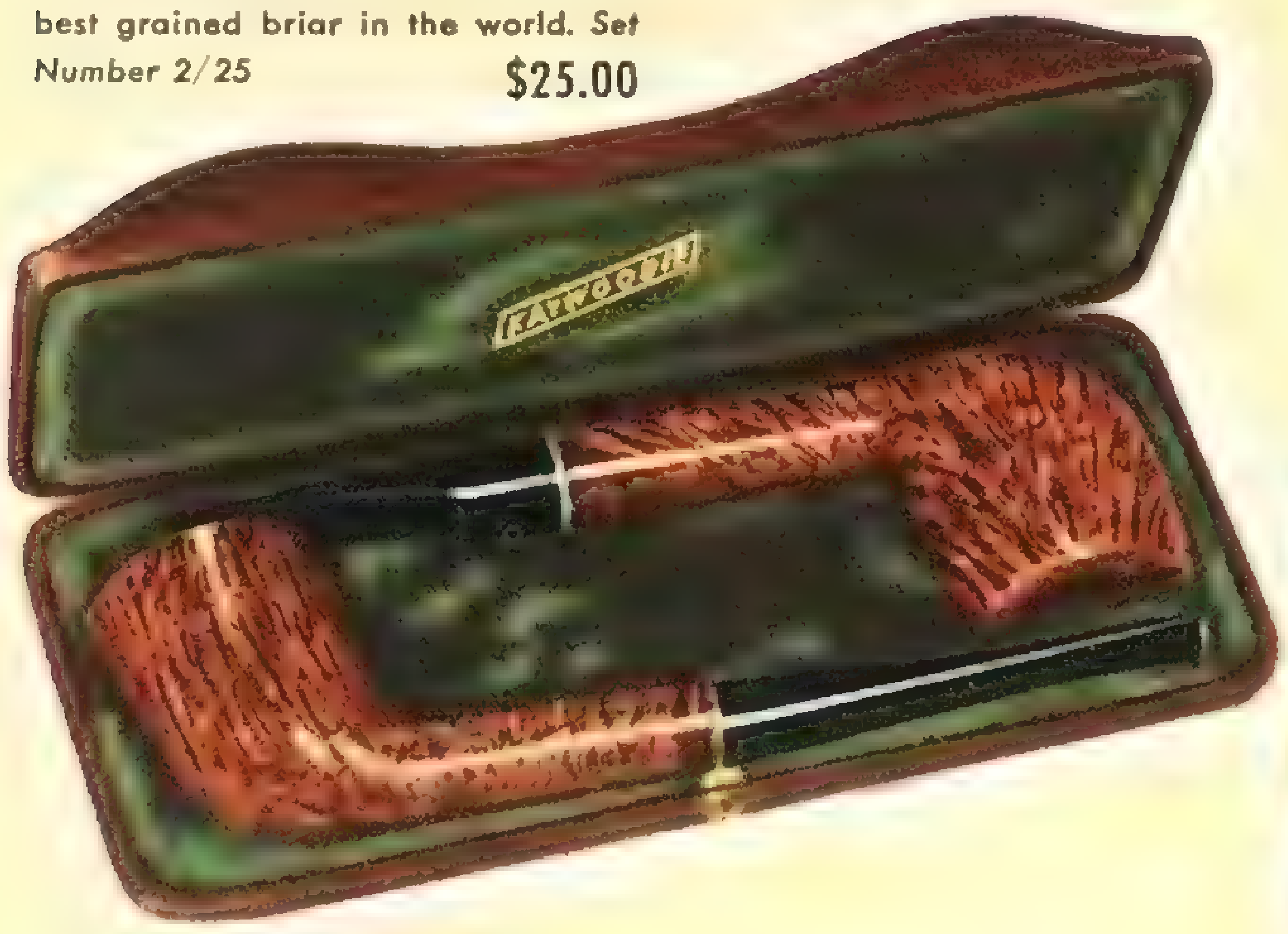

OTHER COMPANION SETS *(not illustrated)*—No. 2/20, a pair of beauties in *contrasting* grain-pattern, $20—No. 2/30 a pair of Flame-Grain pipes with Turkish Meerschaum inner bowls, $30—No. 2/35, a pair of beautiful white Meerschaum Kaywoodies, $35—No. 3/20, three selected briars, one with the patented Carburetor control, $20.

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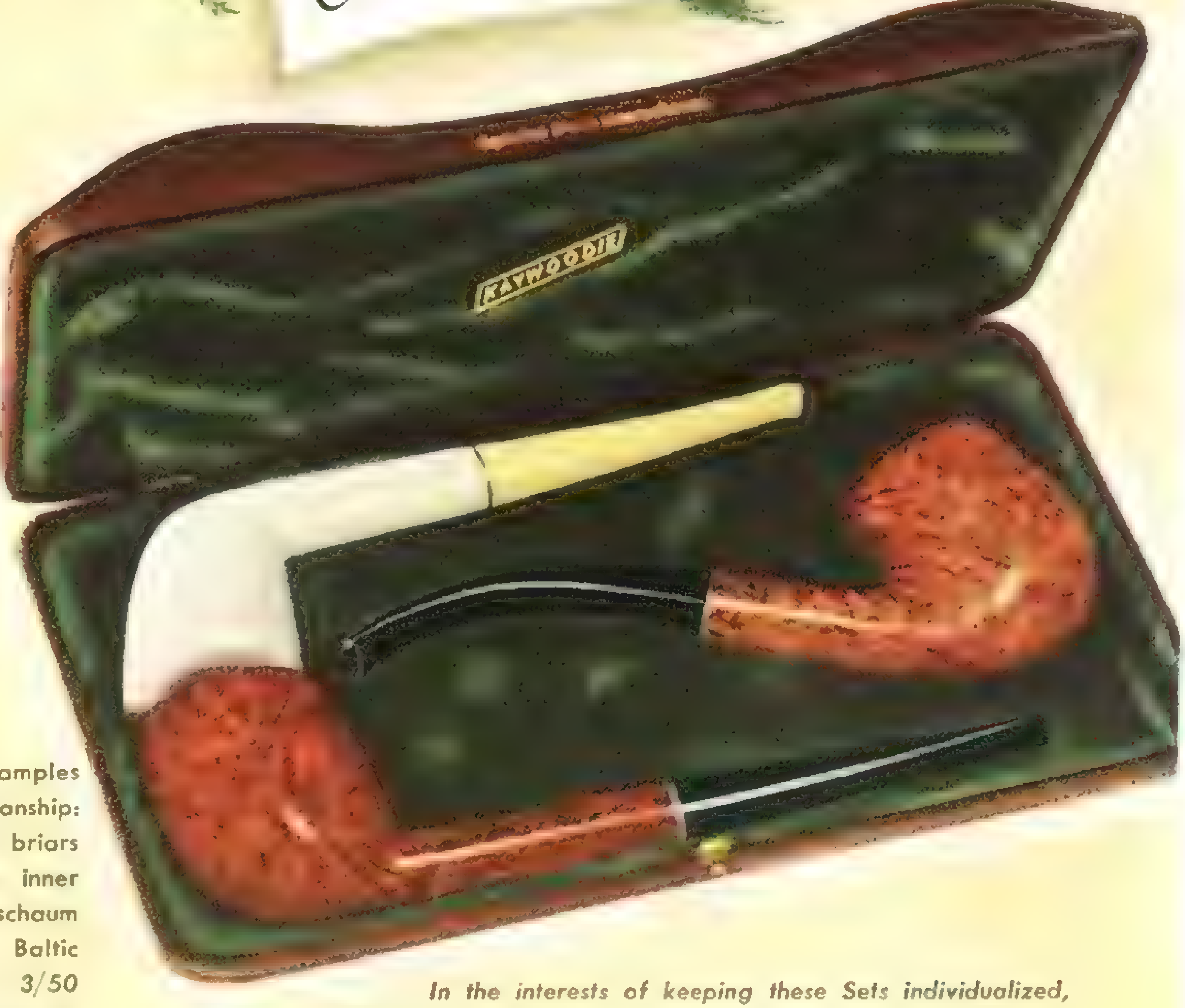

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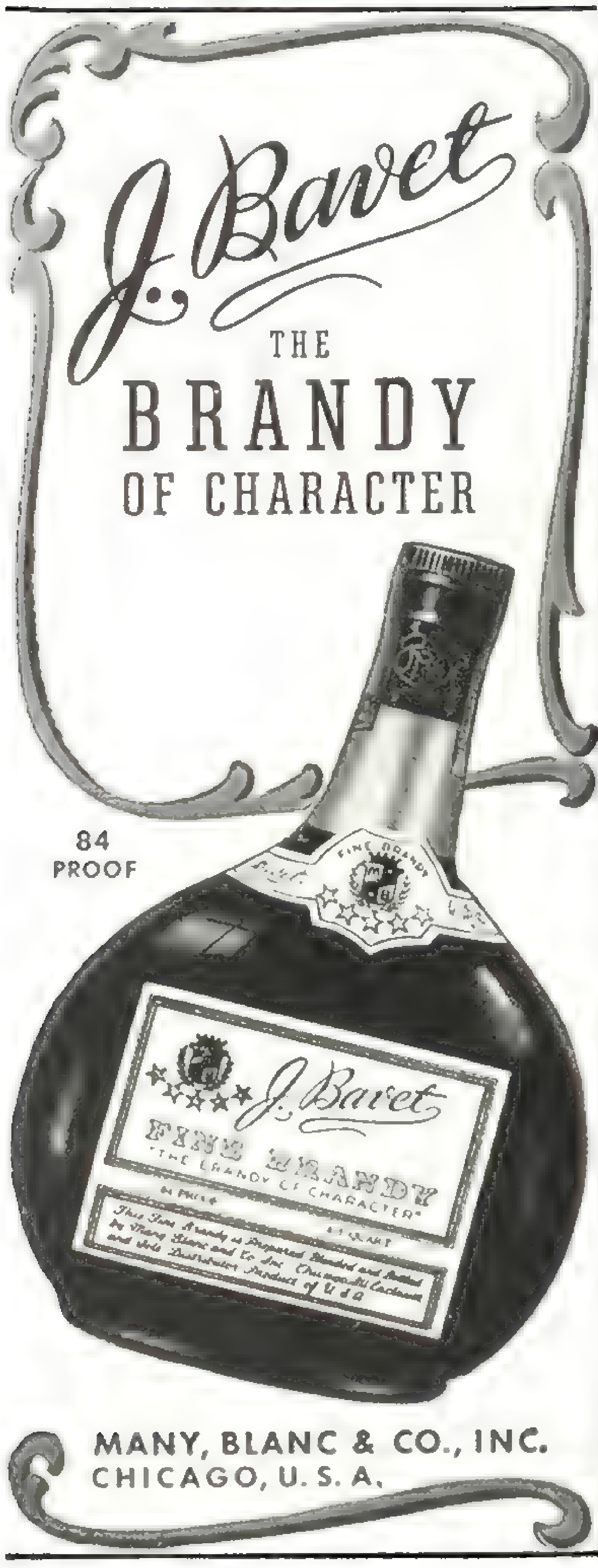
J. Bavet
THE
BRANDY
OF CHARACTER

84 PROOF

MANY, BLANC & CO., INC.
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Stationed at the inner portal of La Rue (45 East 58th), urbane Peter, its curator and good-evening spokesman, voices the hope that his hospitable offerings of cuisine, service, drinks, and dance music may meet your fastidious requirements—knowing full well that they are going to, judging by the steadiness and stateliness of his trade, from cocktail o'clock till shut-eye hour. Functioning in the functional dream scheme of Norman Bel Geddes are alternating maestros Val Ernie and Eddie Davis, each an inciter to American, Latin, and Viennese floor pacing and gliding, while a skilled kitchen personnel strives to keep you engrossed at table.

Broadway's stout heart, the Hotel Astor, pulsing to the patriotic tempo of today, has transformed its much frequented Orangerie (mezzanined at the rear of the lobby) into the new Columbia Room, music-conditioned by Harold Nagel and his six tune-smoothers. Decorations are red, white, and blue; drinks range from Martinis to magnums, and headwaiter Joe Brexler has a nice lot of dishes on his list . . . At Leon & Eddie's you really get your share of the ministrations of both partners. If Leon has a table it's yours with his handclasp on it, and if Eddie's songs, delivered inimitably atop a bang-up variety show of girls and novelty acts, aren't enough for you, Mr. Insatiable, all you have to do is holler for more – Eddie's policy being "What are a couple of vocal chords among friends?" . . . Some gourmet choiceties at Zucca's (118 West 49th): Veal cutlet Principessa (with prosciutto and American cheese); Chicken Cutlet Milanese (breaded, boned breast); homemade spinach noodles; profiteroles (tiny cream puffs) filled with fragrant golden zabaione . . . An impregnable stronghold in a changing world is the Men's Bar at the Waldorf-Astoria whose street entrance (49th Street side) carries the inscription: "The use of this Bar is respectfully restricted to men." Rumor has it that one of this hideout's famous frequenters, Crosby Gaige, conducted here some of his most important experimental work and appraisals in preparing his *Crosby Gaige's Cocktail Guide and Ladies' Companion* which has just leaped from the presses. So the soft sex managed to muscle in, mentally at least . . . Roofs may seem anachronisms in the current chinchilly weather, yet Spivy's giddy attic (139 East 57th) runs on regardless, with diners taking the elevator for a flyer at a steak, and lingering to sup while milady sits down to the ivories for confidential song and story. Other entertainers too, varied from time to time . . . El Morocco the unique, where you have to watch your step lest you trip over a hawser of pearls, has revised its back parlor into The Champagne Room. Chauncey Gray leads the music in the main or zebra-and-palm department.

"SHE CAME ROLLIN' DOWN THE MOUNTAIN"

Pleasurable it is to watch the proud performance of waiter captain Ernest at the Champs-Elysees (25 East 40th) as he marshals an array of six little glasses containing respectively Brandy, Rum, Triple Sec, Lime juice, Orange juice, and Pineapple juice, and pours them one by one onto big black cherries in a chafing dish and sets the whole works afire—the outcome, added to ice cream, being Cherries Romanoff. Frankly we doubted we had room enough after the grand and gorgeous procession of Champs-Elysees delicacies we had partaken of since the preliminary cocktail, but this dessert brooked no snub and cleverly stole into our midst without harm, a couple of Brandies giving it a happy home feeling. Due to triumphs of this nature, the Champs-Elysees bar-lounge, which was originally operated only at lunch and during the tiffin hour, has had to remain open evenings.

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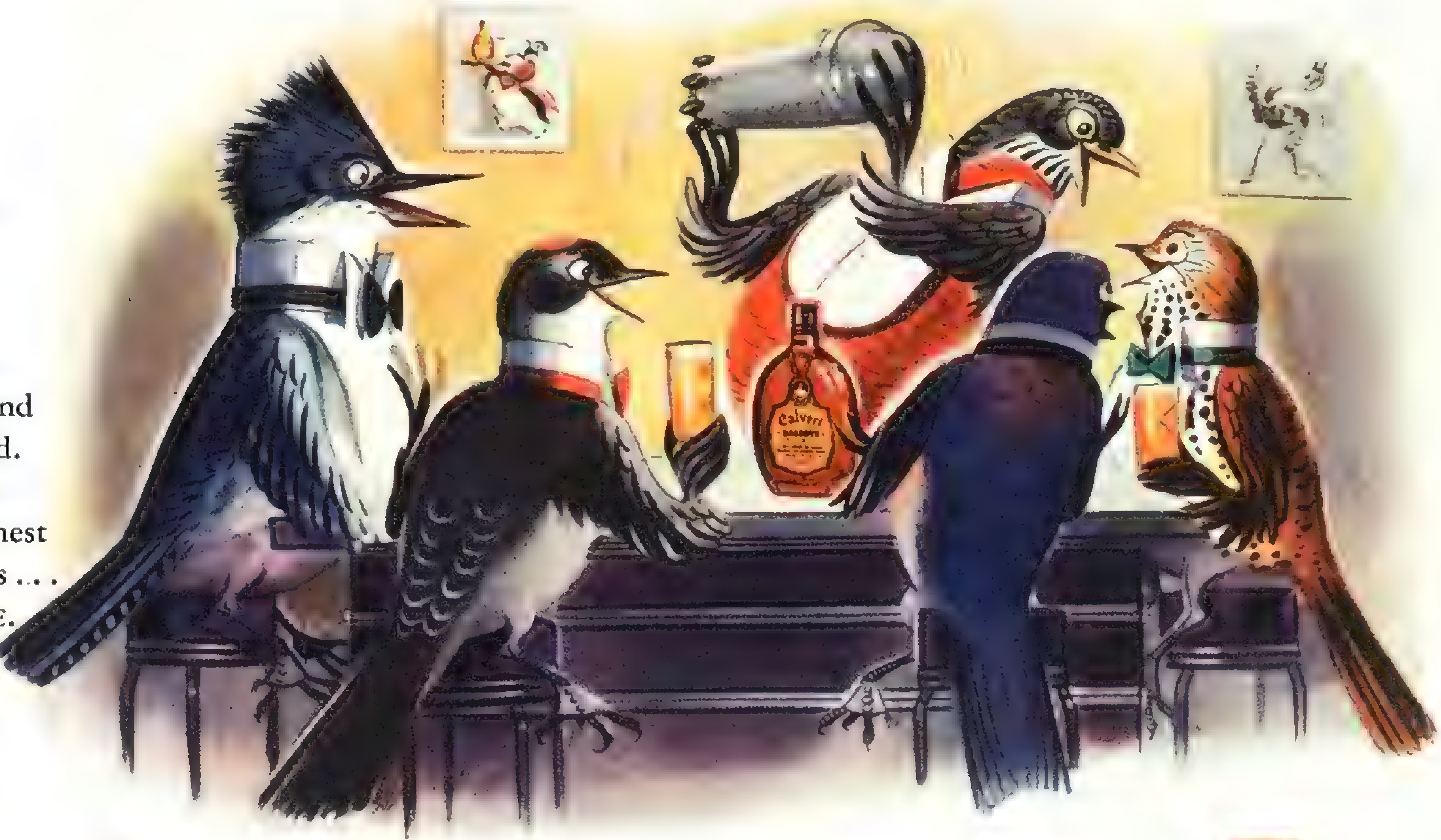

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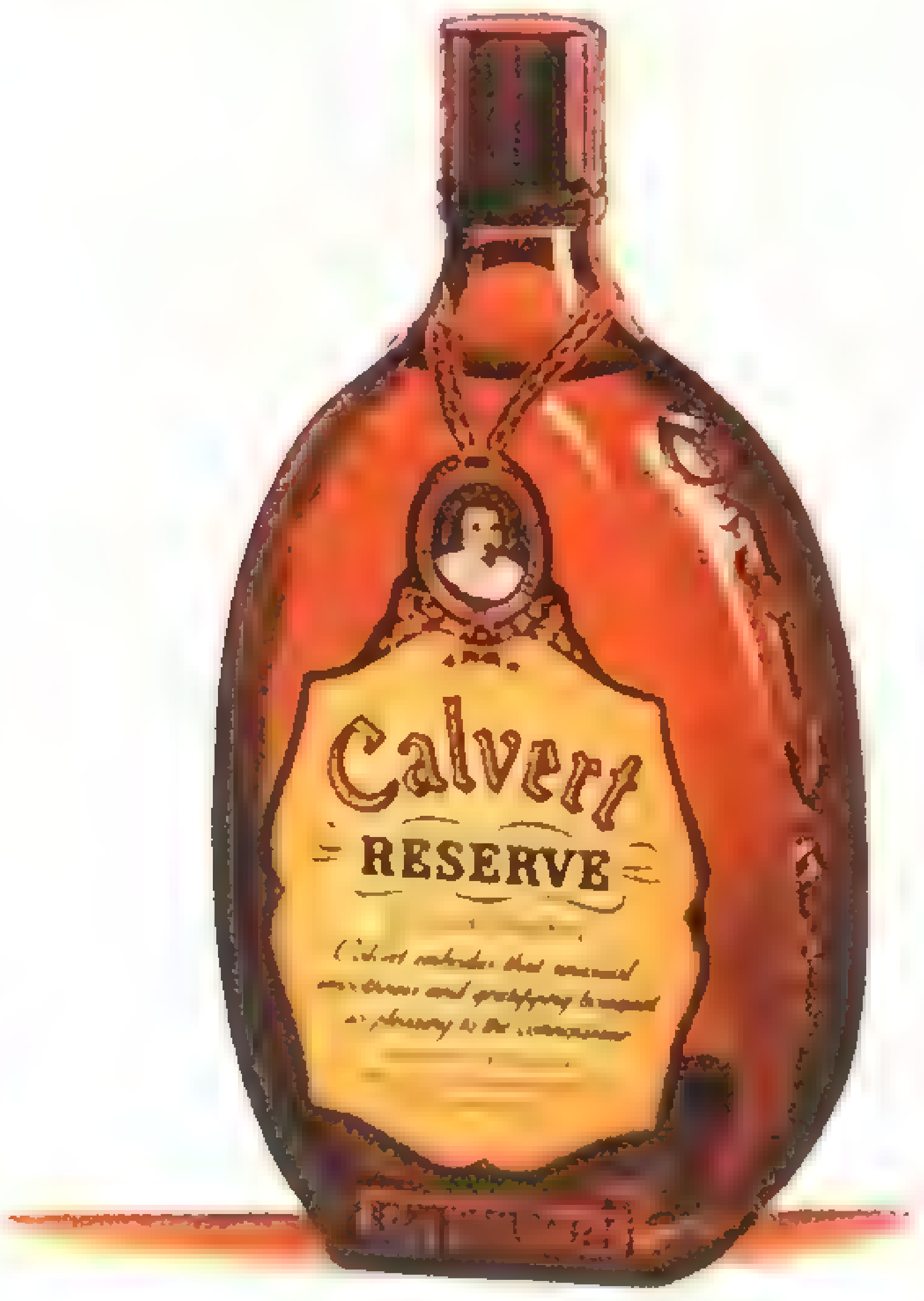
"It just goes to show that Quality Pays", Raymond declared. "Serving an Extra-luxury Whiskey costs a little more . . . but that's mere bird seed compared to the Extra Pleasure CALVERT RESERVE reserves for me . . . and my Friends."



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Wedgwood the course of Empire takes its way at the Waldorf-Astoria. That is to say, the dining and dancing salle in the southwest corner of this lordly hostelry which functioned hitherto as the Empire Room, has now been resplendored by America's scenist Clark Robinson in the art mood of Britain's immortal ceramic master, Josiah Wedgwood. Rich blue predominates with a white leather banquette surrounding the terrace level. In recognition of thirst, carpet is Burgundy, draperies Chartreuse. The orchestra stand is backed with a huge white drop, set with silver stars; and on said stand is piano style creator Eddy Duchin and company, in typical action, with Mischa Borr as his alternate. Dress is short-tailed or even mufti—not to mention uniforms of Uncle Sam's defenders—and diners from the elegant Sert Room can migrate here for ankle exercise at no additional coverage, thus launching themselves into evening No. 2 under the same roof.

Monday evening, an off night at many places around town, is made grandiose at Keen's English Chop House, 72 West 36th Street, by the staging of Beefsteak and Kidney Pudding in ye ancient manner for which this treasured meat and fish maison is noted. Low-necked hacks and handsome cabs used to bring the great for a happy gnaw on a whopper chop and a puff at one's own private churchwarden clay pipe. Among famous frequenters, there pop to mind John Drew, David Belasco, William Gillette, and the elder J. P. Morgan. And here the Dutch Treat Club leaped to fame. And here today you are in an unchanged setting of devotion to the good life as per traditional standards. If your desires are puny, go elsewhere.

Epicurean conspirators Antoine Dadone and Alex Hounie of the Caviar Restaurant (18 East 49th) prove their sentiment for fine wines by utilizing empty bottles as a continuous frieze around the interior wall of their establishment, and we know of no embellishment which is more soul-stirring—especially when there's a not yet exhausted bottle on one's table, or ice-pailed beside it, as accompaniment to the Caviar's superbly prepared eats such as Curry of Minced Sweetbreads Indienne, Smoked Pheasant with Wild Rice Glacée, or Diamond Back Terrapin in the manner of Baltimore. If the struggle of choosing what it shall be becomes too grueling, bartender Joe can shake up something to relieve the strain.

Neat entry this season: the petite Café Bagatelle (106 East 52nd) spiritedly décored in wine and white and jointly hosted by Jimmy Savini and Joe Fernandez (you'll remember him from Mon Paris) with Dick Wilson's small but cogent band supplying dance music and song.

The town's oldest night club, the Russian Kretchma, basemented in a big colorful way at 244 East 14th Street, has hit its eighteenth annual stride under the guidance of its original founder and continuous impresario Peter Nemiroff. This year besides the steady favorites with jawbreaker names, the singing, dancing, and dagger show includes toe danseuse Lunia Nestor, formerly of La Scala Opera, Milan.

Down in labyrinthine Little Italy at 387 Broome Street, the Grotta Azzurra Inn of host Don Giovanni is a pilgrim haunt for those who cherish memories of vacation days in Naples. There's no printed menu but if you murmur Fritto Misto to the waiter you'll get a pair of huge dishes of the most incredibly delicious fried fish of all conceivable kinds, and fried vegetables of equal variety, to be washed down with Prosperity California Wine or other appropriate items from the heavily stocked cellar. Lobster Fra Diavolo, Homemade Cheese Ravioli, Striped Bass alla Grotta Azzurra are other delights, not counting noodles constructed on the premises.

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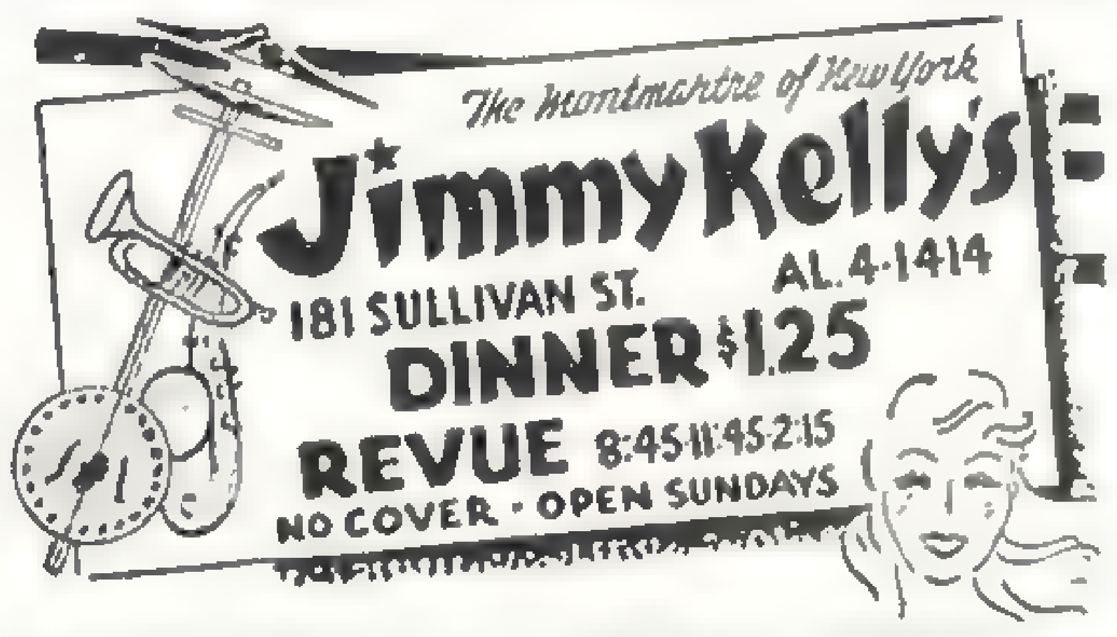

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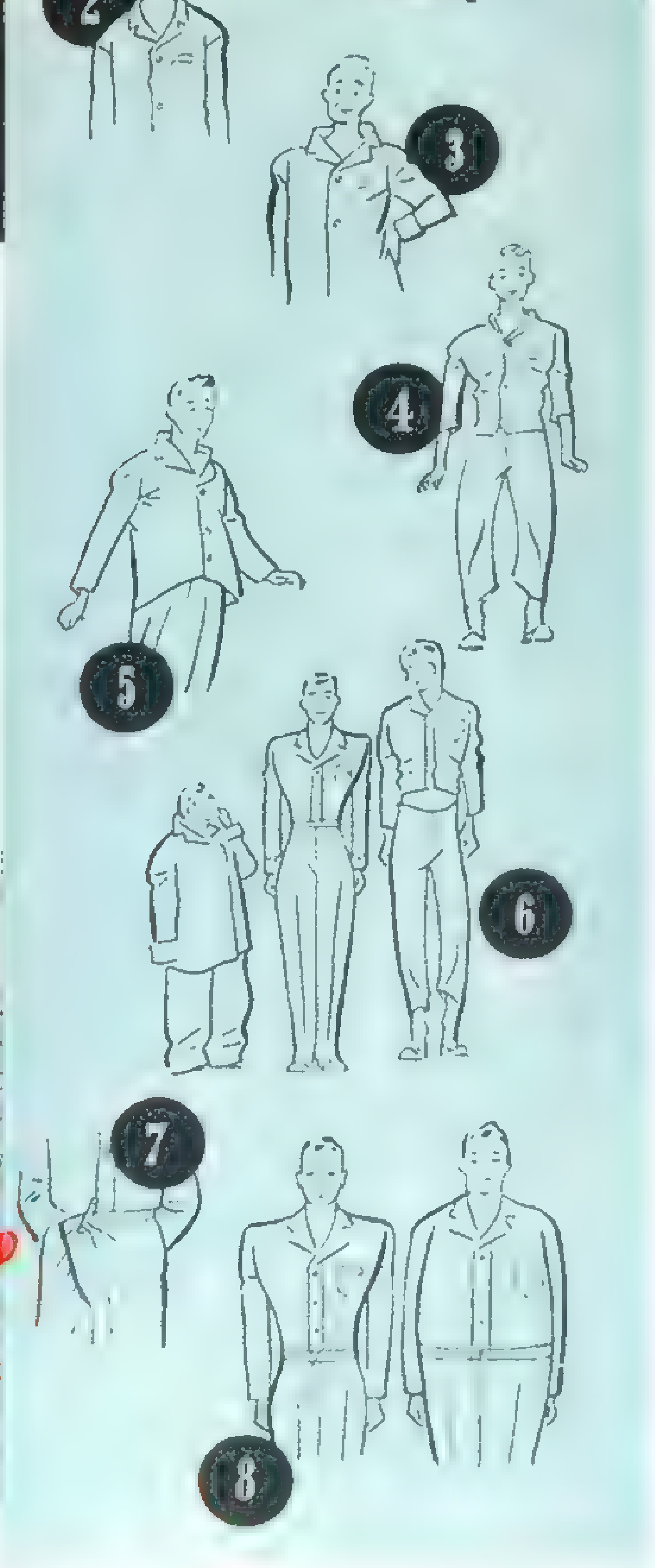
So give him this Gift of Gifts—Glover Tailored Man Pajamas. You will find them at thousands of fine stores where *customer satisfaction* is of first importance. Or a Glover Gift Certificate in a miniature Pajama box would be a happy surprise. H. B. Glover Company, 880C Merchandise Mart, Chicago.



TAILORED MAN PAJAMAS by Glover

WITH ADJUSTO-BAND WAIST

STYLES ILLUSTRATED (*Left to Right*): Pongee: *Blue, Wine, Brown.* $5. Charmeen: *Blue, Red, Brown. Robe and Pajama comb.* $10. Rayon: *Royal, Wine, Green.* $6. Foulard: *Navy, Wine, Green.* $3. Rayon: *Royal, Wine, Green, Brown, all with Gold trim.* $6. *Others up to* $10.

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Ever given a man a Christmas bottle of WINE?

If you're looking for a moderate-priced gift that folks are flattered to get — say your "Merry Christmas" with a fine California wine! Your wine dealer will be glad to help you with your selection.

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HOUSE LORDS
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Britain still delivers the world's finest

DRY GIN

100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS 86 PROOF

IMPORTED

PARK & TILFORD
IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y.

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

Was Lucius Licinius Lucullus the greatest epicure of all time? is a question oft mooted among gourmets when they get together at the festive board. Of *his* time certainly, is the concensus. For, refusing to be downed by the fact that he lived in the first century B.C., this enlightened Roman general, admiral, provincial governor (best that Roman Asia ever had), connoisseur of arts and letters and all-round man of the Ancient World, made up for lack of refrigeration by procuring snow from the mountains, introduced the cherry into Europe, and when he gave hundred-thousand-dollar dinners, they were *dinners* — not just Imperial hogwallows à la Nero.

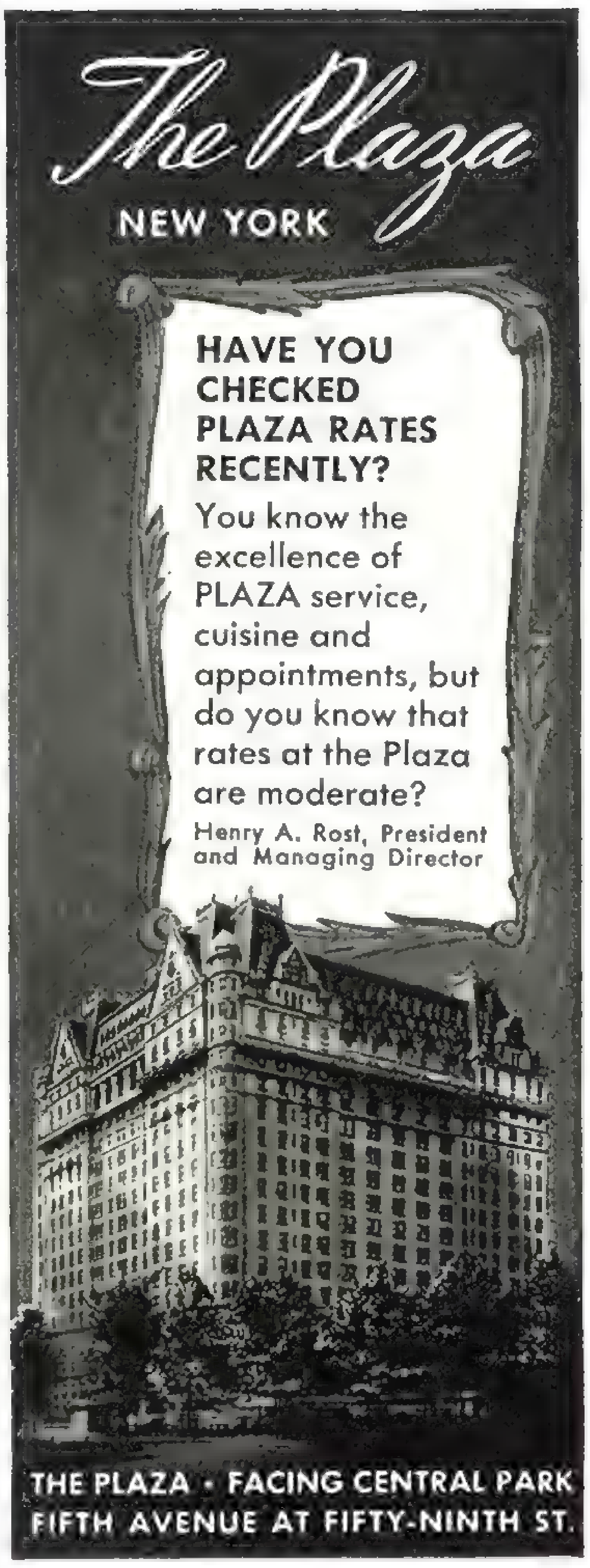
At all events, his spirit is with us today as an active influence in a group of New York's proudest, most fastidious restaurants, whose hosts devoutly banded themselves together in 1937 as The Lucullus Club, under the chairmanship of the late G. Selmer Fougner, valiant crusader for the good life. That first dinner was held at the Crillon Restaurant, personally staged by owner-operator Otto Baumgarten, since when a cycle of such feasts have been munificently hosted by other members of the Club, each doing the super-lavish in turn, the idea being to present dishes so superlative as to thrill and amaze these Old Masters themselves. And the wines, needless to say, have been of like sublimity.

Candidly, this Lucullus group have outdone Lucullus almost to the point of irreverence. He had unlimited power and wealth, but he just didn't have the equipment or the cellars. Nor hygiene nor Champagne nor glassware.

Appreciation of restaurateurs' artistry in its present-day completeness was crystallized by a superb dinner recently tendered to The Lucullus Club and other invited guests, in memory of the beloved "Baron" Fougner, by Jack Kriendler of Jack and Charlie's "21" Club and served in their delightfully intime Puncheon Room. First came Huitres (oysters) of 8 breeds: Blue Points, Cape Cods, Robbins Islands, Cotuits, Nyatt Points, Chincoteagues, Malpeques, Canaquettes (these 2 from Canada), accompanied by cocktails, aperitif wines, and Traminer Cote Cremant 1934 paired with American Sonoma Riesling 1939 of F. Salamina & Co. Then Potage Douglas with Boabadilla Amontillado Fino Sherry. Fish, Truite de Lac au court bouillon, sauce Vierge; new Bermuda potatoes persillees. Attendant wines: Meursault St. Anetot 1937, Marquis d'Angerville; American Pinot Chardonnay 1938, Wente Bros. Then Saddle of Lamb, Prince Orloff, with hearts of artichoke au beurre. Wine: Chateau Latour 1929. Then Roast Partridge with croquettes of wild rice Archiduc. Wines: Romanée St. Vivant 1921; American Mountain Gamay 1938. Then Salade Orgueil. Then Bombe Lucullus, basket of friandises. Wine: magnums of Duminy 1927. Moka des princes, with Hine Grande Fine Champagne. Cigars: Cabana Maraviglia de Cuba.

Lucullus Club members partaking included Otto Baumgarten, Gene Cavallero (Colony and Fefe's Monte Carlo), Ercole Marchisio (Marguery), William Ockendon (Billy the Oysterman), Maurice Moynahan (Cavanagh's), Robert (Restaurant Robert), Jules Muller (Voisin), J. D. Massoletti (Tower Restaurant), Victor Eckstein (Luchow's), A. Mele (Theodore's). Among Jack Kriendler's specially invited guests were Lucius Beebe, Alfred J. McCloskey (Mutual Broadcasting), Herbert Bayard Swope, Irving S. Olds (U. S. Steel), Henry E. Bruckman (A.B.C. Board), David K. E. Bruce (Red Cross), Otto J. Stack (Ritz-Carlton), Frank Schoonmaker, and Gaston Lauryssen (St. Regis).

"By Bacchus!" the envious shade of Lucullus was heard to exclaim as he caught aromas of viands and vintages and observed the perfection of service, "Why wasn't there a 21' Club in *my* day!"



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NEW YORK

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Henry A. Rost, President and Managing Director

THE PLAZA · FACING CENTRAL PARK
FIFTH AVENUE AT FIFTY-NINTH ST.

Ambulance planes are needed at once to rescue pilots of the RAF

Many pilots of the RAF have perished for lack of proper facilities with which to rescue them. Fully equipped amphibians, capable of landing on the roughest water of the Channel or North Sea, are being purchased in the United States with funds raised by the British American Ambulance Corps.

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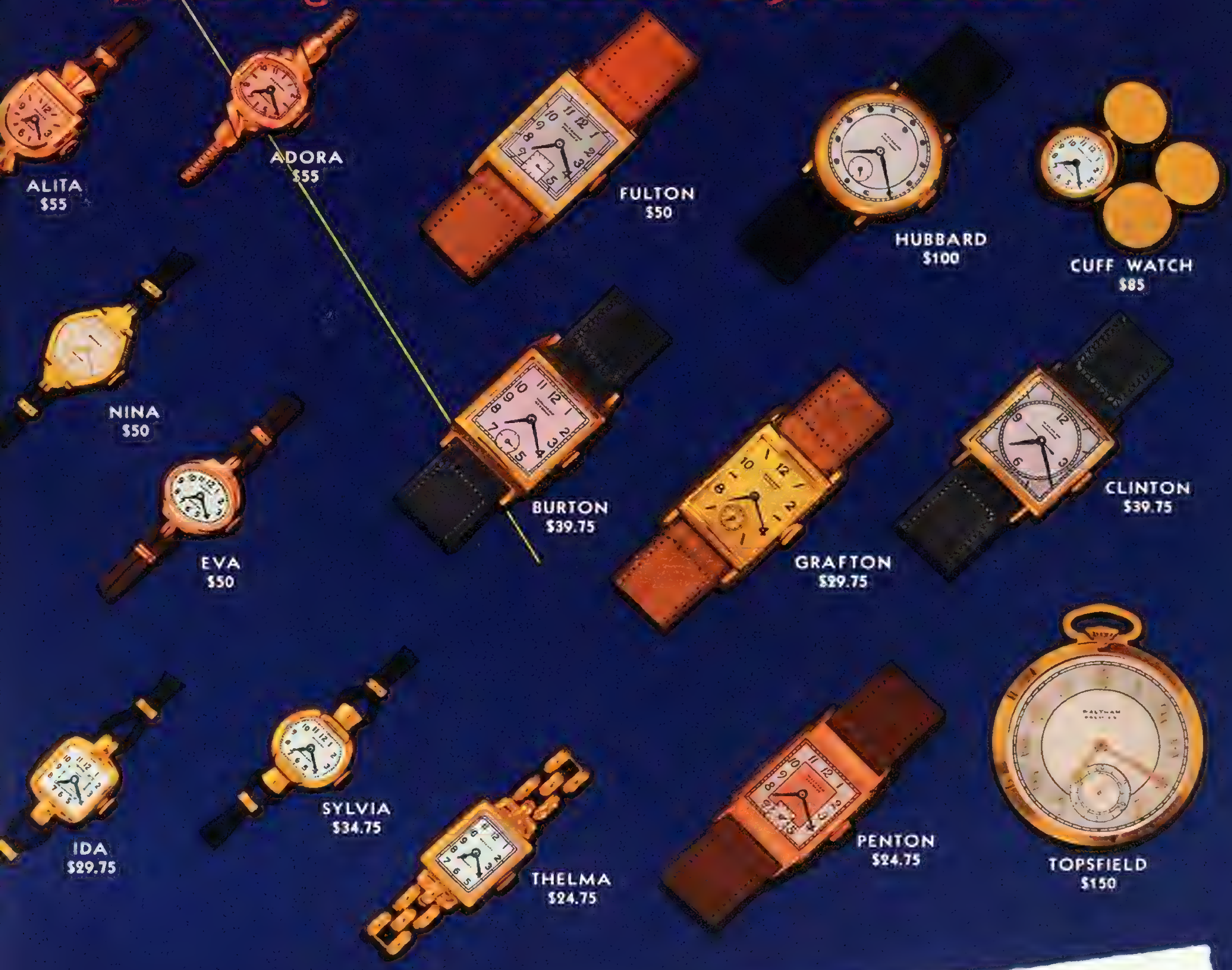
WALTHAM

WISHES YOU ANOTHER

Merry American Christmas!


ALITA
$55
ADORA
$55
FULTON
$50
HUBBARD
$100
CUFF WATCH
$85
NINA
$50
BURTON
$39.75
GRAFTON
$29.75
CLINTON
$39.75
EVA
$50
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SYLVIA
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"Fine Watchmakers to Ladies and Gentlemen Since 1849"

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The HOUSE of CONTI

that will bring joy to millions of festive tables

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Old Hickory Brand Straight Whisky
DISTILLED BY CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION PHILADELPHIA, PA.
100° PROOF ONE QUART
RITTENHOUSE SQUARE STRAIGHT RYE WHISKY
DISTILLED BY CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION • PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Perfection in Mildness
Cobbs Creek
Blended Whisk
A smooth and delicious whisky
blended for bouquet and fla
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OLD HICKORY 86 Proof
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100 Proof Bottled in Bond
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70% Grain Neutral Spirits
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PHILADELPHIA 86.8 Proof
65% Grain Neutral Spirits

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Philadelphia
FAMOUS SINCE 1894
CONTINENTAL
DISTILLED BY
LONDON DRY
DISTILLED BY
CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION
Philadelphia Pa.
Distillers
90 PROOF
IXIE BELLE
TRADE MARK
DISTILLED
London Dry
GIN
FAMOUS SINCE 1894
Philadelphia
BLENDED WHISKY
The delicate bouquet and distinctive flavor of this blend are achieved by the exclusive use of fully ripened and selected matured grains
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Continental Distilling Corporation
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA
86.8 Proof

FOR MORE THAN A CENTURY

Philadelphia was the capital of colonial culture . . . of art and craftsmanship . . . of an abundant hospitality.

Yes, and the fine art of distilling.

Benjamin Franklin, while being feted and toasted by the French court as our Ambassador to France, lamented wistfully the absence of "those forthright and virtuous spirits which my countrymen in Philadelphia distill admirably."

Thus, since early times, the excellence of Philadelphia whiskies and gins has been a great American tradition . . . a tradition which in this day and age the Continental Distilling Corporation carries on.

In its magnificent modern distilleries it continues to select the finest grains; to distill with care; to age patiently; to blend and cross-blend with skill and pride.

No finer token of friendship . . . no more graceful gesture as a host . . . can you extend this holiday season than to give or serve whiskies and gins distilled in the best Philadelphia tradition by the House of Continental.

CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

Tuned to social high C, Fefe's Monte Carlo this season isn't waiting till after theater to hit full lilt. Hardly have you reached your filet mignon when the 9:15 dinner show is served, headed by engagingly impertinent Russell Swann, the mad, mad magician whose antics know neither bounds nor accountability. Dancing is to the music of keyboard leader Ted Straeter, by now reckoned as Monte Carlo's own. Kitchen is a colony of the Colony.

Down north of Washington Square, the Fifth Avenue Hotel (corner of 9th) keeps open house to a distinctive residential neighborhood, its spacious yet cozy Amen Corner constituting a general quenchery, refectory and chatting station for well-groomed all and sundry. It has substantiality without stodginess, and there's incidental entertainment of pianistic and vocal sorts strung along from sundown till evening's shank. Adjoining this bar-lounge-restaurant, the Salon Madrid offers dinner dance music by Burton Gross's orchestra which stays for supper on Saturdays.

At the modernistically redolled and mirror-mazed Martinique (57 West 57th) of dapper Dario, the dance urge is powered by slick-tempoed Eddie Oliver and his lads, with Herbert Curbelo's bongo-beating outfit laying on the congas and rhumbas. Assorted headliners upsurge in the spotlight and do their stuff, stepper and poseuse Anita Alvarez scoring an especial click.

The bouncing Hotel Biltmore's splendorous Bowman Room is doing lively on the vigor of the dance-and-entertainment music purveyed by rhythm-versed Arthur Jarrett, successful taker over of the orchestra of the late Hal Kemp. Besides his busy boys, there's song sweetheart Gale Robbins, and swingsie Sara Ann McCabe who coloraturas the arias of opera the way they ought to have been written for present-day commotion; and dance travesticians Robbert and White execute conniptions. To be exact, the Biltmore is supplying a typical Biltmore crammed evening of nutrition, recreation, and exertion. Only, this particular dish of it happens to be exceptionally standoutish.

Gallant rescuers of one's frame of mind from the clutches of workaday irks, and expert coaxers of one's palate into ways of coddlement, are those slender psychologists Frank and Joseph who so personally conduct the Baroque, 14 East 53rd. Charm spot is the first impression as one notes the designer's un-garish adroitness at abolishing conventionality in favor of baroque fantasy. Next it's the character of one's fellow-benchers—well-bred, with here and there an out-and-out prestige personality. Actual nourishment seems like an afterthought until you taste it, along with a proper bottle of flavor enhancement. Then you know what those promissory smiles of mine hosts were all about.

Slither-tuber Glenn Miller, for whom the collegiate world from coast to coast has such a passionate penchant, is fomenting mob scenes in the handsomely enormous Café Rouge of the Hotel Pennsylvania which has had him twice before and recognizes a sure thing when it's found one. Blonde woo-pitching at the mike is the easy chore of Marion Hutton, with Ray Eberle lending his manful baritone. Also, at apt moments, the four Modernaires step up into the melodic fray to campus-harmonize. It's as though Alma Mater's dear old elms were sprouting all over the place with headwaiter John as Dean. On Saturdays those who can't wait for nightfall are permitted to begin dancing at 4 o'clock, paying an entry of two bits which goes to the USO.

Hotel Pierre, the princely, has champagne-christened its new Cotillion Room, glamored to the hilt and strewn with ermine . . . Henri the restaurateur-confiseur of East 52nd Street is getting quite a play for his boxed bonbons on the part of replete patrons who halt to shop as they exit.

For that traditional
HOLIDAY CHEER

Serve a festive round of Egg Nog, Tom and Jerry or Jamaica Rum Cocktails. You'll find Myers's Rum, with its rich, dark colour, not only adds beauty to the drink but an *extra* wealth of flavour. Simply remember-

The Rum Must be
MYERS'S

"Planters' Punch" Brand
100% Fine Mellow Jamaica 97 Proof

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Agents in the U. S. A.
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American Heirs to Old Europe's Priceless Tradition

B.V.
Beaulieu Vineyard
WINES

Transplanted from celebrated European vineyards...not only the art of fine wine-making...but the vines themselves...to produce pedigreed wines comparable to Europe's choicest. The many high awards won by B. V. Wines since 1900 reflect their acclaim by connoisseurs. Available at better places everywhere

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For only 20¢ (locally)
a THRILLING
Xmas greeting!

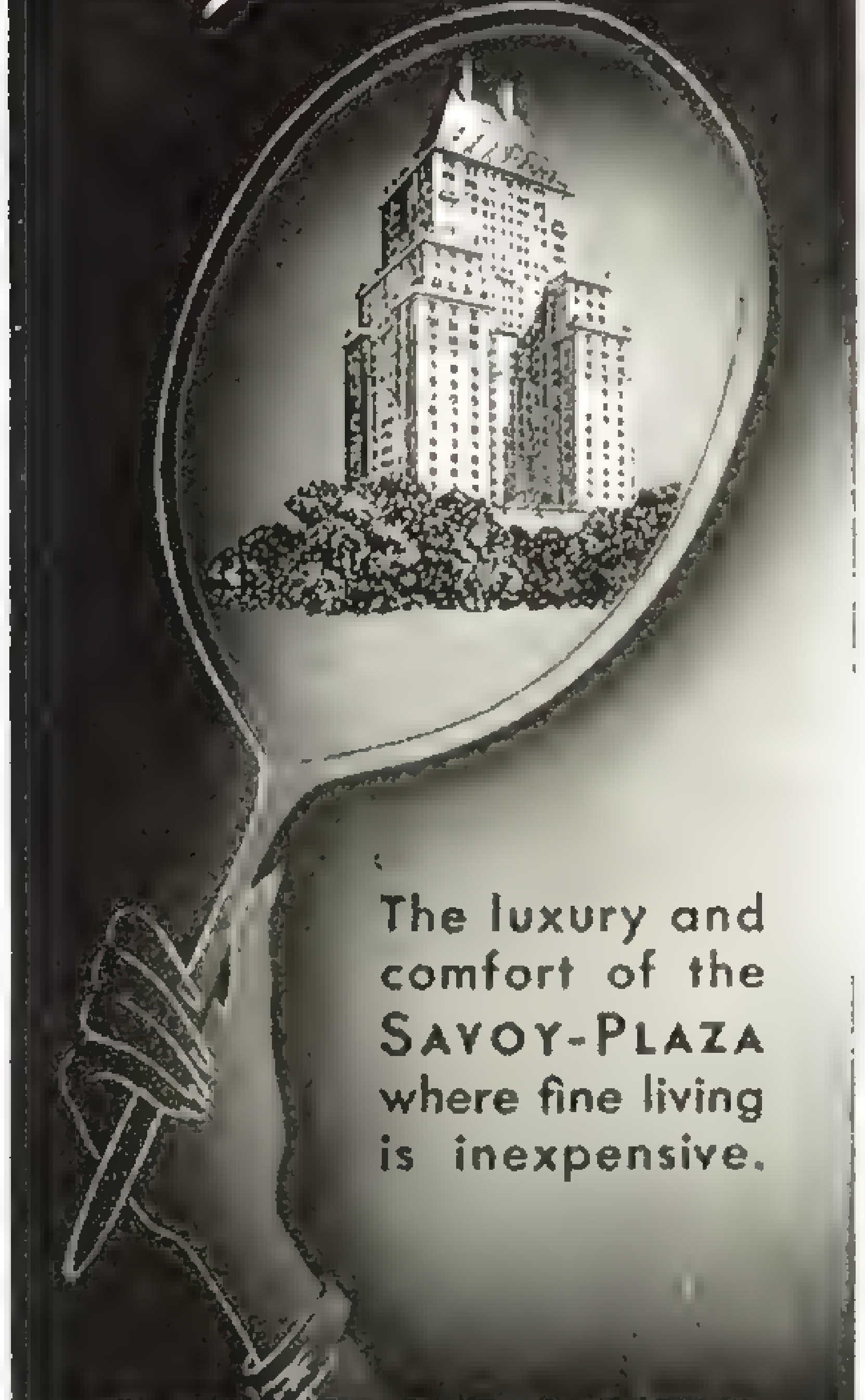
ELSEWHERE THROUGHOUT POSTAL TELEGRAPH's NATIONWIDE SYSTEM 25¢

How shall you greet *your* friends on Christmas? There are so many ways! Some rather expensive, too. Yet, so many greetings are quickly glanced at — quickly forgotten!

But look! For only 20¢ or 25¢ you can send something really exciting — a wired greeting via POSTAL TELEGRAPH.

Just leave your greeting list with us. We'll handle the whole thing. *Or phone* POSTAL TELEGRAPH. *For your convenience, charges appear on your telephone bill.*

Postal Telegraph



Reflected in the Mirror of Personal Experience

The luxury and comfort of the SAVOY-PLAZA where fine living is inexpensive.

SAVOY-PLAZA
NEW YORK
Henry A. Rost, Managing Director
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OVERLOOKING CENTRAL PARK
FIFTH AVENUE, 58th to 59th STREETS

McGREGOR

Gallery of Gifts

Famous McGregor Sportswear, each gift-boxed with a full-color reproduction of a priceless lithograph by Robert Ronald McIan, first printed in Edinburgh in 1857.

AGPIPE LEATHER COAT . . . Super-soft
ove-tanned cape leather or suede with pat-
ted built-in tobacco pouch and free briar
pe. In aviation brown or buck tan. Sizes
-46 ——— $18

SNOW CRYSTAL . . . Heavyweight all-wool sweater in native Norwegian snow-crystal ski patterns. In bright combinations on white, maroon, or navy grounds. Also with Snow Moose pattern ——— $8.50
Earwarmers $1

CAVALRY TWILL CARDIGAN . . . Cavalry twill front with all-wool and cashmere sleeves and back. Very luxurious. In cavalry tan — $8.95
Matching sleeveless $5.95

CAVALRY TWILL REVERSIBLE . . . The newest in sports jackets! Water-repellent Cavalry twill with reverse of Zelan-treated poplin. In cavalry tan, sizes 36 to 46 — $18

FREEDOM GOLF SHIRT . . . With the newly-invented Laton shoulder insert for free-swinging. In camel, mocha tan, blue and chamois. In oxford weave spun rayon or in Zelan poplin at $5 or in gabardine at ——— $7.50

MAC CROMBIE . . . Superbly tailored leisure coat of all-wool Fluorescent Cloth. Cheerful tartan lining; 3 immense pockets. In camel, cashmere, air blue, covert, brown and sunglow. Sizes 36 to 46 ——— $13.50
Same model in Cavalry Twill $18

MAC AULEY TWIN SET *(below)* Long sleeve cardigan of all-wool Fluorescent Cloth front with knitted back and sleeves. *Plus* sleeveless in matching colors with soft-toned overplaid. In cashmere, camel, green, air blue. $10 set.

DRAPE SUEDE COAT . . . University model leisure coat of genuine suede leather tanned for supple drape. New overwelt shoulders give athletic appearance and freedom for action. Sizes 36-46 ——— $18

T...Sportsman's cardigan of herringbone tweed
th knitted back and sleeves. In cashmere tan,
, covert green, light gray. Sizes 36-46... $6.50
match $3.95

← **DRIVING SET** . . . All-wool driving gloves with genuine deerskin palms, matched to an all-wool plaid muffler. Packed in pliofilm road map case ——— $3.50 set.

FROSTY TARTAN SET . . . McGregor's famous all-wool plaid flannel shirt in authentic Scottish Tartans. Matched with fullweight skating and ski sock. In red, blue or green tartan. Small, medium, medium-large, and large sizes ——— Two-piece set $7.50 →
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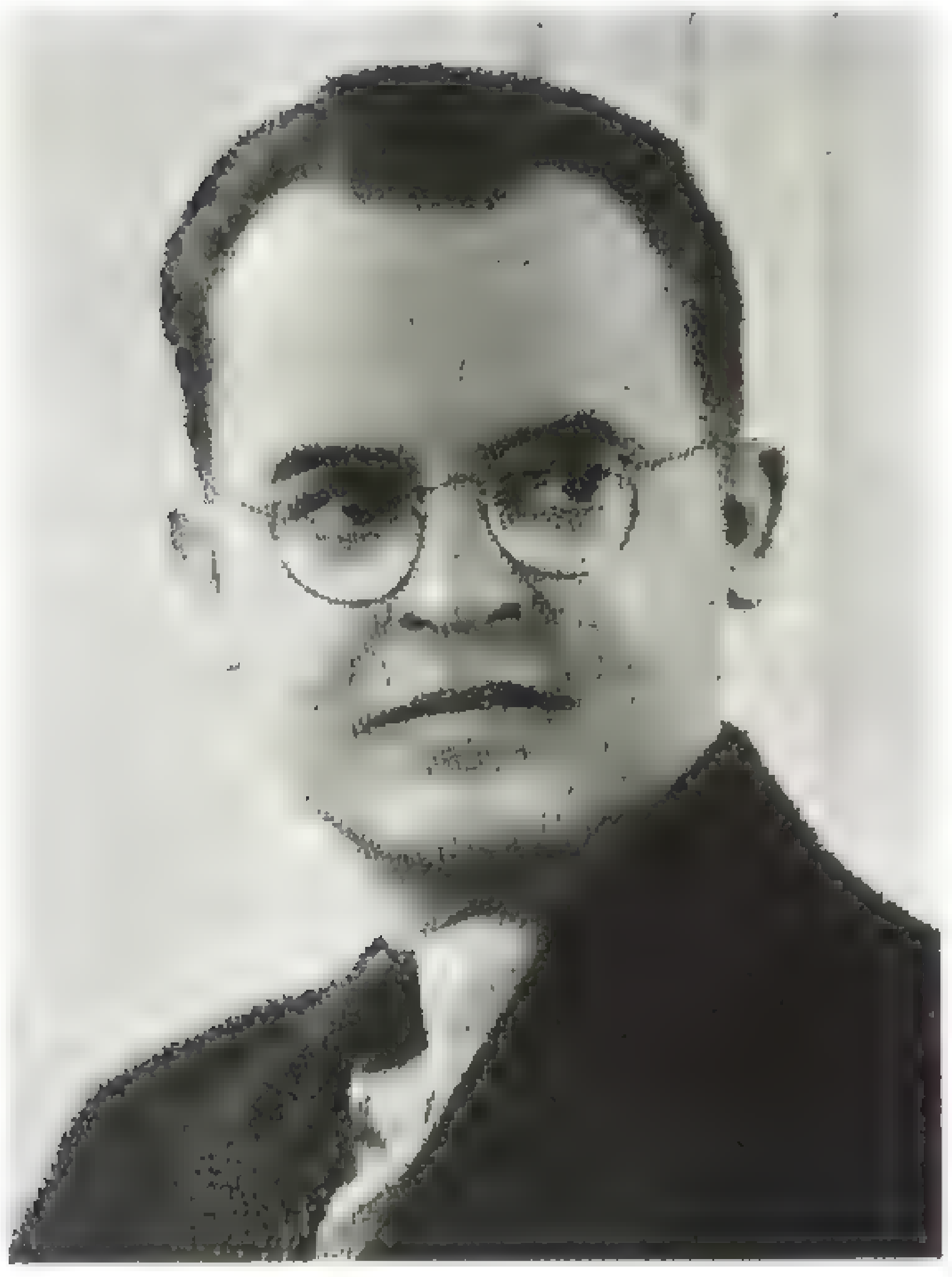
BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE



Victor Croley

Victor Croley was callboy for the C & NW in Casper, Wyoming when Brakeman Hansen, hero of the story, *Okay to Bail Out* was working on his parachute. Croley later served a year of apprenticeship on the rip track of the Rock Island railroad in Kansas. After participating in a losing strike, he went to Denver, learned stenography and has been writing ever since, mostly advertising copy for agencies around the country. Three years ago he returned to Denver and bought the kind of a house that provides year-around hobbies for his wife, his two sons and himself—rebuilding and redecorating in winter—gardening in summer.

•

John D. Weaver is an Esquire discovery, whose first novel is to be published shortly by Macmillan. Tentatively titled, *What Branches Grow,* the book deals with the hill people of the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia. Born in Washington, D. C., in 1912, Weaver went to school in the family's home town, Front Royal, Virginia, then was graduated from William and Mary College in 1932 and got his A.M. at George Washington University the following year. After working for several New Deal agencies in Washington and Virginia, he migrated to Kansas City where for five years he worked on the *Star.* In 1937 he married Harriet Sherwood, a young Kansas City writer. They are living in Los Angeles now, both free-lancing.

John D. Weaver

•

Concerning *The Fortunes of War* (page 114) Alfred F. Loomis says: "I may truthfully say that with one minor exception, it is entirely a figment of the imagination. The exception is the existence of harbor seals off the Franco-Belgian coast. I have seen them disporting themselves there in just such a calm, misty spell as obtained during the evacuation of the B.E.F. I see no reason to suppose that the Nazis wouldn't machine-gun them if they got the chance." He has been following the sea in small ocean-going crafts on and off and writing about them since the last war—during which he served aboard a submarine chaser. Most of his stories, fact and fiction, have appeared in *Yachting* magazine, of which he is an associate editor. He says: "I also plead guilty to having written sixteen books, fiction, narrative and historical, on the subject."

•

Richard Aldington is editor of the *Viking Book of Poetry,* published last September. He is a poet (one of the original group of "imagists"), a novelist, biographer of Voltaire, and the author of several books of short stories and essays. Originally from Hampshire, England, he was educated at Dover College and London University. During the first World War he served on the Western Front as an officer with the 9th Royal Sussex Regiment. After living around in Paris, Rome, the British West Indies and his own country, he finally came to the United States for permanent residence in 1939.

Richard Aldington

•

Horatio Winslow appeared in our pages before in April of 1939, with a satire called *Fun Before Breakfast.* He served abroad in the U. S. infantry during the first World War, spent the years from 1920 to '26 as an expatriate—mostly in French territory, and for several weeks followed the Foreign Legion in Morocco. He now lives with his wife and two children in Altadena, California.

•

Alvin F. Harlow (*Third Monday in Kentucky,* p. 191) has been writing for magazines for more than thirty years, appearing in the *Post,* the *American Mercury, Century,* and *Collier's,* among others. His most recent books include *Murders Not Quite Solved, Paper Chase: The Amenities of Stamp Collecting* and a biography, *Joel Chandler Harris, Plantation Story Teller.* He has an honorary Dr. Lit. degree from Franklin (Indiana) college, where he was graduated in 1899.

•

Syl LeFebvre, co-author with Jim Kjelgaard of *The Bow, a Hunting Weapon,* says: "I've been interested in archery since I was six years old and made my first bow by stretching a string across an umbrella stave. That planted the fever germ and it's raged ever since. At the present time I'm employed in metallurgical experiments by Cutler-Hammer in Milwaukee."

•

Frank Brookhouser, contributing *Eddie and the Piano* to this issue, says: "I was born and raised in a small factory town (Ford City, Pennsylvania) the kind of town I like best, because it's genuinely American with lots of nationalities. Am thankful that this is my background. I still write mostly about small factory towns, though I've been in Philadelphia for the last nine years, going to Temple University and then working on the *Evening Bulletin* and now the *Philadelphia Inquirer.* I did everything, including selling ads, which I hated, on three small town papers before landing in the city. Now I sit on my rear and do rewrite and book reviews most of the time and wouldn't change. I have appeared in *Story, University Review, Decade* and other little magazines. My wife, Helen, writing and reading are pretty much my life. I like hot music, especially that played by Negroes, and more especially that of Fats Waller, Earl Hines and Louis Armstrong. I am twenty-seven."

•

For many years Kurt R. Mattusch was a leading member of the German (liberal) Youth Movement, until it was driven underground by Hitler. He left Germany in the Spring of 1937 in view of threatening danger from the Gestapo, and the impossibility to carry on effectively the organization of Nazi opposition. He started fiction writing in the Summer of 1940, as a diversion from war news—and one of the results is *The Lonely Wayfarer,* on page 98. He studied at the universities of Leipzig, Munich and Wisconsin, from which he has a Ph. D., was a research assistant in International Relations at Yale University for two years, and for six years, staff economist of the American Consulate General in Berlin. During those critical years from 1931 to '37 he watched political events at close quarters, interviewing business and labor leaders, government officials and political bosses of all shades, and reporting his findings to Washington. For eight years he covered America for German newspapers and magazines, including the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung.* He has collaborated with *Fortune* magazine on several articles.

Kurt R. Mattusch

•

A native New Yorker, Dr. A. W. Freireich received his B.S. degree from C.C.N.Y. and his M. D. from Bellevue, where he worked under the brilliant Dr. Alexander O. Gettler, New York City toxicologist. Dr. Freireich began private practice in Malverne, Long Island, in 1935, and he is now Deputy Medical Examiner and County Toxicologist. He is married, the father of a boy and a girl.

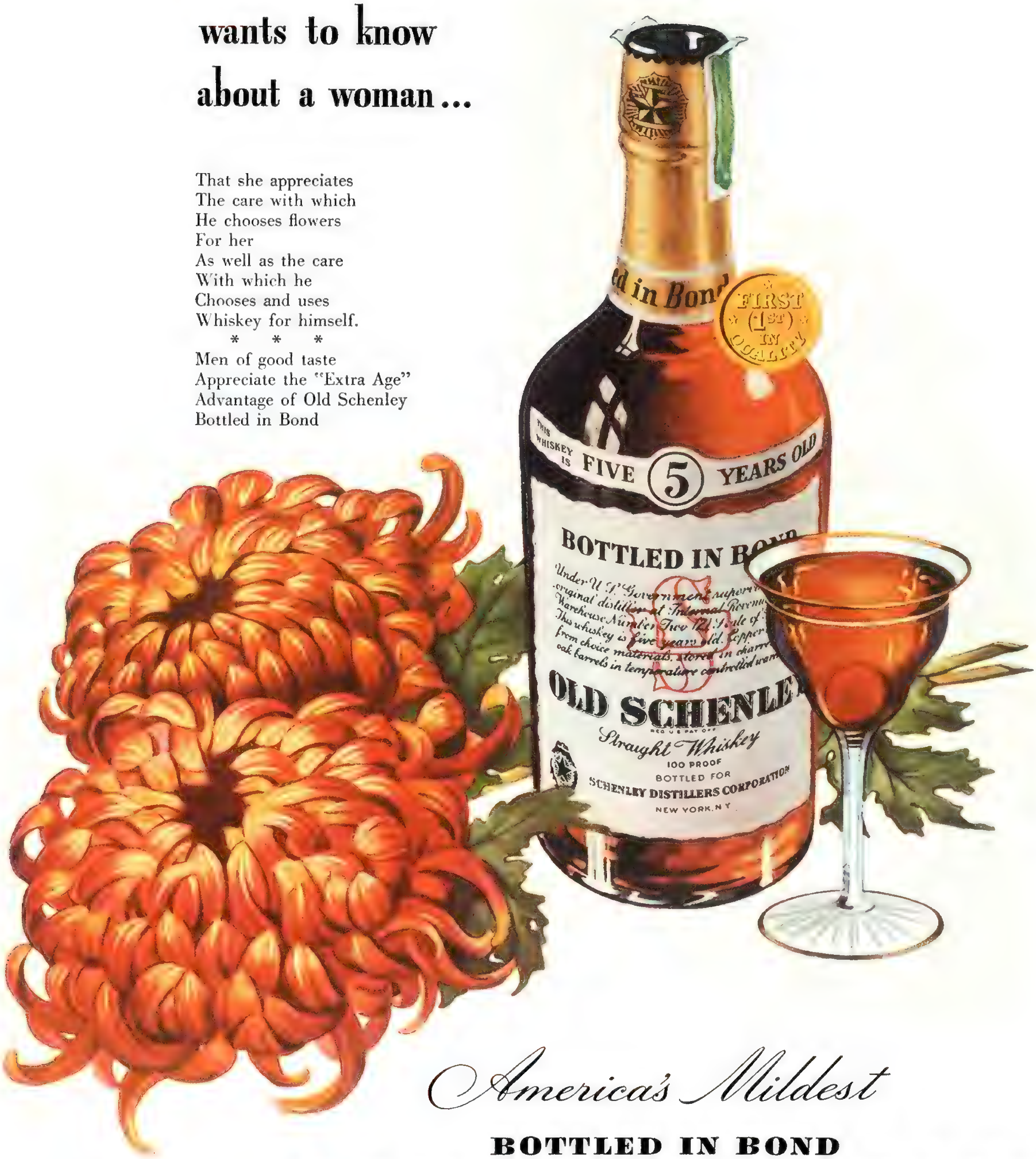
A. W. Freireich, M. D.

What every man wants to know about a woman...

That she appreciates
The care with which
He chooses flowers
For her
As well as the care
With which he
Chooses and uses
Whiskey for himself.

* * *

Men of good taste
Appreciate the "Extra Age"
Advantage of Old Schenley
Bottled in Bond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THIS WHISKEY IS FIVE 5 YEARS OLD
BOTTLED IN BOND
OLD SCHENLEY
Straight Whiskey
100 PROOF
BOTTLED FOR
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BOTTLED IN BOND

OLD SCHENLEY

THIS WHISKEY IS 5 YEARS OLD

Straight Bourbon Whiskey—100 Proof. Also available in Rye—This Whiskey is 4 Years Old

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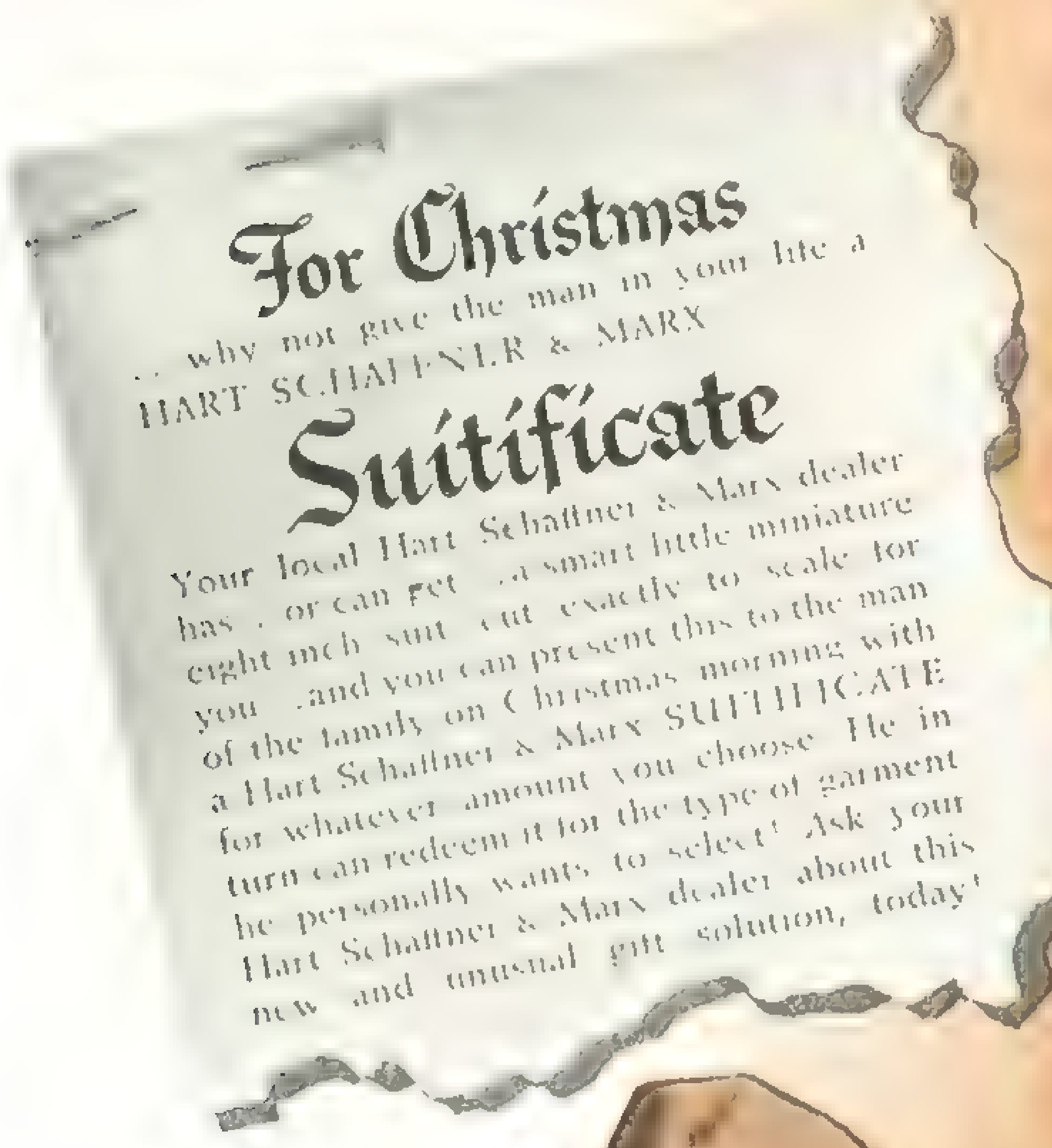
The Trumpeter Label

A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR - A BIG THING TO FIND

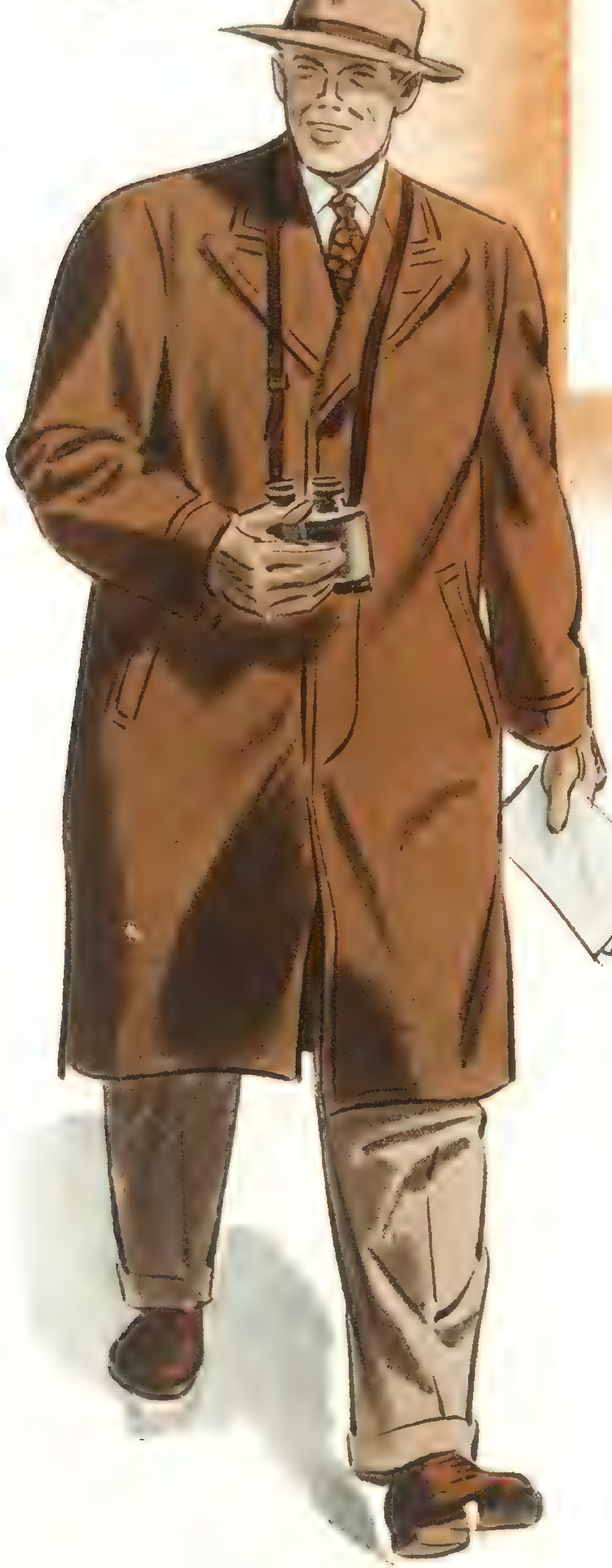


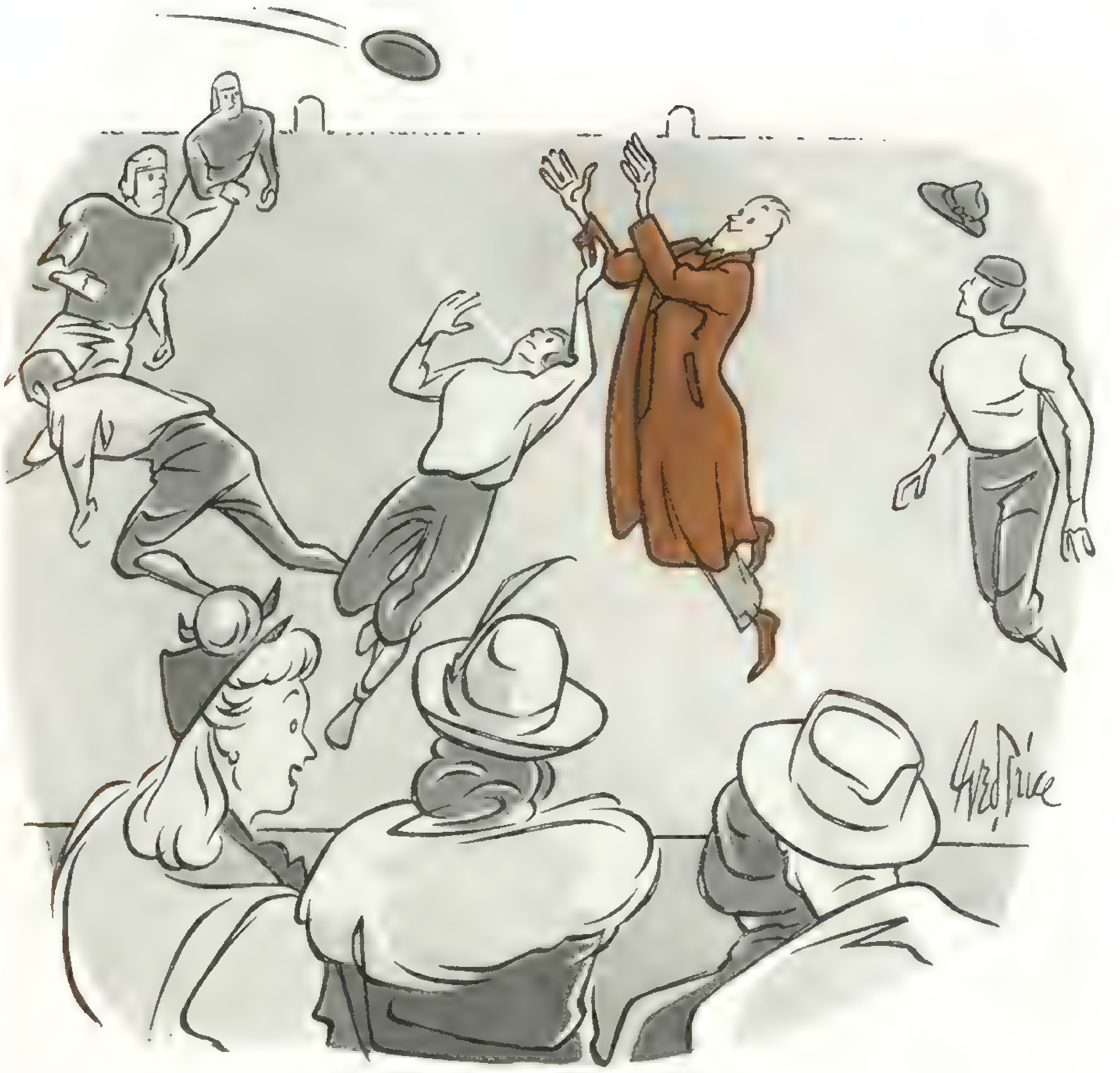
For Christmas

... why not give the man in your life a HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

Suitificate

Your local Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer has ... or can get ... a smart little miniature eight inch suit ... cut exactly to scale for you ... and you can present this to the man of the family on Christmas morning with a Hart Schaffner & Marx SUITIFICATE for whatever amount you choose. He in turn can redeem it for the type of garment he personally wants to select! Ask your Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer about this new and unusual gift solution, today!





"There goes Harrington . . . showing off his new Rambler coat again!"

WE SHUDDER TO THINK of the mussing up Harrington's let *himself* in for . . . But we're not one whit worried about his *coat*. For Rambler can take it!

IT CAN TAKE TWISTING, dodging, squirming, weaving...and say, speaking of weaving, you should see that Rambler weave! It's remarkable! And because of the way Rambler *is* woven you can crush a piece of it in your fist *and it won't even wrinkle!*

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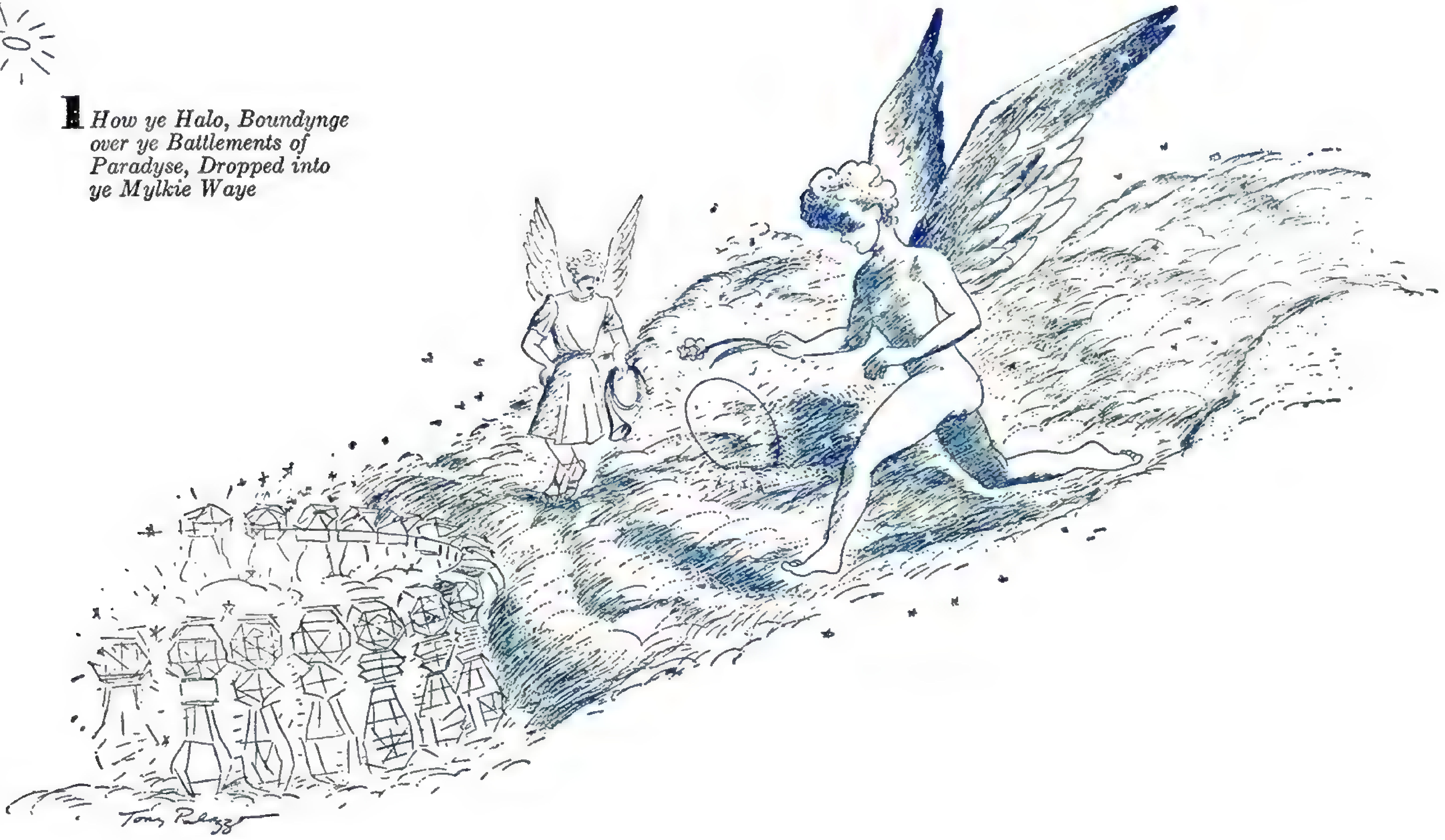
The Lost Halo

While the cherub's golden halo floated over the Planet Earth, it transfigured each of its wearers in a glorious light

by **HORATIO WINSLOW**

• FICTION •

I
How ye Halo, Boundynge over ye Battlements of Paradyse, Dropped into ye Mylkie Waye



BECAUSE he had barely reached his fifth aeon he was, as cherubim go, a very young cherub. And restless. That is how he happened to take off his halo, whirl it on his right forefinger and then, seized with a sudden idea, send it rolling along the golden pavement.

It was the first time any halo had ever been used as a hoop; thus it attracted more than a little attention as the cherub, with a stalk of asphodel for a stick, bowled it along at top speed. His little cheeks were puffed out and his eyes danced as he hurried along, crying at the top of his voice, "Clear! Clear, everybody! I'm coming!"

The cherub's legs twinkled for—artists to the contrary—there is more to a cherub than you see above the shoulders, and shouting, "Look at me everybody! See my halo!" he skimmed unobserved past the Archangel Gabriel who, from his throne of beryl and topaz and chrysoprase, was occupied with weightier matters.

And yet halos are very important indeed in the courts of heaven. No halo is a mere decoration: it has a purpose. Any good quality in the wearer which hitherto has been hidden from others (and perhaps from the wearer himself), the halo brings out and makes plain for all to see. Moreover this effect is permanent. And though the cherubim and the seraphim are already perfect, a halo often changes for the better such of the blessed as come to Paradise battered and inhibited by a mortal existence.

But, paying no attention to protests, the cherub with a loud, "Look! See what I'm doing!" trundled his halo toward Meditation Point.

Now this is not really a "point" at all: it is a great circular hole in Heaven's floor, protected on all sides by a balustrade of jasper and amethyst. Here the more philosophic blessed sit and admire the order of the universe as it flows on its determined course beneath them.

By this time increasing speed had set the halo to bouncing, and just before it reached Meditation Point it shot into the air so high as to pass clean over the balustrade. There, its force spent, it began to glimmer down, out of Paradise into the Void.

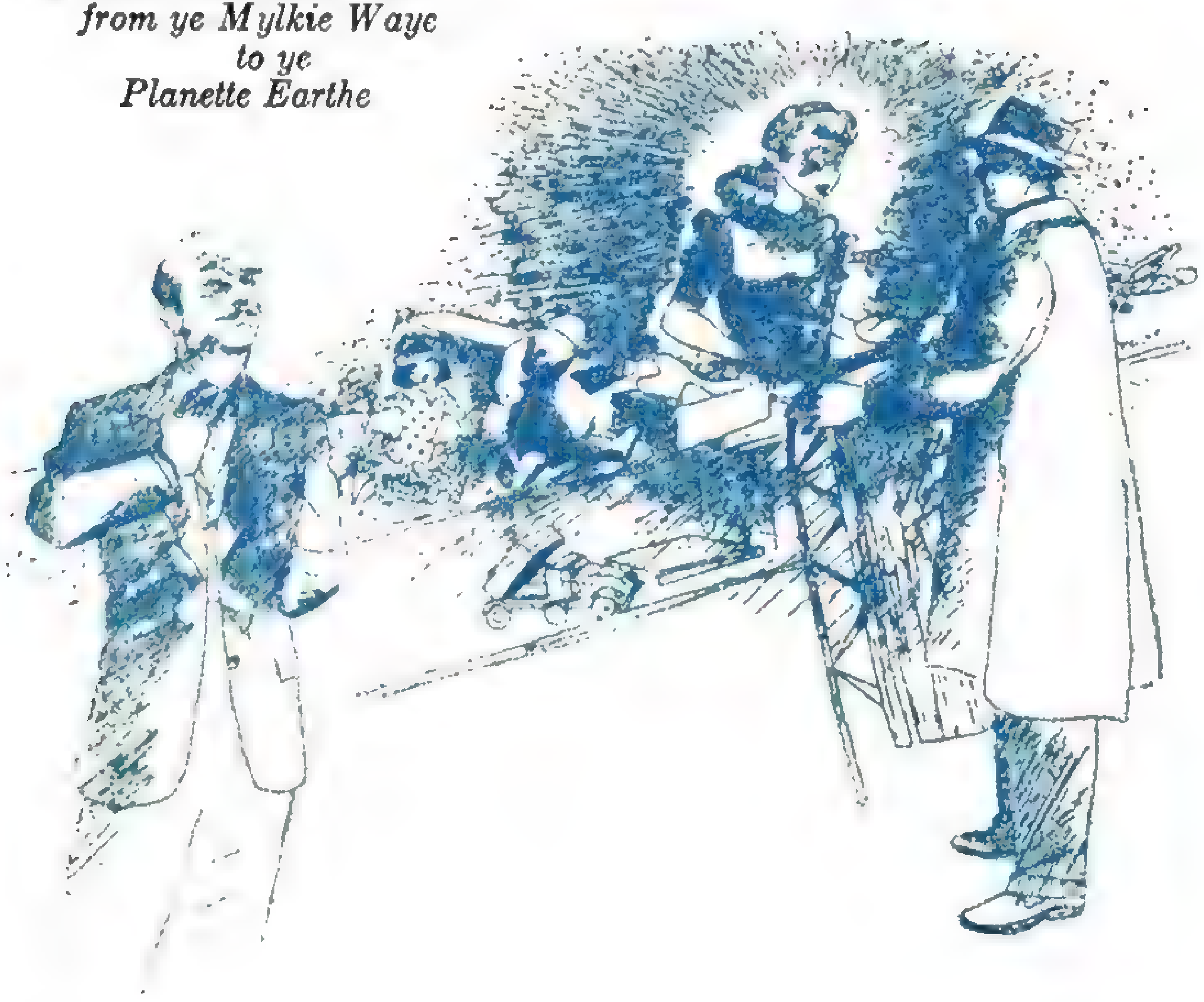
"Hey! That's mine! Stop it, somebody!" And, without a second thought, the cherub launched himself on his ineffectual wings after the halo.

It was a preposterous thing to do and for a moment it looked as though the cherub might follow his halo down into the night below; and, if he had done this, it would have taken him at least a trillion years to find his way back unaided. Fortunately, though, a burly seraph, with a golden hook kept for just such emergencies, yanked him out just as he was being dragged down into the etheric whirlpool.

Flat on his little tummy, his head between two balusters, the cherub wept small hot tears as he watched his halo lose itself in the infinite. First it was a golden crown; then a silver ring; and finally a tiny bright point which winked, wavered and disappeared.

Immediately in all the courts of Heaven the loss was known; the music ceased; the choirs hushed. With a sigh, for it was one of his less agreeable duties, the Archangel Gabriel left his throne of beryl and topaz and chrysoprase; and, girding up his loins, passed through the gates of pearl into the murk of the cosmic drift. And through nebulae, systems and galaxies he followed the halo to that belt of light which lies between Aquila and Centaurus.

2 How ye Halo Came from ye Mylkie Waye to ye Planette Earthe



"Miss Cameron."

"Yes, Mr. Greer."

"I know this is Christmas Eve and that we're all tired, but we can't let down now. The customers expect us to look pleasant and that's one of the things we're paid for."

"Yes, Mr. Greer."

"Try to push the toys a little harder. Not much market for such things after Christmas."

She nodded as brightly as possible. She felt tired and, worst of all, she knew she looked tired. Sometimes she wondered whether she had ever looked or felt any other way.

"Yes, madam . . . One of the season's best sellers. Yes, indeed; all the little boys seem to like it" . . .

The old smile now and don't let it be any more mechanical than an alarm clock. Handsome is as handsome does . . .

"Sixty-seven cents—exactly right. I'll have it wrapped for you . . . Thank you, madam. And Merry Christmas!" . . .

Ancient refined maiden lady smiles at customer. Not much of a smile but the best she can do. Besides—Great Galoshes! It's Benjie! Where did Benjie come from? He mustn't see me. I'll—I'll—

But it was too late. Already Benjie had seen her and with his old lurching gait and funny, awkward grin was crossing the aisle, both hands open and arms outstretched. "Hey! Laura!"

"Benjie."

"Six years hasn't changed you a bit, Laura."

She laughed a little wryly. "You ought to say that with more conviction. Anyhow I'm a business girl now, Benjie. I'm selling toys and I have to hold my job. I can't receive callers here."

"I can answer that one too," he said. "I've got nephews and nieces in this town who need toys for Christmas. How much is that sled?"

"The red one?"

"The big red one. Do you remember, Laura, when you were five and I was eight? I brought my sled to your house and I said we'd look for Santa Claus and—say!"

Benjie caught his breath suddenly, for something had happened. The cherub's halo, after drifting through outer space had settled into the layer of air about the planet Earth. Caught in a gusty current, it had swept down to the planet's surface and floated through a ventilator opening in the New Fair Department Store to perch finally on the head of the young lady at the central toy counter. There it rested, quite invisible, but radiating its peculiar power.

Though its wearer had no idea of its presence she could feel its effects. "You think you're pretty," her grandmother had repeated to her a thousand times. "Well, get that idea out of your head because you're not. Just remember that handsome is as handsome does." Now, all at once, Miss Cameron knew she was pretty and that she'd always been pretty. Without being able to explain how it was happening she became aware that her cheeks were growing redder and her eyes wider and her lips fuller. She felt as unrestricted and free-moving as a woolly caterpillar. She was a seed abruptly sprouting and bursting into bloom. A fluffy dress hung out to dry in the sun.

"Laura," Benjie said, "Laura!"

"What is it, Benjie?"

"Laura, you're—you're beautiful."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because it's true. Laura, you remember—we weren't looking for Santa Claus; that's only what we told them. You were going to get on the sled and we were going to run away together for good and always. Let's do it now."

"Don't be silly, Benjie."

"I'm not silly. This red fellow here will hold us both. I'm buying it."

"Benjie!"

"And you're going with me now."

"But I'm working here."

"You just quit."

The floorwalker came up. "Are you having any difficulty, Miss Cameron? If—" His face became fatuous. "I—I—ah—it was my intention, Miss Cameron, to say to you that each year we try to retain the best of our extras on the regular payroll. In your case, I'm sure—"

"Miss Cameron," interrupted Benjie, "is quitting. Right now and for good; just as soon as she sells me this sled."

"But she can't quit now!"

"She can't, huh? Watch her."

"You must be reasonable, Benjie."

"Reasonableness is my specialty. How much is the sled? We'll take a taxi to the top of Greenspread Hill and start from there."

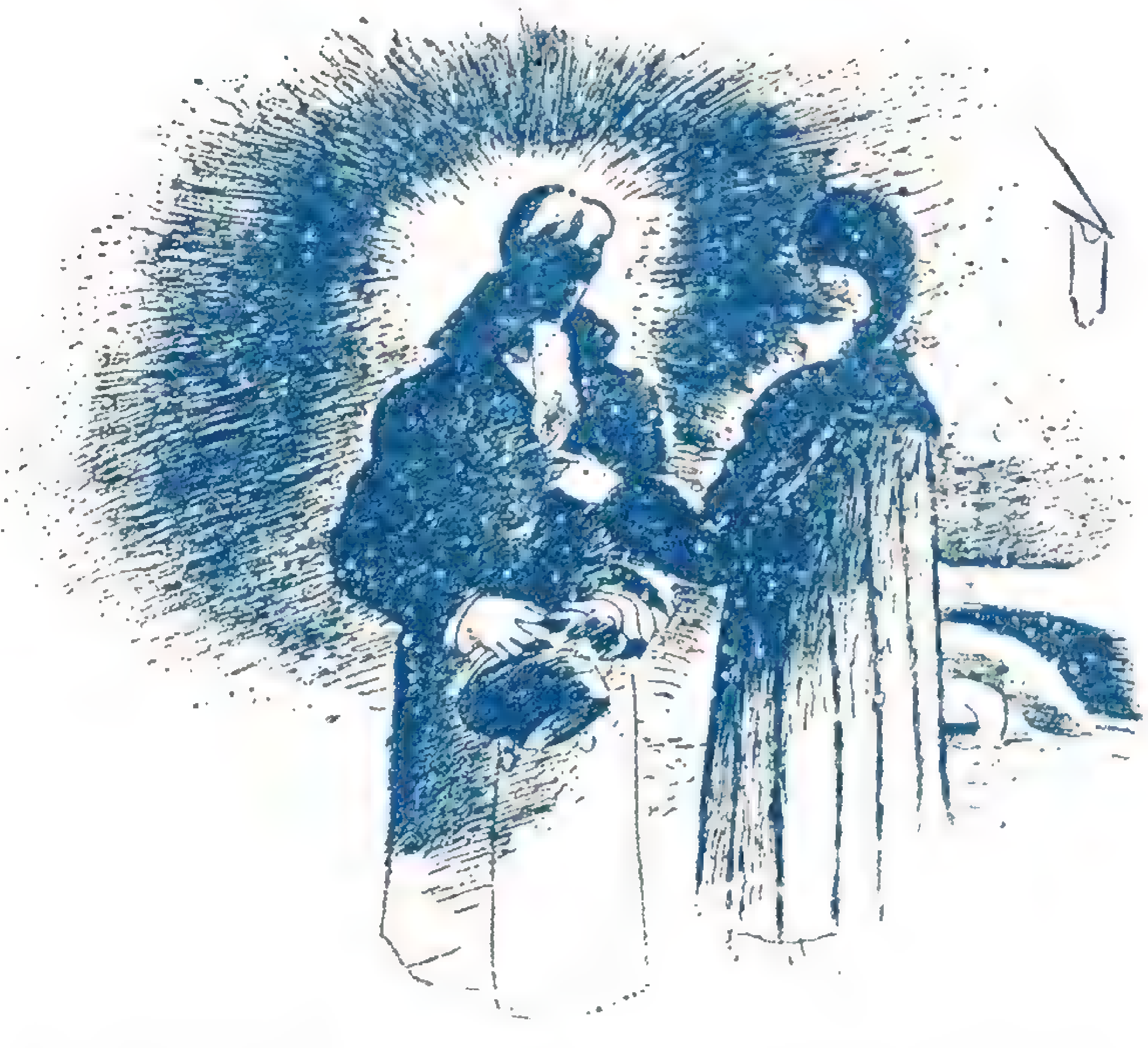
Ten minutes later, as she arranged herself on the sled with the white track stretching below, he said again, "You're beautiful."

"All this is simply ridiculous, Benjie. But," she added, "it's sweet. You're sweet."

"Sweet yourself! Hold on tight now because we're going down this hill. It's the first of a lot of places we're going. Ready?"

Halfway down he kissed her and the halo flew off. But by that time it didn't matter.

3 How Ye Halo Delicately Circled ye Heade of a Miserable Poete



"I suppose," said the engineer ruefully, "there's no use in my drawing any more diagrams."

She shook her head.

They sat side by side at a little table in the St. Nicholas Tavern. Before them stood a miniature lighted Christmas tree, and the panelled walls were gay with holly wreaths and chains of evergreen.

"Your poet friend calls for you; I bow politely, go to my hotel, pack my duffle and start for South America; and that ends things for us?"

"I'm afraid so, Fred."

He looked at her imploringly. "You know, Julie, if you want to come with me, it's not yet too late. I can fix the passport and all that in time for you to catch the boat."

"I care for you, Fred." She patted his hand. "Sometimes I've been sure I was in love with you. But I like Volney too. I like you both tremendously. But—"

"Say it."

"Sure you want to hear?"

"Certain."

"Well, here it is. I know I'll never count in the big world. That's why I'd like to spend my life helping somebody who's doing more than just working for money. I'm sorry to say that, Fred; but you asked for it."

The engineer nodded humbly and disconsolately. "If I've been working for money, another fellow must have grabbed it. But I see what you mean. I'll admit Volney Harrop is a genius and, God knows, I'm not. Still, I wish I could make you understand what I feel."

"Ready and waiting."

He eyed her quizzically. "No use: I haven't the gift. Once in California I was building a dam with a fellow who'd just point at something and grunt, and right off you'd know what he meant: a swell sunset—that two-by-four's rotten—rain tomorrow—whoopee! But when I point and grunt it never means anything except to me."

"Keep trying, Fred," she smiled. "Someday—oh, here's Volney."

The poet came buoyantly into the dining room. He was tall and straight and quite as he should be except for those who prefer their poets starved. His clothes were well tailored and his hair was short.

"Isn't this a glorious day," he exulted, after the introduction was over and cocktails had been ordered. "Julie, do you know what happened to my *Black Star?* Fenniman, the big composer, is setting it to music and he says it's a sure bet for the Metropolitan next season."

"I'm so glad, Volney."

"It may come to nothing; but just to have Fenniman touch it is an honor. Besides my board bill is paid. This year I've made almost twenty thousand through royalties and lecturing; and did I tell you that my *American Saga* has been bought by Hollywood? Five thousand. It ought to have been more but I'm still grateful." He turned to the engineer. "I'm afraid I've been tooting my own horn too loud. You should have stopped me."

The engineer protested. "There's nothing in the world more interesting than shop talk. Just how would you describe your work?"

The poet frowned. "Don't think I'm trying to be highbrow; I'm not. But I tell myself that I use words to chart the complexities of the human soul. With words I catch the invisible and the impalpable in a net. With words I give body to something that's a dream today but will be real tomorrow." He took a deep breath. "With that over, Mr. Ackord—I beg your pardon—Mr. Archer, suppose I should ask you to explain your *métier*, how would you go about it?"

"Engineering? Why—"

The engineer was clearing his throat and fumbling with the ash tray, when the door of the St. Nicholas Tavern opened and, borne on a gust of wind, the halo wafted into the dining room.

"Why—the business of an engineer is—um—"

Under the table Julie twisted her hands in an agony of suspense waiting for the words that refused to come. The halo rose to the ceiling.

"Engineering is a job—that is—well, of course the first thing is to find out what has to be done. Then you decide how you're going to do it. Then—"

At that moment the halo settled on his head.

To Julie the engineer's halting words seemed suddenly lost in the assured throb of a deep-voiced organ. Or was it an organ? Was it music at all? Wasn't it rather a poem—a strange sort of unspoken poem made of cerebral electricity rather than of words and rhymes and meters. And, as Julie's hands clenched, she interpreted it for herself.

We go first: you others—you come after us.
It's our bones mark the trail.
We die of fevers and of arrows and of gunshot
and of gross accidents and earth catastrophes;
but that doesn't matter because always our younger brothers
come after us to carry on the job till it's done.
And it's always done.
For sweatshop wages we create civilization;
yet every time we finish a job—build a road or a bridge
or cut through a mountain or what-have-you,
we're thanked by having the job fold up under us;
and we have to hunt another. That's our pay-day.
What do you think we're trying to do?
Do you suppose this shoveling, hammering, blasting, sweating,
means nothing to us but something to eat and a place to sleep?
Listen! We're rebuilding the world.
Give us a chance and we'll tame the universe.

Julie stared at the engineer who caught her eye and began stammering.

"That is—what I'm trying to say is—something has to be done and first you want to make sure just what that is. Well—"

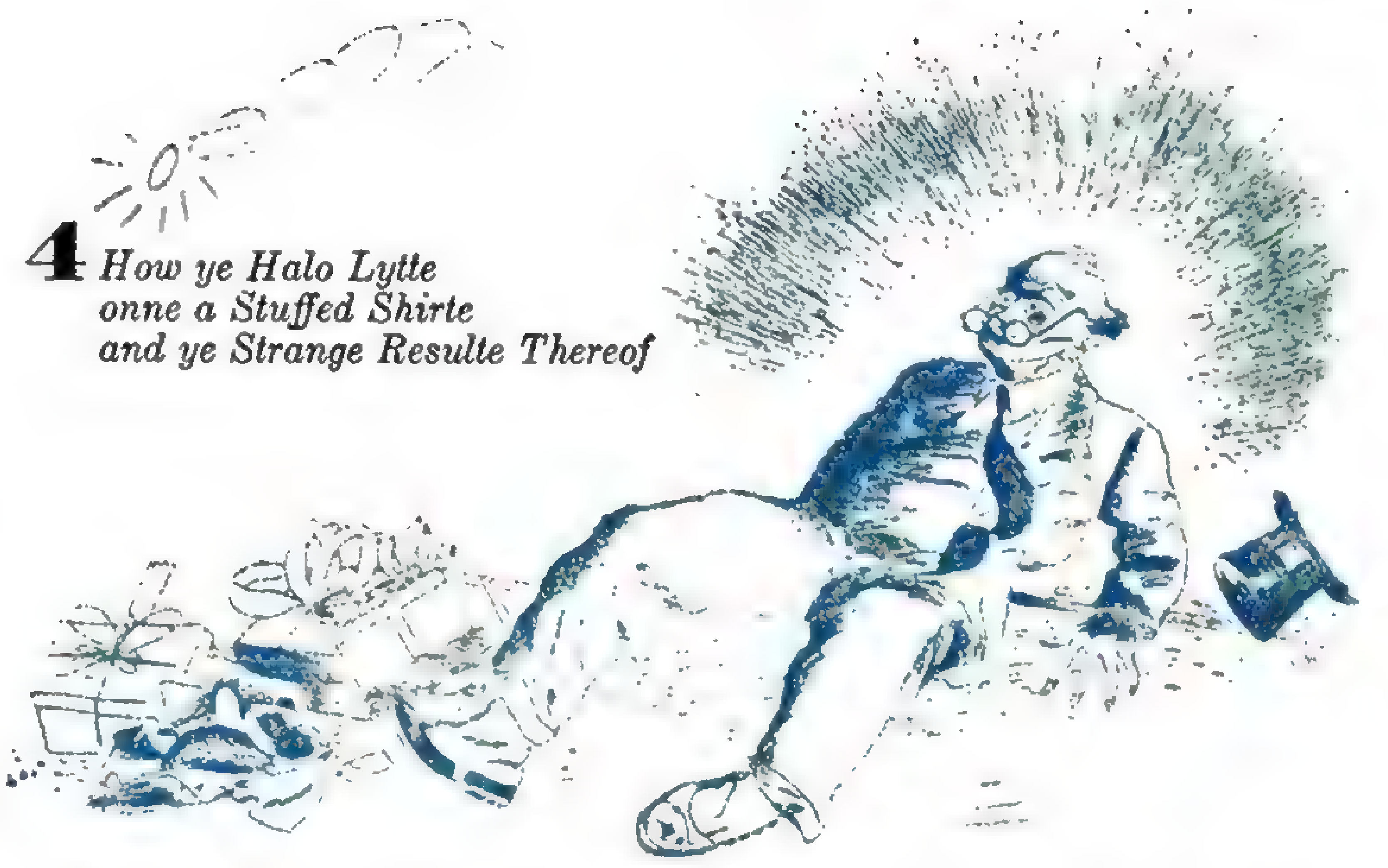
"Headache," announced Julie, standing up. "Volney, I'm afraid you'll have to go to that dinner alone. Fred will take me home."

Outside the tavern the engineer asked plaintively, "Did—did I say something—or—"

"Of course you said something. You said a great deal. And the only two questions we have to settle now are: shall we be married tomorrow or tonight? And are you sure about the passport?"

In a mist of snowflakes the halo floated on down the street.

4 *How ye Halo Lytte onne a Stuffed Shirte and ye Strange Resulte Thereof*



Mr. Belmore had two cars and a chauffeur, but now he was walking to work up an appetite for a Christmas Eve dinner. Passing along High Street he regarded that part of the human race then on parade and lumped them as usual under the one classification: "Cattle! . . . No other word for 'em . . . Cattle!"

He had reached the crest of High Street Hill and was on his way toward the bridge below, where the grey, unfrozen water reflected the shore lights, when a small boy, sliding down the snowy walk on his own two soles, skidded. There was a collision.

As Mr. Belmore felt his silk hat leave his head, he said again, "Cattle!" That is, he started to say it; but the word died in his throat. Something had happened. He felt himself in the grip of a sensation which he knew he had experienced before but which now presented itself with a disconcerting newness.

The small boy was sitting up, rubbing one knee and smiling uncertainly. "I—I guess I slid."

"Slid!" Mr. Belmore had intended saying this with the harshest of emphasis; thus he was surprised to find the words pronounced with a playful inflection.

Scrambling to his feet the small boy reached out his hand. "Can I help you up, mister? I'm purty strong."

Mr. Belmore did his best to snap out a final, devastating, "Cattle!" To his surprise he said nothing of the kind. He smiled; gripped the little hand; accepted the proffered silk hat; and fumbled in his pocket. "Here, young man. Merry Christmas! Hang onto it."

"But—but say, mister, that's five dollars you gimme. Gee!"

"Can't you use five dollars?"

"Well, sure, only—gee, mister! Thanks a lot. Merry Christmas!"

The boy turned back to the top of the hill. There he stopped, waved and once more shouted Merry Christmas.

Resuming his progress toward the bridge, Mr. Belmore tried to call himself to order.

Young whelps like that—what's evolution doing?—no business keeping that sort of people alive . . . Starvelings . . . Let 'em die out and a good thing for everybody. Ought to be against the law to show sympathy for cattle. Of course there are people in the world who count. That's different. I've got along in the world by cultivating the right sort.

Mr. Belmore's sentiments were altogether logical; indeed for years they had been the backbone of his working philosophy. And he would have had no trouble in believing them now, if it had not been for an unusual occurrence. After leaving the engineer's head the halo had blown about aimlessly for a while, though drifting in the direction of the river; and when Mr. Belmore's hat had been tossed into a snowdrift the halo had promptly settled down around his bald spot.

Thus, as he continued toward the bridge he found his indignation becoming purely theoretical, which is about zero in indignations.

Police ought to take care of those young hoodlums . . . Looked like one of the Davidson kids lived next door to us . . . Poor . . . Well, we were all poor. But I liked them and they liked me . . Guess I liked everybody . . . But you've got to choke off that sappy sentimentality if you want to get on in the world . . . People may have quit liking me but they respect me; and—

He realized that he was being halted. "I beg your pardon, madam?"

"I was just wondering if you'd carry these parcels for me to the bus. With this baby on my arm I'm afraid I can't manage all of them . . . Thanks a lot and Merry Christmas."

He walked on in a daze.

That woman picked me out of six others and asked me to make a packhorse of myself because she liked me. Of course—

He caught himself beaming and smiling at a father with four children; all four loaded with packages and walking Indian file. The father beamed and smiled back.

. . . Believe it or not, I spoke first. Wished him a Merry Christmas and I don't know him from Adam's off ox. Must be something in the atmosphere . . . Sunspots . . . Aurora borealis . . . Anyhow when a two hundred pounder like me begins to feel as light and airy as I do right now, he'd better see a psychiatrist. Is this thing going to keep up?

It kept up. Everybody he passed seemed to take a pleasure in greeting him, and he in responding to their greetings. He knew none of them and they did not know him; but he felt enveloped in a far-reaching friendliness.

Meanwhile the greetings continued. It was like a royal progress. "Merry Christmas, mister . . . Nice Christmas weather we're having . . . How's this for a white Christmas . . . Merry Christmas."

He was thinking, much against his will, how good it was to be alive and to have people like you and to like them in turn, when from the end of the bridge came a confused shouting. Of course it was none of his business but somehow he began to feel vaguely worried, for down below something was happening to somebody.

"Mister! Mister!" It was a white-faced youngster with tears rolling down his cheeks. He ran directly to Mr. Belmore. "It's my brother—he's fallen in the river. Get him out, mister! Oh, get him out!"

Clustered about the railing a group of grownups peered down into the sluggish gray depths where a white face glimmered and two arms splashed futilely. The group was generous with its advice. "Swim, kid, swim . . . Hurry up with that boat down there . . . Tread water, kid . . . Don't give up . . . Down he goes again . . ."

Strangely enough Mr. Belmore found he was not even hesitating. With a swing of his arms he cast off the fur-lined ulster and the evening coat beneath and the top hat. He would have got rid of his shoes, but time was too precious. And, the halo still circling his bald spot, he dived down twenty feet below to the icy gray river.

Gotta keep the old pump going . . . I'll say I touched bottom that time . . . Now for some air . . . Good old pump . . . And where's that kid?

He was at the surface again, blowing water from mouth and nostrils, looking for the boy somewhere in the gray flood.

Ought to be right about here . . . Ah—got him! . . Now, then . . . Good thing I've been swimming at the Athletic Club three times a week . . . Just the same this is different.

He did not fully realize how different it was till, with his burden, he started for the boat which was only now pushing from the shore.

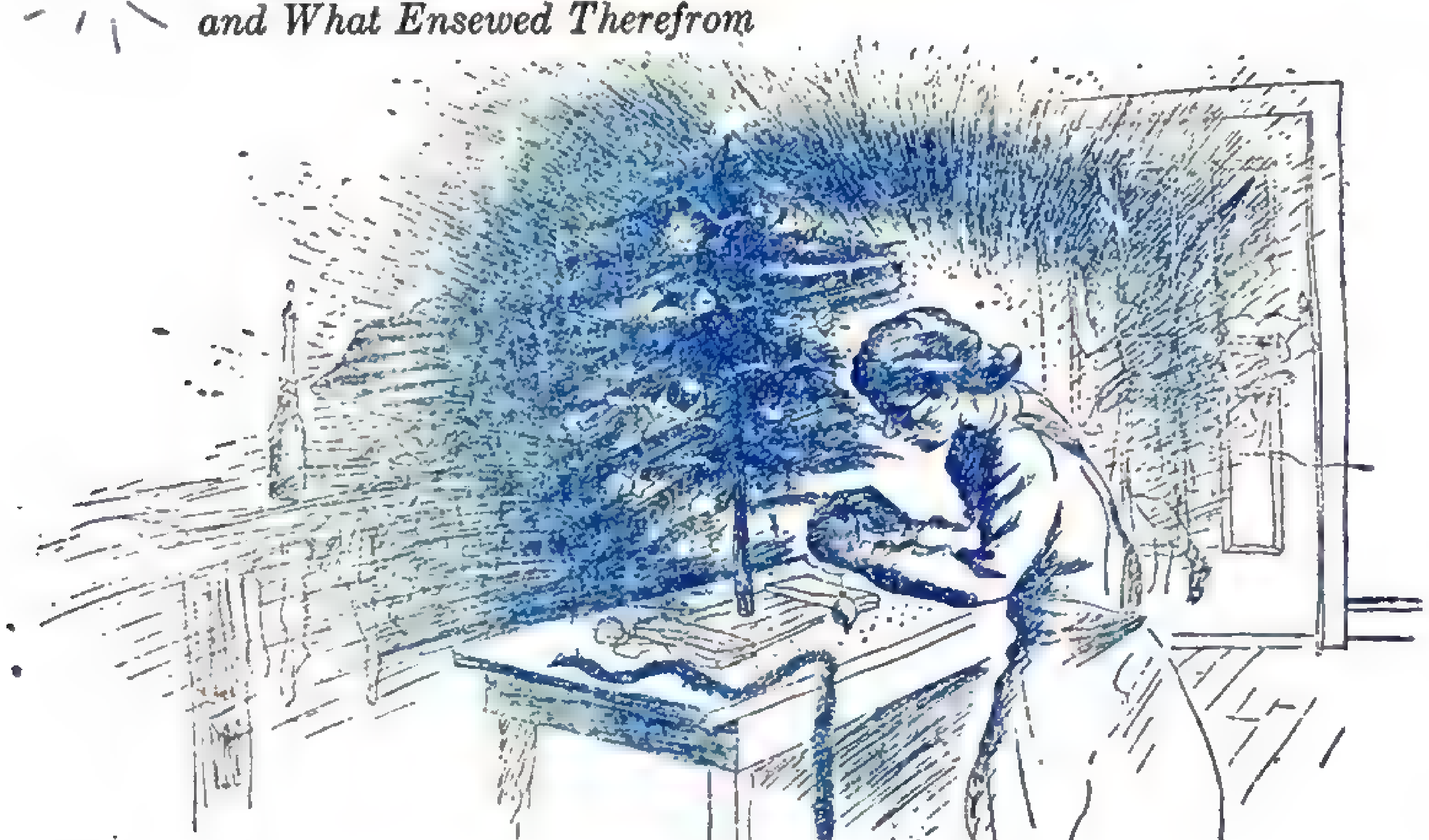
Cold as a bowl of punch . . . But I'll get there . . . Ten more strokes and make 'em big ones . . . Boat's almost here . . . Now ten more . . . Too many cocktails—that's my trouble . . . But I'll boost the kid over the side of that boat . . . I will . . . I will.

His heart held to the last and he had helped lift the little body over the gunwale before he understood that the dinner party would have to go on without him. Then he let go and, with arms and legs churning feebly, felt the waters close over his head.

Glad I did it—but why? Why do it? . . . Not my style . . . Something must have happened to make me do it—but what? . . .

5

How ye Archangel Gabriel Found Thatte Whiche was Loste and What Ensewed Therefrom



The Archangel Gabriel was very tired, for he had travelled through all the drift of the universe and the black dust clouds of space to the little planet known as the Earth. And when finally he found the halo he was little less disconsolate than when he had been tracking it through the powdered brilliance of the constellations.

It is a splendid thing to bring a lost halo back to Paradise; for the greeting and welcome are such as the mind of man cannot conceive. First to be heard are the faint tinklings of zitterns and psalteries; then the deeper notes of the great harps; and finally, as the Archangel passes Heaven's gate, the trumpets sound and all the indescribable harmonies of Paradise mount in a crescendo of triumph.

But bringing back the halo is no simple matter. Once it reaches the planet Earth, it is bound there till, for at least a moment, it comes to rest on the head of a most exceptional person. This individual must be one who has not buried any virtuous talent, but has let all his goodness, all his admirable qualities shine out from him in a continuous blaze of glory. And this sort of person is rare indeed.

Twice before the Archangel Gabriel had brought halos back from Earth to Paradise. The first, after many peregrinations, had, in the end, circled the bald crown of a philosopher who actually lived up to his philosophy; the second halo had come to rest on the head of a peasant girl being burned at the stake in a French market place.

"Assuming," said the Archangel, "that this halo circulates like the others at the average rate of ten individuals an hour, two hundred forty a day, and a trifle less than ninety thousand a year, I shall be earthbound myself for something like fifty-eight years, seven months, sixteen days, eight hours and twenty minutes—that is, if my two former experiences are typical." He shrugged his shoulders. "Well, nothing to do but wait. Patience."

But he did not look forward to his waiting with any particular pleasure. Though to the celestial host a hundred years are as a day, this holds good only so long as they remain in the heavenly precincts. Once they enter the terrestrial atmosphere time passes for them much as it does for the rest of us; and, indeed, even more slowly. For they are truly anxious to leave this planet of ours and we, no matter how we may protest, are usually quite willing to linger a bit.

"The present wearer of the halo," said the Archangel Gabriel, as he looked about the plain, scrubbed kitchen, "isn't what you'd call especially promising. She's cheerful, though maybe the halo's responsible for that . . . Poor as a church mouse. The stuff in that dress is worn out and she's wearing pasteboard insoles. Swollen hands. Pains in the back. A job and her family to care for. She works too hard."

The Archangel studied the situation. The woman with the halo was far from prepossessing. She was rather on the dumpy order and her only claim to good looks lay in her smile, which was charming enough. She was engaged in the serious business of trimming a Christmas tree set on the table. Every now and then she sat down, closed her eyes, took a long breath then, after a little, smiled again.

The Archangel frowned and made a second survey of the room, which was not only the kitchen but obviously the center of the family's life.

"Six stockings behind the stove. Three boys and three girls. Let's keep on and see what we find."

In a trice he had passed through the nearest closed door. It was a bedroom; in the large bed lay two small boys; and, on a cot, a youngster of twelve.

"It's altogether improbable," said the Archangel to himself, "that this mother in the kitchen is the one human being in several million who doesn't need a halo. It's against all logic; it's as good as impossible. Still, in justice to myself, I must make sure."

Bending over, he passed his hand across the boy's forehead and the eyelids winked open.

"Who are you?" the boy demanded.

"I am a friend of the family," said the Archangel. "Indeed, I'm a friend of the whole Human Family. I was present when the family came and I shall be with them when they go."

"Don't talk so loud: you'll scare my mother."

"Your mother cannot hear us because we are not using spoken words; it is your mind only which hears and speaks." He pointed his right forefinger at the door; it immediately became transparent. In the kitchen the woman had finished trimming the tree and was beginning to mix batter for a cake.

"I can see my mother."

"Exactly," said the Archangel, "and how changed she is! How good humored! It's probably the effect of Christmas."

"My mother's always that way."

"Oh, perhaps, to some extent. But you'll admit that the last day or so she's been far more cheerful."

"She's always cheerful."

"Of course, when you're around. But when she's by herself I'm sure she's quite different."

The boy pointed. "Look at her now, because she don't know we're watchin'. See—she's spilled the raisins and she's pickin' 'em up to wash 'em again. It hurts her to bend over. But she's smiling—see?"

The Archangel frowned. "It just happened that way."

"No, it didn't just happen. She's always like that."

"Always like that with the six of you?"

"Sure, with the six of us. Why not? When my father died—that was the same year Dick was born—she said to us, 'Now you must never let me fail you—never!' But we didn't have to remind her. Sometimes she don't eat enough because she makes us eat first. Sometimes when she gets up in the morning she's so tired that—" He cocked his head suddenly. "Say, your face is sort of shining, isn't it? And what's that music? Is it from the radio next door?"

The Archangel's face was shining as he smiled gravely and said, "No, that music comes from much farther than any radio can reach."

"That music—it's beautiful." And beautiful it was. It had begun faintly but now it was swelling to an exultant thunder. "It sounds as though the people playing it were glad."

"They are very glad."

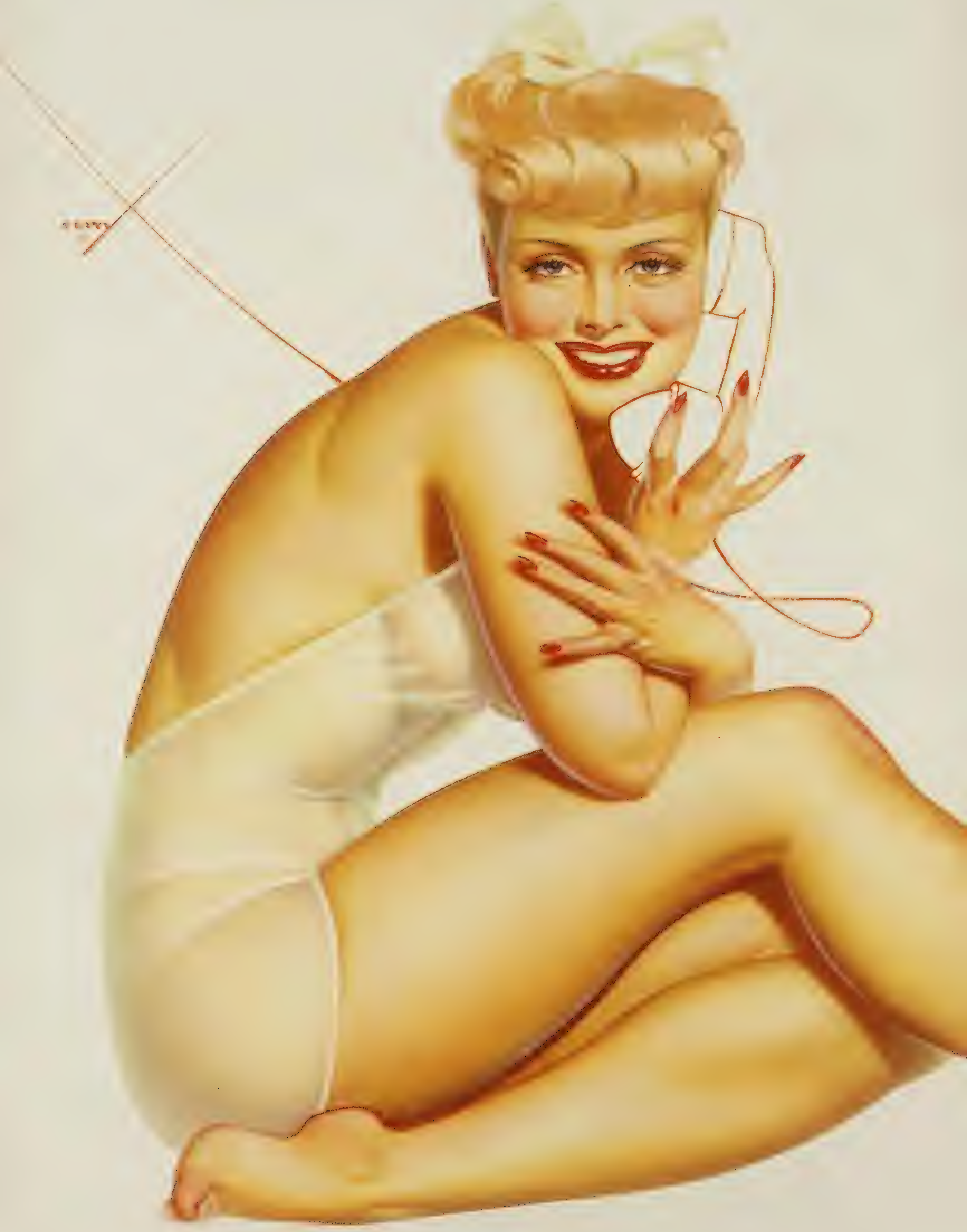
"What are they glad about?"

"There are two reasons," said the Archangel, "and the lesser one is because that which was lost has been found."

As he raised his right hand the door once more became opaque and the boy dropped back into his quiet sleep.

And with the halo the Archangel Gabriel went back to Paradise. #

PATRICIA MACE
Hurrell Photograph



"Here I thought he was wealthy and it turns out he's working for the government at a dollar a year"

How Christmas Came

Saint Nicholas wrought miracles for unwed maidens, seamen, money lenders and especially, children

by MANUEL KOMROFF

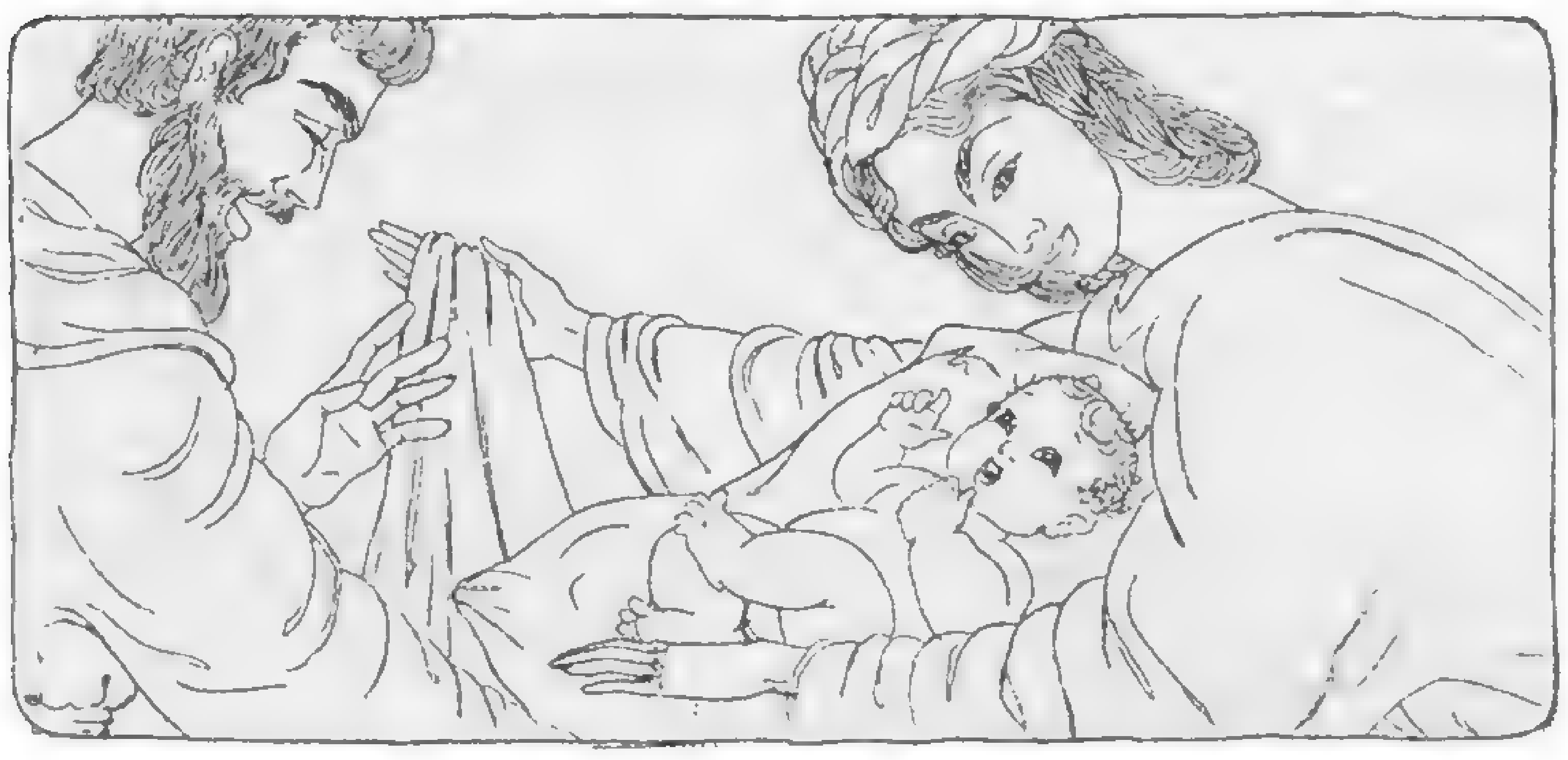
▪ ARTICLE ▪

For many years after the death of Christ the world did not celebrate Christmas day. In fact several centuries went by before the idea took hold that the birth of the Lord should be celebrated. The change from paganism to Christianity was slow. And it was mainly through Saint Nicholas and his happy miracles that Christmas became a day of universal rejoicing.

Saint Nicholas is the most popular, the most universal and the happiest of all patron saints. He is the patron saint of school boys, parish clerks, unmarried maidens, seamen and all children. At various times and in special places he has been regarded as protector of merchants, money lenders and even of pirates and thieves.

Saint Nicholas with Saint Mary and Saint Andrew are regarded as the guardians of Russia. With Olaf he protects Norway and with Saint Julian he watches over a good part of Italy. He is special patron saint of Moscow and Aberdeen as well as many smaller cities of Europe.

The visit of Santa Claus with gifts on Christmas Eve may be traced back to the deeds of Saint Nicholas, and even the stockings which are now hung by the fireplace in so many lands of the world may be found in the old Nicholas legends. And how all these things so close to our hearts came about is simple to relate.



Long, long ago when the barbarians from the north were overrunning Rome and this mighty empire was falling apart and when most of Europe was still pagan and only a few Christian spirits upheld the faith, then, at this changing time, was Nicholas born. He was born in the town of Patara not far from the port of Myra on the shore of the Mediterranean directly north of Syria and the Holy Land.

His father was a rich merchant whose name was Epiphanes and his mother's name was Johane. For a long time they were not blessed with a child but at length a boy was born to them.

When the nurse brought this news to the rich merchant Epiphanes he gave praise to the Lord and named the child in the following words: "The world is over-run with dark and evil forces and therefore I name this boy child Nicholas, which means both victory and people. And together it would mean victory of people, which is the same as saying victory over dark evil which befouls the people. And so I name him Nicholas and may the good Lord in heaven look after him and bless him with a happy life."

The nurse returned to the upper chamber to announce the name of the new-born child, but no sooner had she come into the room when she turned about and running halfway down the stair, called out: "Come! Come all and behold so that your lips may repeat what your eyes have seen. Come quickly!"

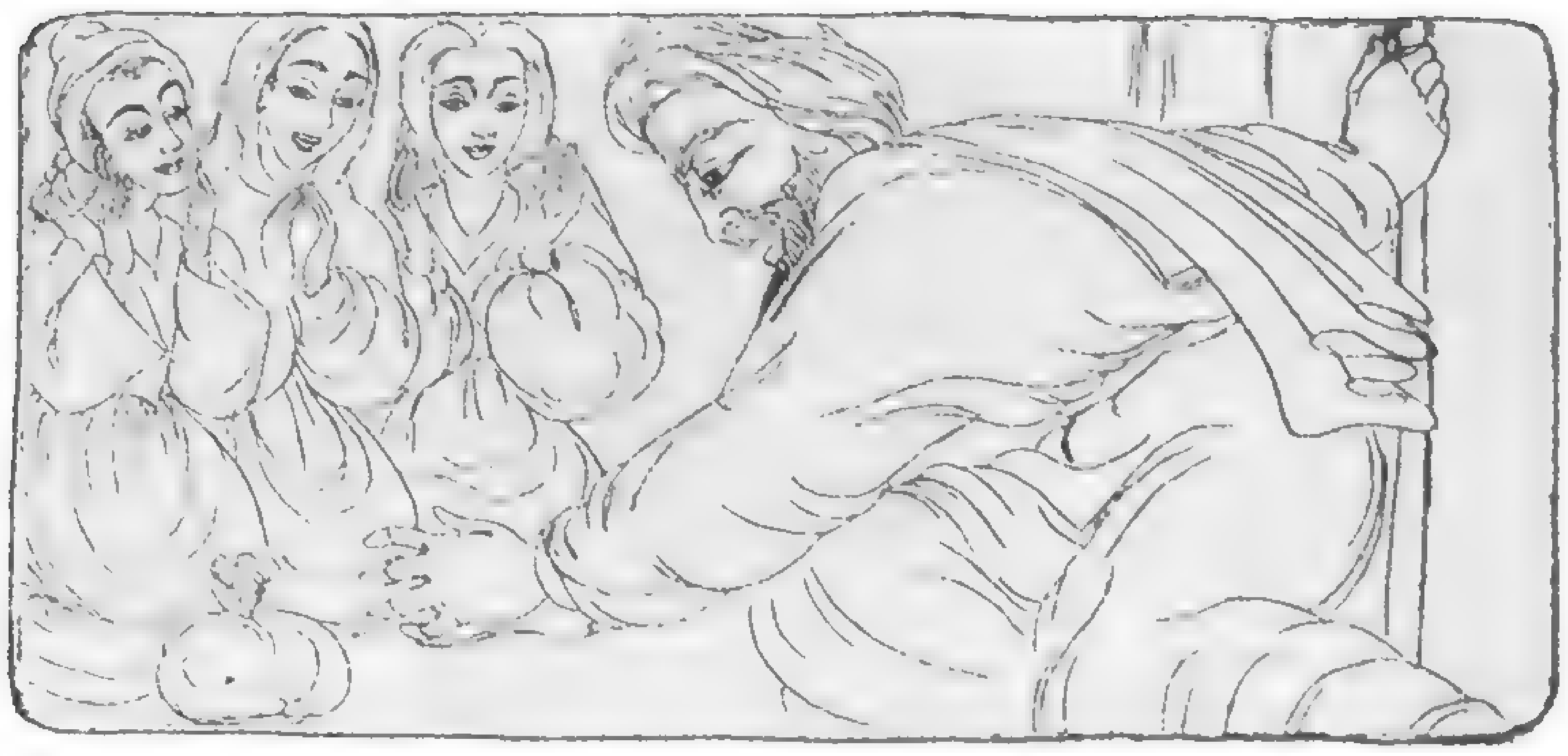
The happy father lost no time but ran up the stairs, followed by several of his friends who had gathered to celebrate this event. Here in the upper chamber the new-born child was being bathed in a basin filled with warm water. His eyes were open, his lips smiled and seeing the wondering crowd before him, he sat up and opening his little mouth, he looked Heavenward and in a soft clear voice said: "I thank the Lord for my birth."

This birth of Nicholas occurred during the end of the third century in those dark days when the entire Empire of Rome was being overrun by the northern barbarians and most of Europe was still pagan. From earliest times this supernatural event at his birth has made him the special guardian angel over children.

But the presents at Christmas time come through still another legend. And this story is about three purses of gold.

Not far from the stone tower which was the home of the young boy Nicholas there lived a nobleman who had three fair daughters. The family was once rich but due to the strange and uncertain times a decline came upon them and they were confronted with poverty.

The eldest of the three daughters was growing up and her father, because of his poverty, was faced with the necessity of selling her into a life of slavery. To give her in honorable marriage he would have required a dowry. There seemed no other way but to sell the girl. But the father hesitated for he hoped daily that some slight stroke of fortune might prevent his abandoning the child he loved so well.



Young Nicholas learned of the plight of his neighbor and the horror of selling this beautiful girl preyed upon his mind so much that he had no peace. At length he decided upon a plan. Late at night when it was quite dark he approached the house of the nobleman and threw into the open window a cloth in which was wrapped a handful of gold coins. When he heard it fall to the floor he quickly departed.

In the morning when the nobleman awoke and discovered the gold, he kneeled down and offered a prayer to the Lord. Some days later his daughter was married and he gave her the gold for her dowry.

Now the second daughter was also growing up and Nicholas made a bag of gold twice the size of the first and again secretly at night threw it into the window. Again the nobleman thanked God and he wondered greatly who was aiding him in his poverty. Many nights he stayed awake hoping to catch a glimpse of this stranger, but Nicholas did not venture out of the stone tower.

After the second daughter was married Nicholas threw another purse into the window and this purse had more gold in it than the previous one. The sound of this heavy metal falling on the floor awoke the nobleman and he ran at once into the street to see the face of his benefactor.

The boy Nicholas fled and the nobleman ran after him and cried: "Sir. Flee not away but rather halt that I may see and know thee."

At length Nicholas came to the tower but there was a little delay in opening the door. The nobleman now caught up with him and when he saw who it was he wanted to bow down and kiss the feet of his benefactor. But Nicholas refused to allow him to do this; instead he required him to swear that the three purses of gold would remain a secret between them and that this secret would be sealed as long as they lived.

These presents to the three young daughters of the poor nobleman were the first acts of young Nicholas. Presents given at Christmas time have their origin in this story. Nicholas was the very first in the early Christian world to distribute happiness. From childhood Nicholas was moved by a sense of justice. And in all his future acts happiness and justice seemed to join hands.

The miracles of Saint Nicholas occurred after he became Bishop of Myra. But this he achieved at a very early age. Many of his miracles are related to the sea and in many the lives of children are returned to them. His concern over children has endeared Nicholas to all hearts. And because of this great love he was later to be named the special protector and guardian of children.

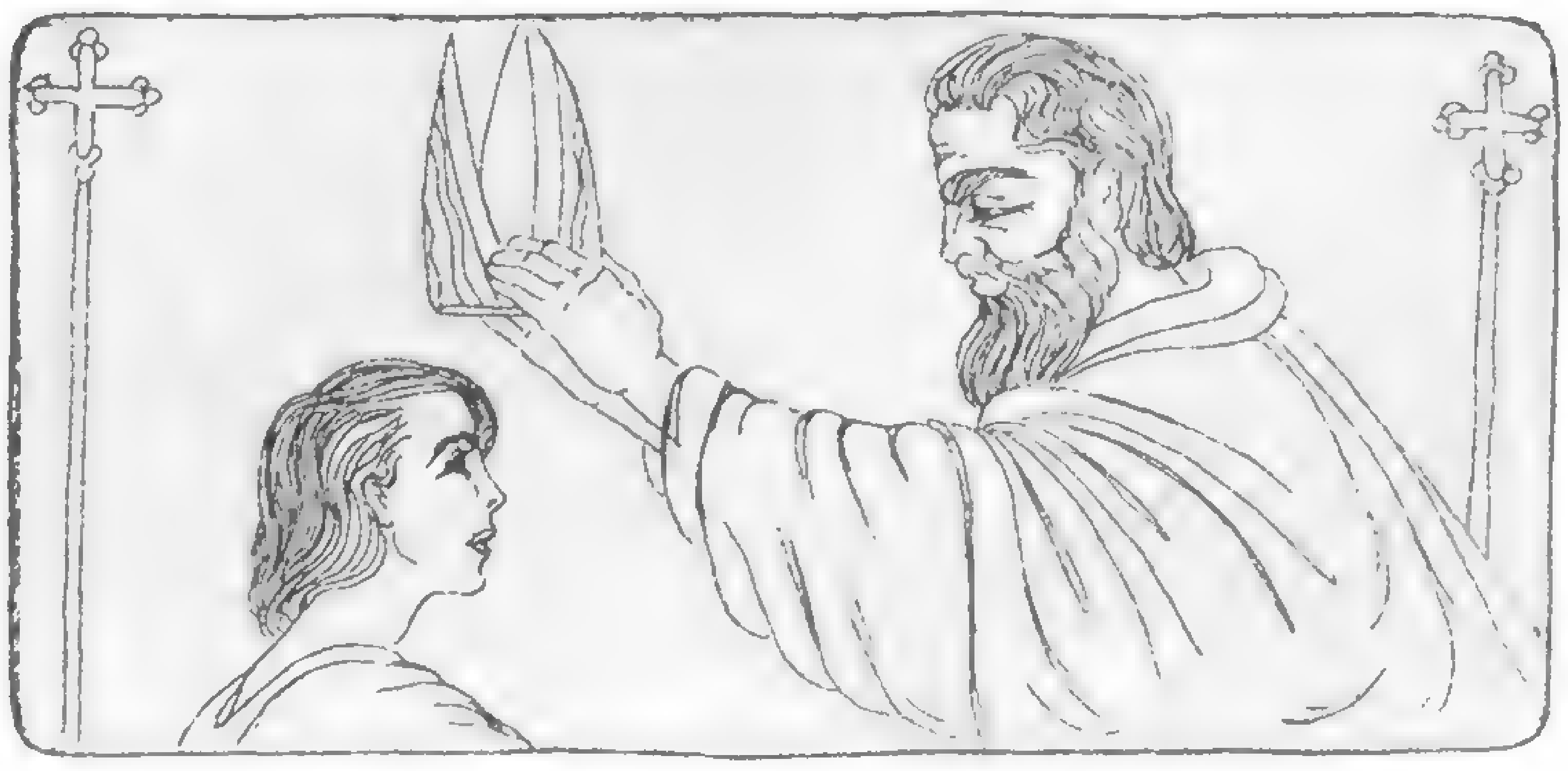
The story of how Nicholas became the Bishop of Myra, while still a youth, is in itself most curious and in this tale the first touch of the supernatural is connected with his name.

It is related in the old legends that very soon after the death of the old Bishop of Myra many church dignitaries gathered in the Myra cathedral to say a last mass for the departed bishop and to elect his successor. There were some who came to Myra dressed in eastern garments and there were others who came from the north. Some journeyed by mule over the hills and others arrived by sail in the port.

For many weeks they came. The cathedral at Myra was filled with a colorful array for here were assembled bishops from all the Christian lands. An old white-bearded archbishop yielded authority over them and announced the day for the election.

The old archbishop prayed and fasted. And on the very day of the election he fell asleep and in his slumber he heard a voice which spoke clearly. The voice said to him: "When the cathedral bells toll at midnight watch the doors of the church. The very first one entering after midnight who bears the name of Nicholas, he is the one chosen by heaven. He is your bishop." These were the words he heard in his sleep.

As soon as he awoke he went at once before the gathering and told them what he had heard in his dream.



There were some who smiled and took his words lightly. And there were others who were determined to proceed at once with the election. But the old archbishop pounded his staff on the stone floor and commanded all to kneel in prayer and wait until after midnight.

At midnight, bathed in the soft glow of a hundred candles, the dignitaries assembled from far and wide chanted their prayers. As soon as the bells stopped ringing all eyes turned to the great doors.

Slowly, very slowly, the doors began to move. And as the crack opened wider, the deep midnight blue of a starry heaven could be seen through the opening. A youth was discovered pushing on the great doors with all his might.

The old archbishop with his staff of office in his hand came forward and taking the boy by the arm led him before the entire assembly.

"Tell us your name," requested the archbishop.

The youth, who was simple as a dove, inclined his curly head and replied: "I have the name of Nicholas."

"It is he," whispered some.

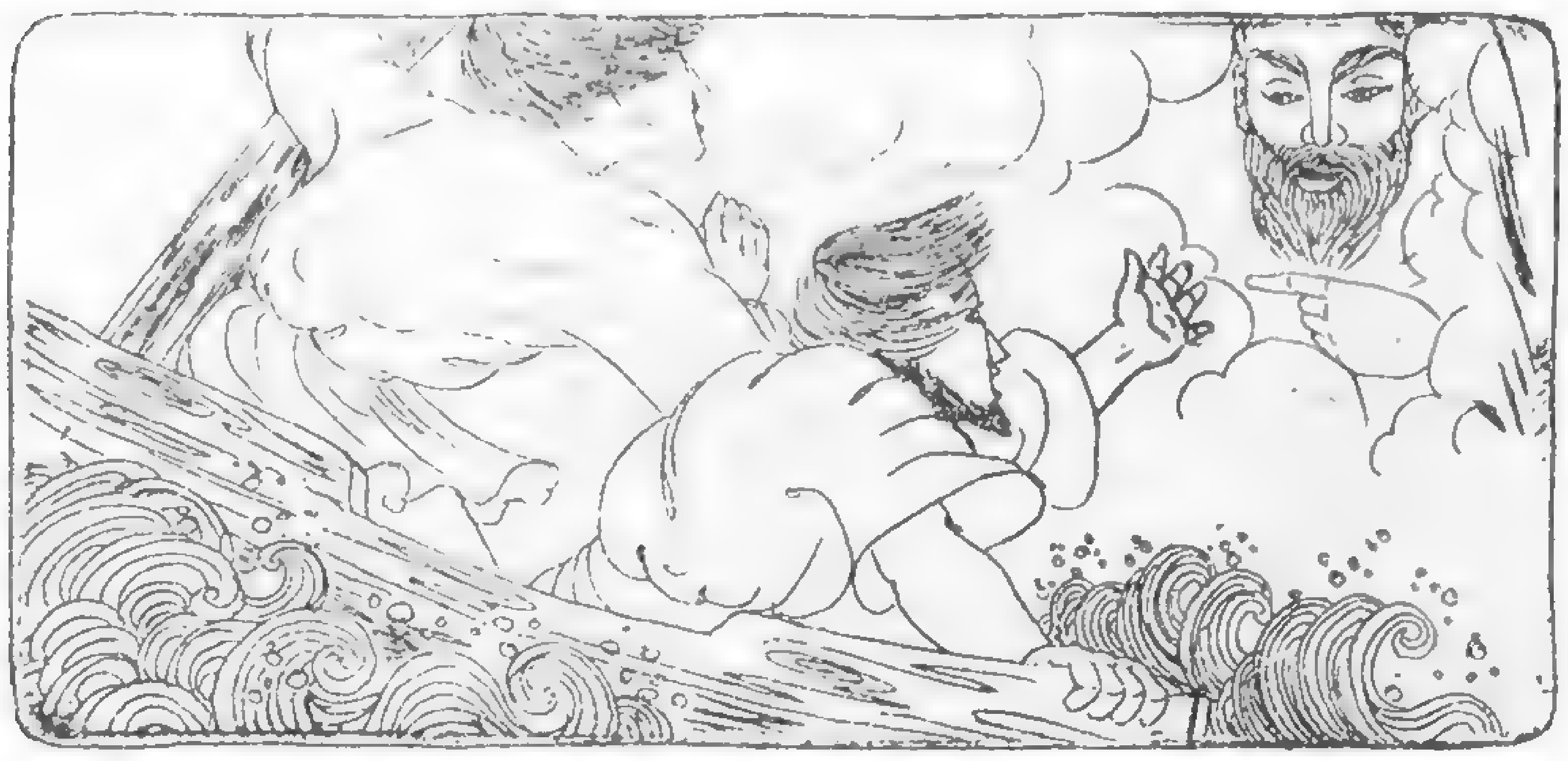
"So young!" protested others.

"A mere boy!" called one aloud.

But the archbishop paid no attention to these comments. He led Nicholas to the golden chair and holding his great staff of office over him proclaimed aloud: "Nicholas, servant and friend of God, for your holiness you shall be bishop of this place. And you shall rule over all in this land of Myra."

Nicholas tried to protest and refused to climb the steps to the golden chair. He said that a strange force impelled him to make the journey from Patara on this night and that he moved the doors merely to see and hear the assembled holy men.

These protests were not heeded. When at length he stood before the chair they dressed him in the robes of office. And when he was seated they placed the hat upon his head and the old archbishop himself gave the staff of office into his hand. Once more the bells rang out. Myra had a new bishop and his name was Nicholas.



Soon after the young Nicholas became Bishop of the port of Myra several miracles occurring at sea were connected with his name. One of these told about a certain ship which happened to get caught in a violent tempest and was blown far out. The mariners were in fear that they would all perish. They were rough men; some were pagans and most of them had never before prayed to God.

But now, faced with certain death, they knelt before the tossing mast. Soon a light pierced the heavy sky and they heard a voice call to them: "Lo! Follow me. Look hard and you will see me. Steer the vessel in my path!"

The men took hold of the tiller and soon the sky lighted up and the storm ceased. When their ship came at length safely into the harbor the mariners went at once to the cathedral in Myra to give thanks for their deliverance. Here they discovered the boy bishop and several of the men pointed to him and exclaimed: "He is the one! We saw his face in the storm and it was his voice that we heard."

Nicholas came and stood before them. He asked them to attribute everything to the great mercy of God and to none other. These rough mariners thanked the Lord for their deliverance. And Nicholas prayed with them.

A second miracle which endeared Nicholas to the hearts of seamen is about a famine which spread over the entire land. The people of Myra felt the bony hand of hunger. The children grew weak from the lack of food and no longer did they laugh and play in the streets.

The young Bishop Nicholas with his staff in hand journeyed to the docks of the harbor and called the mariners and captains about him.

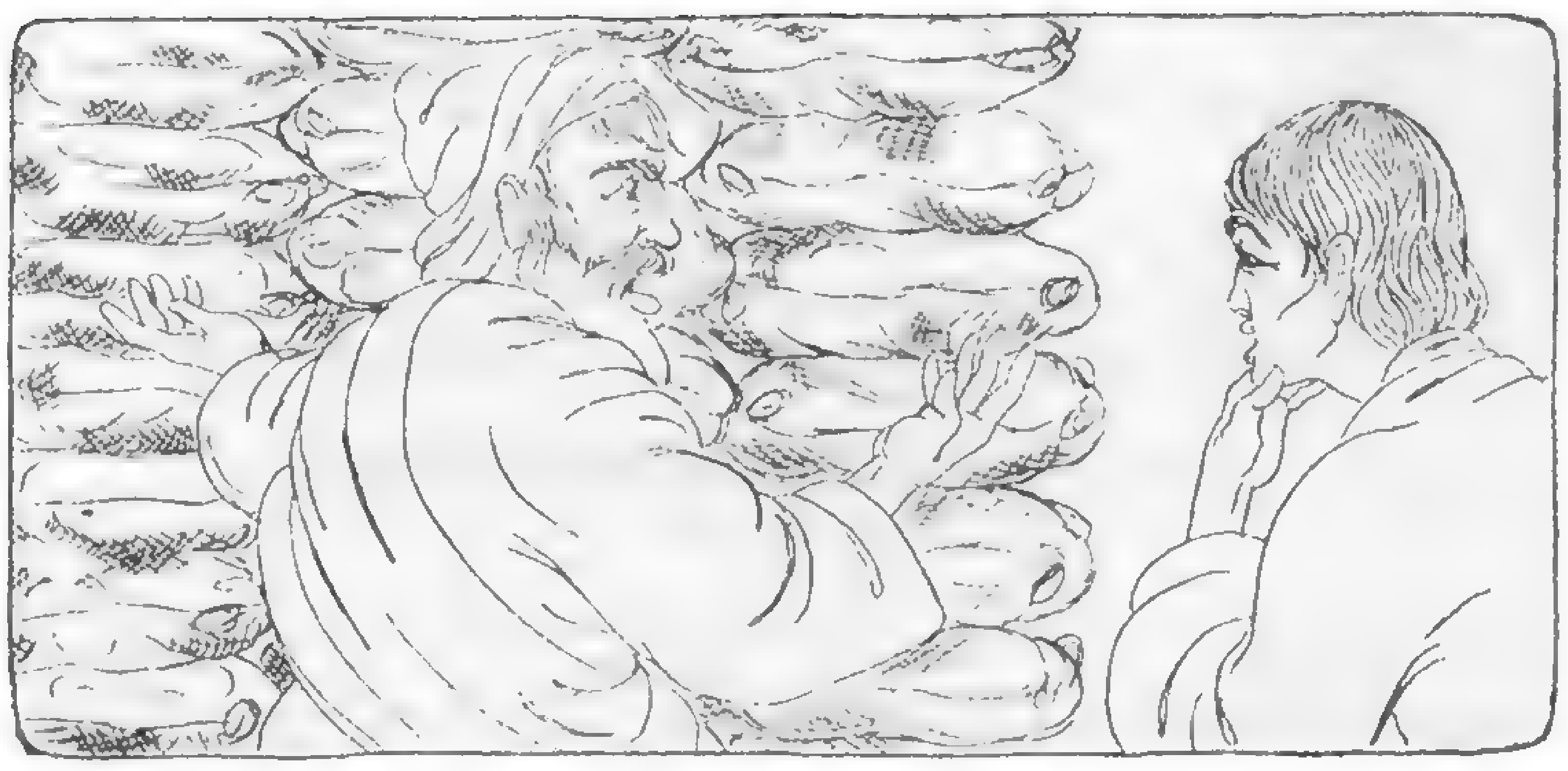
"Your ships are heavily laden with grain," said Nicholas. "Lest my people perish I have come before you to beg that from each shipload you leave behind a hundred sacks of grain."

"A hundred sacks!" cried one of the captains in astonishment. "Father, we dare not. Each sack has been measured and weighed. And each has been counted. This grain we must take to the granaries of the Emperor in Alexandria. His officers are strict and his chamberlains stand by and mark off each sack as it is unloaded. Father, we dare not! Not a single bag may we give up for we fear punishment."

Nicholas smiled and said in a soft and quiet voice: "Do this which I have asked that you do and I promise you that when your ships arrive in Alexandria and your cargo is counted not a single bag will be missing."

These words seemed to persuade the mariners and they surrendered from each vessel a hundred bags of grain which were distributed by Nicholas to every man, according to his need. And sufficient was left over to seed the ground and hold off famine for two full years.

Even before the mariners hoisted sail to leave for Alexandria the children were again laughing and playing in the streets of Myra.



Arriving at the wharfs of the Emperor's granaries in Alexandria, the mariners stood by anxiously while bag after bag was carried out of the vessels and checked by the chamberlain's tallies. When it was found that the total numbers were correct and that not a single bag was missing, they went to the Emperor and related this miracle to him and his ministers. The Emperor, hearing this, said that now he was certain that Nicholas, the young Bishop of Myra, was truly a servant of God.

Still another legend was circulated in the Middle Ages about a nobleman who prayed to the Lord that he might have a son. When a boy child had been born to him he gave thanks and promised that he would take the child to the church of Nicholas and there offer upon the altar a cup of gold.

Accordingly he ordered the goldsmith to make him a cup of gold. When the cup was finally finished he liked it exceedingly well. In fact he liked it so well that he ordered another made exactly like it for his own use. And soon, to keep his promise, he set sail for the port of Myra to have his boy blessed and offer the cup upon the altar.

During the journey the child leaned over the edge of the ship and tried to fill the cup with water from the sea. He fell into the water with the cup and sank immediately.

The grief-stricken father continued his journey and arriving at the church knelt at the altar and wept for the loss of his son. He then unwrapped the second golden cup and set it upon the altar as a gift according to his promise.

But as soon as he stood the cup upon the altar it bounced off and rolled to the floor. He picked it up and again set it on the altar but again it bounced high and away. A third time he tried but it jumped away of its own accord and this time further than ever.

Many in the church were witnesses to this strange occurrence and many more were called into the church to see the cup bounce of its own accord. People came in great numbers into the cathedral to see the grief-stricken father pick up the cup and try to set it upon the altar. And suddenly in the gathering crowd a child was discovered holding a golden cup in his hands. This was the first cup which had been lost in the sea and this was also the child, the little son, returned to life.

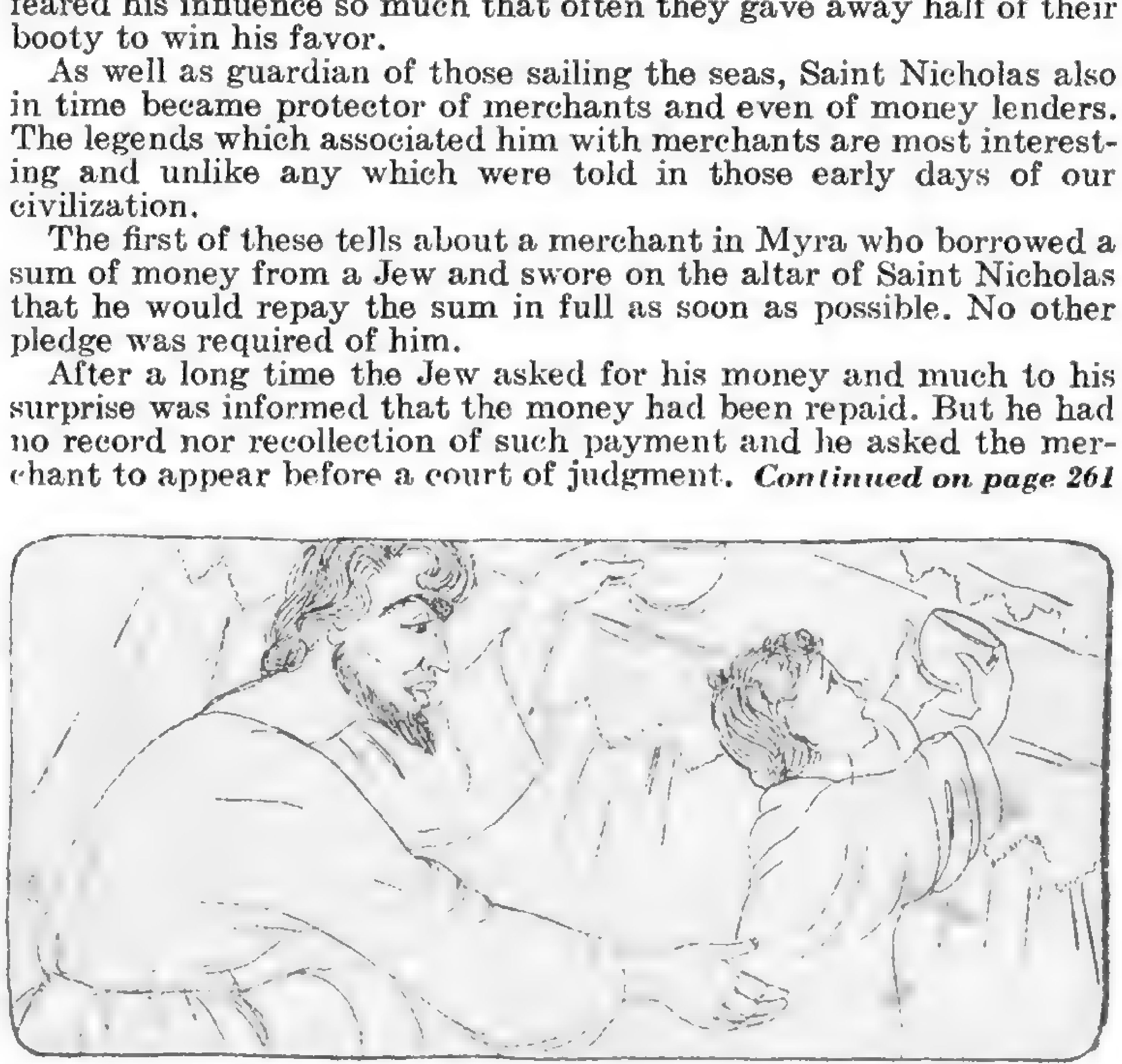
When the child came and placed his cup upon the altar, the Bishop Nicholas entered the church and blessed him. Then the father offered his cup also and this time his cup remained where it was placed. And thus happily were father and son reunited.

These three legends of the sea were told and retold through the long days and nights of the Middle Ages. And mainly because of these miracles of the sea did Nicholas become patron saint of seafaring men. For many centuries following, an image or ikon of Saint Nicholas was carried by every vessel venturing upon the sea. And even pirates begged for the protection of this good saint and they feared his influence so much that often they gave away half of their booty to win his favor.

As well as guardian of those sailing the seas, Saint Nicholas also in time became protector of merchants and even of money lenders. The legends which associated him with merchants are most interesting and unlike any which were told in those early days of our civilization.

The first of these tells about a merchant in Myra who borrowed a sum of money from a Jew and swore on the altar of Saint Nicholas that he would repay the sum in full as soon as possible. No other pledge was required of him.

After a long time the Jew asked for his money and much to his surprise was informed that the money had been repaid. But he had no record nor recollection of such payment and he asked the merchant to appear before a court of judgment. *Continued on page 261*



Alone the Stranger Passes

Following the silent Prophet through the streets of Jerusalem, Blind Saul "saw" Him cast down the twelve evils

by MANUEL KOMROFF

▪ FICTION ▪

HE WALKED alone. Before Him were the walls of Jerusalem. For a moment He paused in the cool shadow of an old cedar tree. From here He could see the Roman guards walk back and forth along the wall of the city. Their breast-plates and spears caught a deep red glint of the setting sun.

The sun itself hung suspended over the far horizon and on this day seemed deep in color. It was as though it were a crystal ball filled with wine; a wine distilled in heaven, a vintage of which man has not yet tasted.

And the same red which colored the spears of the sentinels gave a crimson outline to the old twisted branches of the cedar under which He stood. A hundred years of weather had tortured these limbs. Wind, heat, cold and rain had knotted and gnarled the great living trunk of this tree. And now the evening sun sent out a long finger from Heaven to trace a red line along the intertwining edges of the rough knobby branches.

In the distance the sentinels marched up and down. All seemed at peace. But the trunk of the tree beside Him suddenly took on the form of two powerful wrestlers. The knotted branches resembled muscles of flesh and pulsing blood.

Who are these who stand a hundred years in struggle? The one on the right seems like any man born of woman. But the one on the left has a deformity of limb and seems more like a monster who has taken hold and refuses to let go.

Who can break this grip? In a few minutes the sun will set and that red line as though drawn in chalk, will disappear and the forms will be lost. Once more man and demon will be merged together under the dark leafy shadow of night. But before the sun sets the struggle will grow more intense, the wine of life will turn to blood and in twelve fierce encounters must the wrestlers clash. Twelve times force against force. Twelve falls and twelve victories.

At the city gate He was warned that the time of closing was near.

"In a quarter of an hour or even less the trumpet and bells will sound and the gates will close," said one of the soldiers. "Therefore, stranger you have little time before you must return. Pass if you like."

A blind beggar who spent his days seated on the ground beside the gate, with his clay saucer beside him, suddenly stood up, breathed deeply and followed the Stranger into the city streets.

"There see," said one of the soldiers. "Blind Saul seems to know whom to follow. Perhaps he has heard of this Prophet who comes from the desert to preach to multitudes."

"Do you believe," asked one of the soldiers, "that this Prophet can perform miracles?"

"No. Certainly not."

"He seems just like you or me and I believe none of the stories about Him."

"Well, if I saw it with my eyes then I might believe," added one.

With such meaningless chatter and with the recounting of some of the tales of this Prophet the soldiers at the city gate spent the last quarter of an hour before the nightwatch took over their duties. In the meantime the blind beggar Saul followed the Stranger. That strange and unexplained power given to those who live in darkness led him on and on. At times he was but a pace or two behind the Stranger. But at other moments he fell eight or ten paces behind because he paused to hear.

He heard all but he saw nothing. And all twelve events which followed occurred in rapid succession. All twelve occurred in twelve short minutes.

Blind Saul heard the voice of a young woman singing. The voice came from an open window. But he did not see that she was seated before her mirror and was combing her hair and admiring the beauty of the reflection in the glass. The shadow of the Stranger walking in the street was reflected by the low evening light across the wall of her room. Suddenly her singing stopped and the comb fell from her hand.

She spoke to someone close by and her words were heard by the blind beggar Saul.

"How long will my beauty last!" she exclaimed.

"A few years more," replied the voice.

"And then?"

"Look about you and see."

"And I too will be old."

"And live for many years I hope."

"Just now," said the girl, "I saw a shadow cross the mirror and suddenly it all came to me."

For a brief moment she was silent.

"Come, speak child. Say what it is that came to you," said the voice.

"I don't know how to say it. But the pleasure has suddenly left me. I loved to see myself in the mirror and admire my hair and eyes and lips and now . . . It was as though a shudder passed through me and made me drop the comb. Something inside has changed and I cannot say what it is."

"Perhaps, my child, you have lost your vanity."

"Would that be good?"

"Yes, my child, very good."

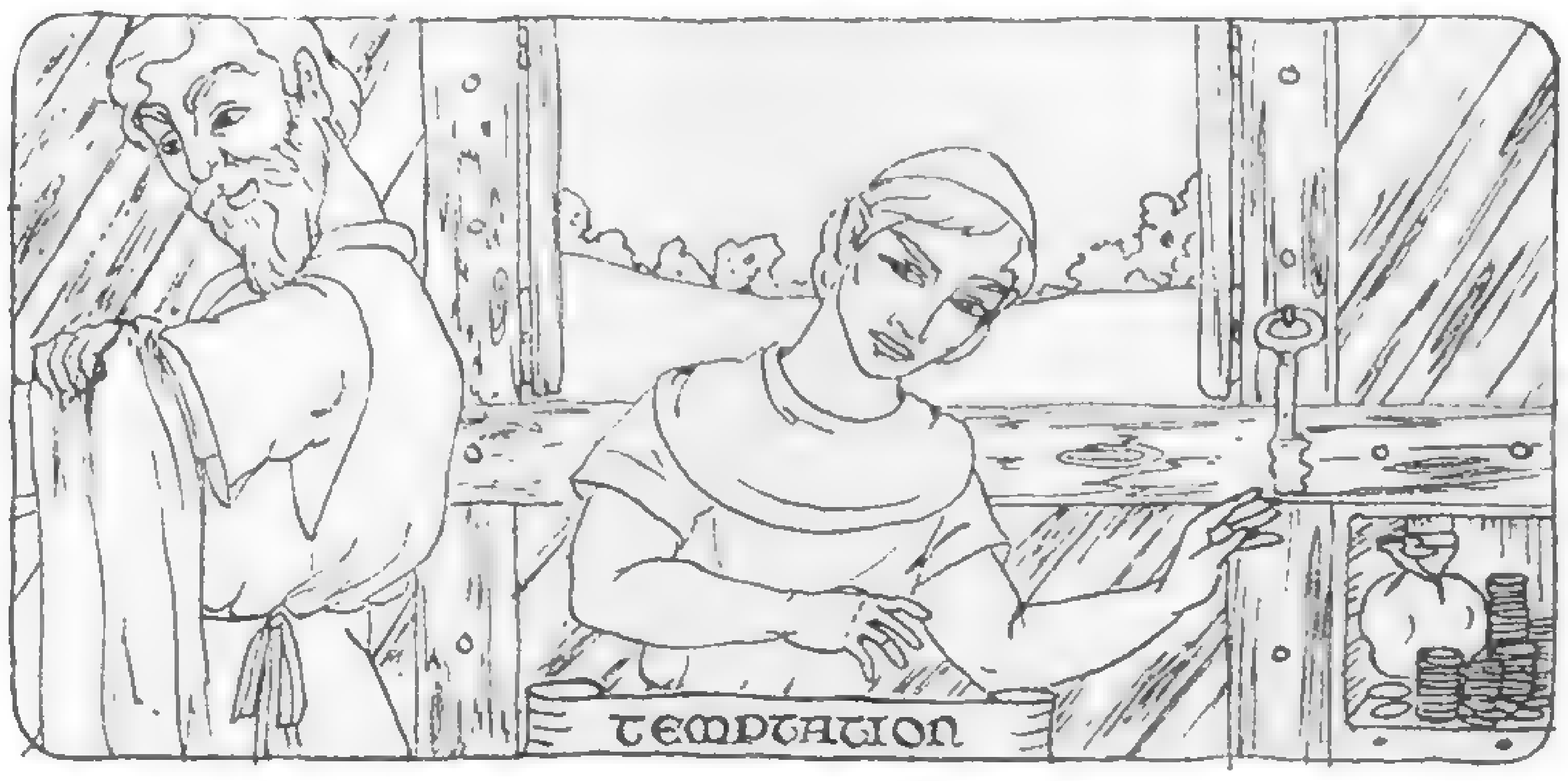
"Then I have lost it; and it is gone forever."

Across the street another girl was standing in the window and suddenly she turned to speak with her sister. The blind beggar Saul heard her say: "I just saw her drop the comb from her hand. All day long she looks at herself in the glass. And do you want me to tell you something? For a long time I have watched her with eyes of envy. I was envious of her beauty, her jewels, her silk garments, the wealth and comfort of her home; of everything about her I was envious but now I feel sorry for her and I no longer envy anything she possesses."

"What has made this sudden change in you, dear sister?"

"I don't know."

The Stranger passed on in silence and the blind beggar followed Him.



As they passed the open shop of a copper-smith the apron-boy stopped hammering and spoke to the old man.

"Master," he said, "why don't you take the money home? It is not safe here in the shop."

"No one knows it is here."

"I know it is here and I must confess to you that it is a temptation."

"How is that?"

"Well, I have a key to the shop and at night . . . Take it home. It is not safe here."

"And if you took the money where would you go?"

"Ah! That's the point that makes it hard. I would have to leave Jerusalem and flee into Galilee."

"You planned it?"

"I was thinking about it and . . ."

"And what?"

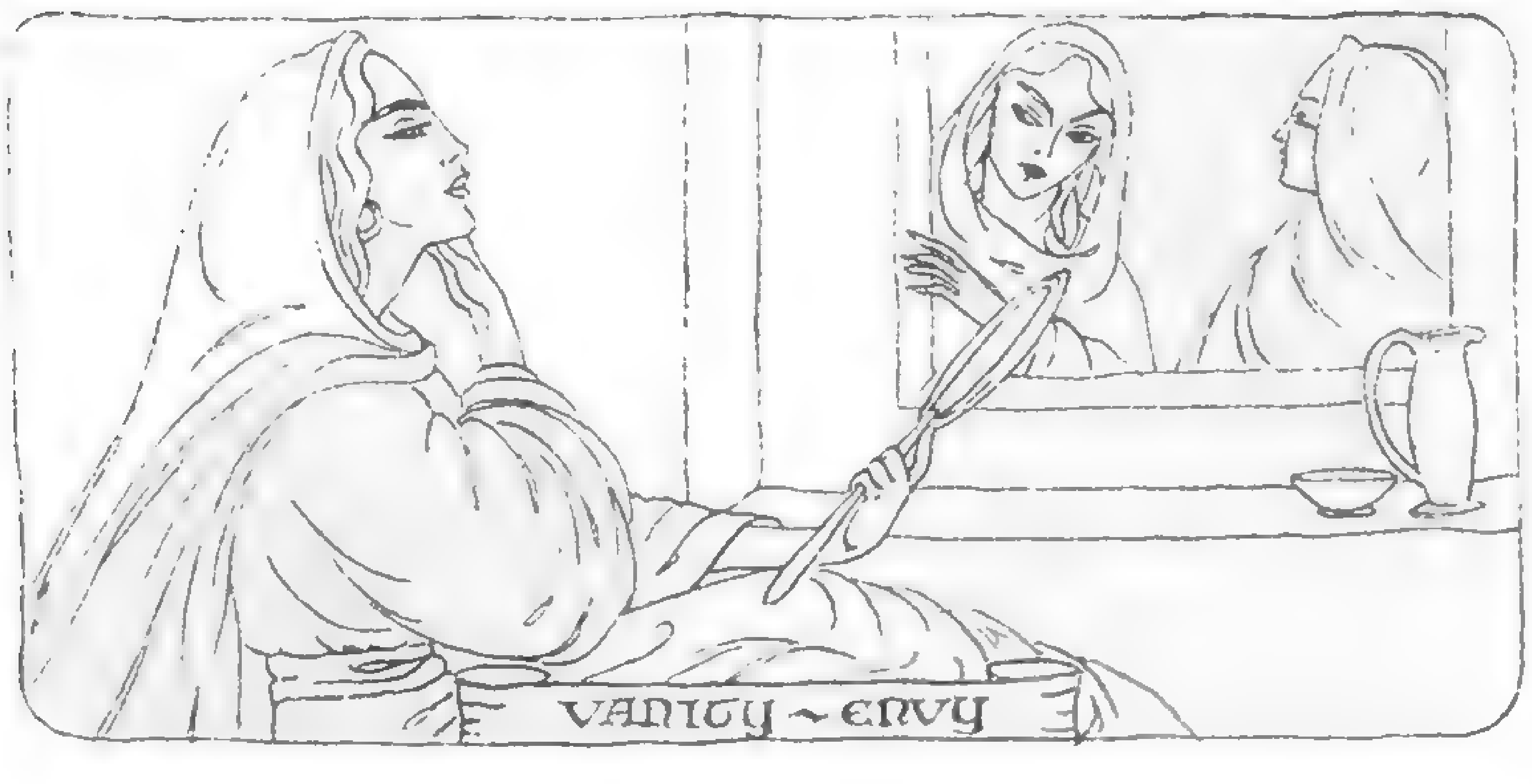
"Well, just now it came to me that it is all foolish. The money would do me no good for I could never see my mother again and . . . Forgive me master. I tell you the truth. It is a temptation to anyone. Take the money home."

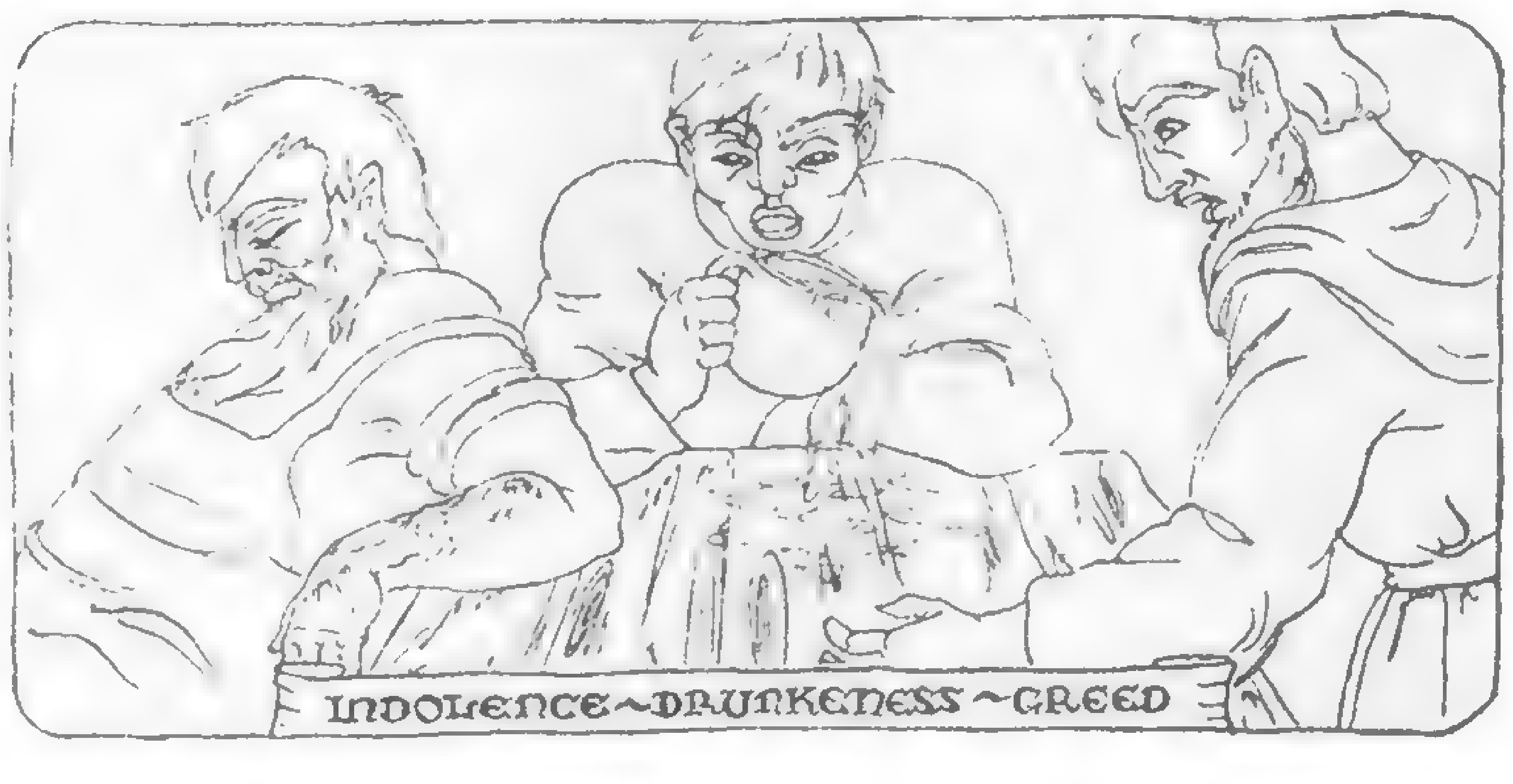
"I will; for it says in the great scroll that a tempter is as evil as the one who is tempted."

The boy went on with his hammering and blind Saul hurried away for the Stranger was now some distance ahead.

Now the shadow of the Stranger crossed the open archway of a tavern. The inn-keeper was sitting at a table with two of his customers and all three men stirred slightly and watched the shadow pass across the wall.

Then for some unknown reason the inn-keeper rose up and called aloud: "All my life flows away in nothingness. As though the bung were knocked out of my barrel and the wine pours down a gutter. Why I ask you!" And he shook the one who was a heavy drinker





and shouted in his ear. "And you too, what good are you! Take your drunkenness elsewhere. Your company only breeds indolence. For years I have been lazy and the filth in this place . . . Look at it! Filthy squalor! No more, no more!" He reached for the broom and began sweeping his floor with great vigor.

The drunkard rose, a little unsteadily and said: "Fill up the big beaker, I will pay and drink it down and go. If you do not like my company I will go. Fill it up to the brim. It is a mile to the bottom."

The innkeeper filled the cup to the very top. The eyes of the drunkard gazed deep into the red wine as though it were a pool into which he was about to dive. Then suddenly with a quick brush of his arm he swept it off the table.

"The wine! The wine!" cried the third man rising from his seat. "You have spilled it over the floor!"

"Good wine," laughed the drunkard. "Let it spill. I am not its slave any more. I have been drunk long enough and now . . . Now there is a new world for me to see."

When he had spoken these words he threw two shekels upon the table and left the tavern.

The third man who was horrified at the waste of the wine stood speechless. The inn-keeper took up the broom again and spoke to him.

"Never mind the wine. He paid for it, not you. But it hurts you just the same. Yes, I know. And when you are dead what will you do with it?"

"With what?"

"The money. The pennies, the shekels, the talents. You have gathered them together and like the wine on the floor someone will someday spill them about. Your greed will do you no good."

"Greed!" His mouth opened in amazement.

"Yes, you. Greed and you are one. Must I tell you what you already know?"

"I work and save and struggle. Yet you call it greed."

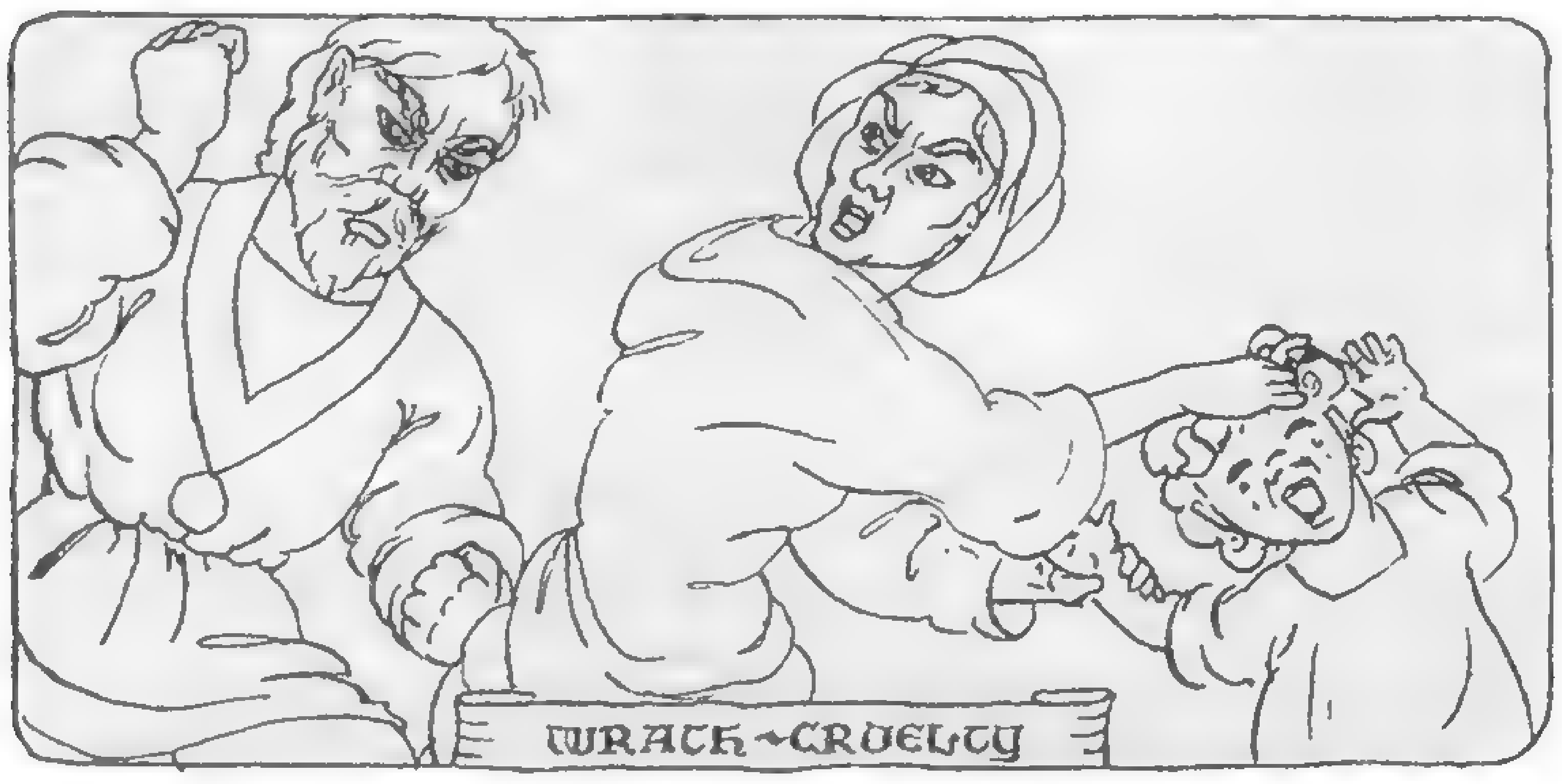
"With you it is greed. Ask any child in the street. You are a miser and your children only wait for you to die."

"And then it all will be squandered?"

"Yes. Poured away like the wine on the floor."

"I believe it," spoke the miser after a slight pause. "And I leave you now with more reason and understanding than I ever had before. You will see me again but in the meantime do not despise me."

Blind Saul heard the miser's steps leaving the tavern and he hurried ahead to catch up with the Stranger. So much seemed to happen in so short a while. So much, so much!


WRATH~CRUELTY

A few steps further down the narrow street toward the bazaar the blind beggar heard loud and angry shouts. Ungovernable seemed the temper of this man shouting at his wife. And the woman shouted back her curses and took it out on her child whom she pinched and smacked. The husband shouted, the woman cursed and the child screamed.

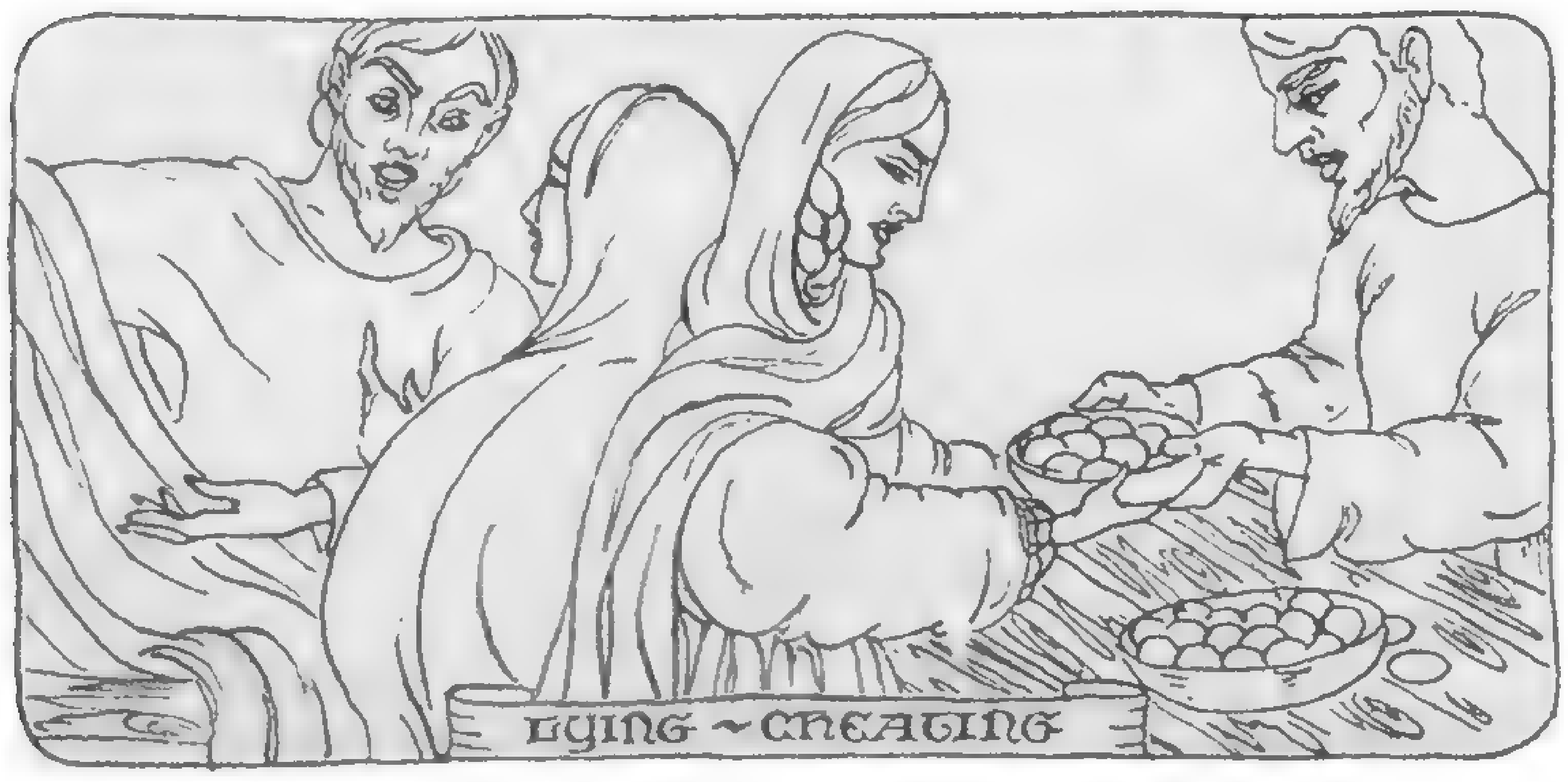
And then suddenly, as though cut with a knife, all was silent.

The man laughed and then he spoke softly. "The supper is late and the soup is cold. Those two things do not go together for even late supper is hot. Ha, ha! My temper mounts high and what is the result?"

"True, true," said the wife in a sobbing voice. "Your temper rises and I curse you for you cannot listen to reason. The pot was cracked and I lost half the soup before I could pour it over. That is why it is both cold and late. And the injustice of your wrath brings out the terror and cruelty in my nature."

Then she hugged the child, whom she pinched and smacked a minute before, and she wept large tears and kissed her child, a hundred affectionate kisses she poured over the child's face.

"We are fools both of us," said the husband. "Forgive me."


LYING~CHEATING

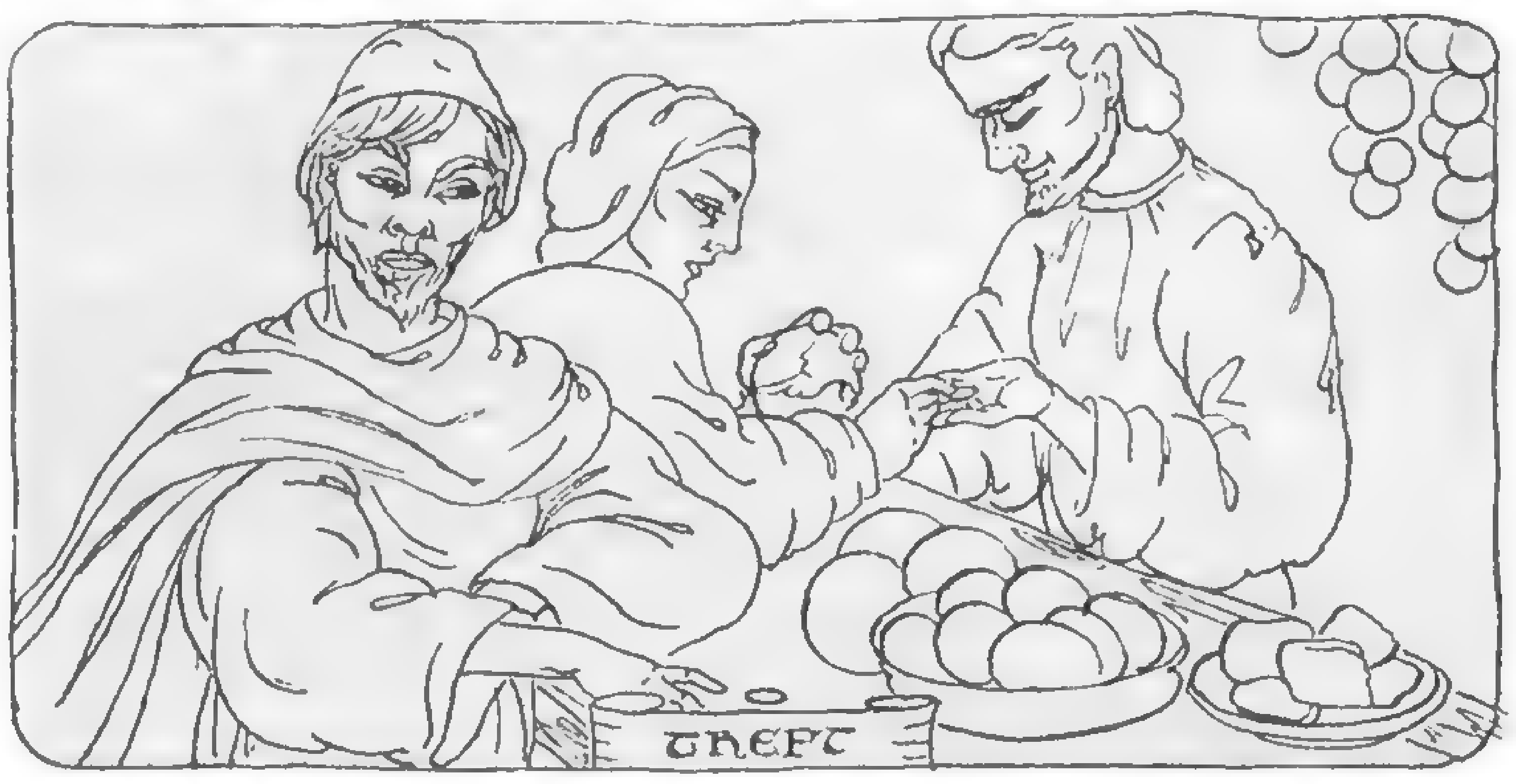
The blind beggar ran on and now found himself in the heart of the bazaar. Some were buying, others selling and some haggling. A score of voices came to his ears from many directions.

But out of all this din and commotion he suddenly heard clearly the voice of a merchant close by.

"Wait," said the merchant, "before I wrap it up. I lied to you. I exaggerated the value a little. Now I am cool and reason has control. The value is there and it is worth what I ask. Take it or leave it. I have often lied but today it has just occurred to me that it serves no purpose. Shall I wrap it up?"

"Yes. Wrap it up. I knew you lied."

And from another part of the bazaar he heard an old woman call to her customer: "Wait a moment. The eggs in the basket were not counted strictly. Two are missing. Here, add these two and the count will be right. There can be no profit in cheating."


THEFT

The blind man walked on a pace or two and he heard another voice say: "A man is happy when he loses something and he finds it again. And I am come to make you happy."

"How can you make me happy?" said the other voice.

"Very easily." He rang a gold coin on the counter. "Here take it. The coin is yours."

"Yes, it is mine but how . . ."

"Ask no questions. Be happy. What you lost you have found."

"But how did it come to you?"

"Well, I could tell you I found it and someone informed me it was yours. Or I could tell you it rolled off your counter and I picked it up last week but did not have a chance to bring it to you before. Or I could tell you a long story about a man and a boy and a camel. All these tales would explain it perfectly. Only the truth is simpler."

"Then what is the truth?"

"I stole it last week and suddenly this evening I felt cheap and . . . It burns a hole in my pocket. I am glad to give you what is yours and I would pay a second coin to ease bad conscience."

The sound of a trumpet interrupted the voices. This was the signal for the closing of the city gates.

The blind beggar heard the tramp of the soldiers of the night-watch as they left their garrison. The bells in the wall towers were rung as an additional warning. The day was over and those who had stalls in the bazaar began taking down the awnings and packing away for the night.

The Stranger hurried now towards the city gate. The blind beggar followed Him as closely as he could through the crowded streets.

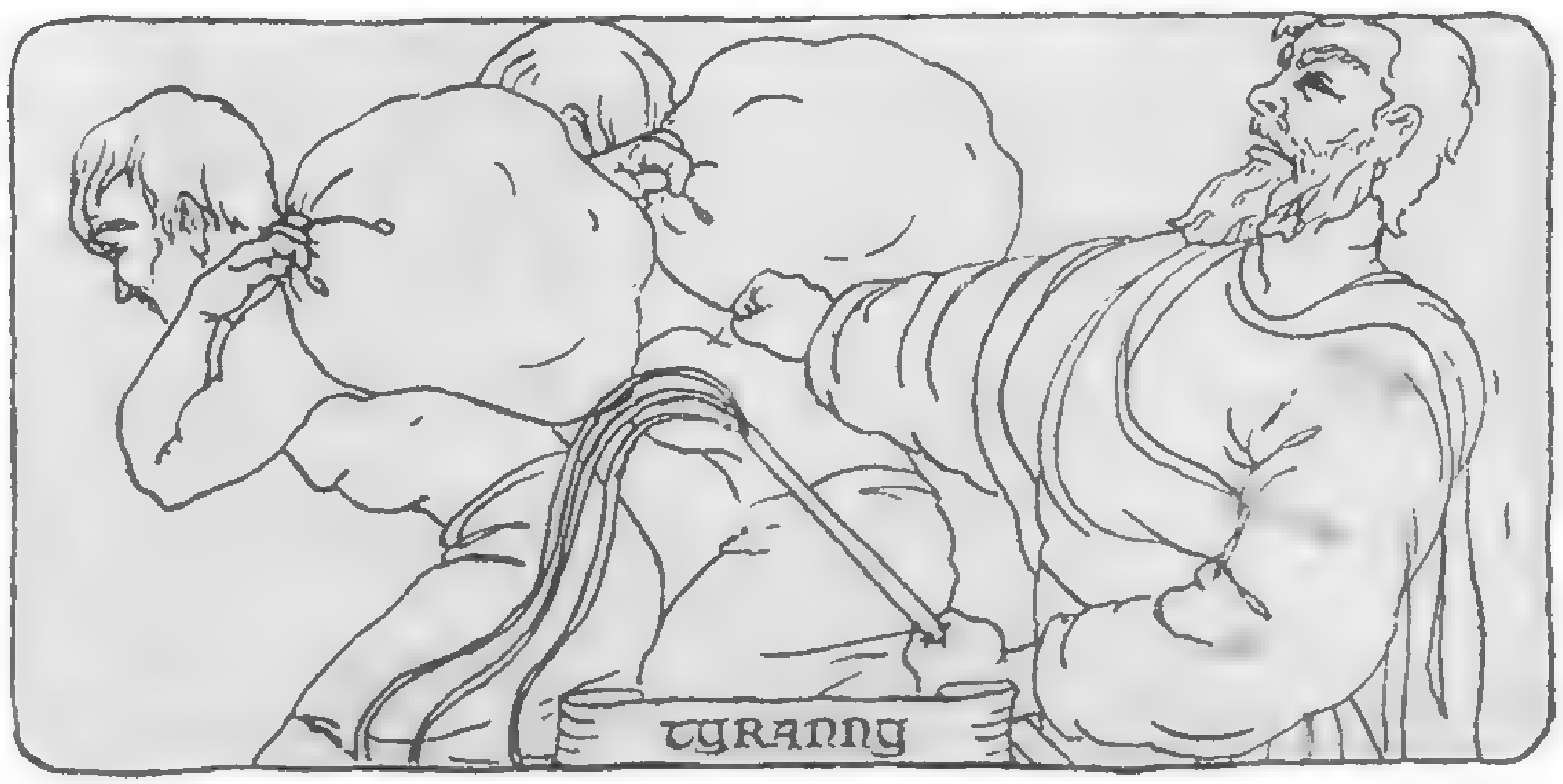
One more voice he was to hear before the Stranger passed through the gates and into the vast desert beyond. It was the voice of a young man which seemed to come through a lattice or an open window facing upon the street.

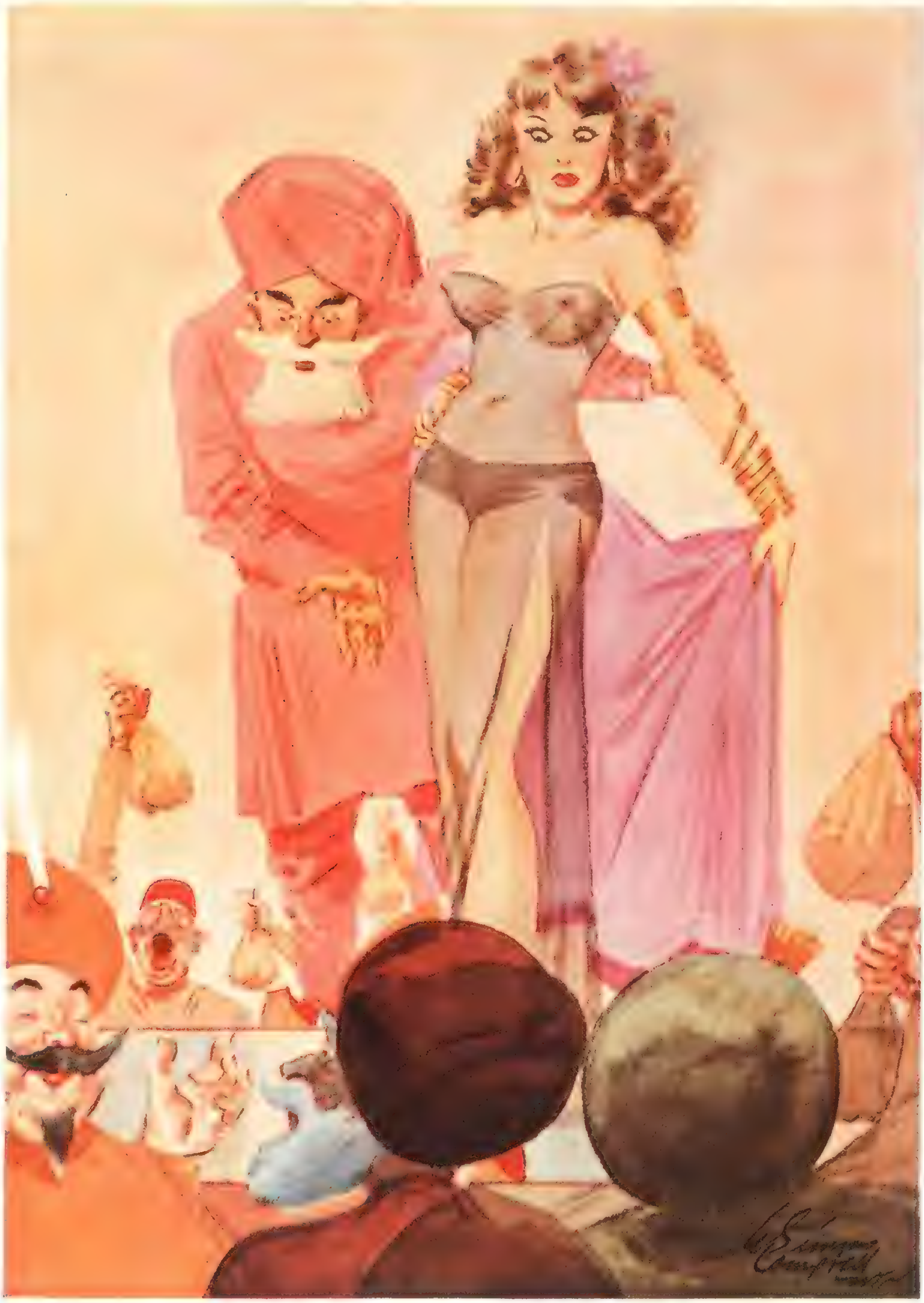
"If I have been a cruel master then forgive me. Your days and hours belonged to me and your lives and souls I counted also as mine. But now I know that your lives and souls belong elsewhere. And if the days and hours have been long and the tyranny sometimes unbearable now I want to repair some of the wrong between us. Call the ironsmiths and let the chains be removed. Those who would remain will remain as free men. And those who would go also shall they go as free men. Each will have a paper sealed with my ring. You who were slaves are now men. With these words I set you free."

The tower bells rang out as the blind beggar hurried toward the gate.

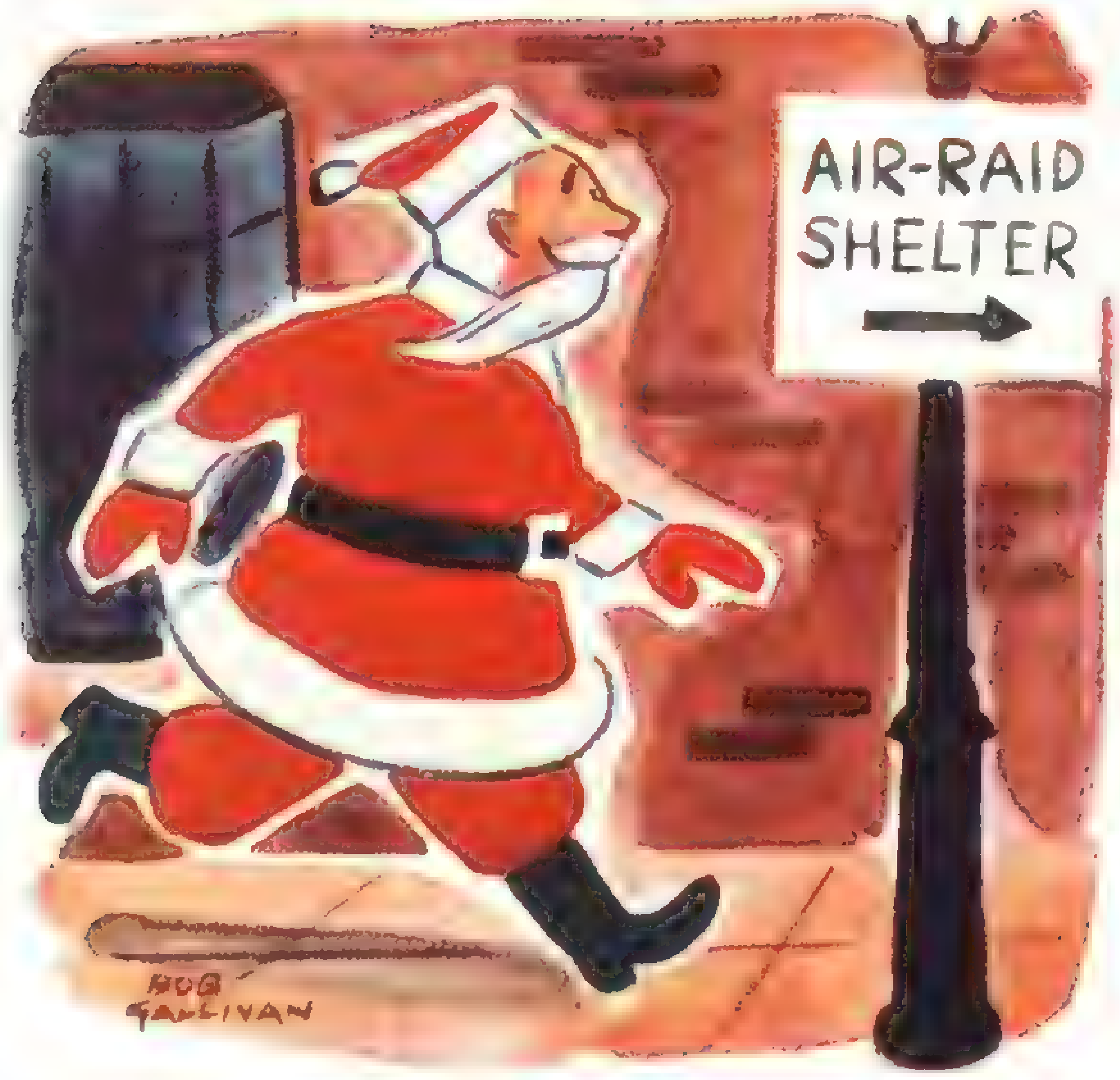
The soldiers held ready the heavy bars which bolted the great doors. They waited for Him to pass and then slowly they moved the massive doors and bolted them. The blind beggar Saul stood in the archway. Between him and the Stranger he heard the great doors lock.

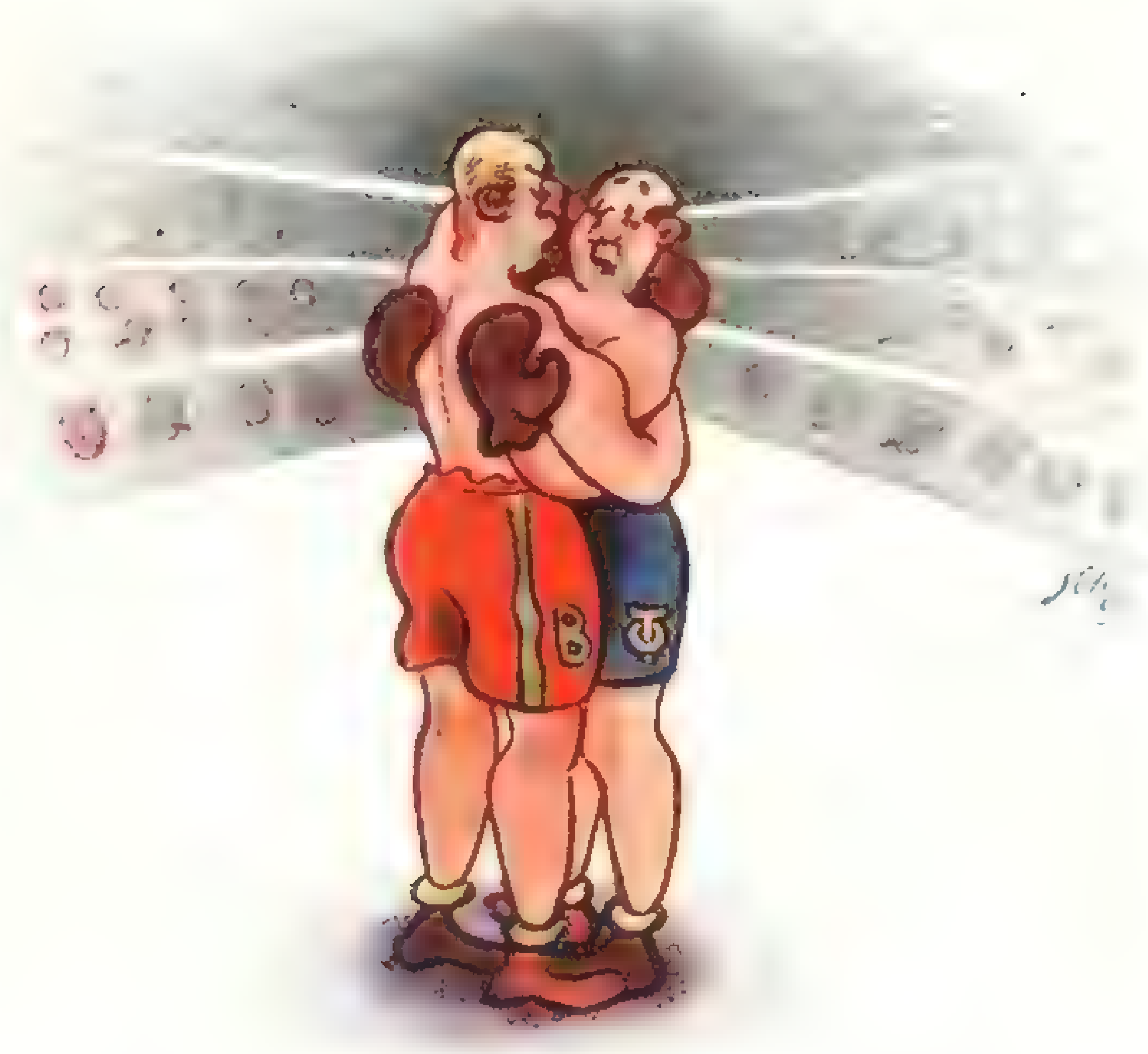
Continued in center of page 246


TYRANNY

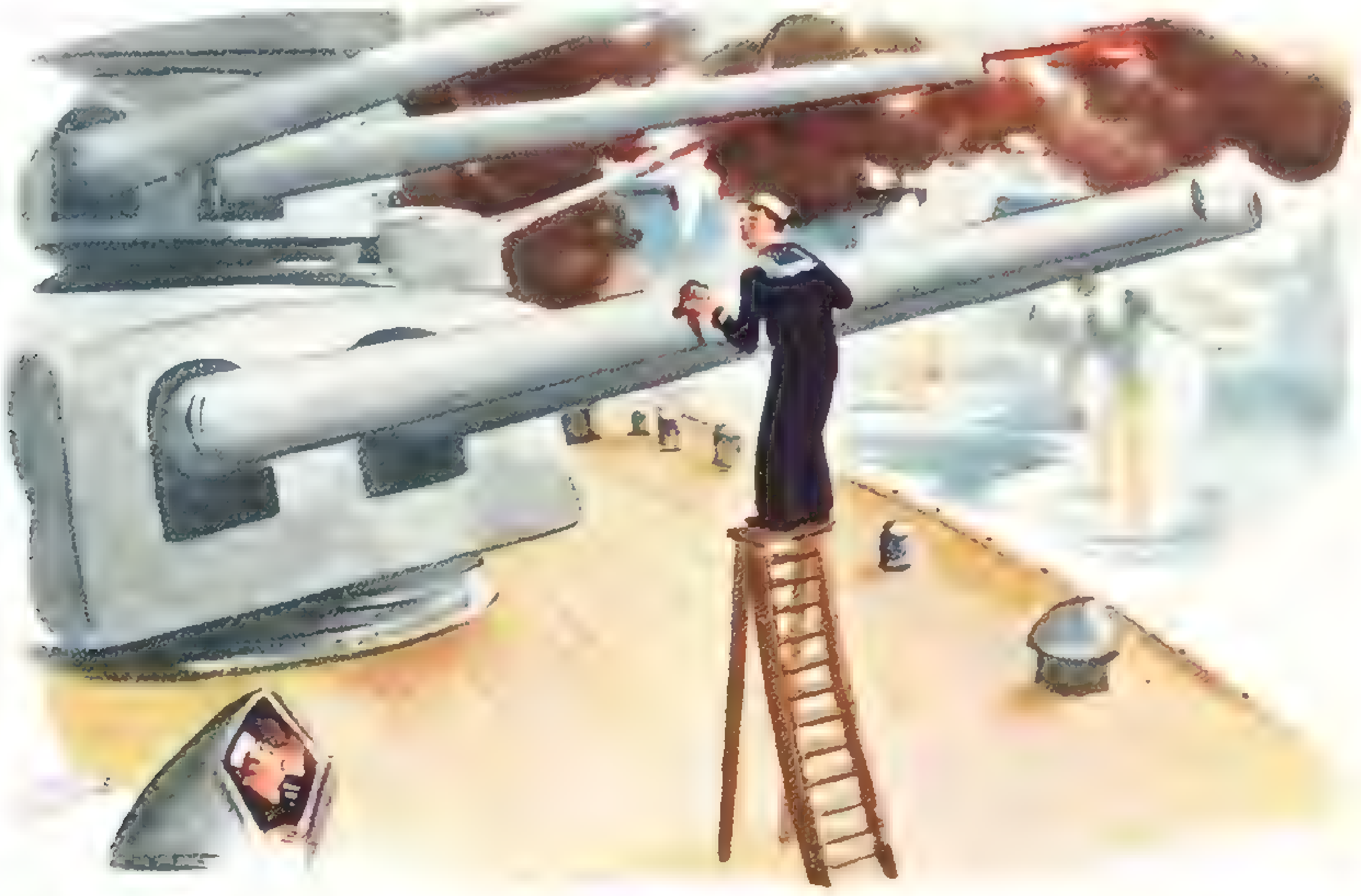

E. Simms Campbell

"I have a friend who can get one for me wholesale"

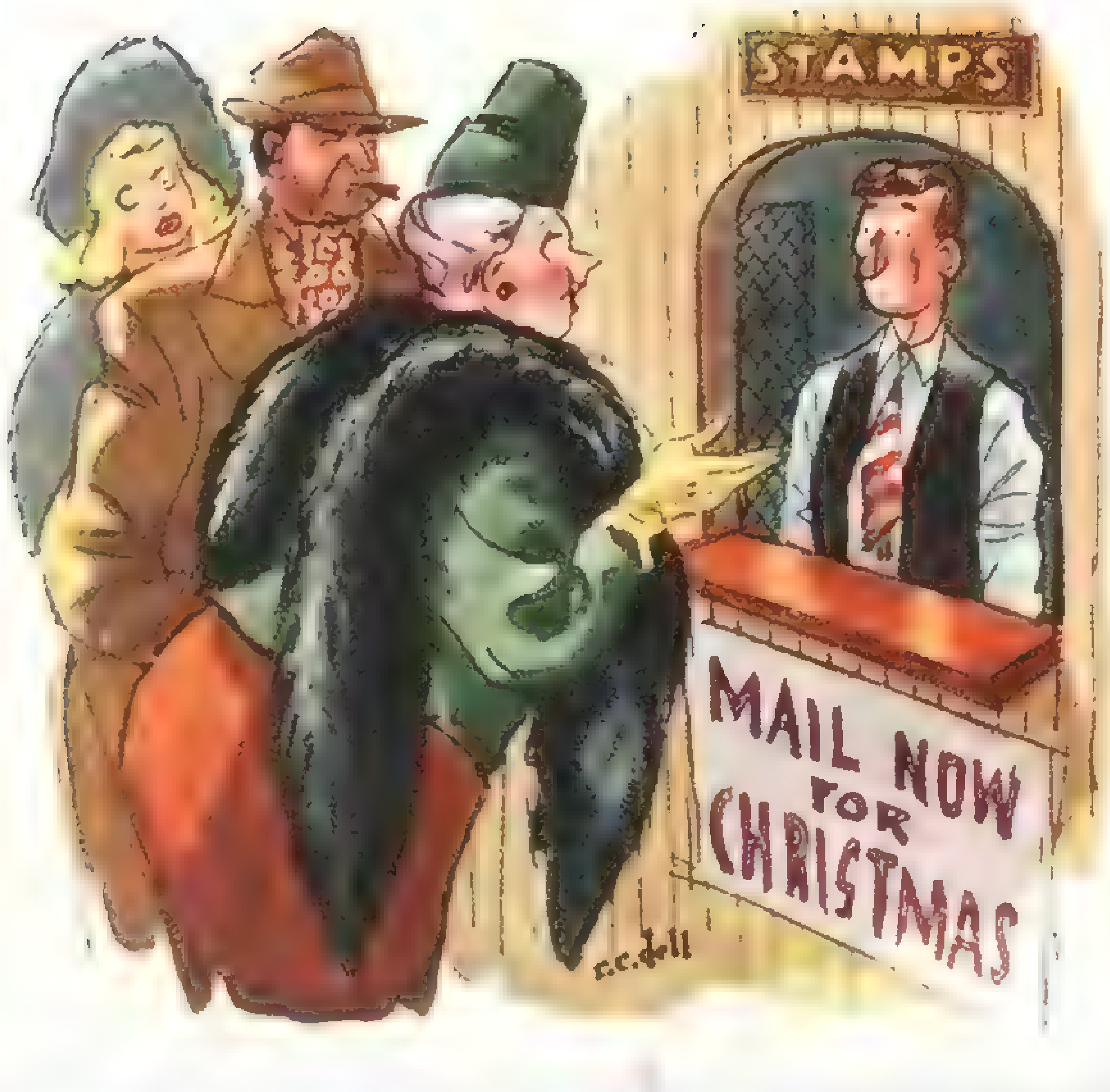

AIR-RAID
SHELTER
BOB GALLIVAN



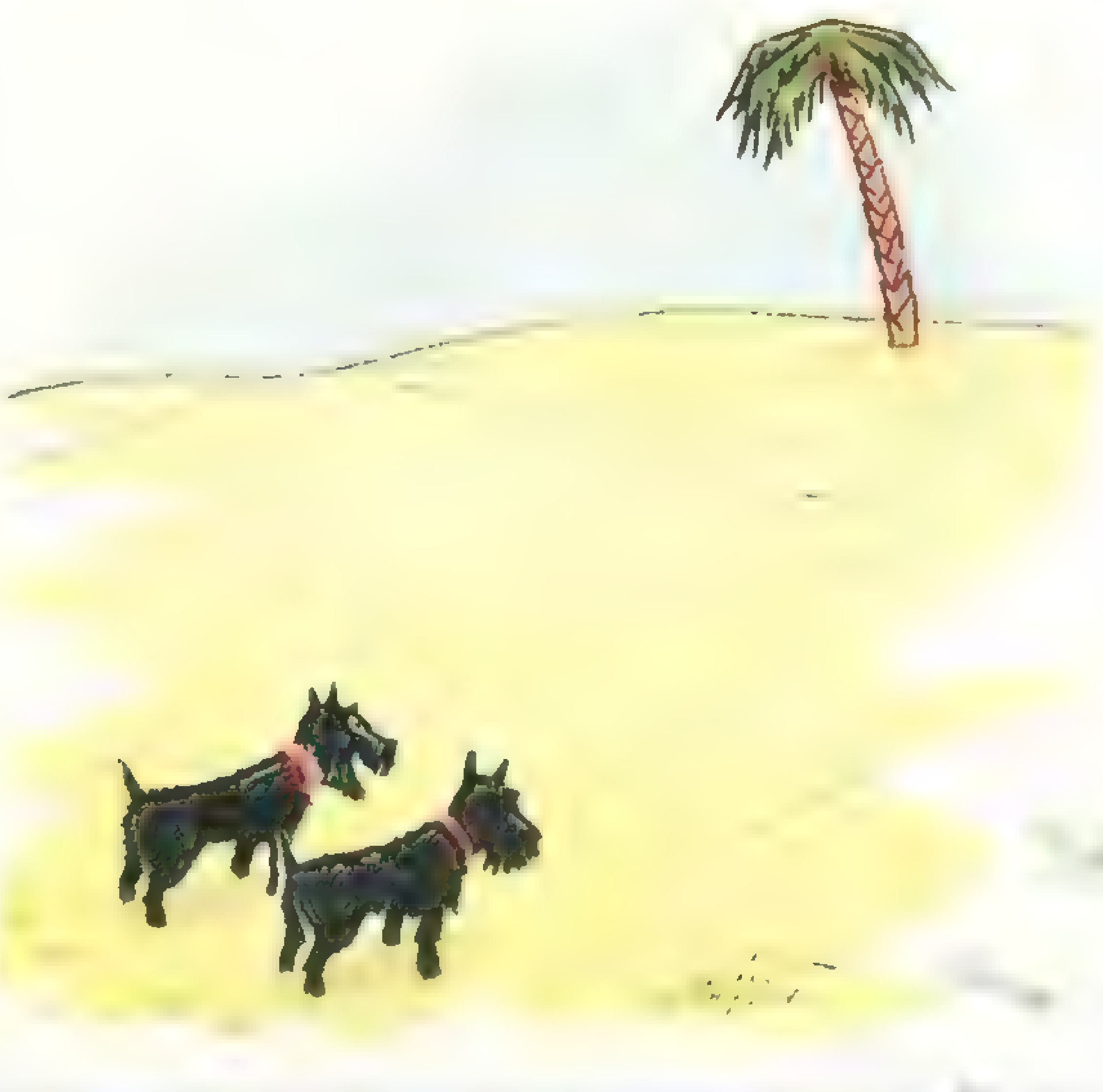
“I dread going back to my corner—
they make such a fuss over me!”



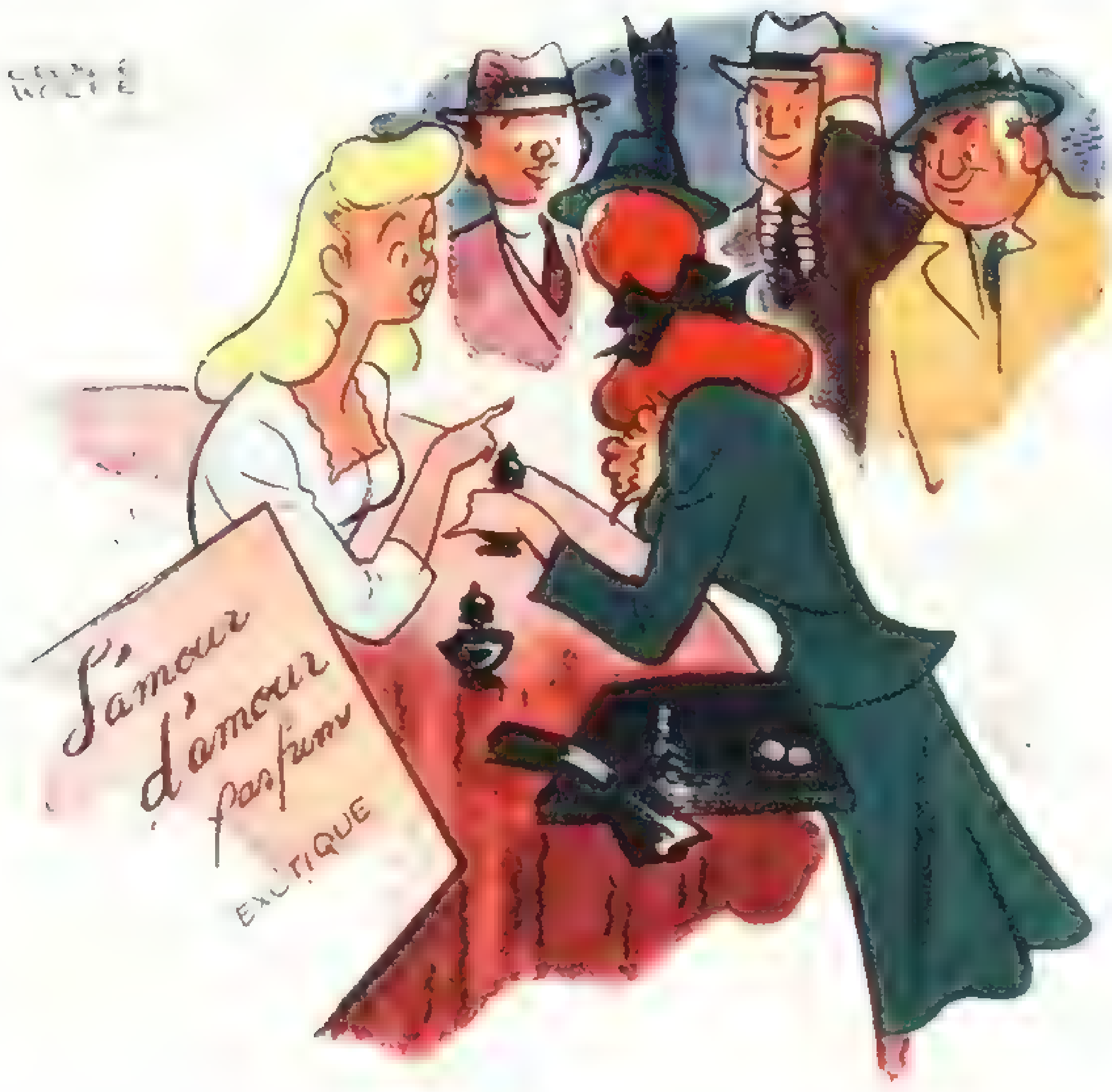
“Psst—the captain says to hurry”


STAMPS
MAIL NOW
FOR
CHRISTMAS
s.c.dell

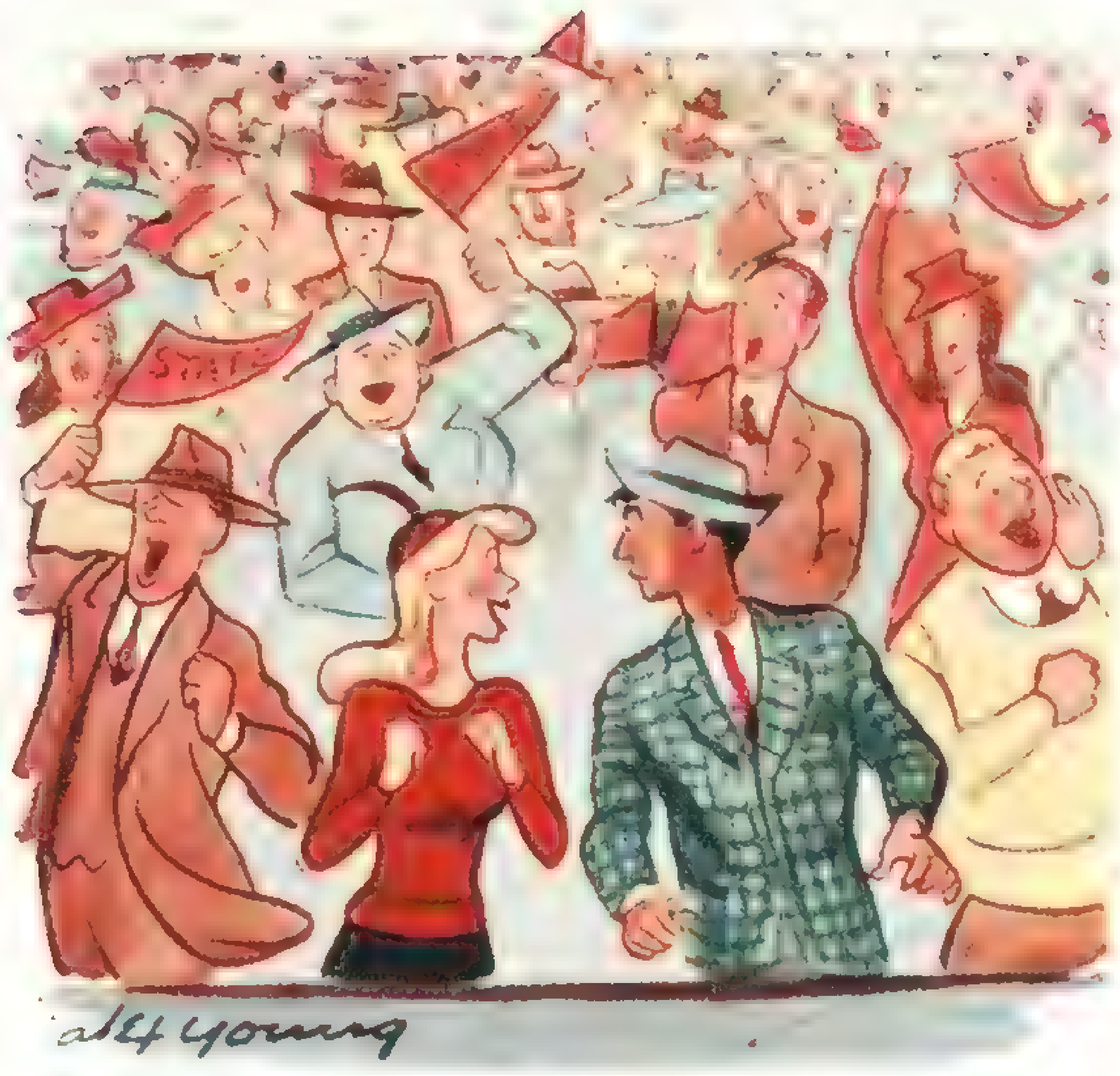
“I'm having my Xmas cards printed in mulberry and
old rose—what day will you have stamps to match?”



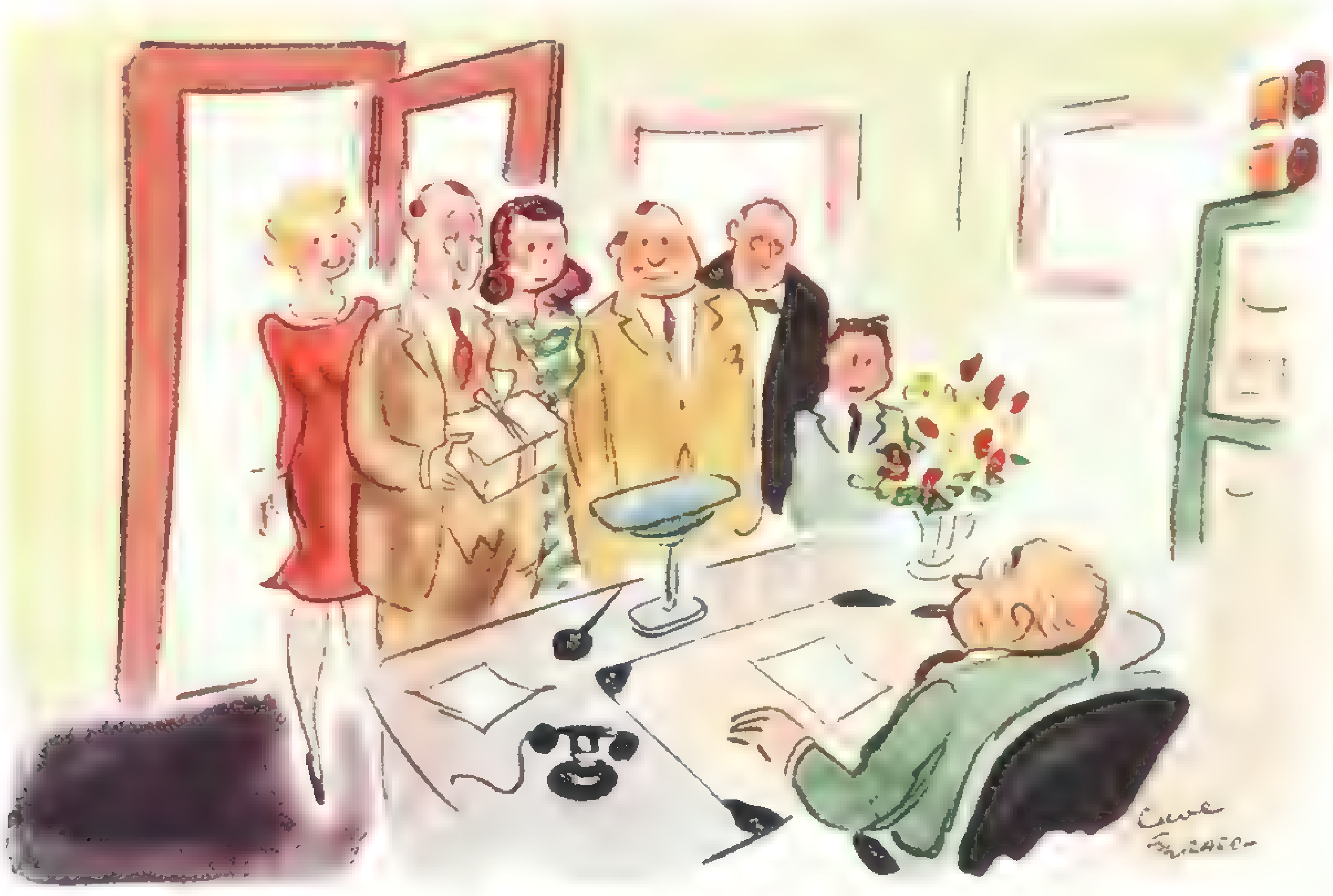
“Hooray! At last an oasis!”


L'amour d'amour parfums
EXOTIQUE

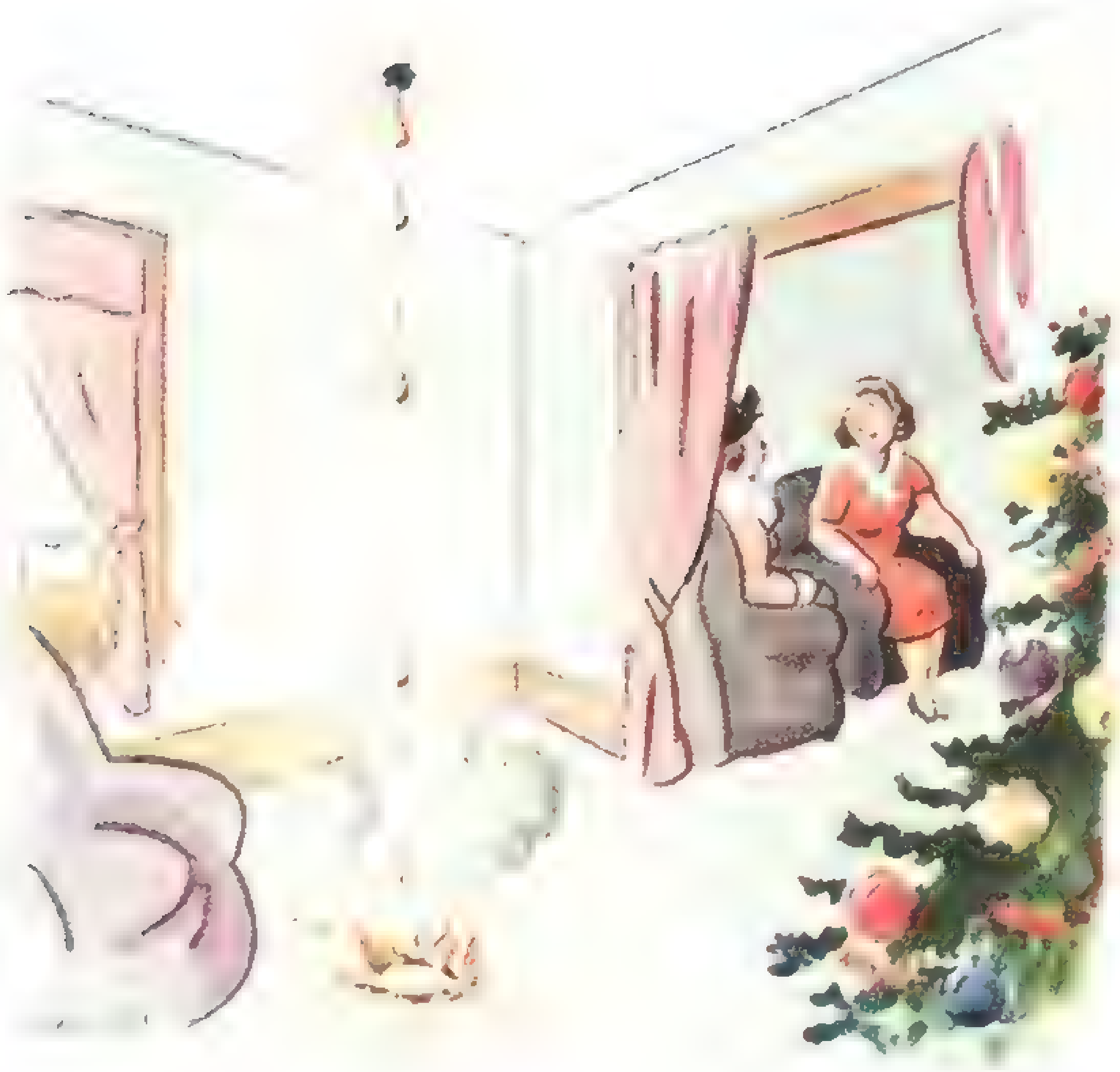
"Look! Even before you buy L'Amour D'Amour!"


STATE
Alex Young

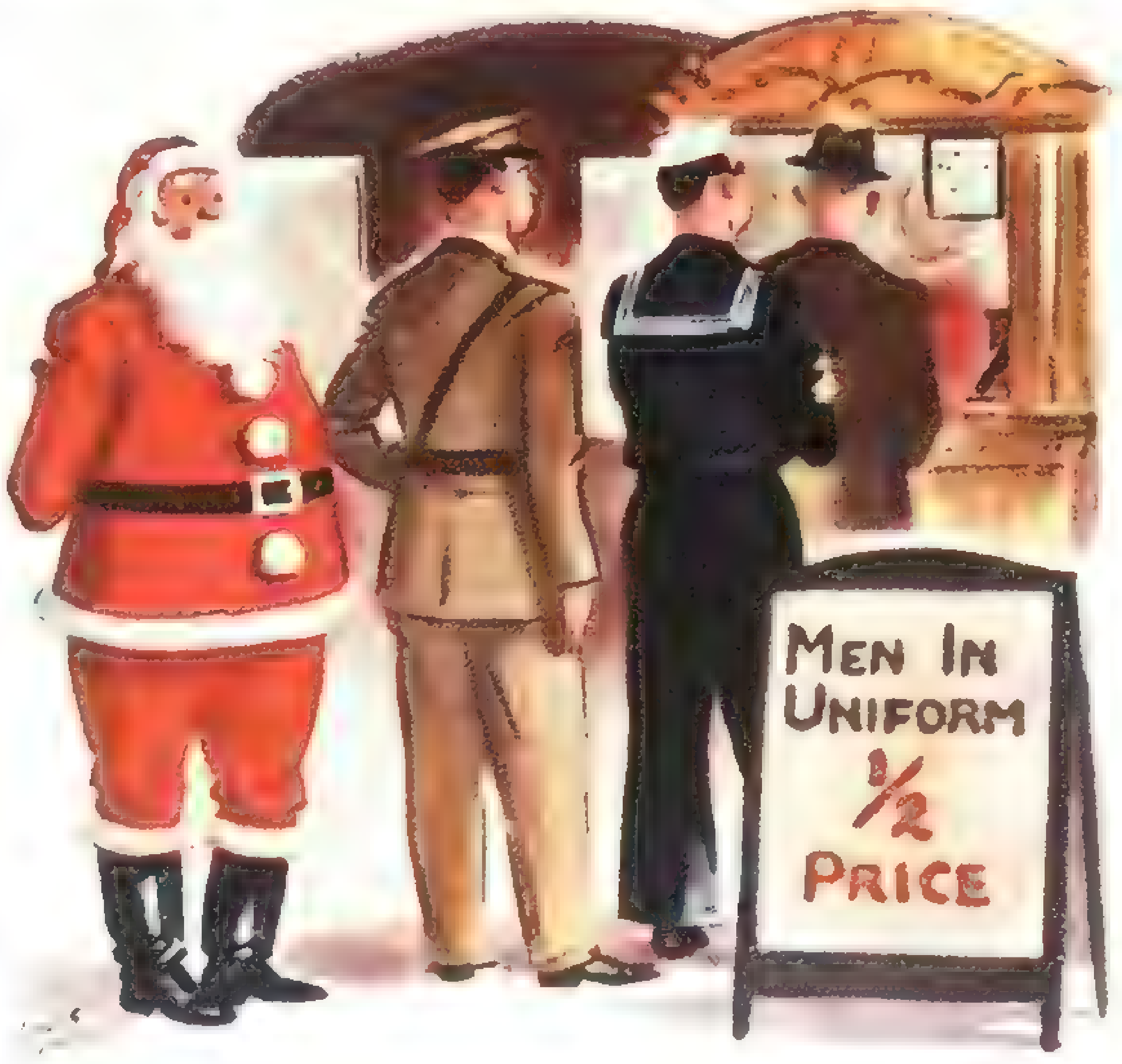
"That was a nice reverse end run on a split play from unbalanced formation through a 6-2-2-1 defense!"

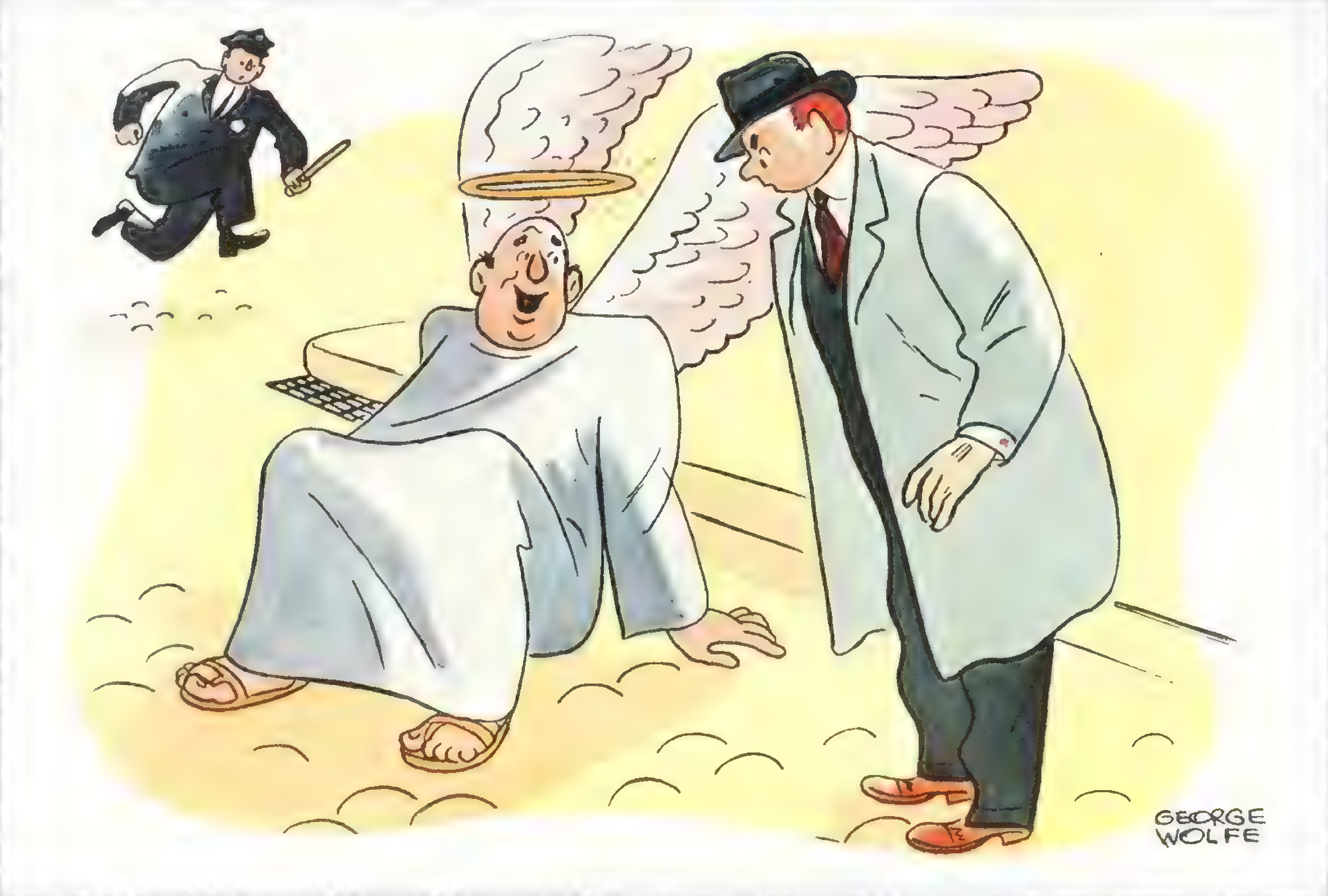


"And speaking for the entire staff—except Ellington in the shipping department, who refused to kick in—we wish you a very happy birthday!"

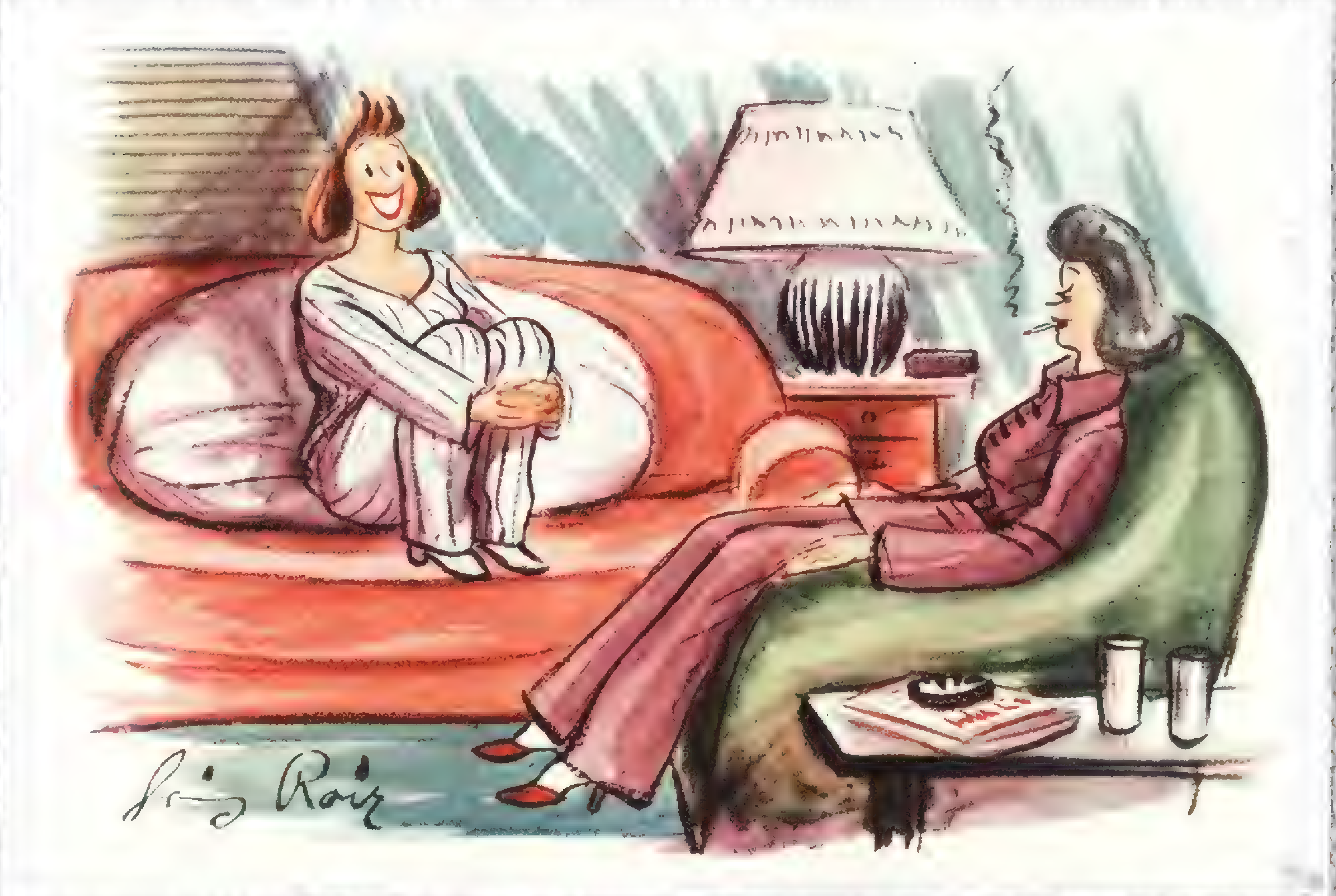


"Junior kept teasing for a chemical set, so we finally got him one!"

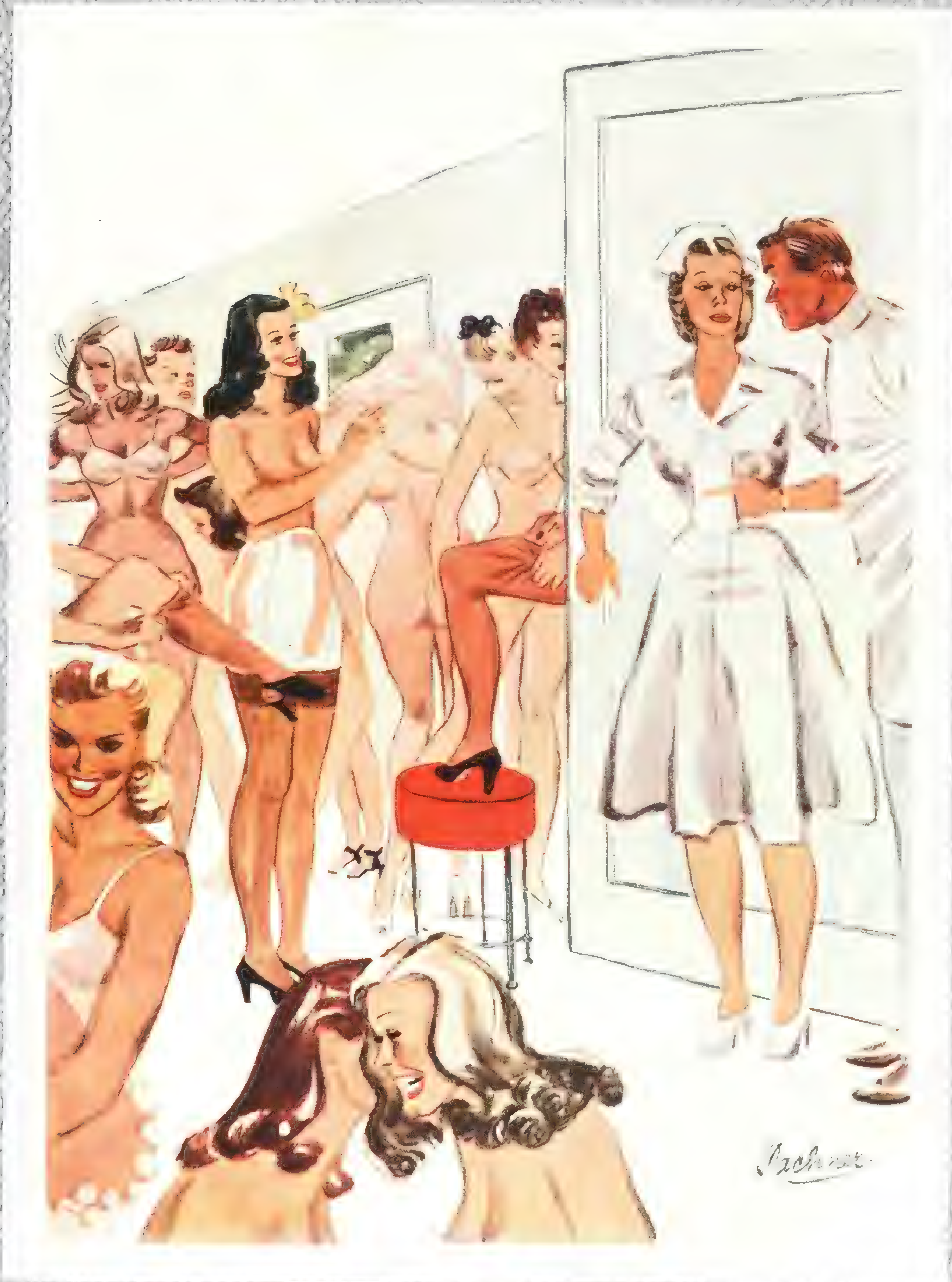

MEN IN UNIFORM ½ PRICE


GEORGE WOLFE

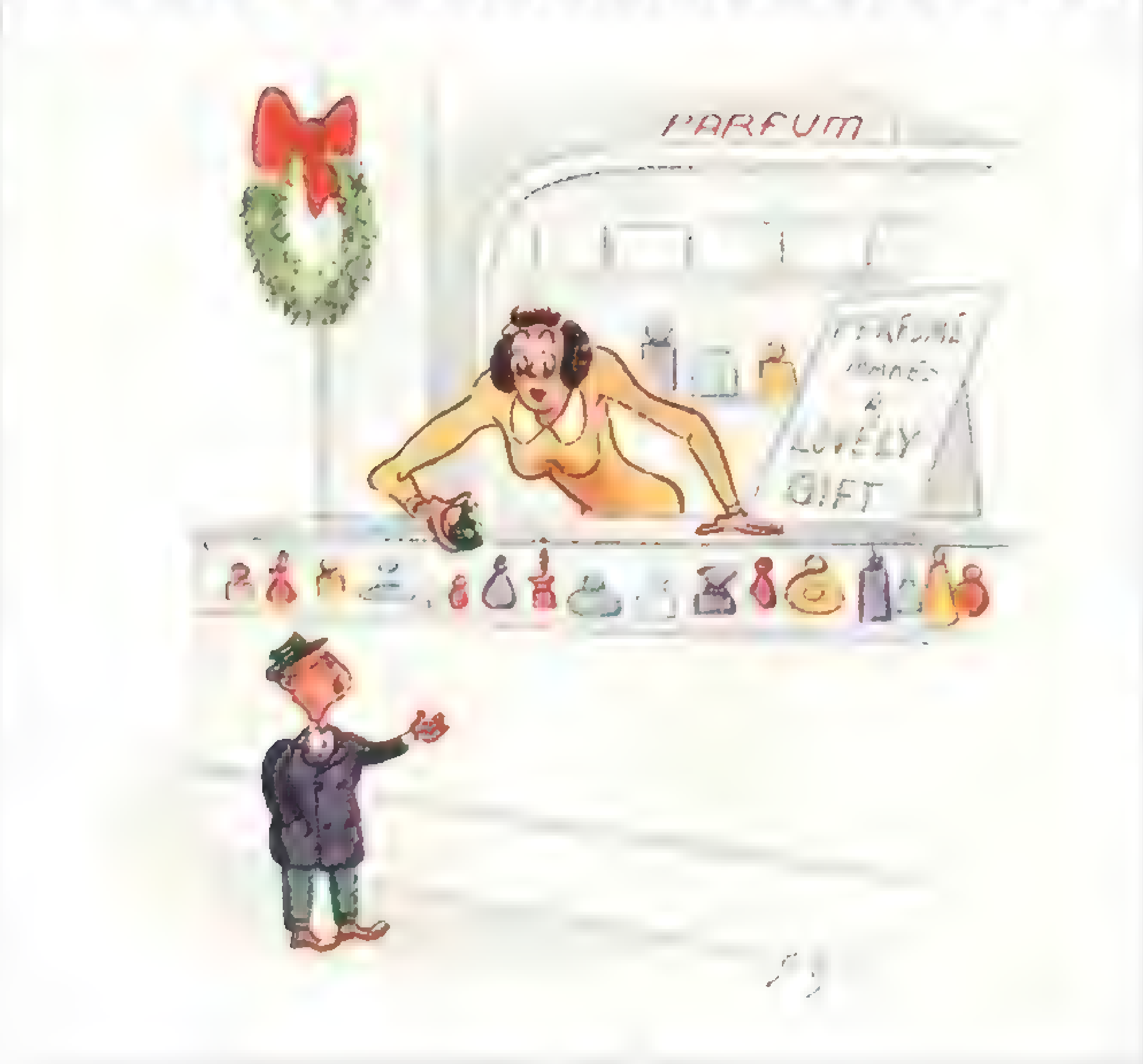
"Ice must have formed on my wings!"


Irving Roir

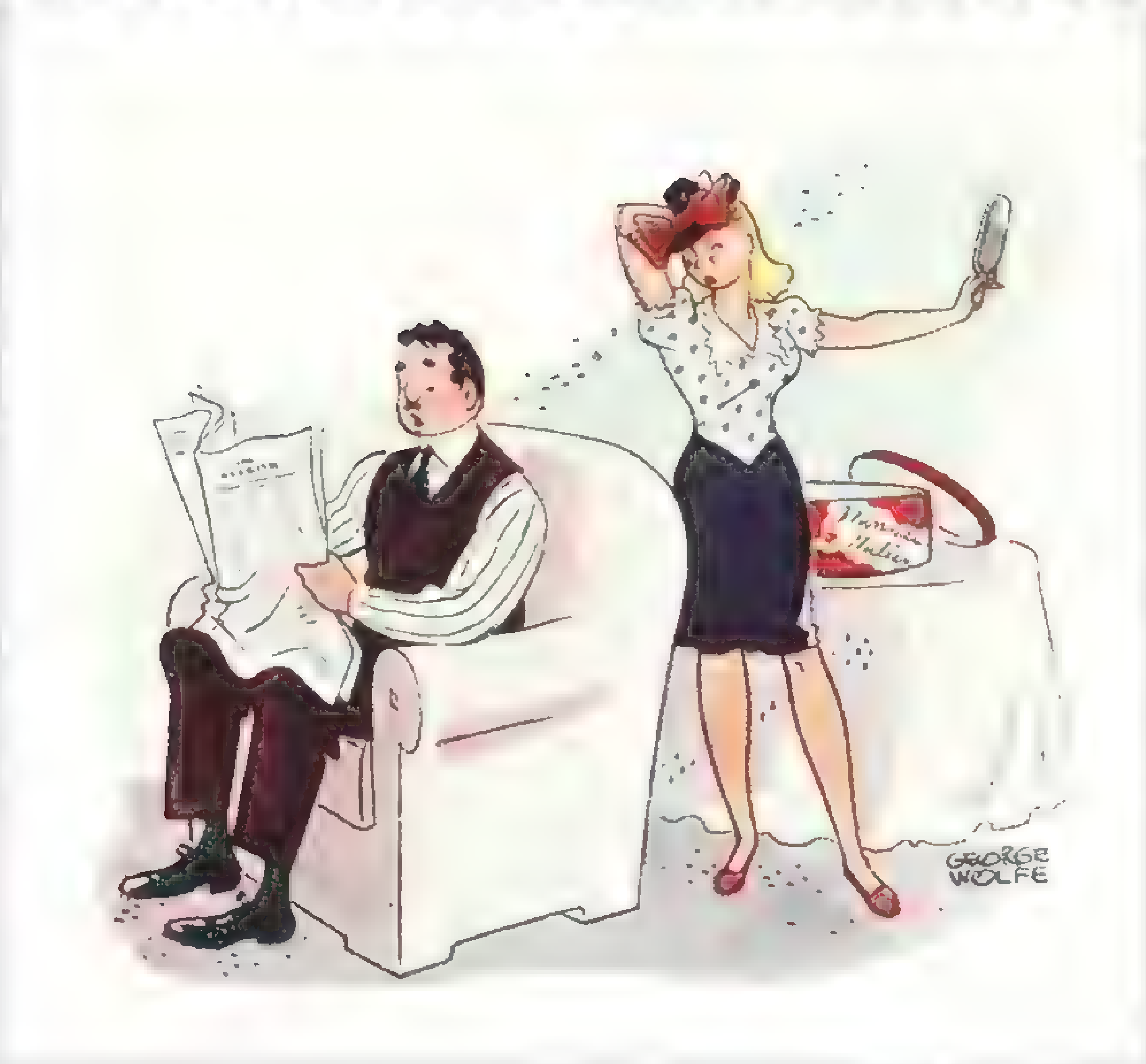
"He's promised me the moon, but I'm holding out for a mink coat"



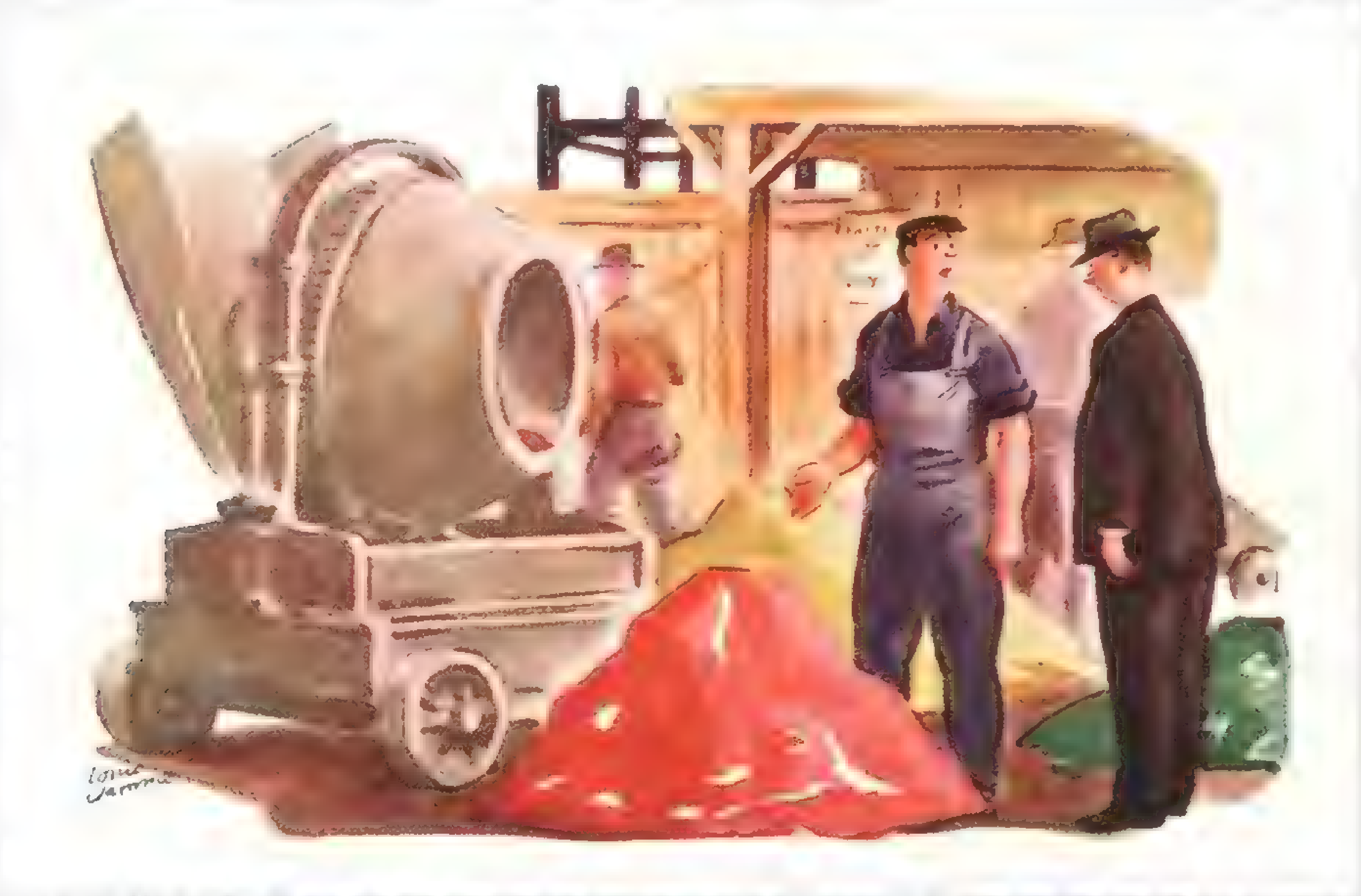
"Your first case, doctor—the Monte Carlo Ballet to be vaccinated"


PARFUM
PERFUME makes A LOVELY GIFT

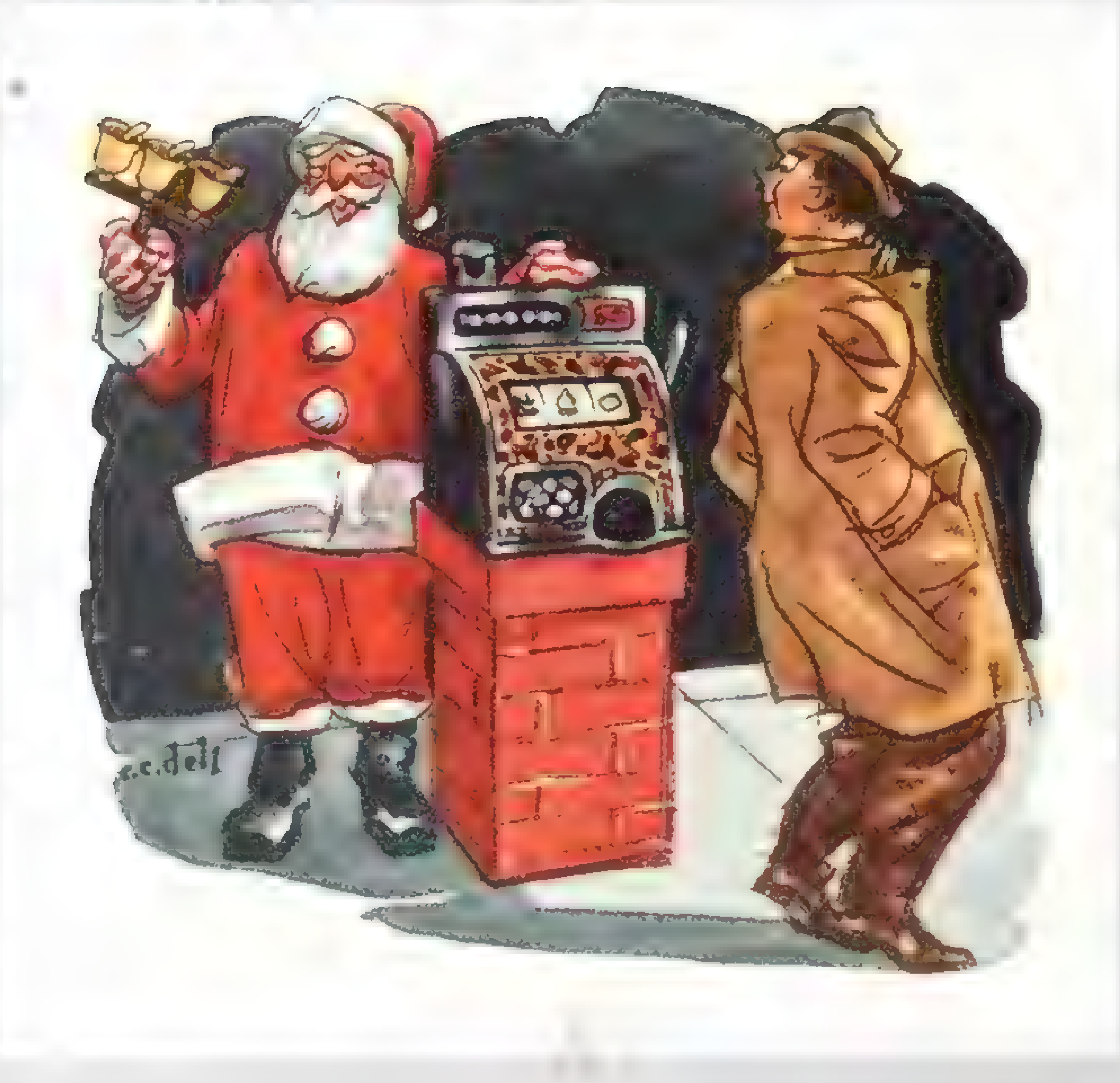
"I'll need six of them!"

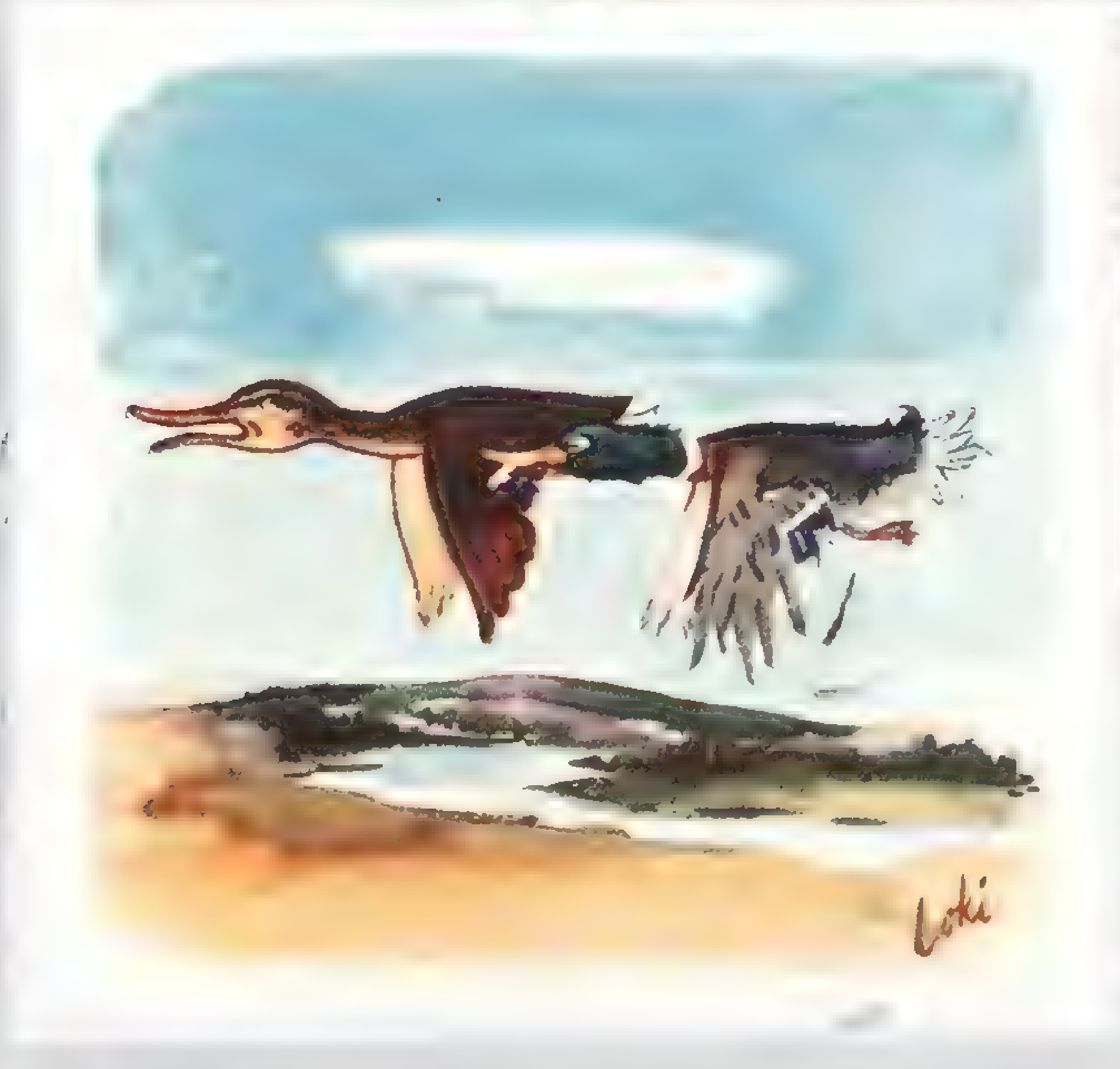

GEORGE WOLFE

"It's beautiful—where's the bill?"

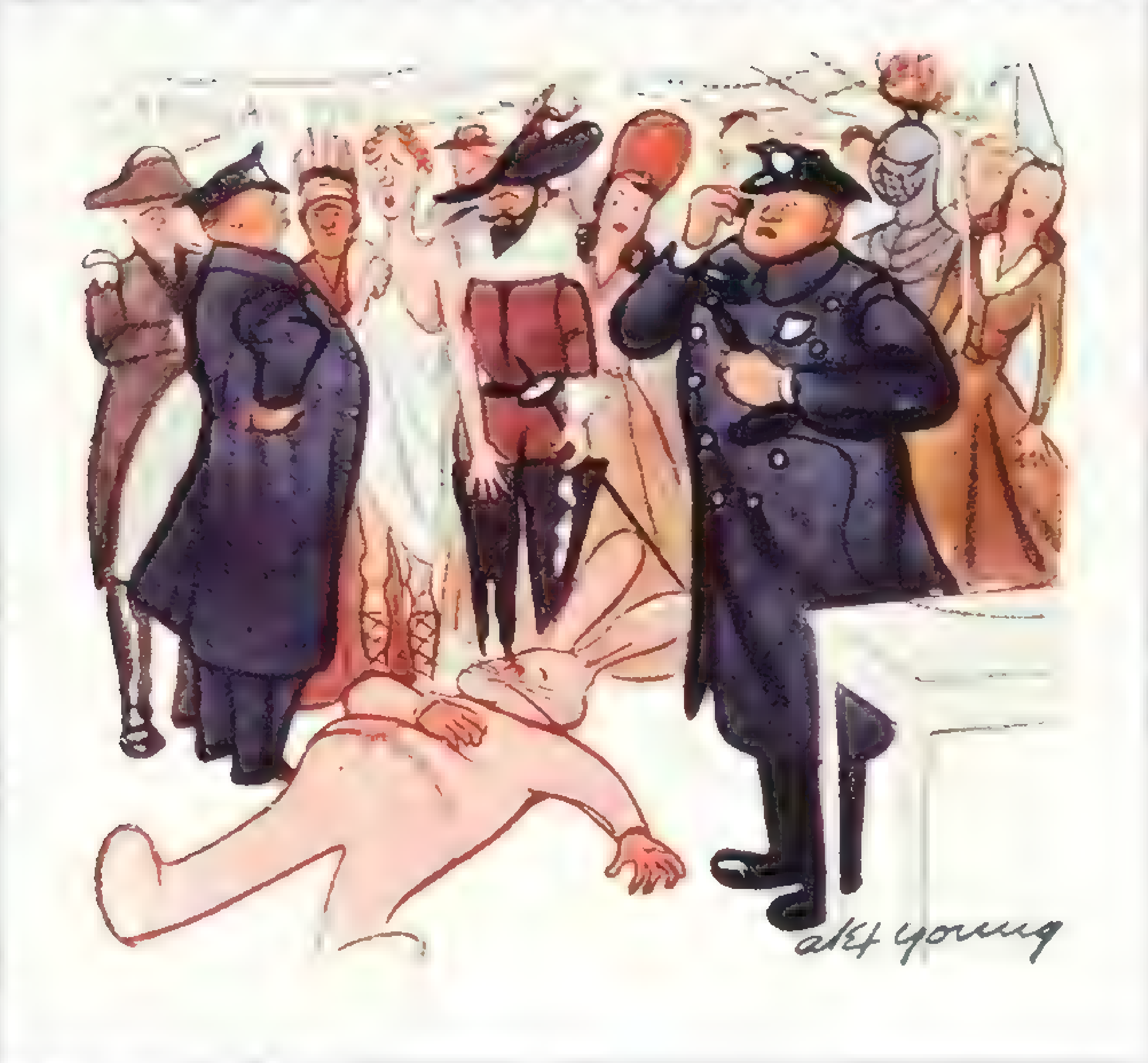


"Instead of concrete, Jello comes out!"

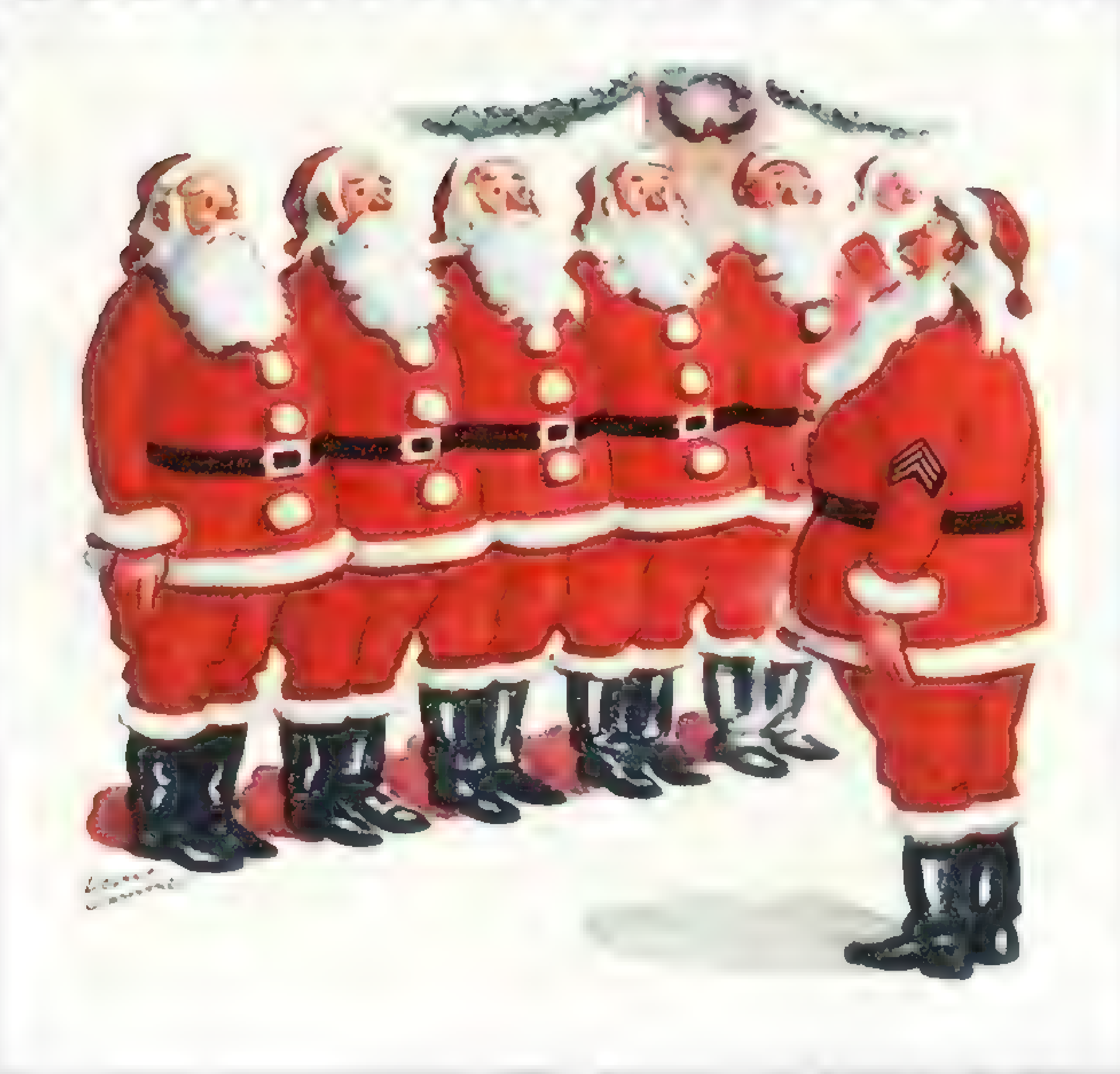




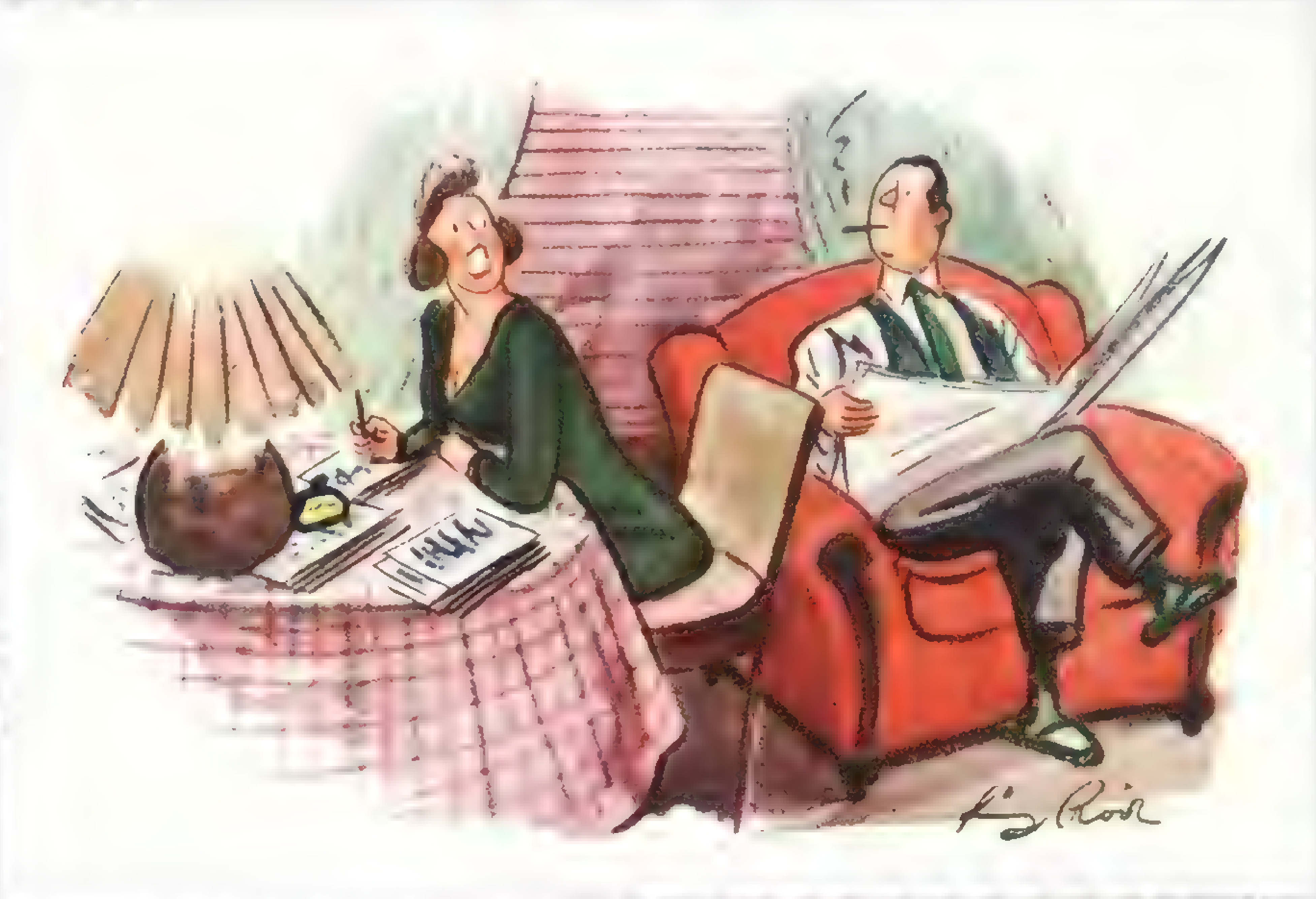
"We'd be in Jacksonville by now if you hadn't fallen for that dizzy decoy"



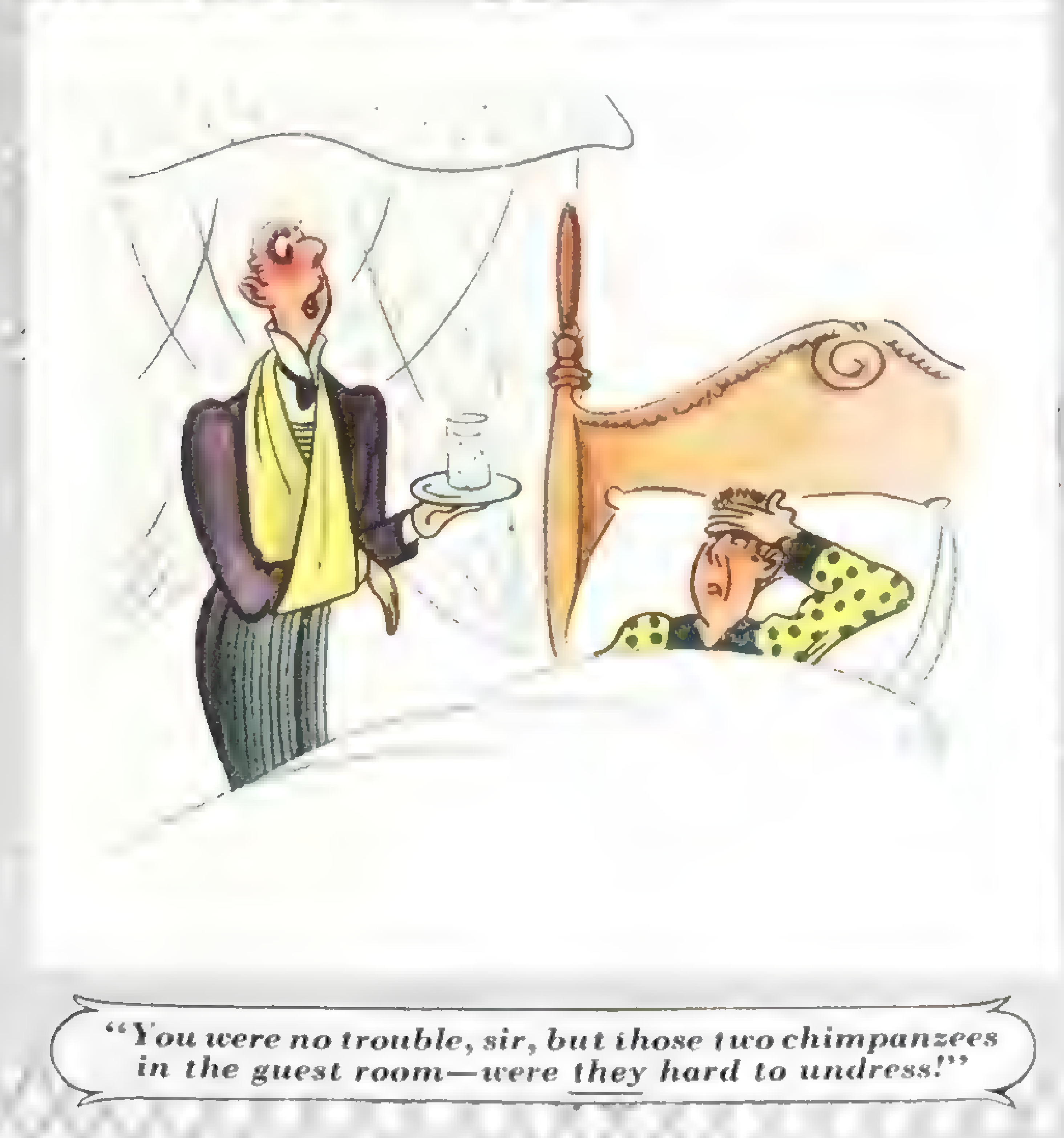
"I'm not nuts, chief—Napoleon got fresh with Cleopatra, Mark Anthony intervened, then Little Red Riding Hood shot Peter Rabbit!"



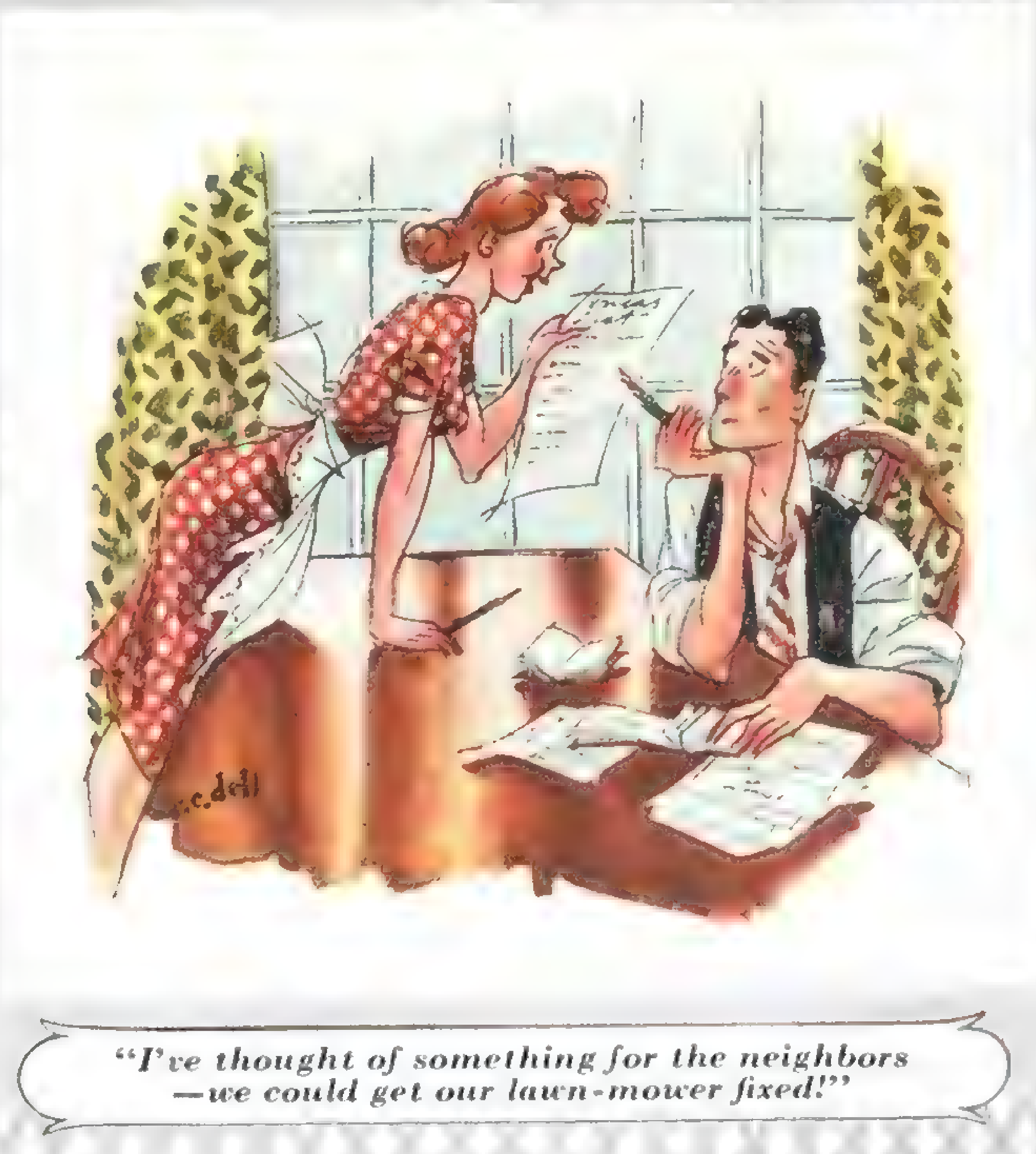
"Forward now, men, and you all know what the store expects of you"



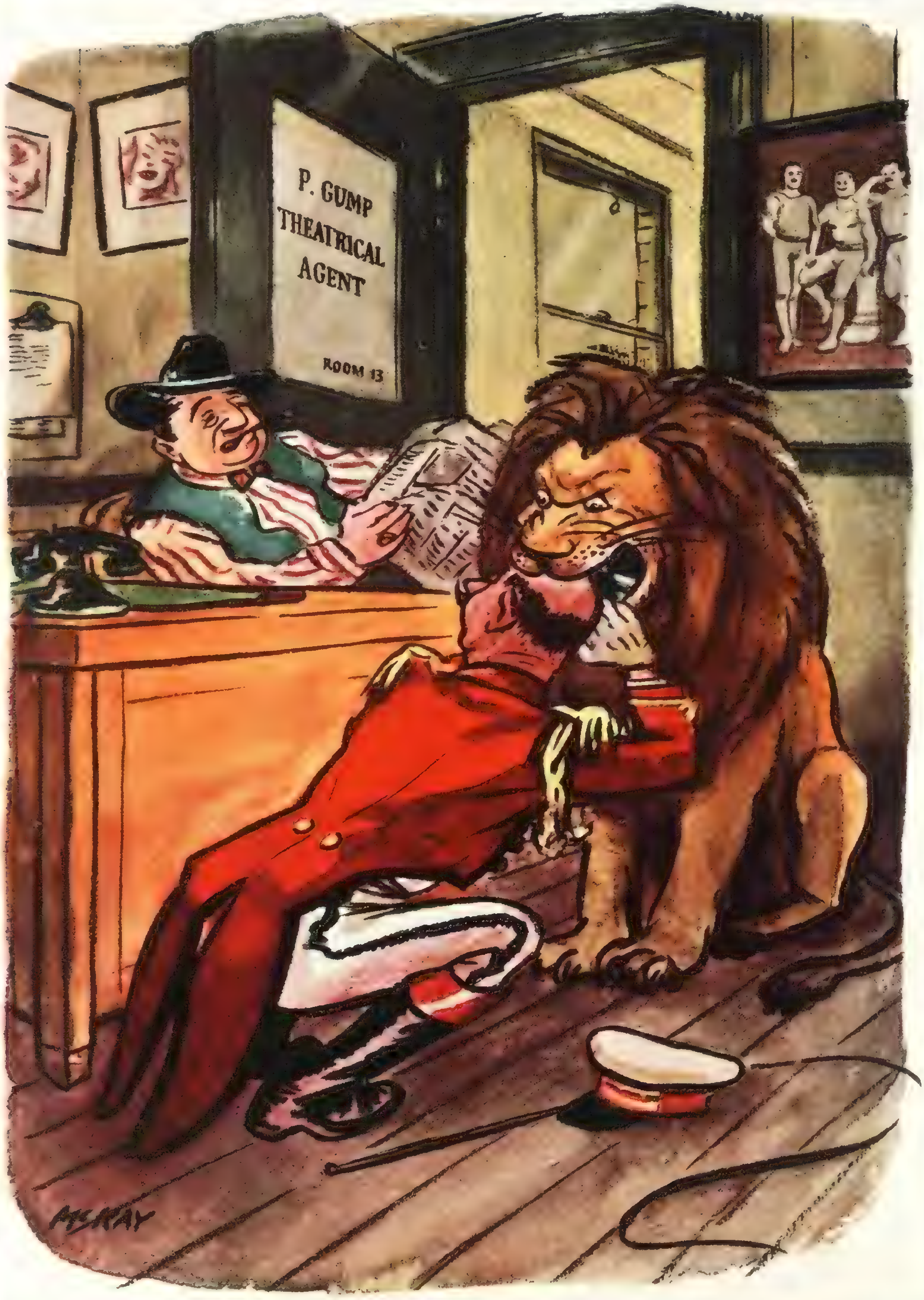
"The baby will come in the lull between the car and the electric sweeper"



"You were no trouble, sir, but those two chimpanzees in the guest room—were they hard to undress!"



"I've thought of something for the neighbors—we could get our lawn-mower fixed!"


P. GUMP
THEATRICAL
AGENT
ROOM 13
MCKAY

"It would pep up your act to have the lion put his head in your mouth!"

The Deep Sea Christmas Tree

There was something mighty strange on board and in the sea as the *Barracuda* crossed the equator that Yuletide Eve

by ERNST BEHRENDT

▪ SATIRE ▪

The sky above the *Barracuda* was the color of eggplants and the sea through which she was crawling stickier than lubricating oil. The air was too steamy to let through a quick oath. McAdoo, the first mate, was soaking his head in a pail of tepid water. Butch, the cook, was peeling dried peas. "One, two, seven, sixteen," said O'Connor, the second mate, in an attempt to count the drops of moisture on the tail of Minkie, the ship's cat. The air was like cotton; a flying fish got stuck in it and floated down in front of Minkie; as Minkie lifted her paw and, discouraged, dropped it on the planks, the sound was that of a wet rag hitting another wet rag. Most alarming, however, was a rumor which spread among the men sprawled in the forecastle. This rumor had it that old man Saunders had opened his mouth, and everybody knew that Saunders was about as voluble as a clam. But one of the mates insisted that he had heard Saunders mutter distinctly, "Christmas!" and, after a lapse of twenty to thirty minutes, again "Christmas!" Though the men discounted the second part of Saunders' speech as pure invention on the part of the narrator, it was generally believed that the old man had said "Christmas!" once. And this made the men sad, for it was Christmas Eve.

Gradually the sky took on the color of black olives with a sprinkling of egg yolk. On the bridge, old man Saunders looked at the weatherglass and then, in alarm, at the sky. Never in his seafaring life had he seen the needle of the barometer at such a low point. And yet, there was no sign of an approaching tornado. If it had not been for the heat and the moisture and the stickiness and the color of the air and plenty of other things including the fact that the *Barracuda* was just crossing the equator, Saunders might easily have had the feeling that it was a good Christmas Eve. As matters were, however, he just said "Christmas!" for the third time. Sentiment made him talkative, and he couldn't help it.

The men in the forecastle were talking about Christmas, too. McAdoo, who hailed from Chilliwater, Nevada, remembered how the best Santa Claus Chilliwater had ever had, had been stabbed to death with an icicle. This made O'Connor tell of his home town Allusfrost in Washington. Winter was so cold there, he assured them, that boiling water put on the window sill froze so quickly that the ice was still warm when one touched it. Butch, who had given up peeling dried peas, cut in with a tale of the big fried snowballs in rum he had served under a Christmas tree at the Carlton, and since no one else had any particularly cold memories, they recalled the times when they had had plenty of rum under plenty of Christmas trees.

For tonight, old man Saunders had dealt them an extra ration of rum, but no one cared to touch it. It was quite dark, and the egg yolk had disappeared from the sky. The sea had a faint light of its own. Of course, the mates were familiar with the phenomenon of phosphorescence, though it seemed to them that the gleam was particularly strong tonight. Butch, who owned two magazines, said one might even read by the water's light.

On the bridge, old man Saunders had given up looking at the barometer. The needle had got stuck at its lowest point, indicating that it could not register any further drop of atmospheric pressure. And yet, Saunders knew that the pressure was still falling as rapidly as if somewhere in the universe a gigantic steam valve had been opened. The men in the forecastle noticed that, while the sky was getting darker all the time, the sea began to glow with a million tiny lights.

"They're animals," Butch said.

McAdoo protested. "There ain't no animals like that."

"I guess there are," O'Connor said. "Minkie's got a glint in her eyes too."

There was a vicious green spark in Minkie's eyes.

"Do you s'pose that the sea could be full of cats?" McAdoo asked the cook.

Butch got up and took the pail in which McAdoo had tried to cool his head. He attached the pail to a rope, cast it overboard.

On the bridge, old man Saunders heard an astonished "Oh" as the men bent over the pail. The water in it was phosphorescent, but besides, there were two fish round as balls, with prickles all over their bodies, and in the points of the prickles shown a light which was greenish in one fish and bluish in the other.

"What did I tell you?" Butch said triumphantly. "Deep sea fishes is what they are. The sea is full of them."

The others shook their heads. They cast the pail again, and this time they caught three fish. One was eel-like with fiery red sparks on both sides of its tail; the second was star-shaped and glowed in dark purple tints; the third looked like a foot-long crescent and glared in a brilliant marine blue.

"Them fishes come from the deep sea," Butch repeated. "They need their light because it's dark as hell down there. They bust if they come up."

"Wait a minute," McAdoo said. "If they bust if they come up, then why don't these bust? They oughta have bust long ago."

"Yes," O'Connor agreed with him, "they

Continued on page 202

"I guess this should settle that question about their being able to carry off a child"

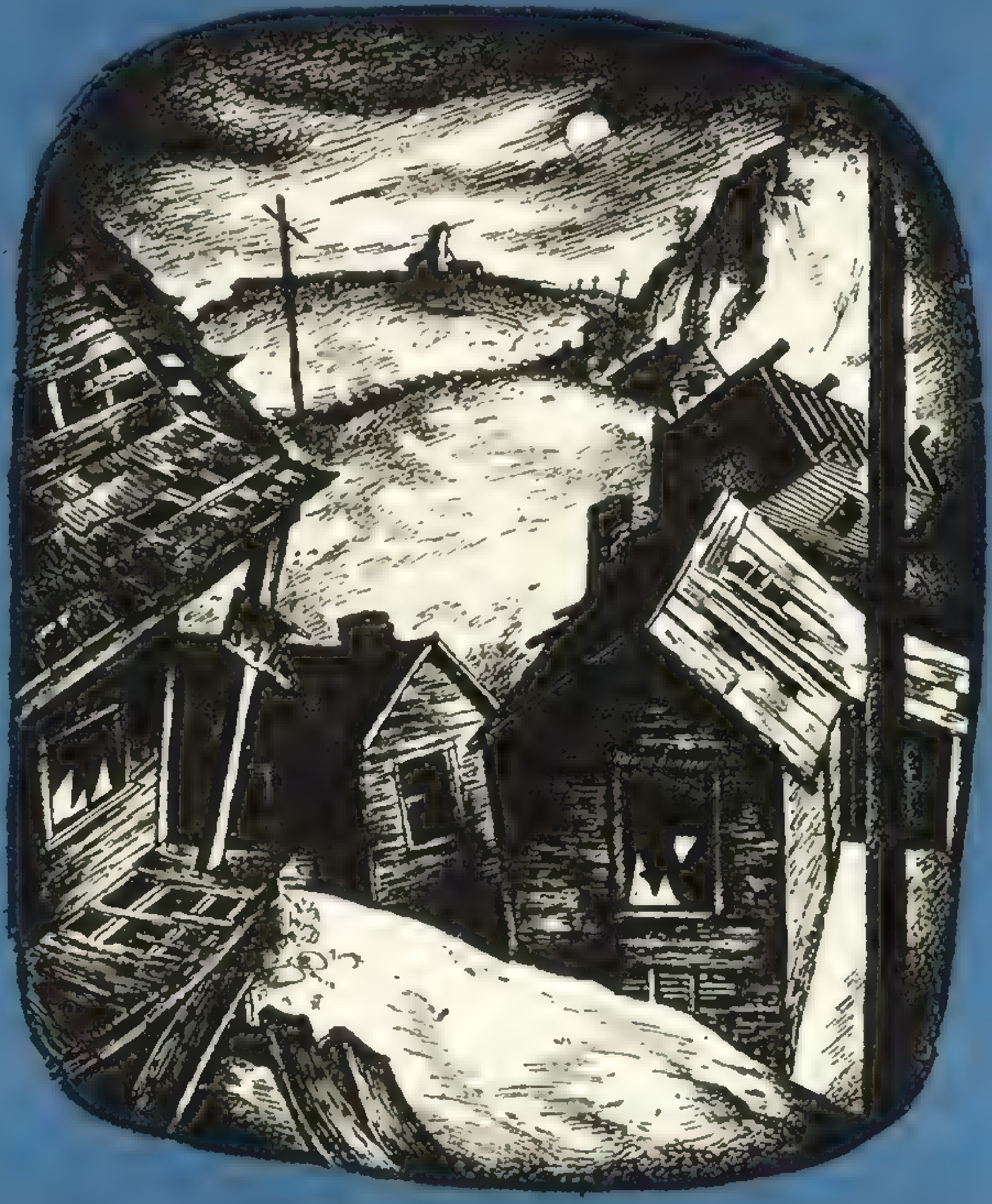
A Group of Poems

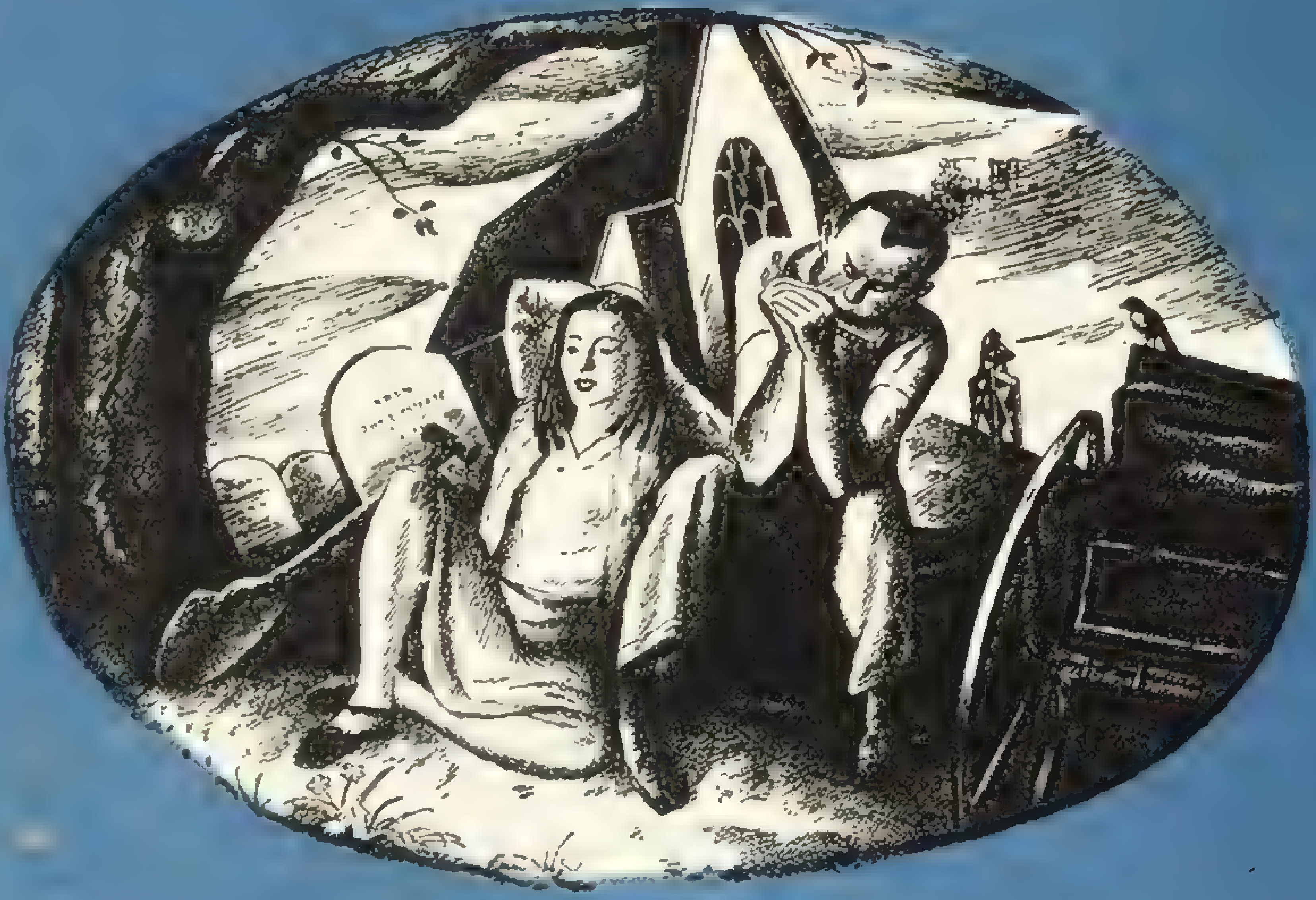
by JESSE STUART

ILLUSTRATED BY ERIC LUNDGREN

DESERTED MINE TOWN

Here is the place where human lives have gone,
Decaying houses with their paneless eyes,
Yard brambled with the rose-bush and the thorn
And scrubby pines that point to lonely skies.
Where have they gone from mansions of decay,
From whispers of the brambles and the pines?
Have they now gone to seek more fertile clay
Or do they seek the bloom of new coal mines?
Nothing is left to make the living bread—
These worn-out hills will never
  sprout good grains.
Yes they have moved away and
  left their dead
To fertile their poor earth with
  their remains.
The brambles and the pines can
  sigh for them,
The foxes howl, the black-snakes
  say a prayer;
Lizards can weep and jay birds
  scold for them—
They never, never will again be here.



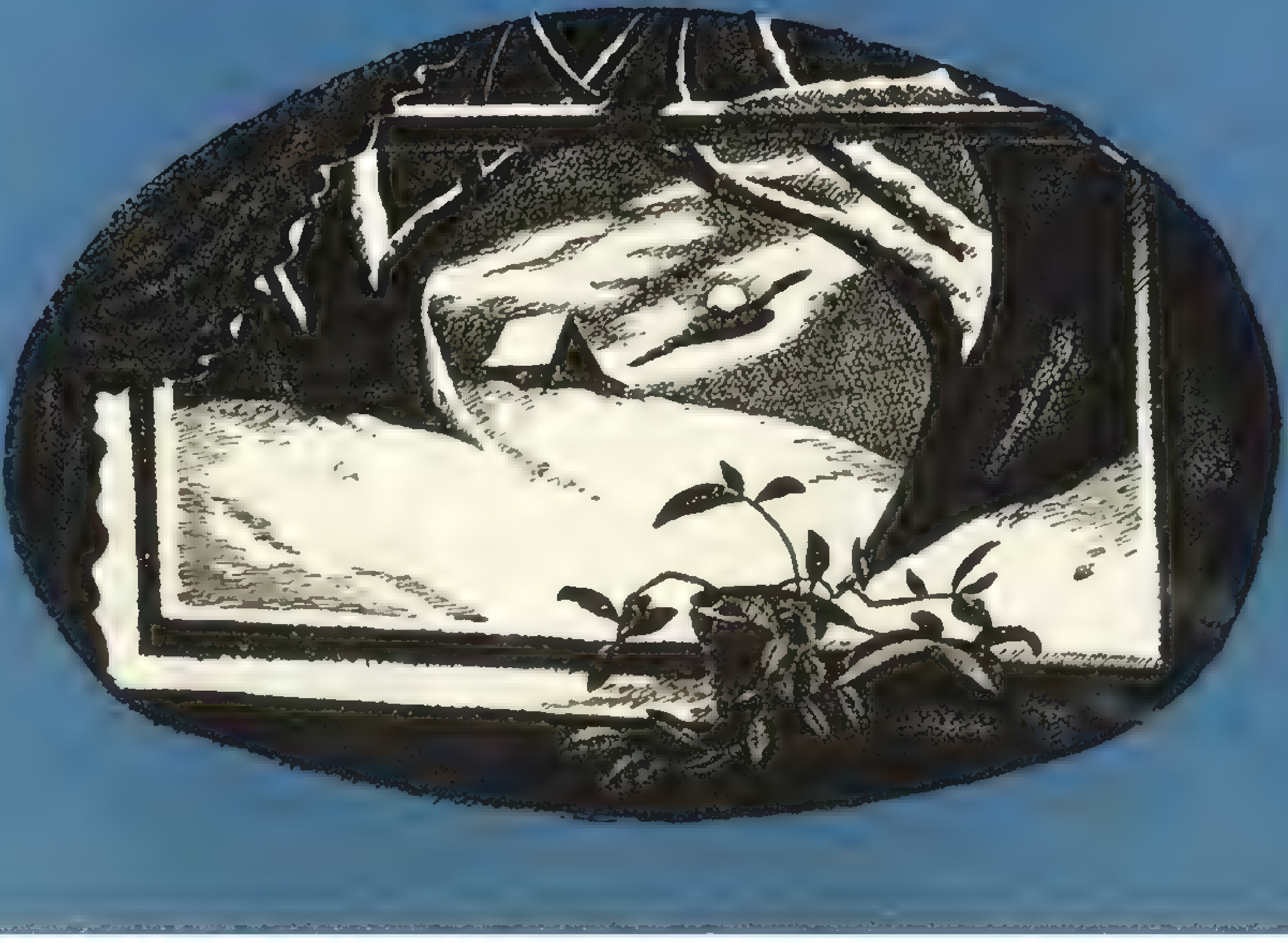


MORTAL SONG

We shall go down reluctant to our dooms
Remembering days of amber-colored wine;
We shall go down, so many shriveled blooms
To supplement the roots of oak and pine.
The songs of sweet discordant winds will move
The ruffles on your dress, your grain-straw hair
As you reluctantly march with one love,
To roomy sequences of darkened air.
And what of all since we decay by inches,
Once we were proud and laughed at budding
  Spring;
The lips that laughed will soon return to pinches
Of ashy dust that had its youthful fling.
Still spring returns with new wind-songs to sing;
Spring still returns for trees and butterflies;
Spring does return each year to have its fling,
But man, sleeps long with cocoon-blinded eyes.

DECEMBER MOON

Listen, my love, rise from the bed with me!
How can you sleep through moods, millions of years
From dawn's creation through eternity?
Moods for a million loves, a million fears!
Sleep is a dangerous thing for life will break;
Life will break soon and you will sleep too long!
Now is the time to live, to be awake;
Now is the time to hear a night of song!
Rise from your bed while this December moon
Hangs like an ember in this cloud-flecked sky;
Remember nights like these will pass too soon
For night is born of shadow and must die.
If you sleep living death then you have lost
Magic of moonlight, music in the wind,
December's moonlit trees clothed white with frost
In dogwood coves where ghosts walk out and in.

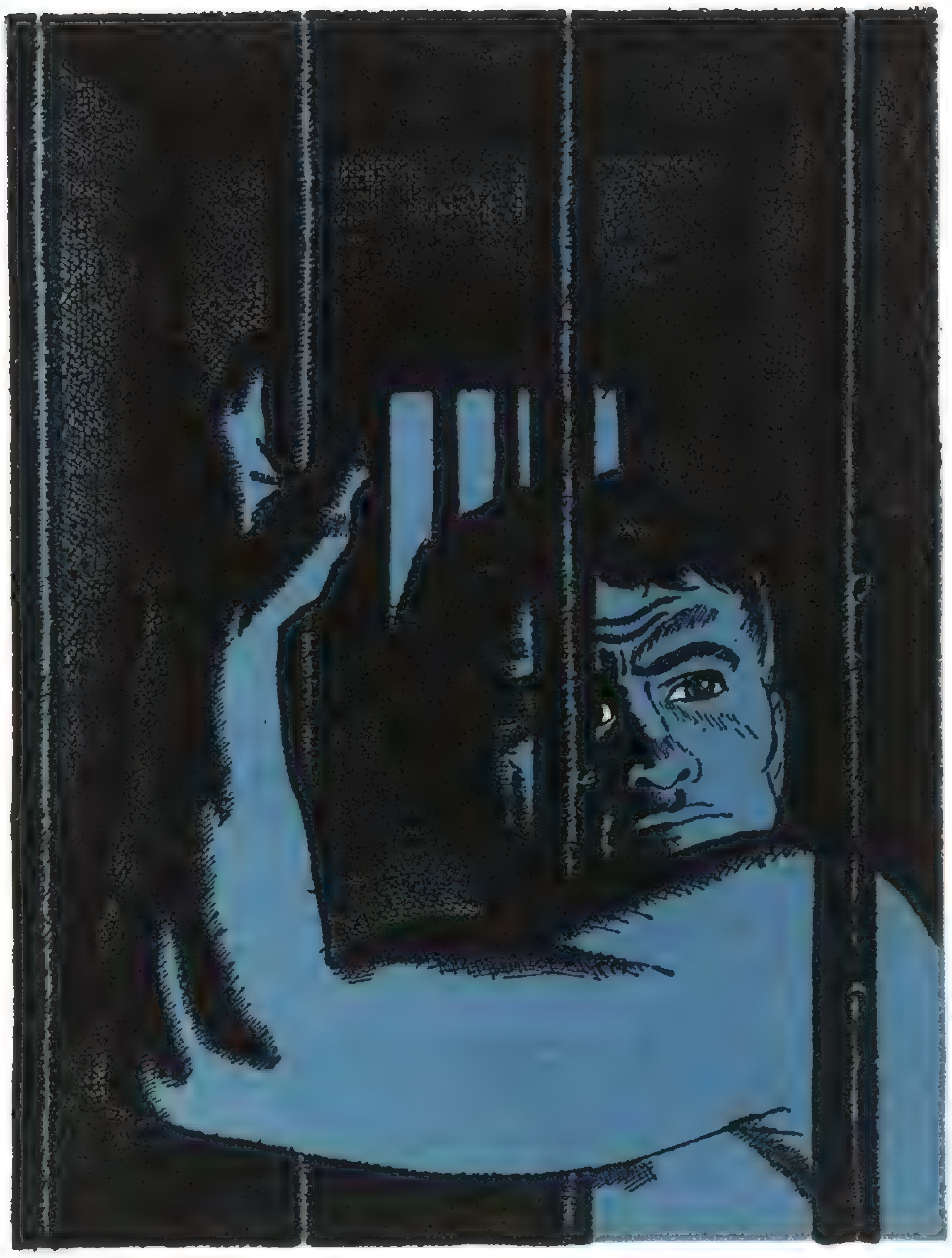


Freeing of Jason Whiteapple

"He built the roads in this county in his day, took them from creeks and mud holes, and put them on a higher level"

by JESSE STUART

• FICTION •



DRAWING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

"IT'S a funny thing that Jailer Bert Saddler wants to see me," Pa said. "He sent word by Press Chatman for me to come tonight. That's where we're goin'. I want you to go along and keep me company over this lonesome ridge. Hoot-owls hollerin', nighthawks screamin' and foxes barkin' makes a body feel kindly lonesome on this ridge at night by hisself."

When Pa spoke these words he held his ungloved hands up to his mouth and blew his hot breath on his knuckles. Then he whetted his hands together to get them warm. I could see Pa's white breath go out like little patches of vapor into the steel-blue October night. Millions of white stars swarmed on the blue sky over our heads. An October wind whipped lonely through the leafless black oak tops above our heads and rustled a few clusters of tough-butted white oak leaves that clung to their swaying branches.

"It puzzles me that Jailer Bert wanted to see me at night," Pa continued. "He's got somethin' up his sleeve."

I could hardly hear the words Pa spoke for two owls hooting to each other from one ridge-top to the other. A fox barked on the path before us and we heard him scamper away over the dead leaves on the ground. We heard him bark like a hound pup as he climbed the rocky bluff on the other side of the hollow. A night hawk screamed above our heads as we left the boney ridge-top and started down the long crooked path toward Linton. Pa hurried down the path. I kept at his heels. I kept my hands in my pockets to keep them warm. I watched my white breath thin and fade on the steel-blue October wind.

"Shan, we'll soon be there," Pa said. "See the lights from the town!"

The town lights were before us. We stood upon the hill above the town in the Linton Graveyard and looked at the lights below us. "This is the reason, Pa wanted me to come along," I thought. "He is afraid to pass through this graveyard at night by himself. Many of the men buried here, fought with Pa when they were boys together. Pa is afraid they'll return to hant him."

We walked down among the white tombstones that stuck up above the brown October earth like a hound dog's clean white teeth. Pa hurried through the graveyard down the backstreet. We hurried down backstreet and crossed the railroad tracks. Then we went up the alley to the jailhouse.

"Here we are Shan," Pa said as he looked up at the rusty-red brick building with big iron bars across the windows. The jail was lit-up and we could see through the windows. We could see men sitting on their bunks playing cards. We could hear them laugh. We could hear them curse each other and call each other tough names.

Pa walked up the concrete steps to the big door and pushed a button. The door opened and a young man stood there.

"Something for you?"

"Jailer Bert sent for me," Pa answered and blew his breath on his folded hands.

"Your name please?"

"Mick Powderjay."

The young man closed the door and went away. In a few minutes the door opened again and Jailer Bert Saddler stood before us.

"Mick I'm glad to see you," he said "You got here all right. Is that your boy with you?"

"Yes, Jailer Bert, he's my boy," Pa said as he shook Jailer Bert's big soft hand.

"I thought he was," Jailer Bert laughed. "Mick he's the spittin' image of you only he's goin' to make a bigger man."

Jailer Bert Saddler was a big man beside of Pa. He wore blue overall jumper and a big black umbrella-hat. His pant legs fit as tightly around his legs as bark fits a frozen black oak tree. His blinky eyes were pale-blue as melted snow-water running over frozen ground. His thin lips were curved in smile like a quarter-moon as he talked to Pa.

"Yes sir-ee Mick Powderjay, you're a standby in election times," Jailer Bert said. "Glad to have a man like you in our Party. You hepped put me right here in this jailhouse. And you're a man that anybody can trust. That's why I sent for you tonight. Come back in this little room. I want to talk to you."

"Will it be allright for my boy to go along?" Pa asked.

"Oh, shore, shore," he laughed. "Bring 'im right along. I just don't want him to say anything about what we talk about."

"You won't haf to worry about that," Pa said. "He's all right."

I followed Pa and Pa followed Jailer Bert into a small room in the jailhouse.

"This is the room I keep to talk business with my friends, Mick," Jailer Bert said. "This jailhouse is full and runnin' over. Winter's settin' in and I'm gettin' my family back."

"How many do you have, Jailer Bert?" Pa asked.

"Eighty-six," Jailer Bert said. "Got four comin' tomorrow. This jail was built for only sixty you know. Even got one in the bull-pen. He's a regular customer and I can put him any place. He'd as soon sleep on the floor as in a bed."

"The hell you have," Pa said. His face was red as a turkey-snout after he'd come from the cold October wind on the ridge-top and got warm before a fire in the jailhouse.

"Mick," Jailer Bert whispered in a rough whisper, "you remember Jason Whiteapple don't you?"

"Yuh, I remember 'im," Pa spoke quick-

Continued on page 251

Errant Knight of Capri

Norman Douglas, the legendary author of *South Wind*, now in his seventies, still insists upon complete personal freedom

by RICHARD ALDINGTON

• ARTICLE •

Every notorious person acquires a legend which is repeated round the world by word of mouth until it is solidly established among all the other popular fallacies which people "know as a fact." The legendary Norman Douglas is to some extent his own fault. He has never visited America and has kept out of England since the World War. Few people have met him and very few have known him intimately. The idea that Douglas is a snooty exquisite, going around with duchesses, diplomats, Italian counts and American millionaires is an extrapolation from *South Wind* and entirely erroneous.

Norman Douglas is not English and not at all fond of the conventional specimen of that breed. He is half Scot, half Austrian, and spent much of his childhood and youth in the Vorarlberg where the family owned textile mills. His father was a famous mountaineer in his day, and crowned his career by smashing himself to pieces at the foot of a precipice when Norman was a small boy. He was brought up by women and his Austrian grandfather, and apparently played hell with them.

Like most of the Douglas clan he was a handsome boy with a temper, terrific energy and obstinate self-will He was the bad boy of the village, always off to the mountains with his gun, a flask of neat kirsch and a blanket for sleeping out. As he departed without telling anyone and returned when he felt like it, his mother must have spent some unhappy nights wondering if he had shared her husband's fate. He bagged marmots and chamois at a very early age.

The family decided he needed discipline and sent him to a snob British school. Then Douglas made his decision, which was that he didn't like the place. So he calmly walked out and told his family he'd be damned if he'd stay there. So they sent him to Carlsruhe, where he and some other young hopefuls in their teens set up an establishment for their girl friends. He swears he never did any work at school, but since he is one of the most widely-informed, not to say erudite, of living authors, one may doubt this.

I imagine he was something of a terror in those days. He has considerable contempt for the lady-like young man of today. "Pouf! Blood two degrees under normal." I have heard him say of his own youth and manhood: "I was consumed with a passion for living." The rare and interesting feature of this was that he developed a passion for intellectual pursuits along with flirtations, drinking parties with students, shooting in Scotland and mountaineering in Austria. He didn't do much about ball games, thought them childish for a young man who had half Europe for his playground and much more dangerous amusements.

Satisfying his intense intellectual curiosity was as much a pleasure, almost a sensuous pleasure for him as hunting, roaming, wine and girls. From merely shooting animals he began to study them and eventually made himself a good amateur biologist. (In one of his books he has reproduced a fine pencil drawing of an animal's skull made at this time.) You can't climb mountains without finding rocks. Not content with finding them young Douglas wanted to know about them, and went hell for leather at geology. It is characteristic that he took up these studies with none of the vanity of the pedant, the silly highbrow desire to show off. He wanted to know for himself, but only so long as knowing was a pleasure. Many years later he was riding through Asia Minor and saw in the distance a rare rock formation he had never come across before. Suddenly he discovered that he wasn't sufficiently interested to turn his horse aside and ride over to look at it. He dropped geology at once.

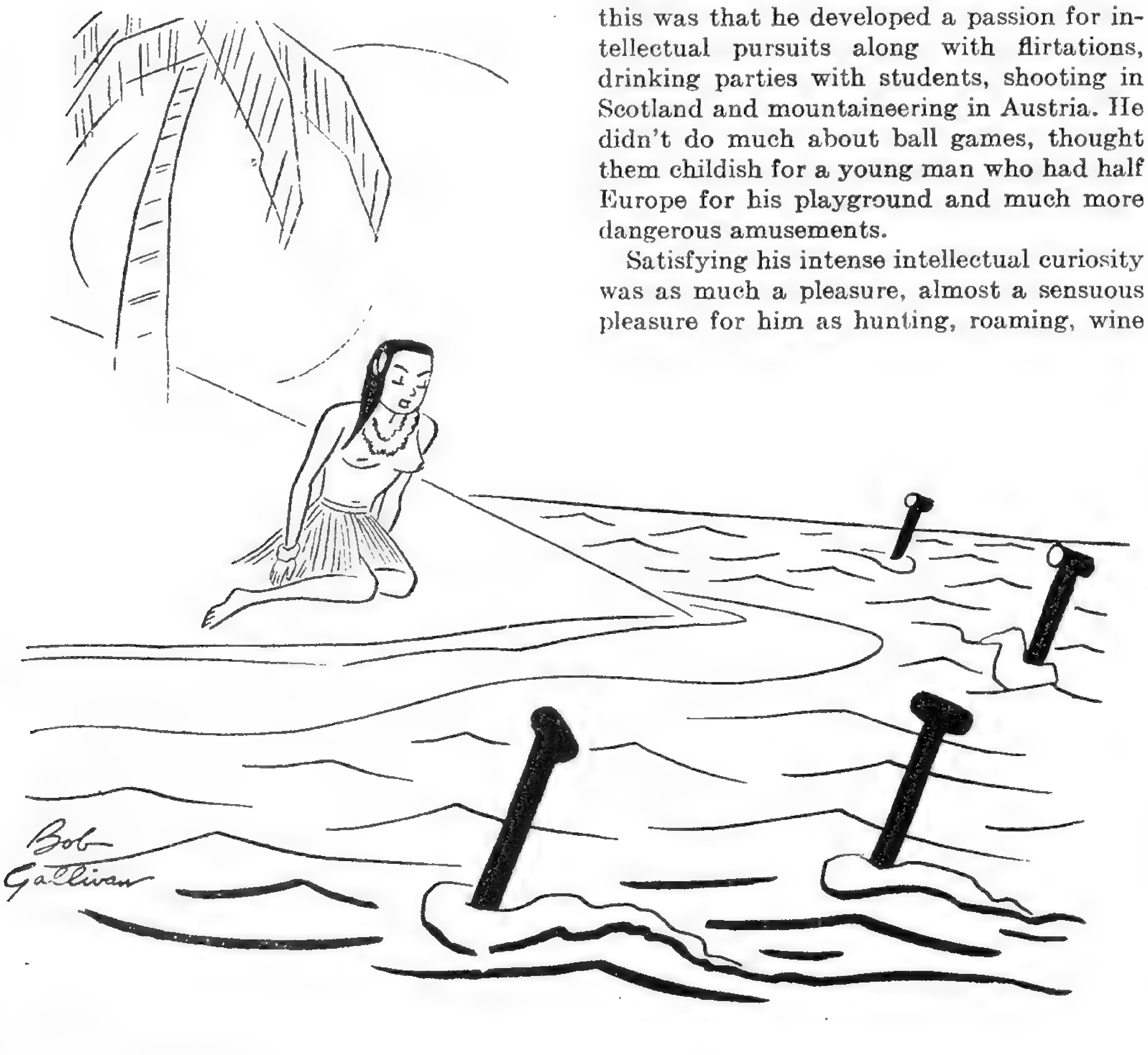
In the midst of these and other studies the bicycle was put on the market. Douglas immediately acquired one and began by riding all across France and then through Switzerland to his Austrian home. With another husky youth he rode a bone-shaker over the three highest mountain passes in Europe in one day, just for the fun of it. On the way he collided with an Alp and split his head open, but that didn't prevent him from finishing the course.

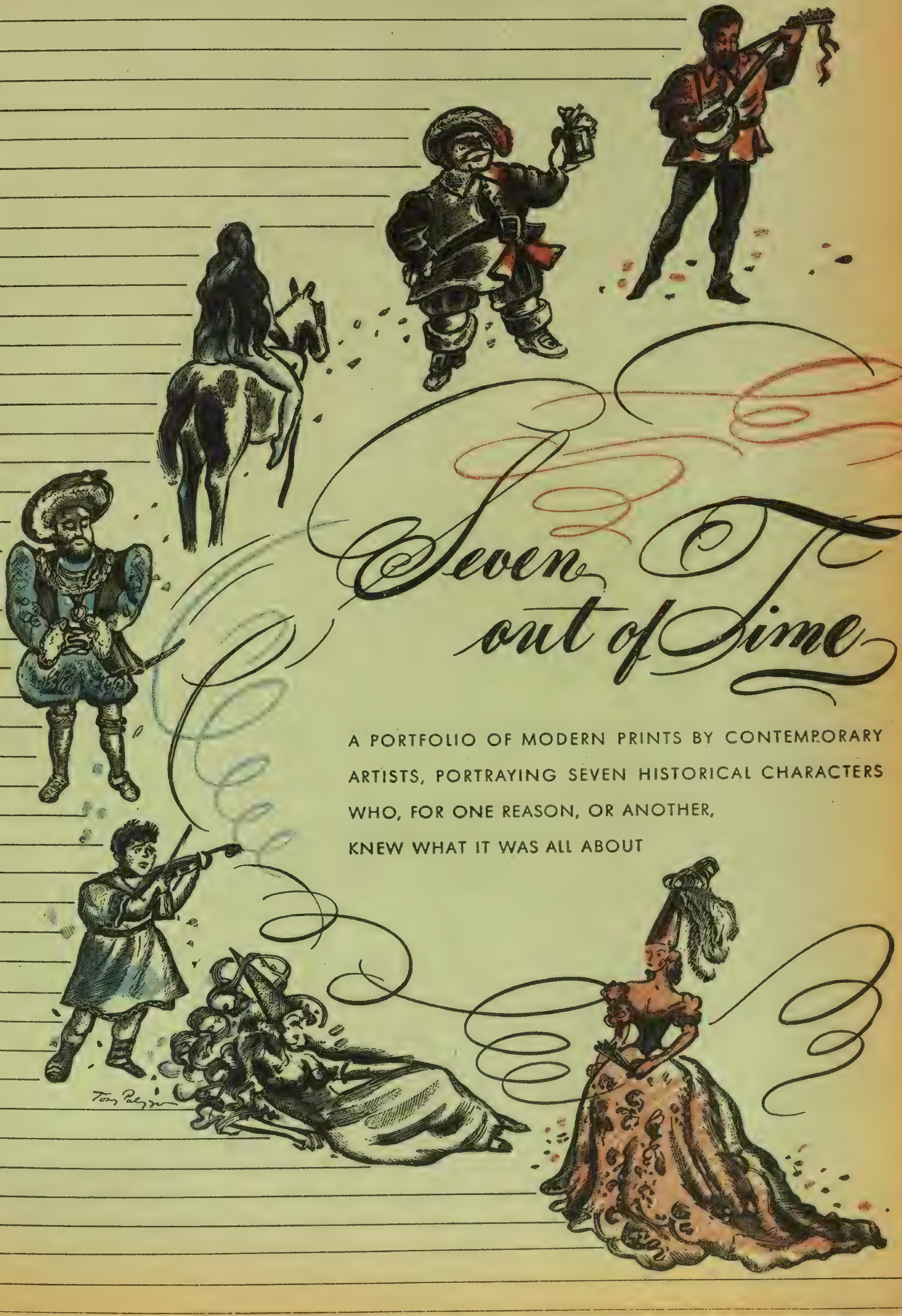
Eventually a career had to be found for this extraordinary young man, and either he or his family chose the British diplomatic service. One reason for this peculiar choice may have been that he grew up bi-lingual (Frieda Lawrence always says Douglas is even more amusing and witty in German than in English) and had great facility in picking up languages. But in the diplomatic, languages are not enough. In Queen Victoria's days especially, the young men had to conform to a rigid social and official etiquette. And Douglas always prized his complete personal liberty above anything in the world.

But there he was, third secretary or extra attaché or something with the British Embassy to the Court of St. Petersburg. Douglas hasn't a high opinion of Russians, thinks them incompetent as well as corrupt and ridiculously credulous. But he seems to have had a good time while it lasted, driving his own horses and going to the Russian Imperial ballet long before it was discovered by western Europe. It didn't last very long. Simultaneously he got into a jam with his chief ("Damn it, you couldn't change your boots without asking the ambassador's permission") and a more dangerous jam owing to an ardent flirtation with a female of the royal family.

Douglas got leave and beat it for the

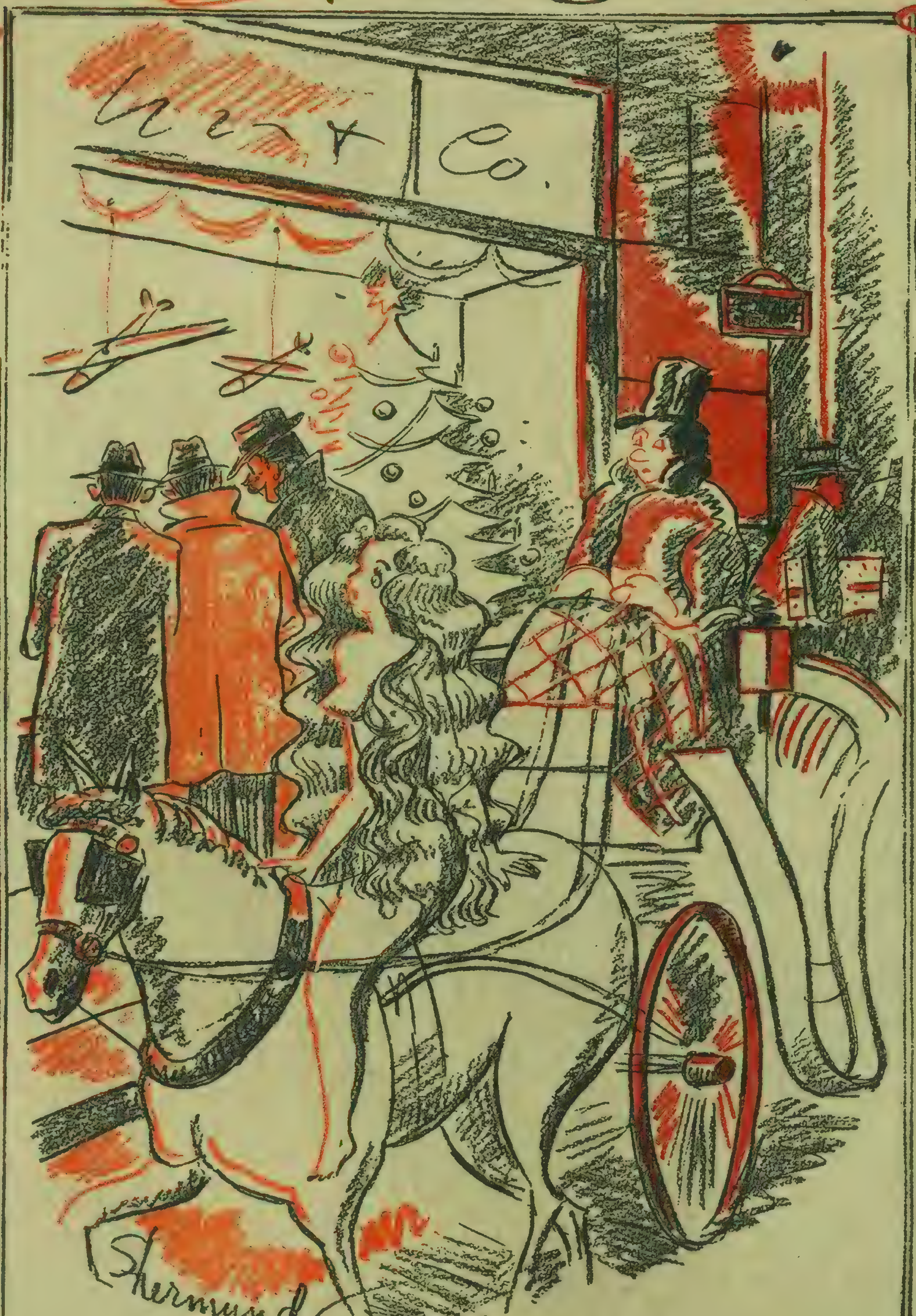
Continued on page 230





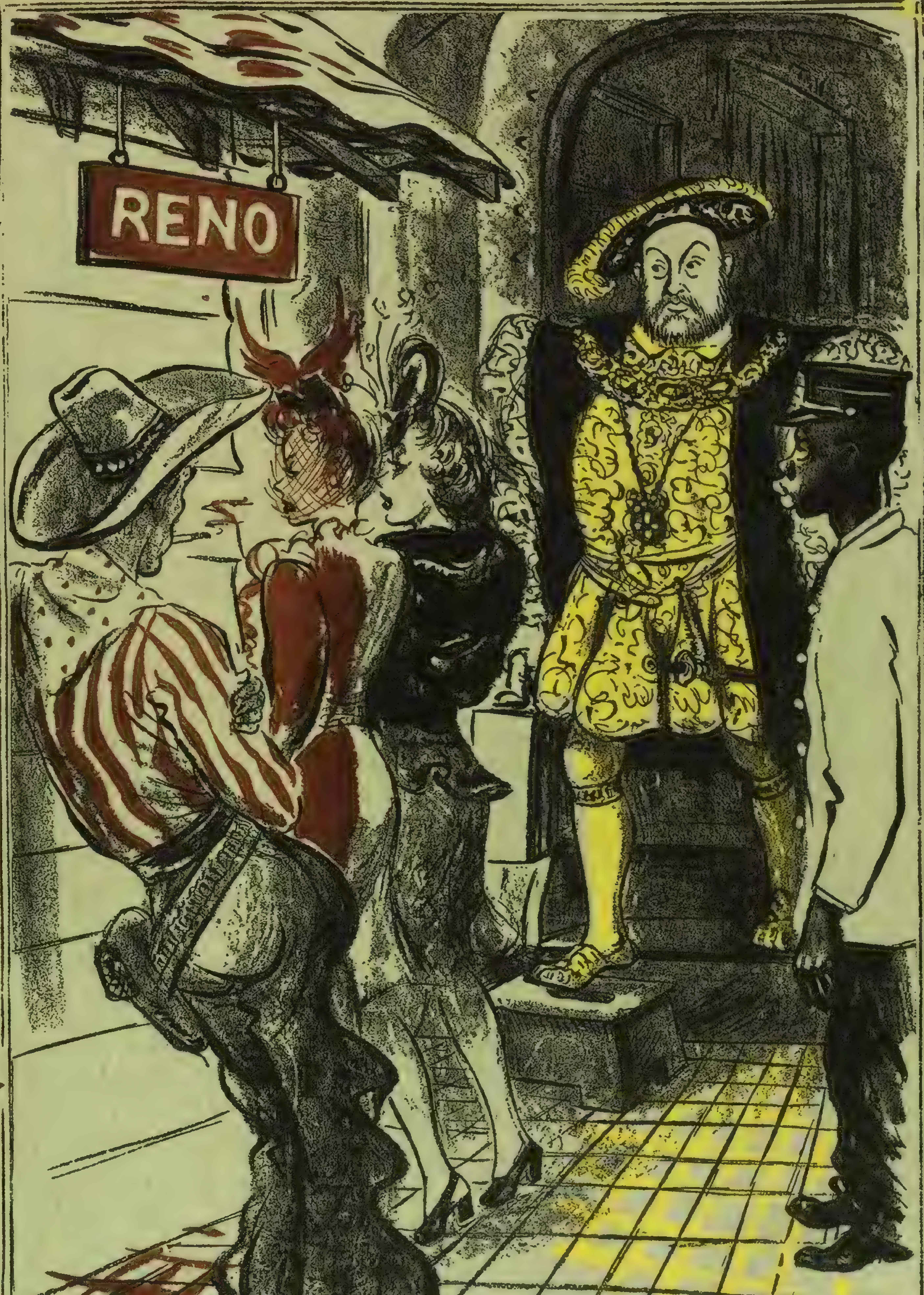
Seven out of Time

A PORTFOLIO OF MODERN PRINTS BY CONTEMPORARY
ARTISTS, PORTRAYING SEVEN HISTORICAL CHARACTERS
WHO, FOR ONE REASON, OR ANOTHER,
KNEW WHAT IT WAS ALL ABOUT


Co.
Shermund

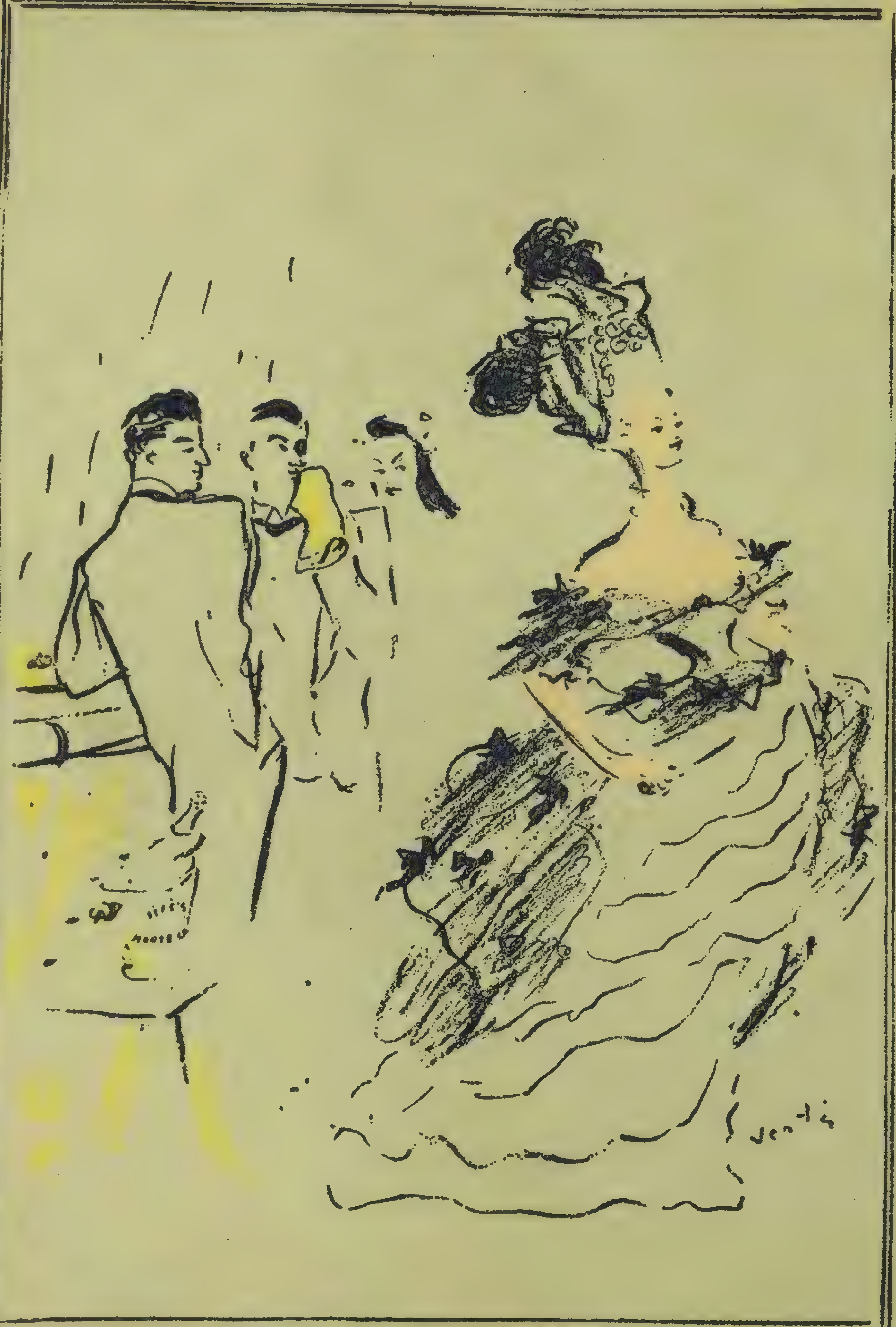
"These Christmas dolls are the cutest gadgets"

Lady Godiva


RENO
Howard Baer

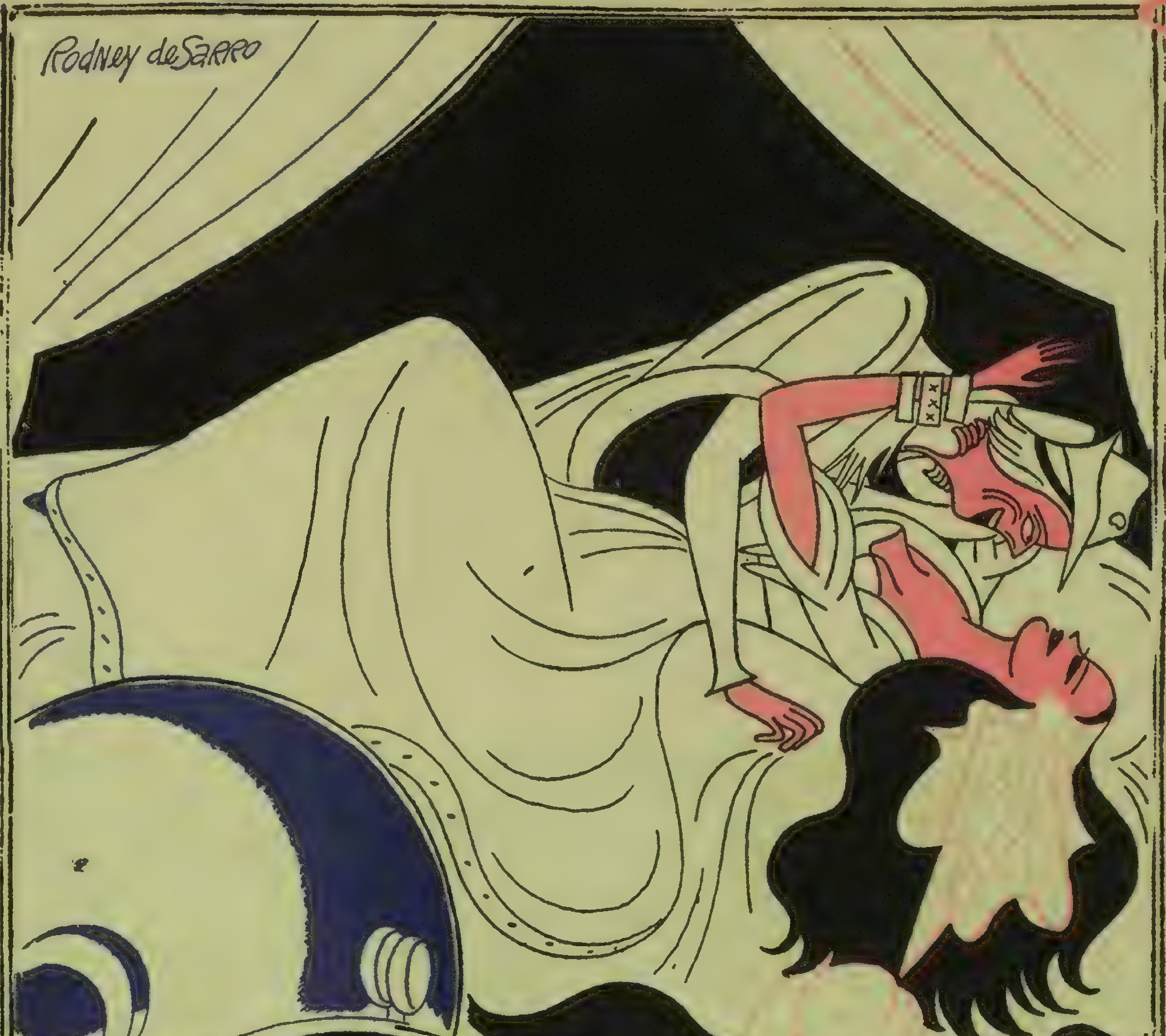
"A place after my own heart"

Henry VIII



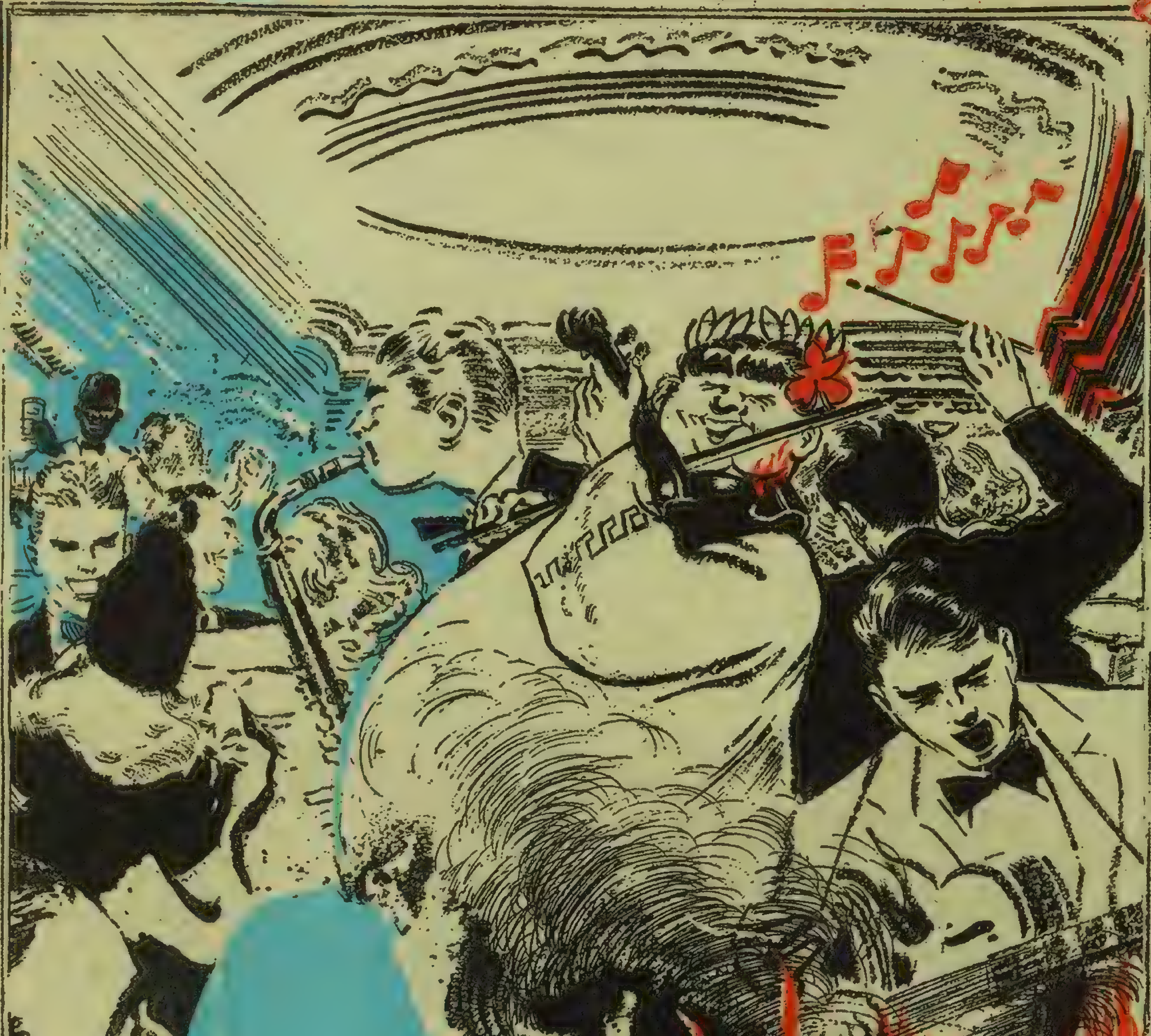
"That was no lady—that was DuBarry"

Du Barry


Rodney deSarro

"We're not taking up her option—she's poison at the box office"

Lucretia Borgia



E. Simms Campbell

"That new fiddler's really hot"

Nero

ZOMBIES
only ONE to a Customer
TOM
15¢ 10¢ 5¢
McKAY

"Zounds, that's a nice light ale"

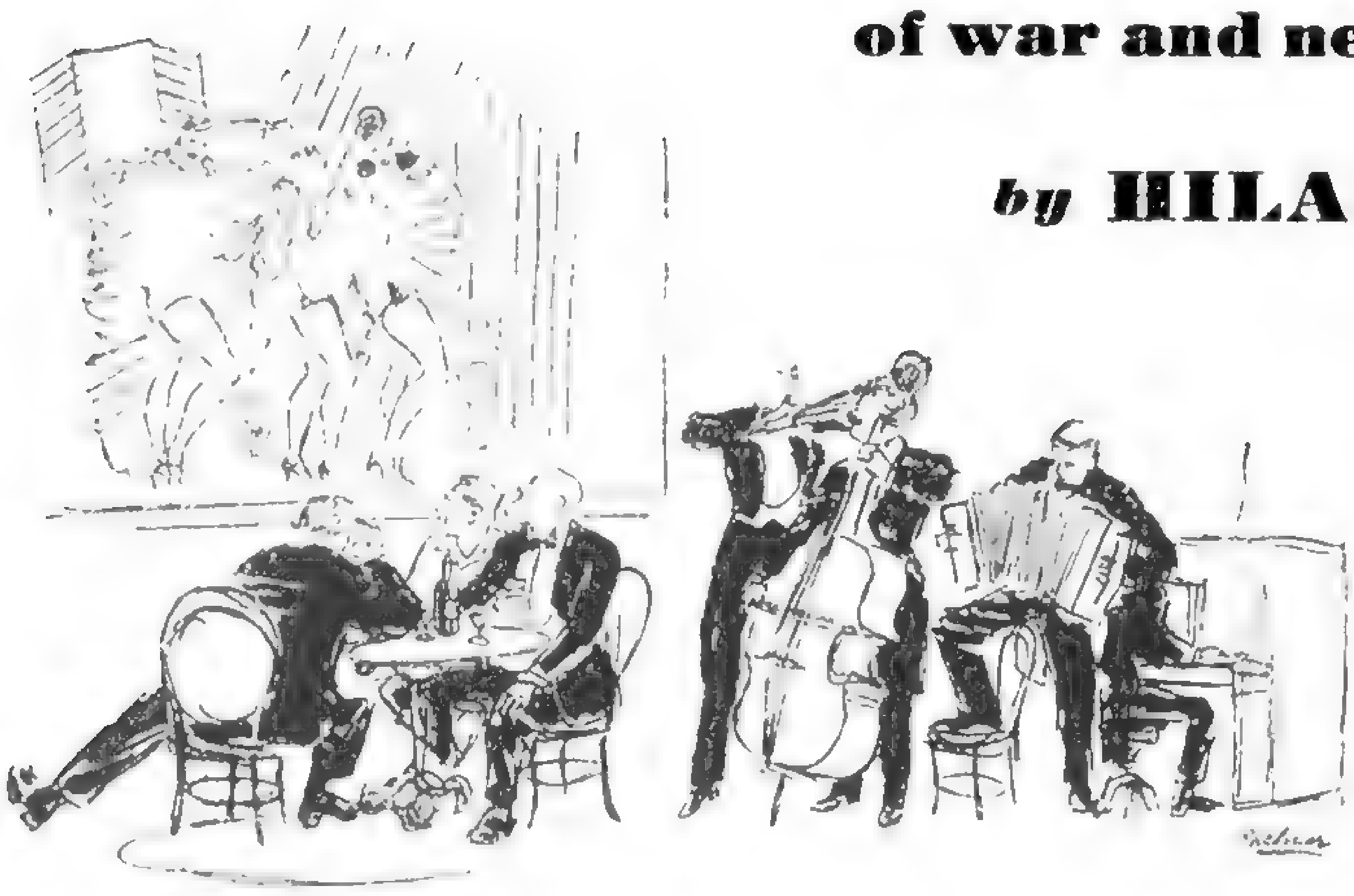
Falstaff

We Never Noticed Carcassonne

The towers were there in the South of France, while we wished for the glory of war and never bothered to see them

by HILAIRE DU BERRIER

• ARTICLE •



Surely, it is a strange thing in man that makes him run away from peace and beauty when he has it.

Some of us were born to be misfits, only to feel like writing poetry beside walls that have been bombed till they look like an exile's memories, to try to cook up revolutions when we find ourselves in peaceful hamlets between a blue sky and a mountain.

Did you ever have that longing to go where boats go and songs are, counting palm trees and caissons and bombers? *The Charge of the Light Brigade* makes your ears drunk and you want to follow sea-gulls and flags and a king's name, no matter how lovely the place where you are.

Another fellow and I were like that once. We wanted to go where armies marched and wars were and all the variousness of adventure.

We had a book we had found in a bookstall beside the Seine, and on its fly-leaf it said: "Death by combat is the natural end of the male."

We hugged that book like a prayer.

Hadn't the king of all soldiers said: "Up to Grenoble I was an adventurer, after Grenoble I was Emperor." We wanted to be like him, but try as we might we never could seem to get beyond Juan-les-pins, and the blue coast.

Only the old seemed to want to stay in peace in Monte Carlo in those days of the early 1930's. The young people we met there were just passing through or trying to make enough money to get away.

Peace was all we had and we were fed up with it.

There were blue sea and warm nights and dark corners and big moons and whispers and a garden, but noise and danger and discomfort called louder than Roland's horn at Roncevaux.

The south of France was the world's garden. You read about war threats and governments falling, but they didn't seem close to you there. Some other country always seemed to be where interesting things were happening.

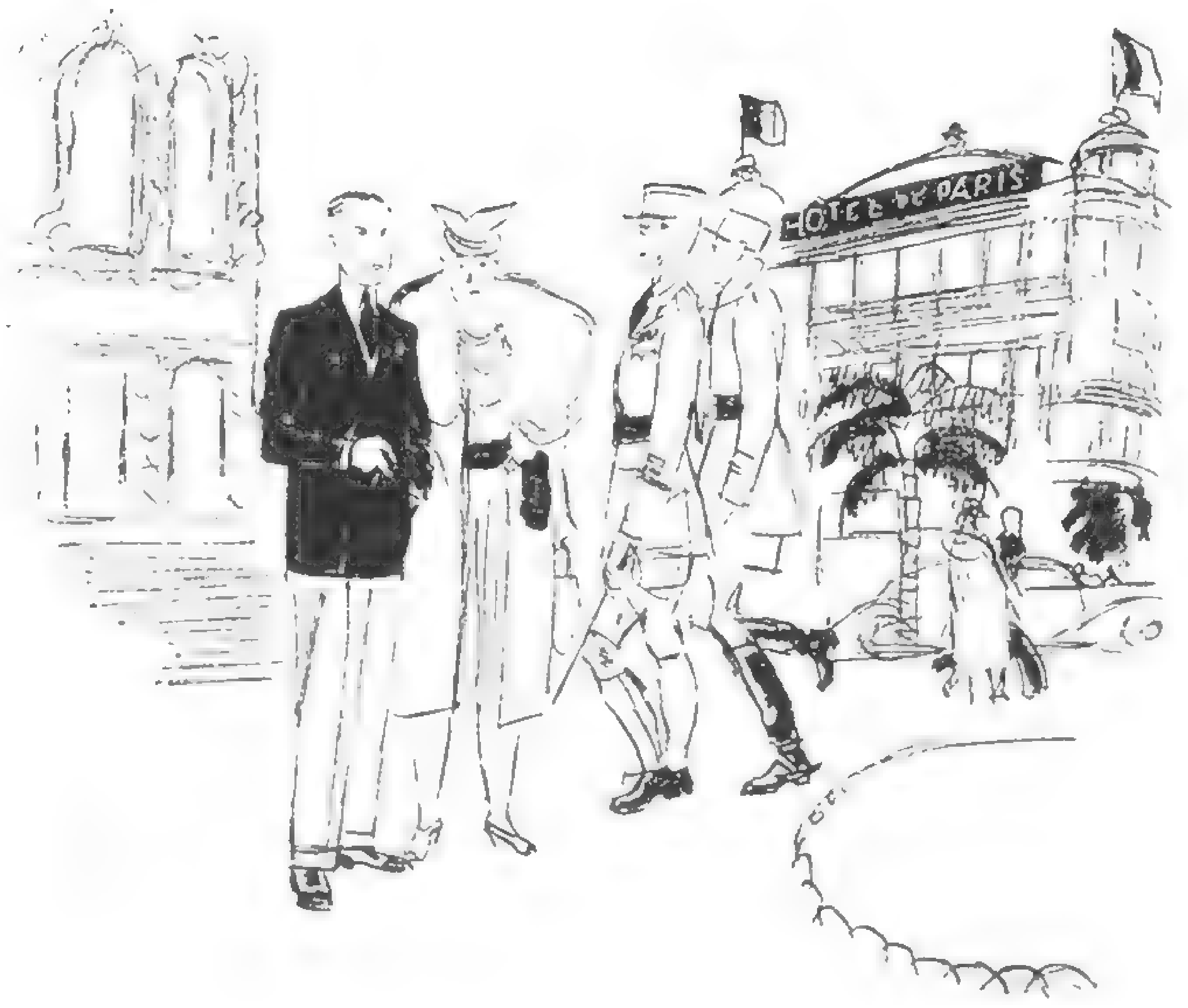
An English artillery captain and an Indian from Ceylon and I came out of the Casino too broke to go up to Brasserie Pigal and buy a beer one night. The captain said he knew where you could charge one, and we both said in the same breath: "Where?"

He took us down a narrow passageway to a dingy entrance with *Cave Flora* over it, and inside, the proprietor sitting behind a comtoir watching carriage drivers and off-duty croupiers play billard-russe, dismissed the matter of credit with a magnanimous gesture.

His name turned out to be Monsieur Gay, and one of the fine things about Monsieur Gay was he never seemed to resent the fact that people who played in the casino only came around to drink with the ones who worked there when they were broke and wanted to charge it. He was always happy to see them, and when they came to pay up, if they came, he never acted surprised.

His hair over his temples was beginning to turn grey. It had taken him thirty years as a concierge to buy that bistro and somehow he acquired a manner during those concierge years, seeing the great and the near great pass and saying good-morning and good-bye to them, and it never left him.

It wasn't servile. Gracious is more like it. When an unshaven hack-driver with a scarf around his neck for a collar came in he got the same reception Monsieur Gay once gave Sir Basil; and Black Harry, from Ceylon, and the monocled captain and I got the same reception that he gave to the coachman.



No one could remember Harry's name, so we just called him "Black Harry" and let the matter rest at that.

The captain was a dignified little fellow who got more dignified as he got more drunk, and he murdered the French language, but every shopkeeper in the Principality called him "le petit capitaine" and loved him.

I remember one of those insolvent periods towards the end of December, we were back in Monsieur Gay's, and the little captain was drinking Pernod with an old British sea-dog named Finlayson who had lived on a boat from the time he was thirteen till they retired him, and now lost his pension at chemin-de-fer the first of every month and lived on Gay like the rest of us till the next came.

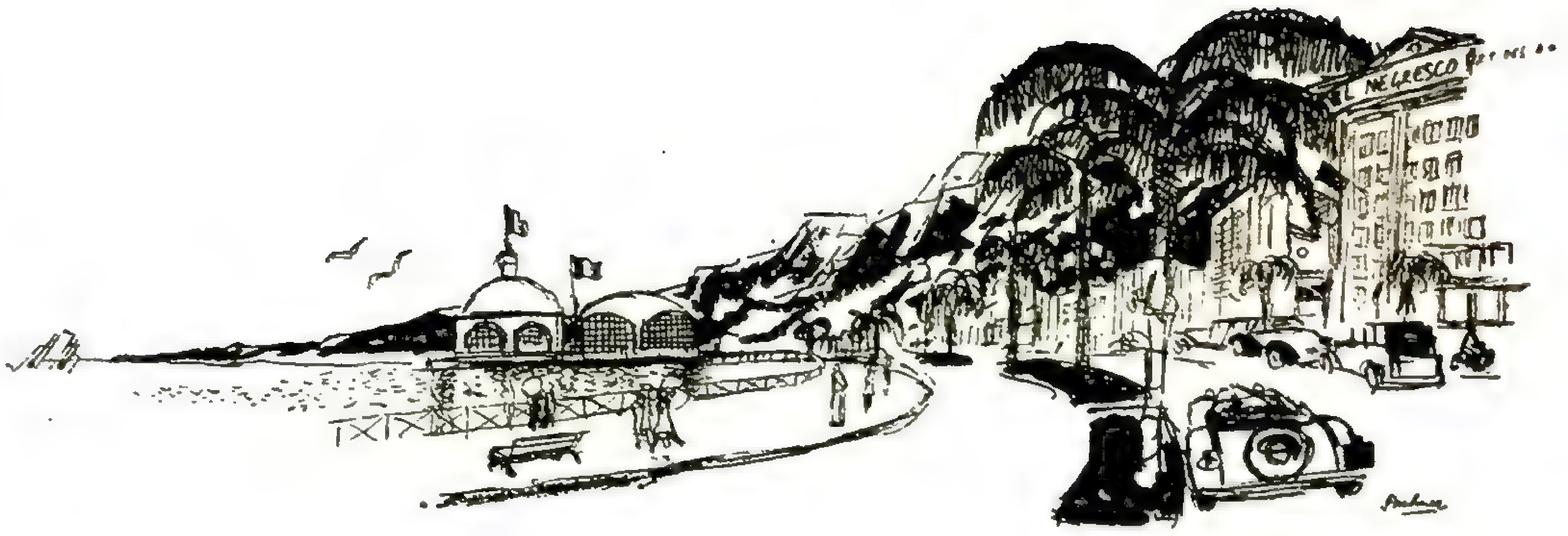
Monsieur Gay listened to our troubles. We were all in a spot. New Year's Eve was coming and we were broke. To make matters worse, the little artillery captain and I had invited a rich American woman and her daughter to have dinner with us. (Later we found out they were broke too.)

"Bring them here. Bring everyone here," said Monsieur Gay. "You can pay me later." I think he wanted a party himself.

We managed to convince the American woman and her daughter that only the usual dull crowd would be at the Sporting Club: the King of Sweden would be there nodding yes to Countess Cavalagno, and General Polovtsoff would be entertaining more uninteresting people on a larger scale, that was all.

Barry Wall wouldn't be wearing anything different, and Phillips Oppenheim would be sitting there, smug and opulent and pretending it was wonderful. The old pre-war days when Russian princesses came for the European New Year and threw diamond tiaras on the tables in lieu of chips before they went home for their own holidays are gone forever.

We sold the American lady on the idea of doing something different this year, going out



incognito and getting cock-eyed with the people tourists never see, and she thought it was a fine thought.

Monsieur Gay had a table spread in a private room where the coachmen played belotte; there was a little poule-de-luxe, temporarily down on her luck, across from us. The old sea-dog did a dance and Black Harry, who had lost a million francs at trente-et-quarante, gave the toast on Monsieur Gay's champagne. Monsieur Gay beamed with pride on his accordian player and got drunk with the rest of us.

The American woman and her daughter said they had never had so much fun in their lives. They didn't want to go to the Café de Paris anymore.

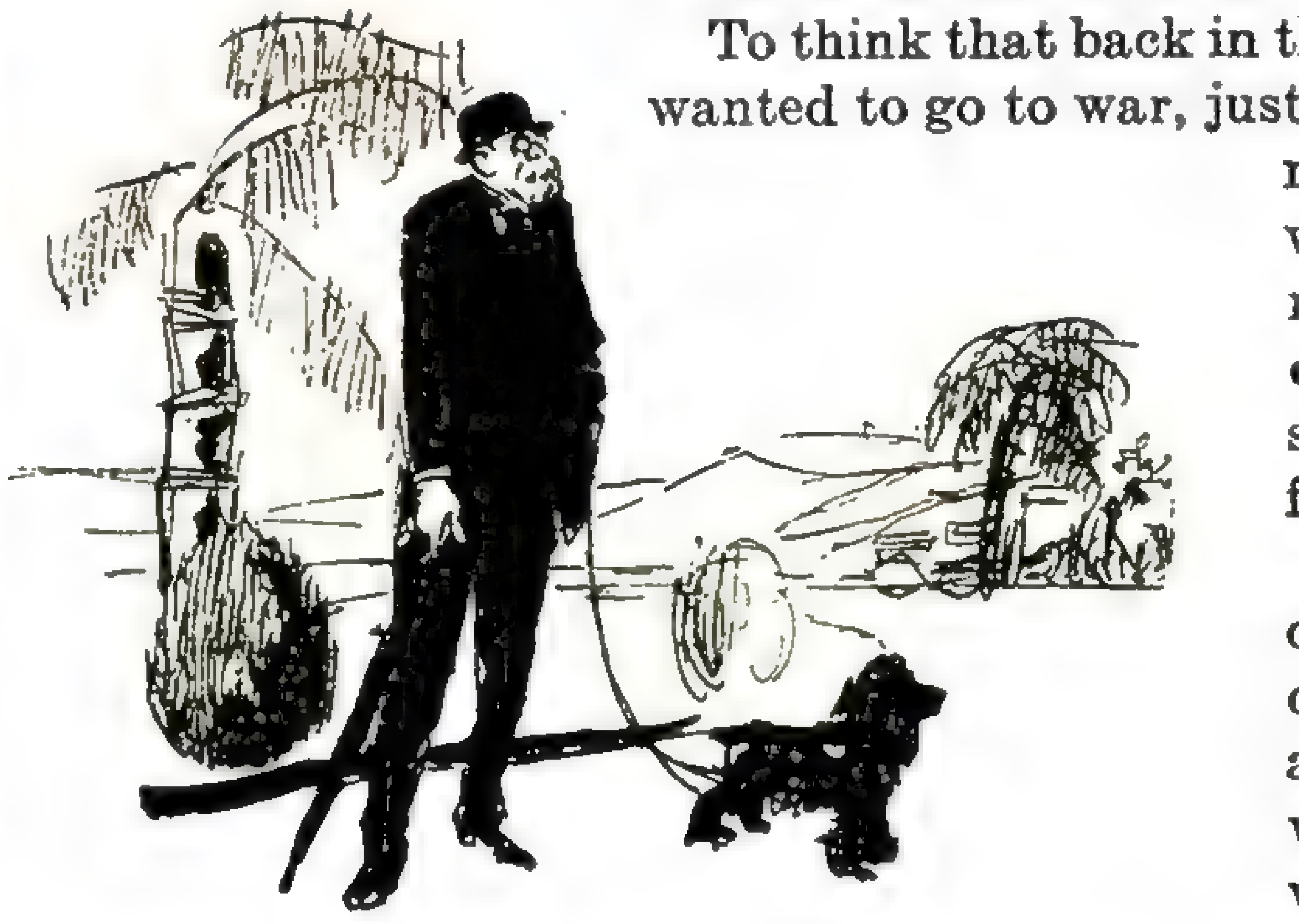
I think they were the first cash-paying foreign customers Monsieur Gay ever had, and before long they had brought their friends and we had quite a colony coming up the alley to drink and play checkers with the fiacre drivers and chauffeurs.

We walked past a pawnshop with my watch in the window and the antique shop where the pretty blonde was always brushing dust off a pile of knick-knacks.

Everyone that passed that antique shop used to look in the window, but no one ever seemed to buy anything. Just beyond it was the narrow passageway and steps that led down to Cave Flora, and now that I stop to think of it, it seems strange I had never noticed them before.

You could pass that place a hundred times and never think of turning in, if someone didn't take you. Sometimes a tall, dignified man with a dark moustache wandered past, looking in shop windows with the air of trying to find himself there. It was Prince Danillo of Montenegro, whose land had been scratched off of the maps by a pen stroke in 1918.

He had been wandering back and forth across a crazy-quilt of countries ever since.



Looking at him one day, alone, an old line came back: A king who has fallen must see strange sights, so bitter a thing is the heart of man.

Where he went he was stared at without sympathy. Our bistro, where everyone loved everyone else, was the one place he never thought to go.

He and the Grand Duke Dimitri and Prince René de Bourbon-Parme, sat at the Café de Paris and the Beach Hotel, full of tourists who didn't bother to whisper, emptying glasses that didn't seem to make them happy, but they never thought of wandering into little bars up narrow passageways where walls had a warm glow on them.

An old man who lived on Rue de la Costa went by once in a while, but no one knew who he was or anything about him, till one day he died and up in his apartment they found a collection of medals and photos signed by kings and letters from famous people. It was the great Escoffier, the king of chefs, who followed Napoleon III into exile, and we had never paid any attention to him before. He was just like that passageway that led to Cave Flora; he looked so uninteresting and was full of stories if you only bothered to look.

When I look back at old Escoffier now I think of him drinking coffee in little cafés, and looking at the dumb girl I was going with then and me as if he was yearning for someone to talk to, someone young, to remember with and tell how he had carved a swan out of ice and filled it with ice cream and peaches one day to surprise Madame Melba. After that incident people called it Peach Melba.

A man who had sagas stuck away in his mind's cubbyholes, whose memories were like the Tuilleries gardens, who had poetry to his finger-tips, knocked and we wouldn't let him in, thought he was crazy and didn't want to start talking to him for fear he would be hard to get rid of.

The regret that comes over me when I think of Escoffier now I think comes because he was like everything in France, something we shall never find anywhere else, yet didn't bother to look at then, and now have lost forever. It will never be the same again.

To think that back in those days some of us wanted to go to war, just for a spot of excitement. A small war, we said, and watched newspapers hoping one would start somewhere not too far away.

In the meantime one had to pay for a drink in one way or another, and when we didn't have money we could start Monsieur Gay talking about the people he had helped back in the days when he was a Concierge, so he wouldn't notice the advent of another round of drinks.

It burned him up to look back at some of those people who hadn't paid him. Every time he saw Mary Garden he remembered a prima donna whom he had loaned fare to her next engagement when she went broke in the casino.

Because he loved opera he couldn't refuse her, and she never answered his letters afterwards. He said: "If she had only sent me her picture!" when he saw in *Paris-Soir* that she was singing in Paris. She spoiled opera for him.

He loaned money to an American woman and she committed suicide, then her family said "Concierges are all robbers!" and would not pay him.

An Egyptian wore his rain-coat out in the gardens to shoot himself.

He gave a palms-up gesture of his hands and said: "C'est la vie!"

Monsieur Gay was Italian by birth but he was ashamed of Italy since Mussolini took it over. He said: "I dislike to say it, but my country is like a Gigolo at the Sporting Club now; All dressed up with fine linens and gold-braided uniforms and sleek hair, and not a sou in its pockets; Tolerated in the company of gentlemen but never really one of them."

Politics was the big subject of conversation around the "Cave" with the coachmen telling what they would do if they ran the country and had an army. They didn't have much respect for politicians, but they loved soldiers and when a carabinier du Prince, came in, in uniform, the habitués were happier than when we got 'Genia Bankhead in there with her monkey.

Eugenia had a Pernod, and Morton Hoyt saw an *Aero Golf* game in the corner, one of those machines you put a coin in and shoot balls into numbered holes and try to run the score up.

The machine had a slot where you dropped in twenty-five centimes before you could play, and Morton said: "Hell, I'm coming here from now on. It costs a franc to play this where I've been going!"

Major Pollock tried to get Clifford Harmon to use the place as a hide-out when some gold-diggers were chasing him, but Harmon wouldn't come, and a day or two later he was sorry; they were hot on his trail and he had to go back to Barcelona.

Jimmy Lindeman was the most amusing fellow in Nice those days, and stories about

Continued in center of page 223

Eddie and the Piano

When that colored boy played Beale Street music on our old high school gym piano we could hear his soul came out of the notes

by FRANK BROOKHOUSER

• FICTION •

I DON'T know whether this is a story or not. I don't know whether it has the necessary parts. Looking at it coldly, like if I were on the copy desk, I'd say no. No, it isn't a story. Thinking of it other times . . . well, that's why I'm writing it down. All I have really is a couple of pictures—a black boy playing the piano, black hands on white keys, and laughing; and then a black boy not playing the piano, no black hands on white keys, no laughing. I could ring in a villain. I could make O. Q. Dunston, the superintendent of schools, one. Sometimes I think he deserved it. But he was doing his job. I could make Grace Wilson a villain. Sometimes I think she deserved it. She was conceited as hell. But still us fellows would have given a good bit to take her out. She was damned pretty. And she had a legitimate complaint. So I don't know.

All I know is that it all happened many years ago and I still remember it. I remember that funny, twisted grin on Eddie's face and the way his shoulders dropped the day he came down and they told him. I remember how beaten he looked walking away. I remember everything lots clearer than big things that have happened to me. And this didn't even happen to me. It happened to a little stoop-shouldered black boy, who played the piano.

This piano belonged to the taxpayers. They bought it. I don't know how much it was worth. I don't know what pianos cost. And most of them didn't. But they put in for it, in their fashion. The superintendent of schools recommended its purchase to the School Board, which had been duly elected by the taxpayers, and the Board approved it, and the piano was bought. That had been ten years before. First it was used in the orchestra pit, then it went to the grade school for music classes there, and then it came back to the high school and was put in the gymnasium for gym classes—to keep time for the marching drills of the girls in bloomers. It was stuck in a corner of the gym almost hidden by the bleachers. It had once been a bright brown color and spotless. Now it was battered and nicked and two keys wouldn't play. So there you have the piano, a pretty worn-looking affair.

Eddie came from the "Lower End" because he was black. All the colored people lived in the "Lower End." Eddie's father worked in the casting hall at the factory. His mother was dead. His father spent all his money on a high yellow. So Eddie never had any clothes. I knew him for two years in high school and he wore the same blue corduroy pants and brown leather jacket all the time. His ties were always shriveled up. He was dumb in classes because he didn't seem to care about learning. The truth is that even if he had learned, of course, he would still have had to take the same job after school—one of the dirtiest jobs in the factory or shoeshine boy or garbage collector. But Eddie wasn't thinking of that. It was simply that all Eddie cared to do, ever, was play the piano.

I don't remember when Eddie first got up the courage to play this one in the gym—and it was the only one he could play because he had none at home. After two years of basketball practice, it seemed like he had always been there, playing softly while we had practice and then really letting out for us when practice was over and batting hell out of that piano, playing the hot jazz.

He'd come down a few minutes after classes were out, shyly, almost sneaking down the stairs and slipping over to the piano stool. He'd sit there a while, back a trifle hunched, legs hardly long enough to reach the pedals, staring out of sleepy eyes at the keys, face expressionless. Then somebody would notice he was there and would say, "Hyah, Eddie." And Eddie would say, "Hyah, fellows." And then he would begin. He never started until the greetings were exchanged. Once they were, he would begin to smile softly to himself, trying out the keys. And once he started, I don't think he ever heard the thump of the ball against the backboard or the shouting of the fellows or the sharp comments of Coach Wagner. All he could hear were his own notes.

And we heard them, too. They didn't interfere with our practice. They were nice and peaceful and when you moved into a fast scrimmage, you forgot them. But it was when practice was over that they meant the most.

We'd gather around Eddie then and he would smile more, his white teeth gleaming, happy, grateful to us. He'd really play, once we had finished our showers and gathered around the piano. He'd play like his whole life was in the notes, his soul coming out of them. He'd play sad numbers that we didn't know, maybe the old and forgotten and unnamed blues of the bawdy houses that he'd known as a kid on Beale Street. The piano wept and everybody was happy. Even Wagner, a strict German with no knowledge of music and not much ear for it, always kept saying, "Boy, how that kid can play. If he only had the chance."

Sometimes Eddie seemed far away from us, hunched over the keys, his fingers moving so effortlessly over the keys. But he was always smiling when he looked up.

Finally Wagner would say, "Time to go." And Eddie knew it was over at once—Wagner was strict. He'd hop off the stool. "Thank you, boys," he'd say. "Thank you, Mr. Wagner."

Going up the stairs, his shoulders would drop and his long arms looked gawky, hanging beside his short legs.

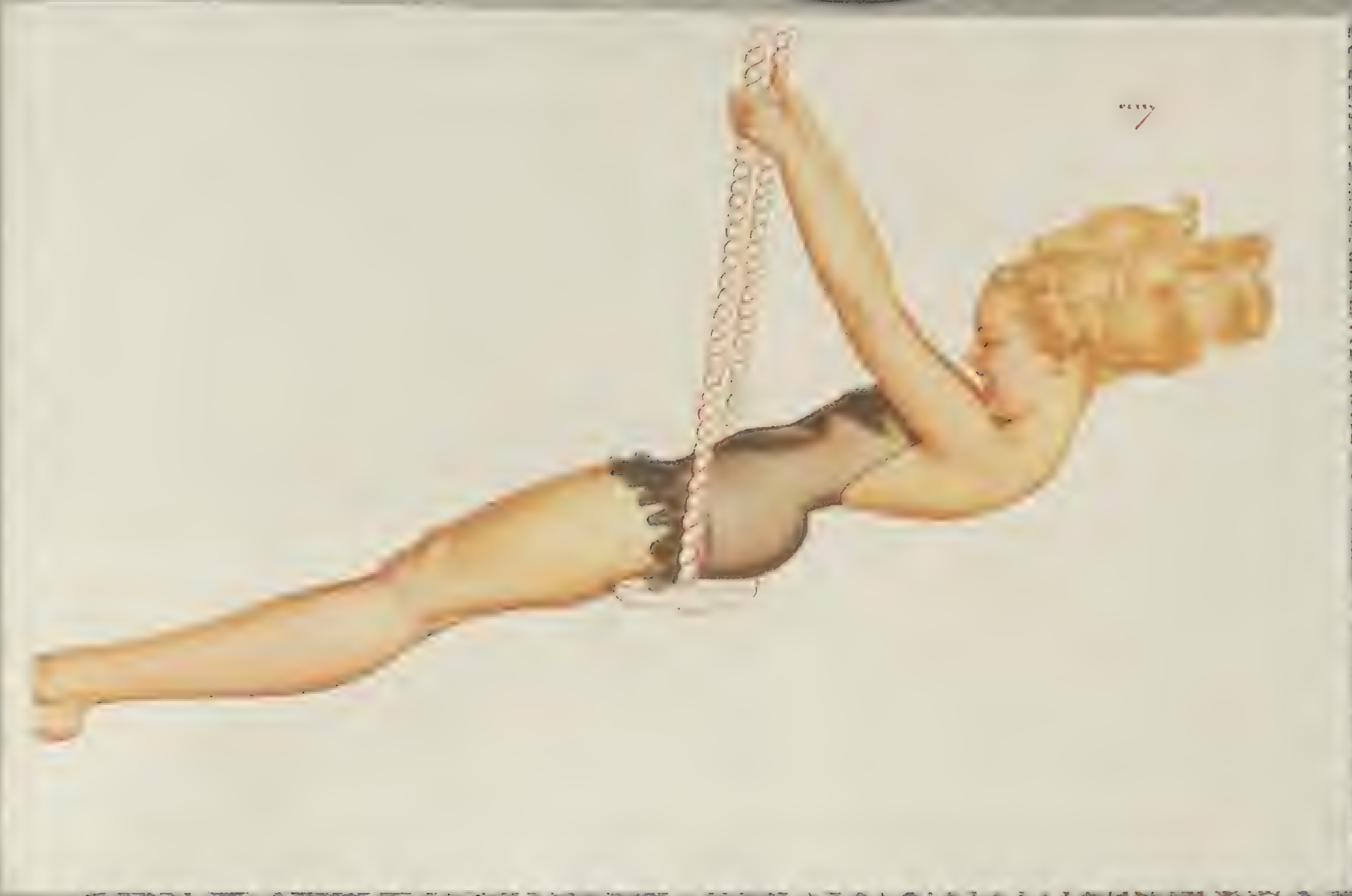
This Grace Wilson had a piano at home

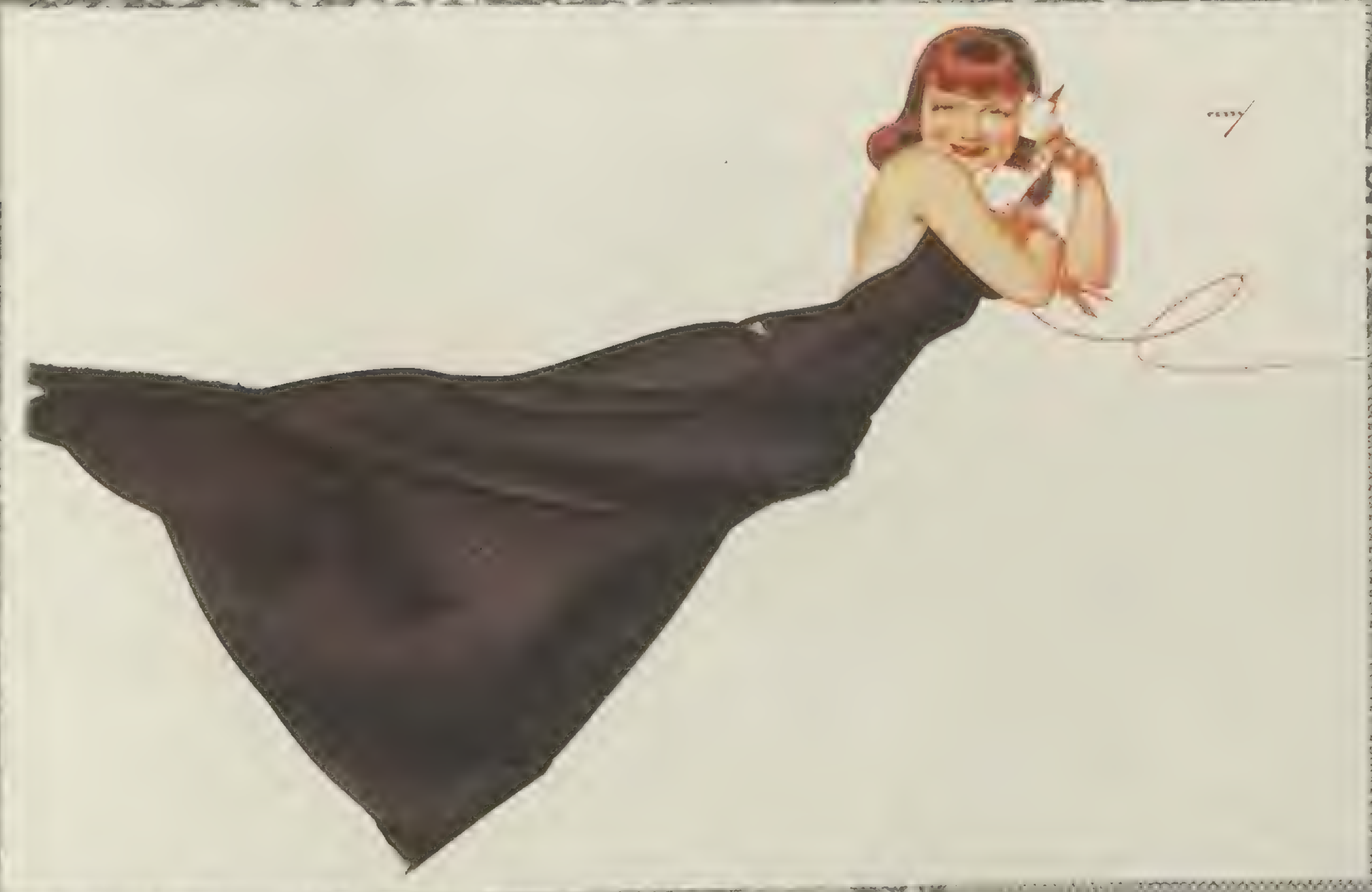
Continued at top of page 22

Dave Gerard

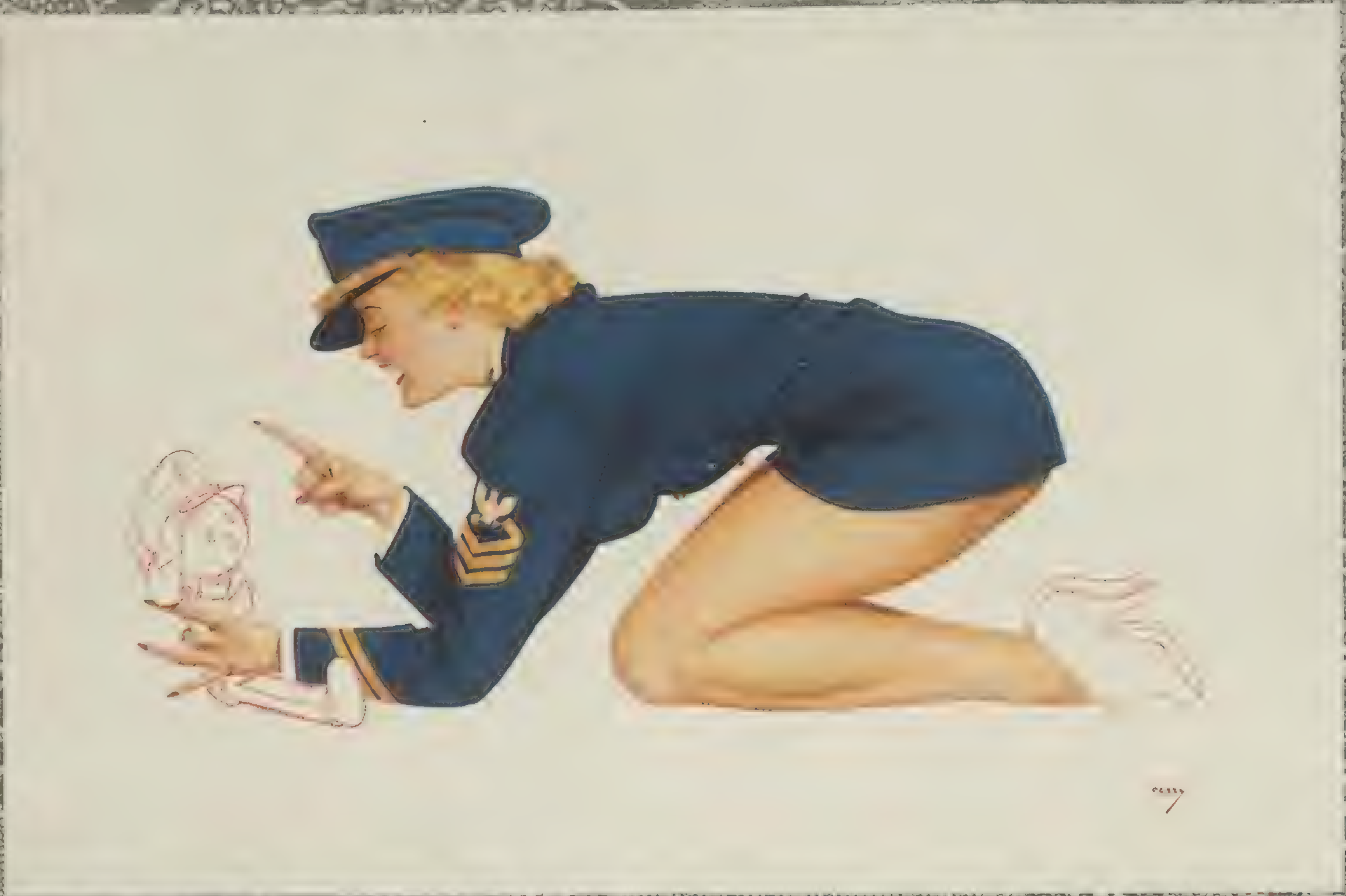
"Plug this in for me, will you dear? I'm a little late"

"Yvette, will you send up a dressmaker—the Bundles for Britain collector was just here and I'm afraid I overdid it"



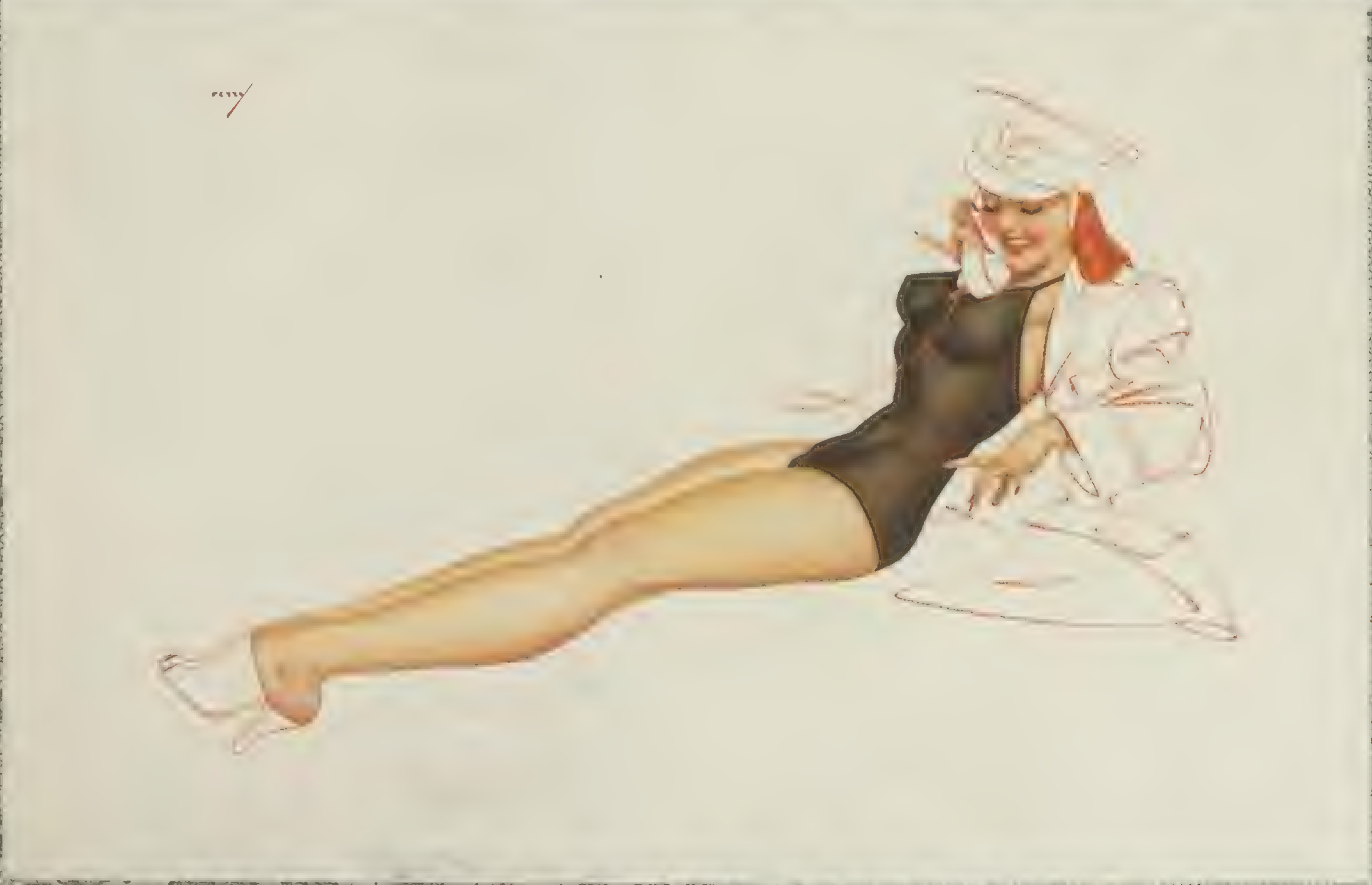


"Remember me?"

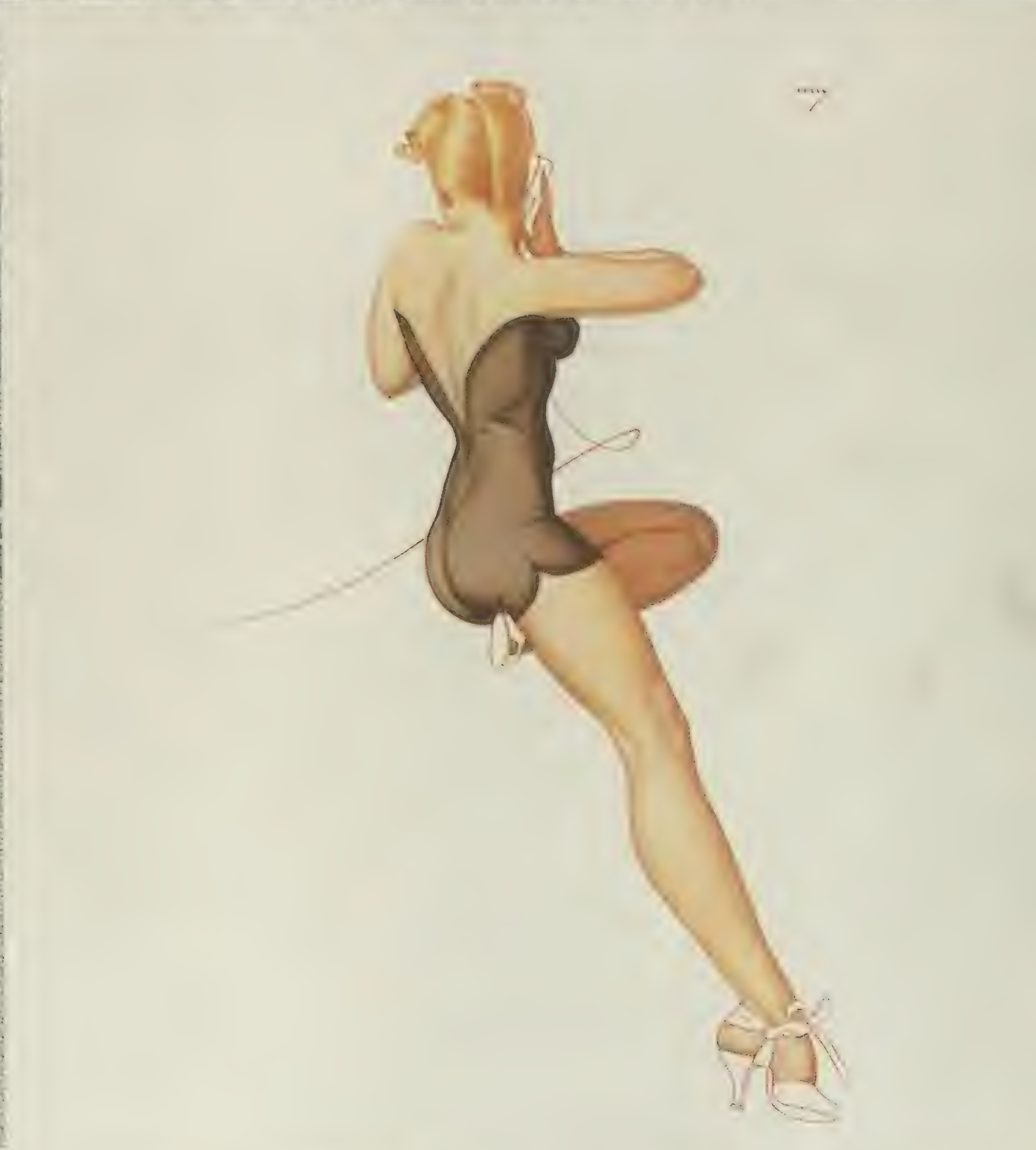


"… so take my advice and just bet your shirt!"

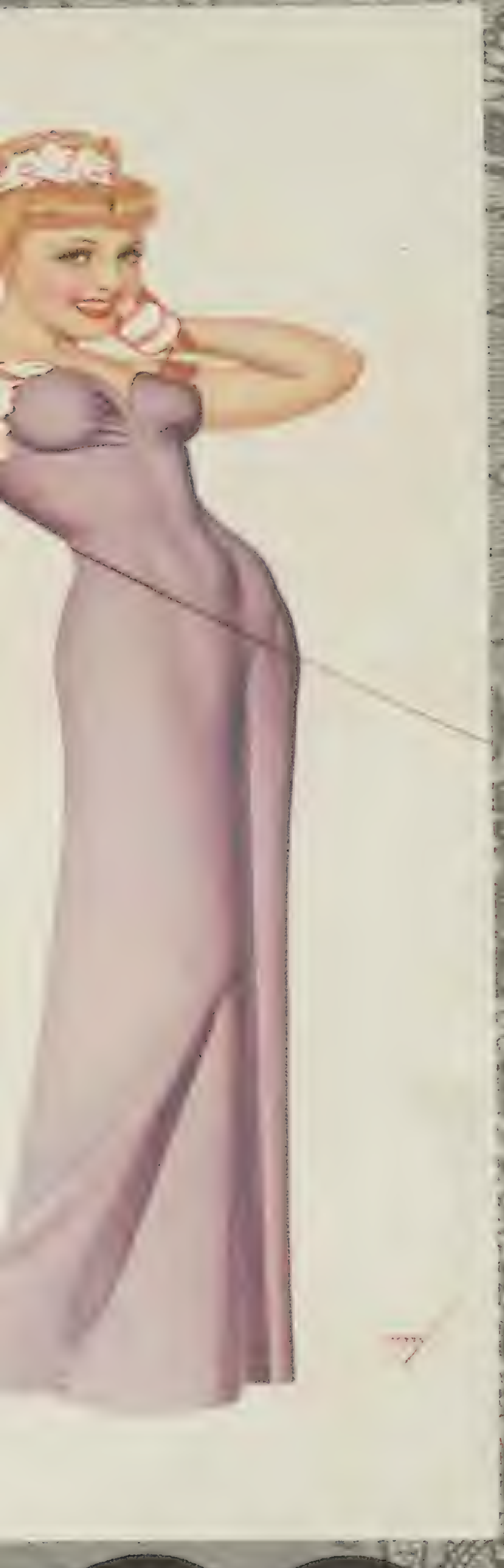
"It does seem a little flimsy but the saleslady said all
the heavy materials were going into
tents for the army"



The PETTY Girl Revue

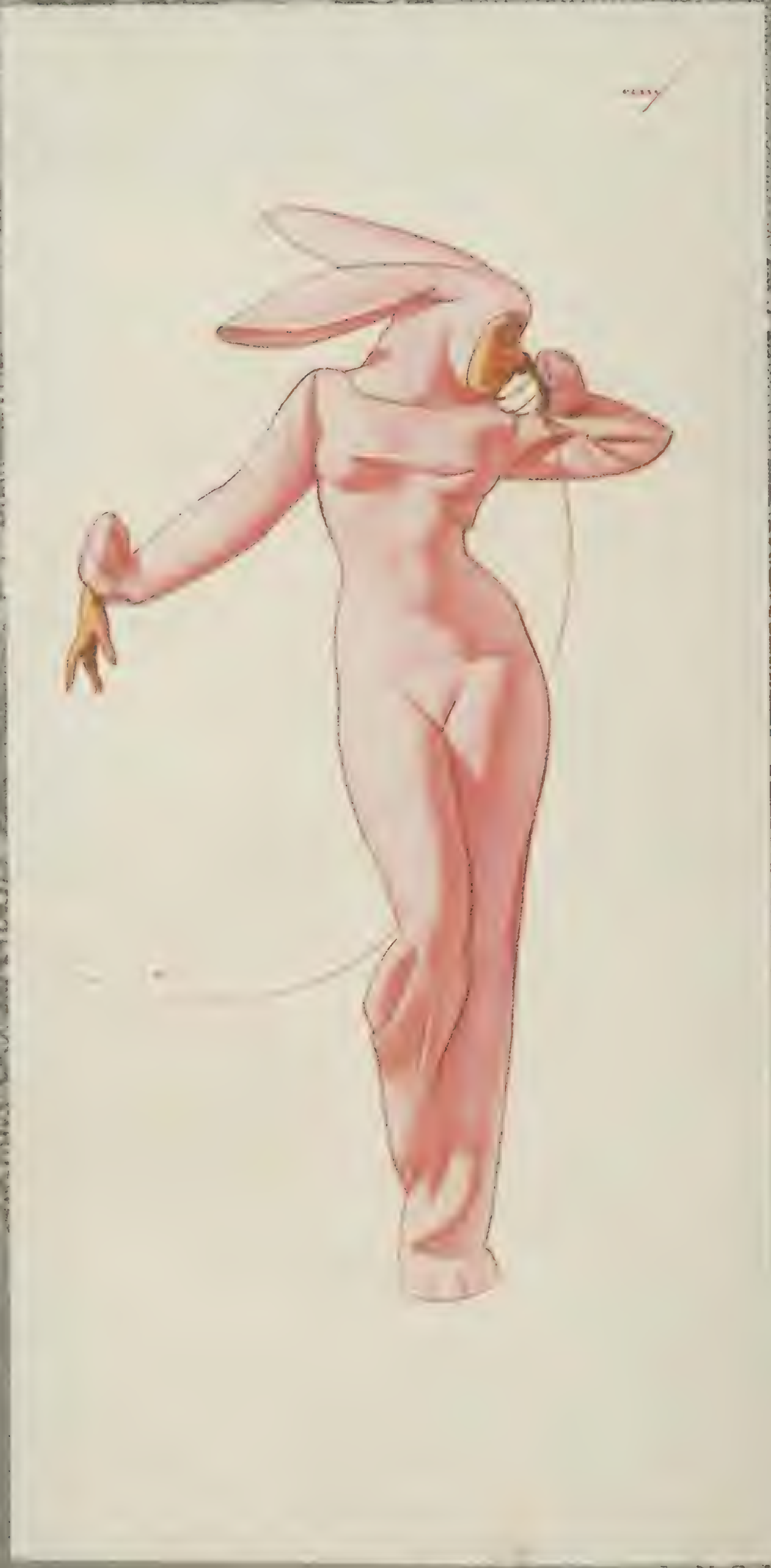


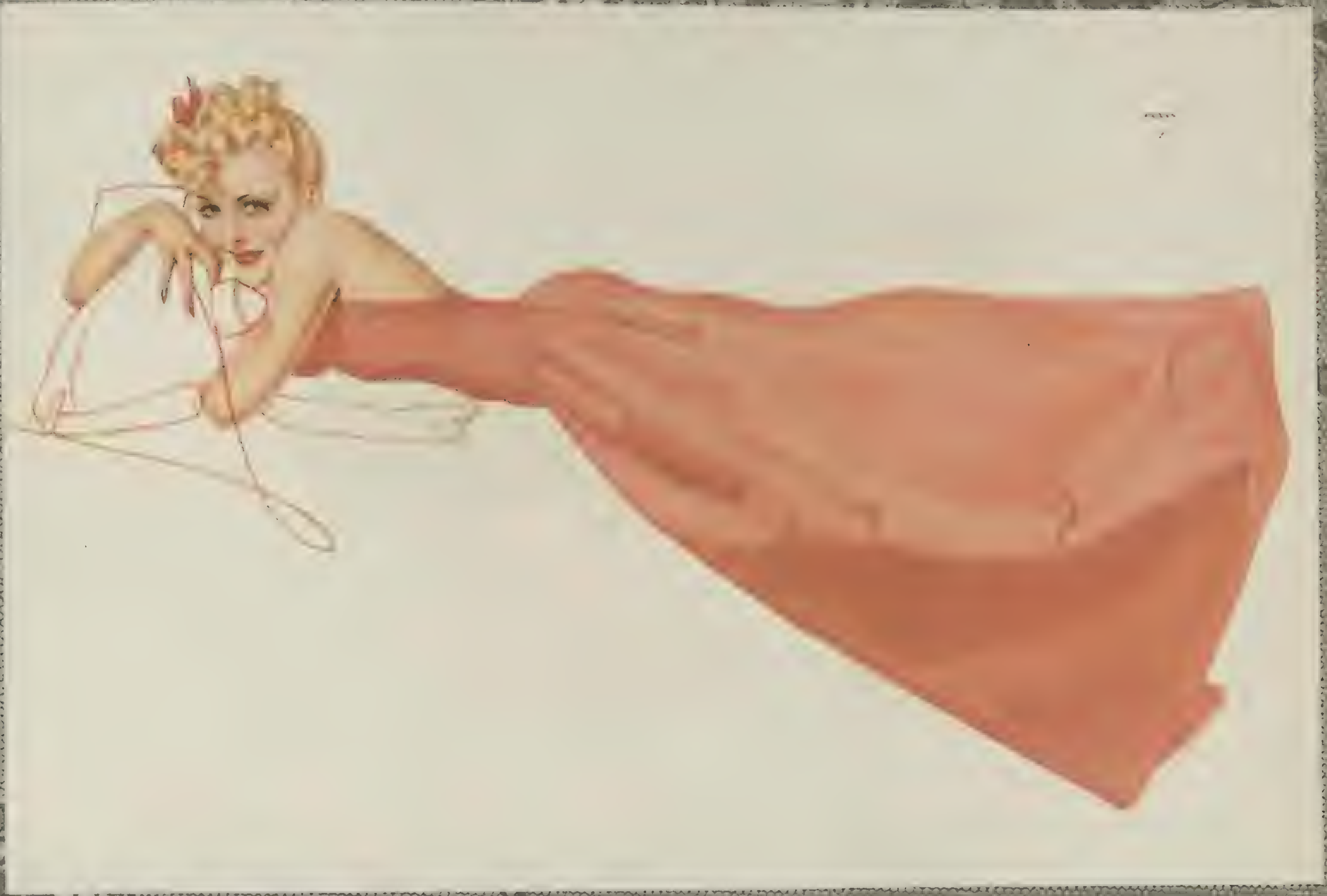
"I'm the one with the part in the back"



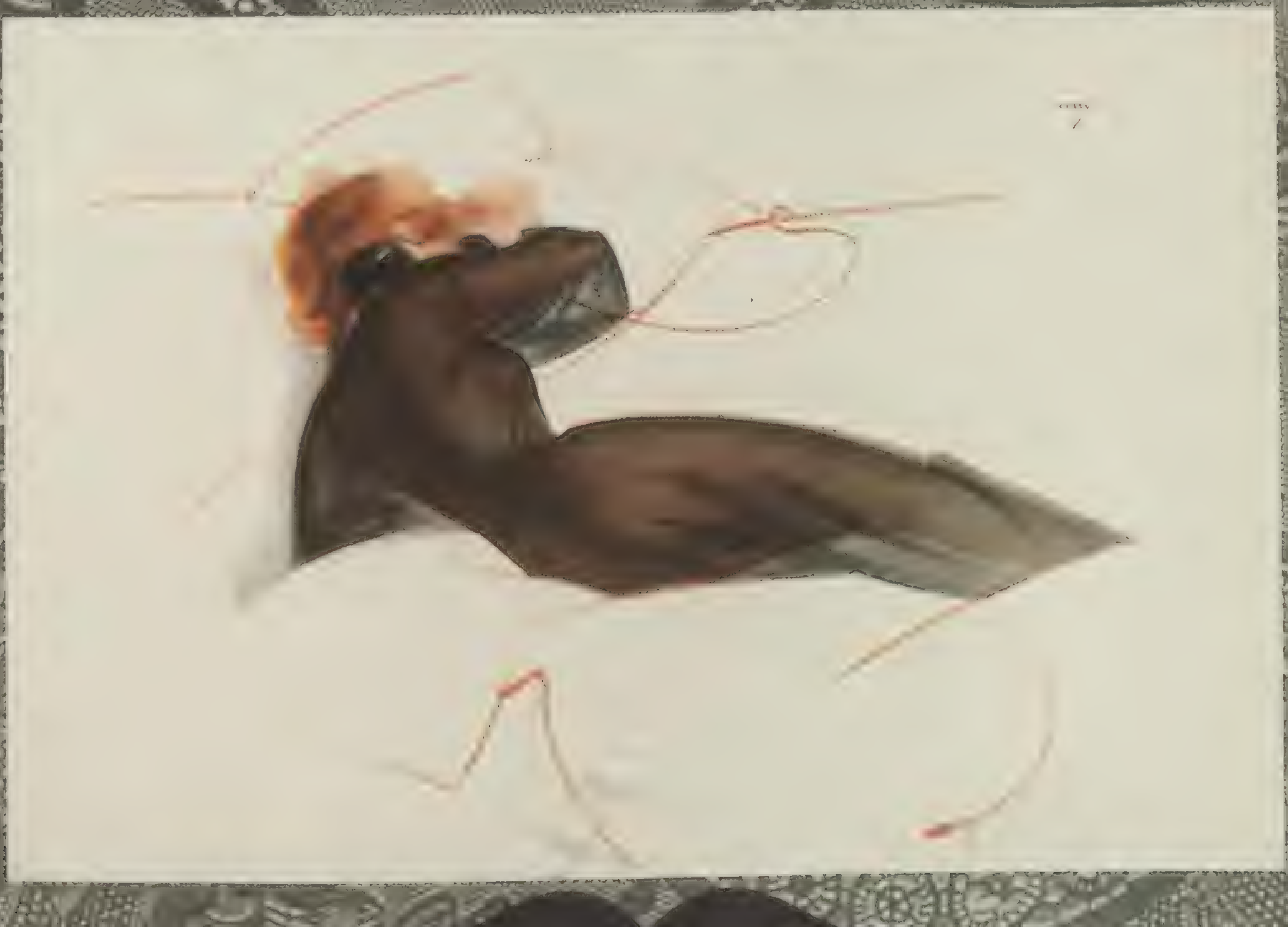
arvey hasn't answered a single one of my letters since he arrived at Camp Dix, but I hear from the company censor regularly"

"I'm playing Easter Bunny for the kiddies, but now the fathers want to get in the game —what'll I do?"

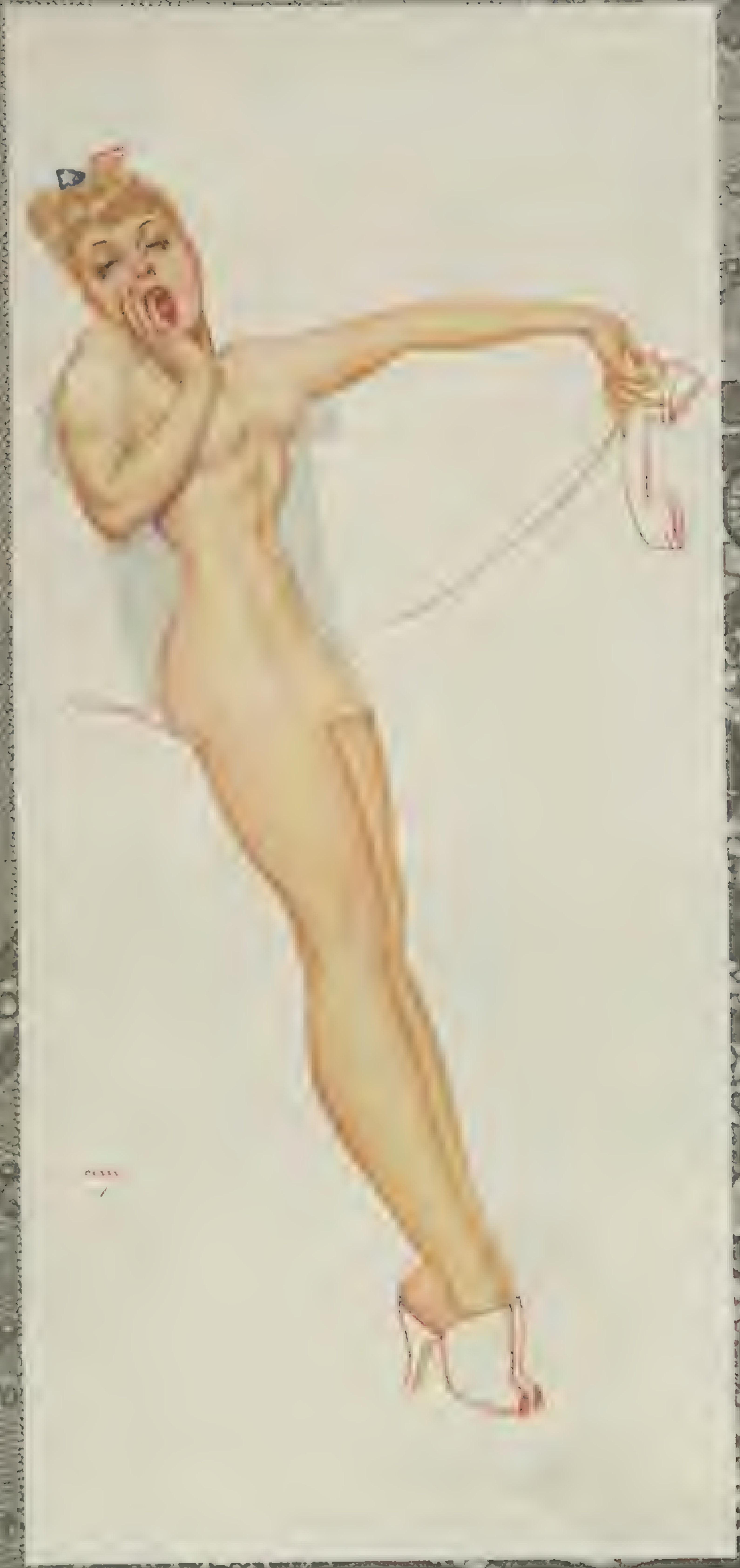




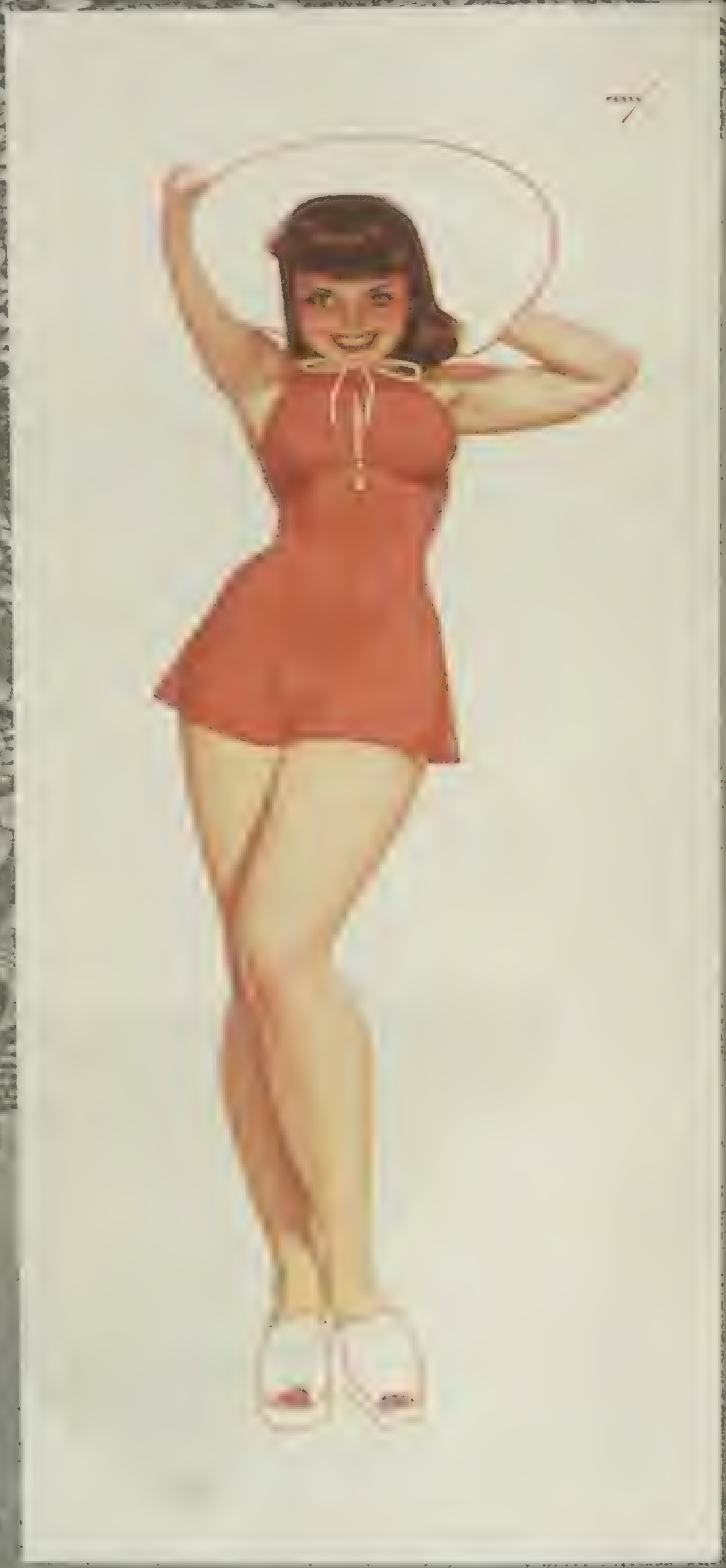
"Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes—(but I feel a NO coming on)"



"I've been frightfully restless all day dear
—bring home some celery"



"Oh, just another proposal from a boy whose number's up"



"My lawyer wants me to change the charge from desertion to insanity"

Case of a Missing Shakespeare

Somehow the $50,000 folio vanished from the Williams College library along with the quiet, gray-haired visiting professor

by ROBERT M. HITCHCOCK

• ARTICLE •

In a smoke-filled drinkery on Green Street in Albany, New York, four men filed through the barroom to the booths beyond, sat down and ordered beers.

One of the four, a dapper, slender chap with blond hair and a pencil-thin black mustache, did most of the talking. His English grammar was precise, but his half-whispered conversation was shaded by a foreign accent. He spoke excitedly of books and large amounts of money, directing his conversation principally to but one of his companions. This listener, an older man who sipped his beer slowly, smiled dubiously at times, and at others nodded his head in agreement. He was bewildered, but eager to hear more. The two silent companions, one stubble-faced and unkempt, the other a boy in his teens, sat in seats next to the aisle, their eyes and ears alert for possible eavesdroppers.

Two hours and many beers later, the talk was more animated and loud. "Really," the blond conversationalist said to his friend, "the job is worth twenty thousand to you. Who would be fool enough to turn that down?"

The older man glanced up in surprise, whistled softly. "Not me," he said. "I'll settle for five. Just send me a wire when you're ready—say my sister's sick. And don't forget the expense money."

The dapper chap called for the check and paid. Their business deal concluded, the four men shook hands all around and left.

Some six weeks later at Williamstown, Massachusetts, just over the state line a few miles east of Albany, a visitor stepped into the Chapin Library of Williams College. He asked for Miss Lucy Osborne, the librarian. Miss Osborne, a trim, proper and graying spinster, emerged from ordered stacks of literature which mutely proclaimed her efficiency and invited the visitor into her office. There she seated herself at her desk and, with a sweep of her wrist like a salute, removed her pince-nez spectacles the better to inspect her caller.

He stood at the threshold, abashed and uneasy. Unpolitely, he still wore a battered brown felt hat. His gray, almost white hair needed trimming and overhung the earpieces of his glasses. A wrinkled, check-patterned overcoat seemed to hang on his square frame, rather than to be worn. Under his arm he carried a shiny black brief case. The total, Miss Osborne mentally noted, added up either to a down-at-the-heels book salesman or a successful college professor.

Without speaking, the stranger drew a letter from an inner coat pocket and handed it to the librarian. The letter was typed on stationery imprinted with the name and seal of Middlebury College. Its message was a request from the president of that institution that the bearer, Prof. Sinclair E. Gillingham of Middlebury, be permitted to use Williams College facilities for his research work in English literature.

"Very well, Professor," Miss Osborne acquiesced curtly. "The library clerk will show you whatever you wish. And you may leave your hat, coat and bag here."

Prof. Gillingham muttered a word of thanks, but disregarded the invitation to leave his garments behind. He plodded toward the clerk's desk, shrugging out of his coat as he walked, awkwardly shifting the brief case from one hand to the other.

Williamstown is an average, Eastern American college town. Nine months of the year its life revolves around three thousand spirited students who stir up their share of collegiate excitement. Until February 8, 1940, little such excitement invaded Chapin Library's hallowed rare-volume room where historic joys, sorrows and romances are carefully preserved within covers and reserved for scholars usually too engrossed in research to be diverted by youth's frivolous affairs. But early in the evening of that day a girl's startled shriek echoed from the library's partitions. The library assistant, her face pale with alarm, rustled through the corridor.

"Miss Osborne—oh, Miss Osborne!" she gasped. "It's gone—the 1623 Shakespeare folio is gone."

Police summoned to the library received an intensive short-course on Shakespeare and his works. In the year 1616, they learned, a playwright named William Shakespeare died in England. His plays had won considerable popularity, and it occurred to a group of his friends that by publishing a collection of the writer's manuscripts they could do fellow Shakespeare fans and actors a service, and at the same time profit for themselves. Thus in 1623, creaking handpresses published for the first time a folio of Shakespeare's complete works.

The books were printed in the crude, large type of the times, on heavy cardboard-like paper. The volumes themselves were some sixteen inches high, twelve inches wide and four inches thick. How many were printed in the first edition, and the price for which they were sold are not known definitely today. But it is known that fewer than a hundred of the volumes still exist, and that none of the present owners will sell theirs at any price.

Williams College placed a nominal value of $50,000 on its copy, one of the best preserved of the existing folios. The volume was insured for $22,000 against theft, but its loss meant far more than a cash sum to the library's prestige. To Miss Osborne, it was a favorite child spirited away.

There were three possible clues for police. One was a dummy book, bound with a clever imitation of the folio's red morrocco tooled-

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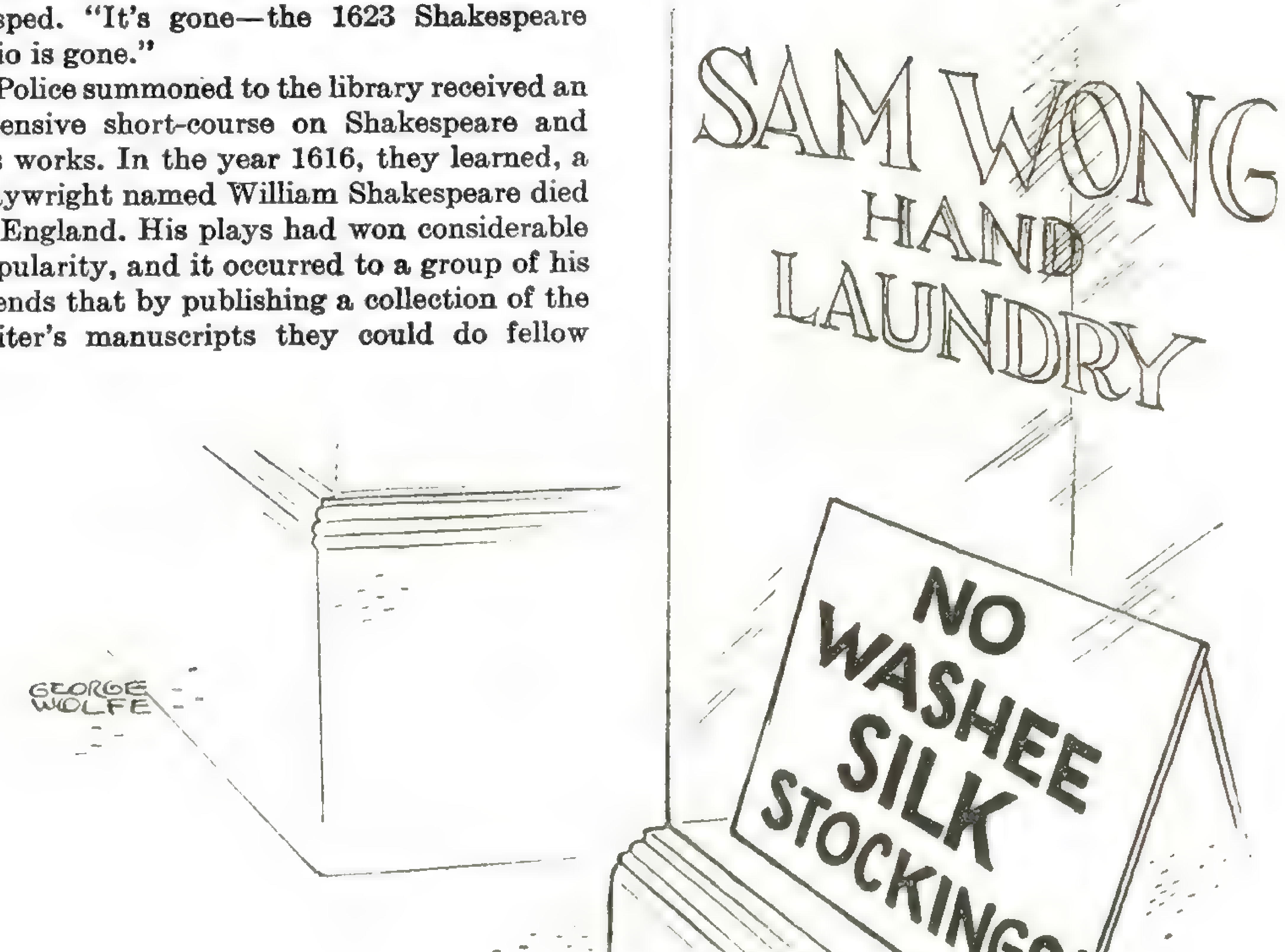

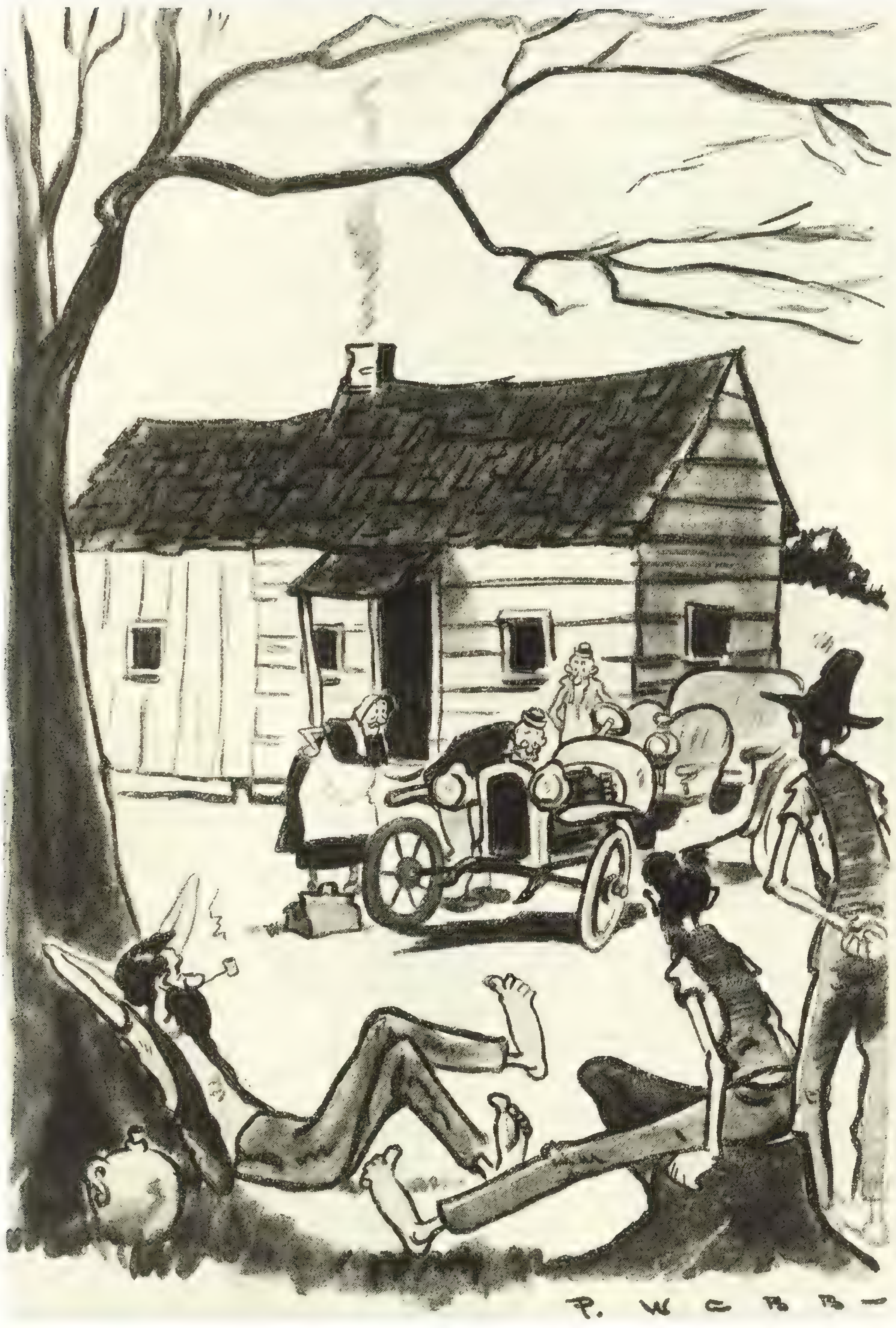

"Shecks—the ole Doc is mighty fine on fetchin' Maw's younguns an' doctorin' sick hawgs— but he aint no great shakes on fixin' engines"

Honesty Is the Worst Policy

Wrestling in its day was the sport of the wise guys who laughed and laughed cause they knew it wasn't on the level

by **CURT RIESS**

• SPORTS •

Not even his worst enemies can say of Colonel John Reed Kilpatrick, who has been President of Madison Square Garden for the last few years, that he is a sports promoter. He is rather the exception that proves the rule. If anything, he is more conservative than Abraham Lincoln. He thinks you can't even fool some of the people some of the time. At least, he has never tried to. So it was a shock to learn that he was going to bring wrestling back.

Beg your pardon! Not wrestling. It is HONEST WRESTLING which is supposed to come back—as though it has ever been anywhere before—and which is to rest its virginal head on the mat at Madison Square Garden.

The Colonel was slightly astonished that I was slightly astonished that he was going in for wrestling. He immediately produced his reasons in the form of some very interesting and secret looking books from which he read that in the season of 1930-31 wrestling had raked in a gross of $309,000 for the Garden. In the following season, the take was $213,000 for ten events; while in the season of 1932-33 the figure dropped to a mere $93,000 for twelve events. The Colonel sighed and stopped reading. The seven lean years—seven so far—were beginning by then.

The Colonel, who is not a sports promoter, can therefore well afford to be frank. "We really don't need wrestling," he said, "we're doing quite nicely as it is. But if we can fill some additional days—why not?"

I expressed some doubts as to whether there would be any wrestlers available for such a revolutionary project. I said it might be necessary first to wait till all existing wrestlers died off and their children and children's children kicked the bucket, too, to be on the safe side, and then to start training some young men who had never heard of wrestling. The Colonel said he didn't think he had that much time. He ventured the guess that wrestlers could be found and brought back alive to the Garden, wrestlers who would be willing to grunt and groan on the level. Even some names were mentioned—like Jack Sherry, John Pesek, Ruffy Silverstein, Lee Wicoff.

In the meantime, feverish activities were going on behind the scenes. A Mr. Ted Tye, who is connected with the promoting of wrestling in Sydney, came all the way from Australia and brought along his star wrestler, Earl McCready. Jack Sherry, the aforementioned gentleman, spread an ugly story that he was cornered by Mr. Tye in a New York hotel room and asked to take a dive for McCready. The price of the transaction was to be $1,250. Or else . . . Or else Jack Sherry would never get into Honest Wrestling in Madison Square Garden's floodlighted ring.

The New York sports writer, Dan Parker, wrote about it, with the result that he got at least one faked letter written presumably by a wrestler, giving him the lowdown on other dishonest wrestling matters. This material on fake bouts was fake. The idea evidently was to make the sports writer ridiculous. There was even more sinister work backstage. Some of the more prominent wrestling promoters who, so far, have never claimed to go in for Honest Wrestling, decided to pool their forces against Madison Square Garden. They informed their rasslers that if they went in for Honest Wrestling, they couldn't expect to get any more work from them, the promoters—honest they couldn't!

It was all pretty strange. After all, you'd think that these promoters would do everything to help this Honest Wrestling business on to its feet—if only out of curiosity to see what an Honest Wrestling Bout really looked like.

Once upon a time there might have been something that could have been termed Honest Wrestling. But it must have been long, long ago. Certainly, no living witnesses can be dug up to testify that it ever existed. Living witnesses, however, were dug up and had to testify under oath in at least two cases to the existence of something very much the opposite.

There was the suit of Manager Joe Alvarez versus Wrestler Dan Shikat in the Spring of 1937 before the U. S. District Court in Columbus, Ohio. Mr. Alvarez was seeking an accounting of the profits made by Mr. Shikat since he had won the World's Heavyweight Championship from Mr. Dan O'Mahoney. In court some rather interesting facts came out. For instance, it was revealed that there was a virtual trust operating in the wrestling business in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, and the State of California. One of the assets of this trust was, according to Mr. Shikat, the Heavyweight Title, which had been maneuvered about for many years. No wrestler could get an "in" if he didn't sign on the dotted line with this trust. And he was out in no time if he didn't play ball. The trust took precautions against double-crossing wrestlers—that is, against the possibility that they might wrestle on the level—by making them post enormous amounts of money as bonds. Mr. Shikat, for instance, had to post $18,000 of his own money for a chance at a bout with the champion, Mr. O'Mahoney, and of course it was understood that he would take a dive.

And then something dreadful happened. Mr. Shikat, apparently struck with amnesia, went "straight," and won the title. He didn't get his $18,000 back—all he got was $750, his share of the gate. But almost immediately he got an offer of $40,000 from the trust. This money would be paid to him if he would

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"I've figured out a play where we only lose five yards instead of ten!"

Some People Are Fools

Florida, land of bathing beauties, was sure to hold more opportunity than Pettibone and Company's files

by DONALD HOUGH

• SATIRE •

I HAVE always wanted to be a salesman, and now that I am one, I can say that I am perfectly happy. I live an interesting, and at times even an exciting, life. I am fond of my neighbors and love my wife, and when we do not have quite enough food in the house, we face the situation with fortitude.

The way I became a salesman seemed complicated at the time it happened, and there were moments when all was lost and I was subject to despair, but looking back at it now I can see it was a simple, natural thing. I have found Life to be that way.

I was employed in the filing department of Pettibone & Company, hotel supplies and equipment, in the city of New York. I had full charge of L to Z, Special and Miscellaneous. This work, while vital to the operation of the firm, I did not regard as a career. My ambition was to join the sales force, carry a briefcase, dictate letters to a neat and attractive, though not necessarily a beautiful, secretary, and dress in complete accordance with my station.

Before going further, I should say that although I am now a salesman, I have no need for a briefcase, I waste no time dictating letters, and I dress without ostentation. I do not work for Pettibone & Company.

This is the way it came about:

While working for Pettibone & Company, I made as many valuable outside contacts as I could, looking toward my future status. Although it cost me extra, I always lunched at the Paradise Inn. In this way I built up a circle of influential friends, including Tom McComber, also a filing expert, who covered A to K for one of the largest banks in the United States.

One day he slipped me confidential information that a super-hotel was to be built by a Mr. Raymond Fettle Botlop in the town of W........P........B........, Florida. He had filed a letter concerning same that morning, and while he might be criticized for giving me this tip, we both knew that such co-operation is a common occurrence between businessmen in a city as large as New York.

From this I evolved a plan whereby I could not only spend a vacation in Florida, land of my dreams, but could astonish my company with a fine contract and win a place on the sales force. I requested that I be allowed to take my annual vacation at once. It being the winter season, this was granted willingly.

My first thought was to take a cut-rate bus to Florida, since I planned on stopping at a fine hotel while there, eating leisurely meals without looking at the cost, dressing in line with my taste and desires, and conducting myself quietly but substantially in the presence of any Florida bathing beauties I might meet.

At the last minute, however, I decided to go by plane. I had saved up nearly four hundred dollars, with the help of the office pool on the Yale-Harvard game, which I won, and I decided to arrive in Florida with a flourish and show Mr. Botlop that, with me, time was money.

I will skip over the trip. Unfortunately, I was ill nearly all the way, and my first view of Florida, land of my dreams, was seen while I was holding my head in both hands and wishing I had gone someplace where there would be a chance for the plane to hit a mountain side and come to a stop.

Across the aisle from me was a large, handsome man, tanned, perfectly dressed, striking in his entire appearance, who had been laughing at me all the way from New York. When not laughing, he was leaning over and asking me, in a superior tone of voice which I despise even when in the best of health, how I felt. I did not like my fellow-passenger, and was glad when I reached my destination.

I got out of the plane at W........P........B........ in a weak condition and went into the station and asked the cab starter where Mr. Raymond Fettle Botlop could be found. He said at his home, not far away, and called a cab for me. I got in without assistance and the starter told the driver where to go, and I took a deep breath and lay back and closed my eyes in peace. The cab started.

It stopped suddenly. I opened my eyes. The man from the airplane was standing there, grinning. He said, "Well, this seems to be a coincidence. We're both calling on old Botlop. We might as well go together and split the cab fare."

He opened the door and threw both of his bags across my insteps, then hopped in and bounced down beside me, in splendid health, and said, "My name is Harrison Von Bruggen." He spelled it for me. I told him my name was Coe. I spelled my name for him, too. He thrust out his hand and I took it and pain shot clear to my shoulder. He laughed loudly and said, "The old college grip." I explained I never had got any farther than the third year of high school, being stumped by solid geometry. He slapped me as hard as he could on the thigh. He said, "I bet we're both calling on Botlop for the same thing. Are you in the hotel equipment business?"

I reluctantly told him I was with Pettibone, and he said, "I'm with Atlas & Bilbo. May the best man win." He looked me over. I said that I, too, hoped the best man would win, and I would try to take my defeat like a gentleman.

We stopped in front of an extensive white house with palm trees, red flowers, bushes, and other vegetation around it. A very large man was standing on the porch, with his legs spread apart and his hands clasped behind his back. His face was red, while his hair, pants, shirt and shoes were white. He was singing.

As we got out of the cab, Mr. Botlop—for this was Raymond Fettle Botlop—stopped singing and stepped off the porch with his hand extended. I brushed the palm of my hand lightly against my coat to wipe off some of the perspiration. Mr. Von Bruggen introduced us. Mr. Botlop was delighted. He said:

"Well sir, I was just standing here wishing some of you fools from the cold, blustery north could be with me right this minute, to help me enjoy this perfect morning. A typical

Florida day. Cool, clear, bracing. Incomparable, is another word for it." He looked at me with distaste. He said, "You're perspiring. What the devil has got into you?"

I said, "I have been ill."

Mr. Botlop said impatiently, "The rotten, cold storage food they give you to eat in New York is unfit for human consumption. What you need is a fine, hearty, Florida breakfast. Come on in."

We followed him into the house. To my amazement a beautiful girl, a tall, dark, stately, beautiful girl, in short a Florida bathing beauty, was placing a large grapefruit on the table, Mr. Botlop said, "Margaret, we have guests. Get some more grapefruit."

Margaret looked at him steadily, with a patient though kindly expression. She said, "Daddy dear, there are no more." She went into the kitchen.

"Well," Mr. Botlop said, "I've had my breakfast anyway. You boys can divide the grapefruit." He picked up a knife and cut it in two.

I said, "Mr. Botlop, I'm not hungry."

He said, "Sit down there and eat that grapefruit."

I said, "Really, Mr. Botlop, I'd rather not."

He leaned over and looked at me. "Are you crazy?" he demanded.

"No," I said.

"By God you must be," he said between clenched teeth. His temper was coming to the surface. He pushed me into a chair. "Eat that grapefruit!" he said. I ate it.

Mr. Botlop stood there rubbing his hands together. When I had finished with the grapefruit he said, "How do you feel?" I said I felt pretty good. "Of course," he said. "The precious bounty of Florida." He turned to Von Bruggen. "Well," he said, "the big sailfish tournament ends tomorrow. I have an appointment at the pier at ten this morning to go out with a skipper who—ah—owes me a little money. We can make a day of it. Have you brought your fishing clothes with you?"

Von Bruggen said he had something suitable in his bag. I explained that all I had was my best oxford grey suit. I then decided to come to the point at once. I said:

"Mr. Botlop, I represent Pettibone & Company, New York." I glanced at the airplane labels on my bag. "With me, time is money. I understand—"

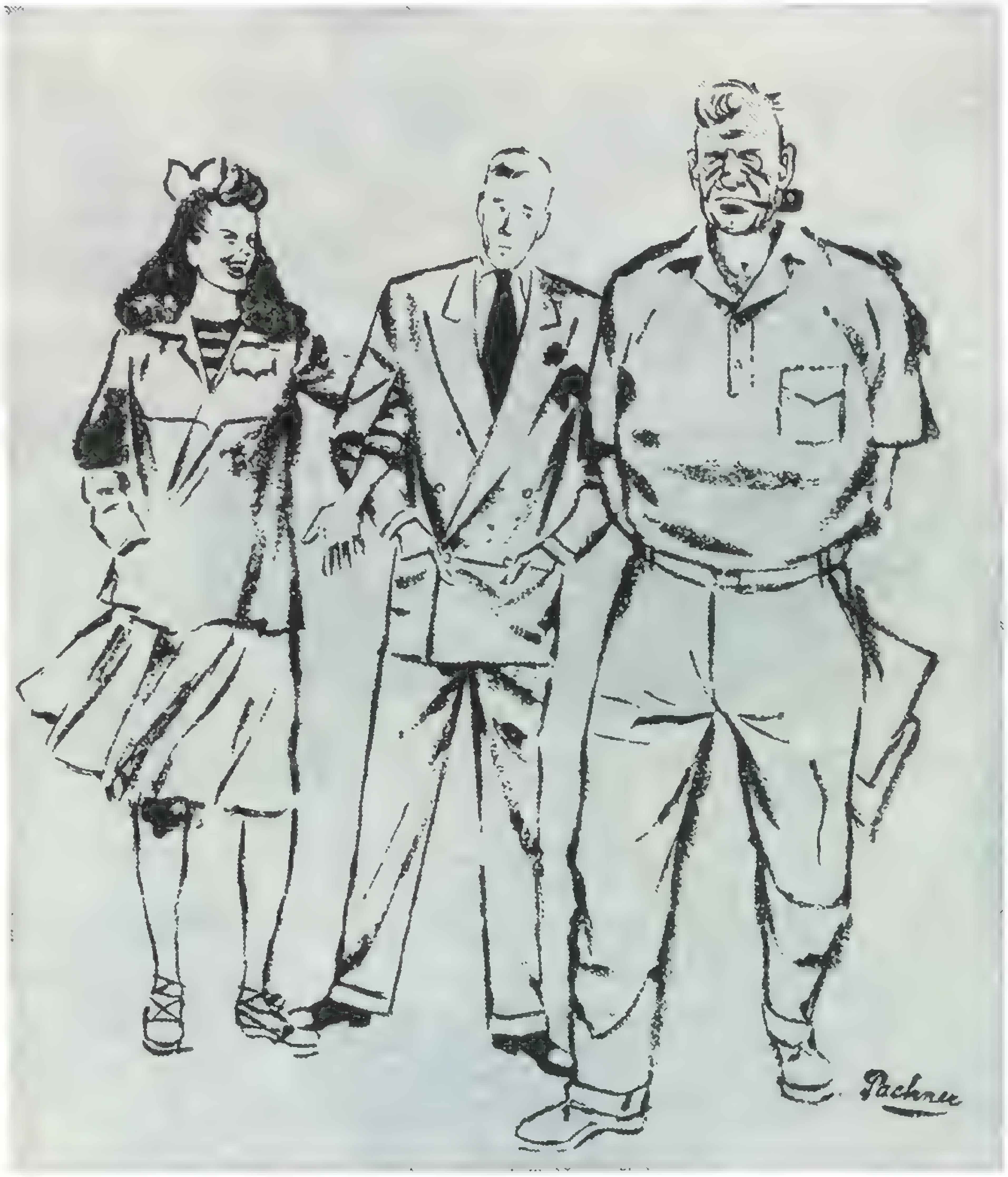
"Nobody in Florida," Mr. Botlop said, "discusses business during the sailfish tournament. Margaret!" he called. She came in. "There are no more grapefruit," she said in a positive tone of voice. Her father said, "Never mind that. Take what's-his-name upstairs and fit him out with some of my Florida clothes."

Margaret said gently, "Daddy, dear, they won't fit him." Mr. Botlop said, "Nonsense. We're exactly the same size." He drew in his stomach as far as he could, but it was still at least ten times as large as mine. "I've been reducing," he explained.

"So have I," I said.

With a very deep sigh Margaret said, "There's no use arguing." She went upstairs and I followed her. She brought out a pair of the largest white pants I had ever seen, a pair of canvas shoes, and what appeared to be a nightgown.

"I'm terribly sorry," she said. "Daddy thinks he weighs a hundred and forty pounds. He says the bathroom scales were made in New York." She looked at me sympathetically as she held up the pants before me, and I began to fall desperately in love with her.



She left the room, and I made the pants stay up by doubling them in front and pulling the belt tight. I fastened the shoes to my feet by tying the laces around my ankles. I rolled up the sleeves of the shirt, which fit me much as a kimono fits the Chinese. Then I went downstairs, slowly, to keep from falling into the living room.

Von Bruggen had changed his clothes and he looked like Mr. William Tilden, the tennis player. Margaret put her hands over her eyes when she saw me. She said in a trembling voice, "Great Caesar, he looks like an albino Charlie Chaplin."

Mr. Botlop came to my rescue. He said, "A perfect fit." He looked at me again. "One of the wonderful things about Florida," he said, "is that nobody cares how you look. Let's get going."

He got up and went out, and we followed him. We got into the car and Margaret drove us to the pier. There was a white boat at the end of it. A man with a short, black beard on his brown face stood on the bow, coiling up a rope. He looked like a Malay, or Lascar, or some other form of pirate. He looked at me in disapproval. I got past him and boarded ship with the others.

Mr. Botlop and Von Bruggen sat in the two swivel chairs in the stern, and the Lascar gave me a folding chair, the kind they have in gospel missions. The boat started and we went up a long, narrow channel that led to the ocean. When we got to the ocean we found it rough. We put out our lines to troll, and they told me to keep my eye on the bait, and when a sailfish struck it I must release the drag. The bait skipped from wave to wave. It is hard to keep your eye on the bait when the ocean is rough. Sometimes you are looking down at it, and other times it is above your head. Most of the time it is gone.

My chair did not cling to the floor like the others, but kept tipping over on two legs with the roll of the boat. This had an effect on my system, and finally I had to close my eyes. This was a mistake. It caused the boat to make complete revolutions, and I dropped my pole and stood up and looked around wildly at the mixture of sky and sea.

"Grab him by the pants!" I heard Mr. Botlop cry. The Lascar grabbed me by the pants and I hung over the rail in a state of collapse.

Presently Mr. Botlop sang out, "Haul him in!" The pirate hauled me in and put me in my chair and rammed the butt of the fishpole into my stomach and told me to keep my eye on the bait.

I did the best I could. I felt a sharp tug at the pole and the Lascar struck me with his full weight and I fell to the floor.

"You damned idiot!" he cried, looking down at me with his ugly pirate leer. "You forgot to release the drag!"

I got to my feet and hugged the nearest object, which turned out to be Von Bruggen. "Confound it," said Mr. Botlop, "you lost the fish." He looked at me closely. "Grab him by the pants!" he cried. The Lascar nailed me, and I lay over the rail in another state of collapse.

When he hauled me in this time I looked him straight in the eye, and, pirate or no pirate, I pushed him aside with all my remaining strength and went into the cabin and flopped desperately onto a bunk and, so far as I know, died.

When I returned to life I was still on the boat. I got up carefully. The boat was moving, but had stopped jumping around. I went to the deck. We were in the channel, on the way home. Behind us loomed great piles of white clouds; palm trees lined the channel. I felt a sort of thrill go through me, and was glad I had come.

As I stepped forward to greet my companions in a cheery voice, I slipped and fell

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The Lonely Wayfarer

He reflected that this girl must surely like him, for otherwise she never would have accepted his invitation so readily

by KURT R. MATTUSCH

FICTION

Richard Wolf walked slowly, hesitantly, through the third class restaurant of the Anhalter Station in Berlin. The large hall was furnished with the barest equipment: rows of tables, lined up symmetrically and covered with red-checkered tablecloths.

He passed a table on which four men were playing Skat, flinging their cards down with a bang of their fists. At the next table a man was reading an evening paper and a woman knitting and yawning. A waiter hurried past, balancing a tray of beer glasses over his head, wedging his way through the crowded room. A shrill bell sounded and made all faces stare up at a large signboard which recorded the incoming and outgoing trains.

Dreary place, Richard Wolf thought, the whole city was like it. He passed by the counter where the waiters shouted their orders and pushed open a large door with the imprint: "Restaurant and Waiting Room, 1st and 2nd Class." There were white tablecloths and vases with paper flowers on the tables. Upholstered seats ran along the walls. It was crowded, too.

He looked at the clock above the signboard, compared it with his watch, stood undecided for a moment, muttered "Not much better," and approached a table which was occupied by a single person, a woman.

"May I?" he inquired.

She did not answer, but just motioned towards one of the empty chairs before her.

He sat down, took the menu card and while he started reading it, it struck him how weary and listless the girl's gesture had been. He looked up and saw her hand resting on the white tablecloth, languid.

"Like a bird dropped from a tree," he thought, but checked himself, ashamed of such poetic extravagance, and withdrew into the study of the menu.

The waiter, insistent, leaned forward "a sauerbraten perhaps, or a wiener schnitzel?" and pointed the items out with his pencil.

Richard, relieved, nodded. "Yes, yes, a sauerbraten" and, as an afterthought, "and some red cabbage."

"A beer?" the waiter persisted.

"No, thanks, no beer. I'll just have some coffee with the dessert." He sat back, relaxed, and opened a magazine. But the girl's quiet presence roused him again. He looked up and saw her hand still lying there on the white tablecloth where it had dropped after motioning him to sit down. It looked so delicate, so fragile.

The girl slowly withdrew her hand, as if conscious of his stare. The sauerbraten arrived and he felt suddenly hungry. No wonder, it was rather late. But, at least, he had finished all his business in these three crowded days. He wouldn't have to return for a couple of weeks.

How he loathed the big city. People were always pushing. No quiet and no peace here...

However, Richard Wolf felt well satisfied with himself; and the sauerbraten was good. He smiled at the thought of his business friend who the previous evening had said: "Time for you to get married, old scout," and had taken him along to a party. There were several pretty girls, but he didn't feel at ease with any of them. These city girls were so independent, so assured. It seemed they really didn't need you at all, they didn't want to be taken care of. Nothing for him, he had decided.

"I think I'll have a beer," he told the waiter and, looking up, he saw that the girl stared forlornly at his plate. What a delicate face. Could she be hungry? Nonsense, he soothed his disturbed mind, a fine looking girl like that.

The girl, perhaps aware of his bewilderment, turned to the waiter as he brought the beer, said: "I'll have another cup of coffee, please."

He ordered some cake for dessert and as he leaned back, the sight of the girl gripped his heart with tenderness and anxiety. Good heavens, she looked like a person drowning. She sat motionless, a worried frown on her face, in her hand a nearly burned out cigarette, its ashes crumbling on the tablecloth.

He wanted to say something to her, but nothing came to his mind; she seemed too alone, too forlorn for his words to reach her.

The waiter returned with the coffee and set a large plate with an assortment of cakes in the center of the table.

"May I offer you a piece?" he said, holding the cake knife in his hand.

She looked up, stared at him for a moment, said: "Why, yes, I wouldn't mind. Thank you . . . That's very kind of you."

She ate eagerly. "You aren't from Berlin?" she inquired.

"No, from Weimar. I'm just here for business. I come every couple of weeks."

"You like the city?"

"Have another piece, won't you?"

"You're awfully kind. Thanks so much."

"Do I like it here? Well, for a day or two it's all right. But I'm always glad to get away from the big city. Weimar is such a nice little town. I live near the Park, the Goethe Park, you know, and you can walk for hours, right into the open country . . . Sundays I usually drive up into the mountains . . ."

He offered her a cigarette, and when he bent forward to light it, their eyes met for a long moment. He flushed and his heart thumped against his ribs.

"I used to live in the country, too," she said, and with a bitter undertone in her voice, added, "but that's long ago." He felt his heart warm towards her.

"What a pity," he said, "I must go now,

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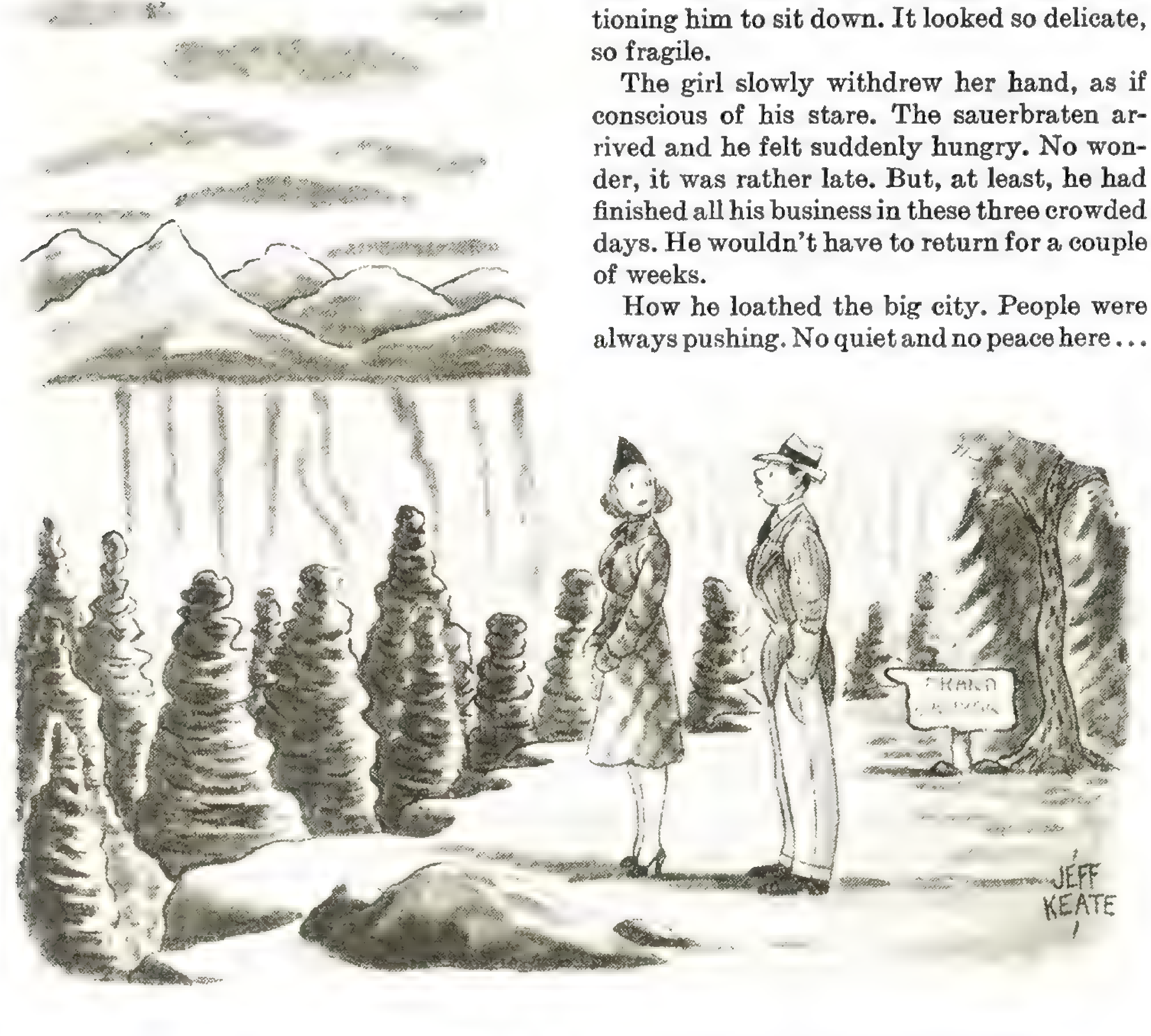
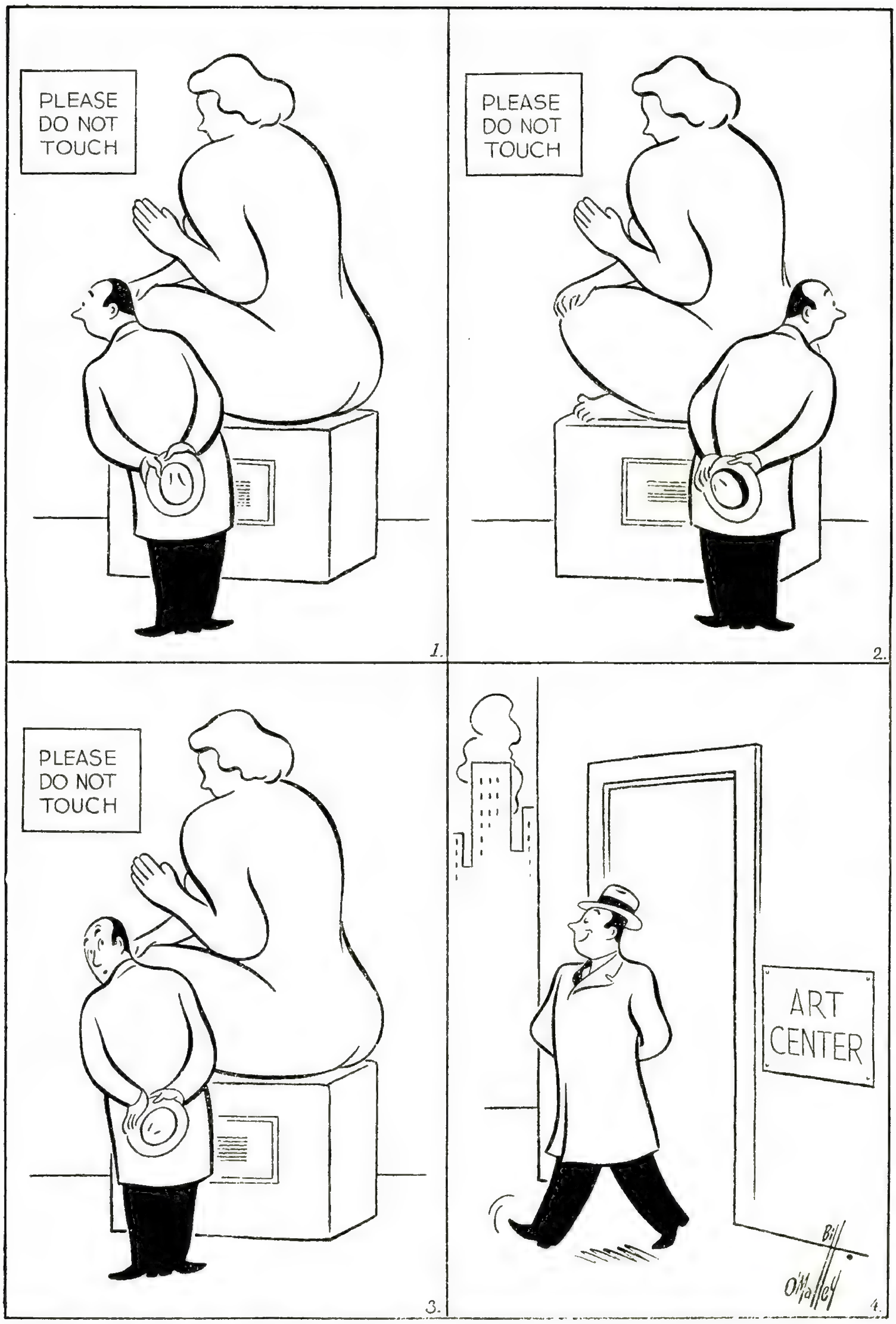


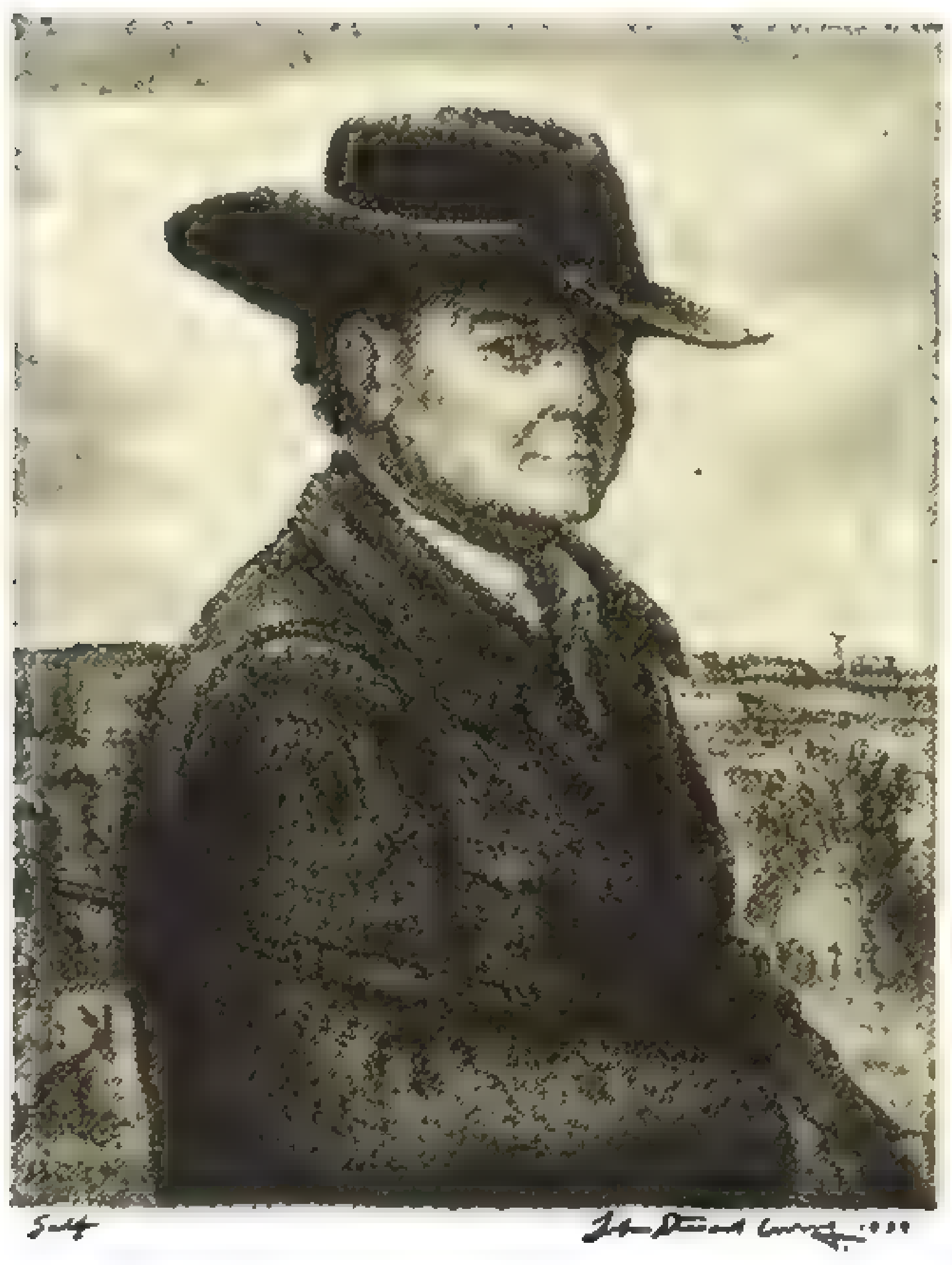
"It doesn't look half as good as the time I saw it in technicolor!"


PLEASE DO NOT TOUCH
1.
PLEASE DO NOT TOUCH
2.
PLEASE DO NOT TOUCH
3.
ART CENTER
Bill O'Malley
4.

The Light of the World

An interpretation of the state of our time, created especially for this issue of Esquire *by "the most moving of living painters"*

JOHN STEUART CURRY

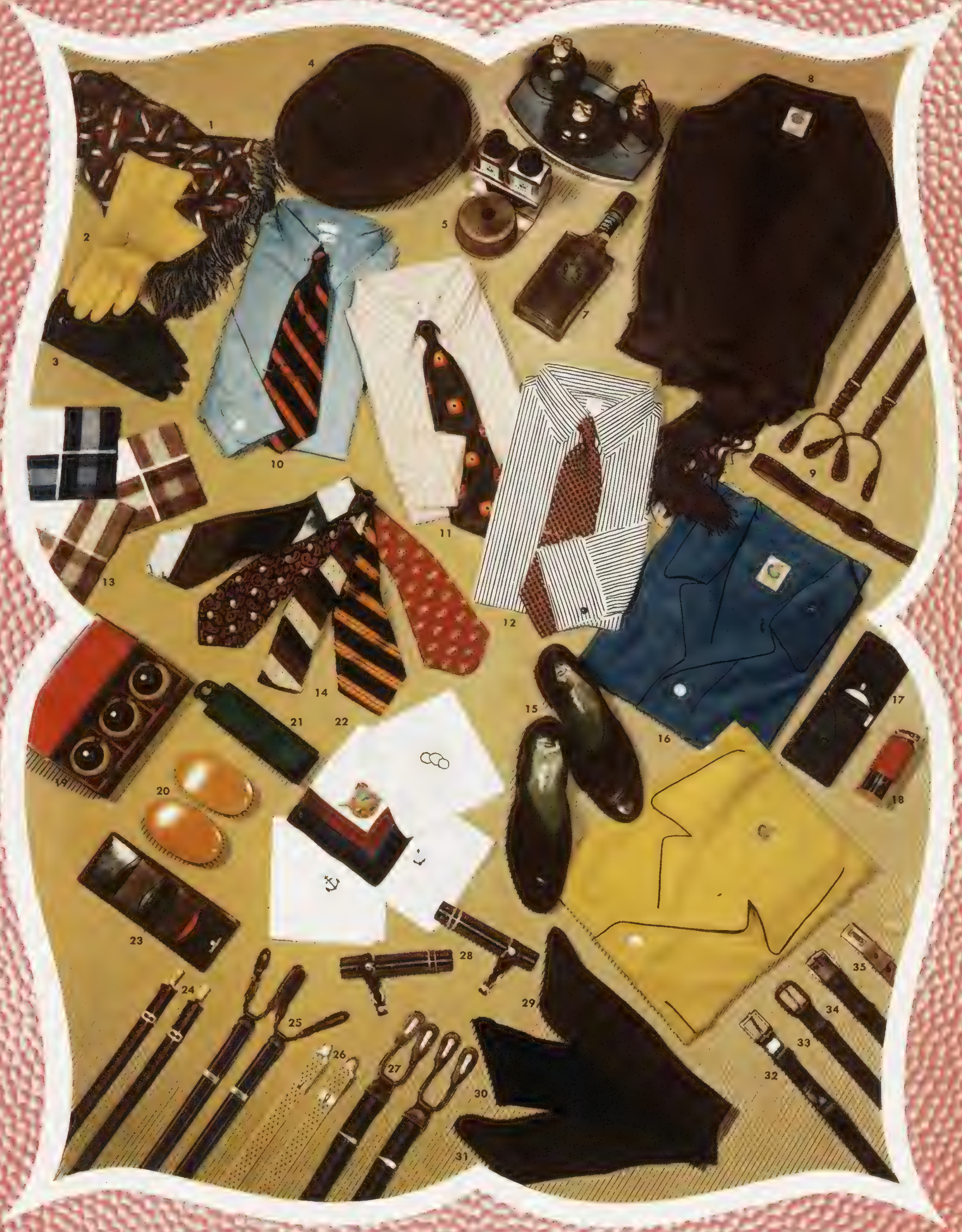


Is the light of the world today only the awful lightning of a storm that is ending the world as we know it? Or is our land itself the light of the world?

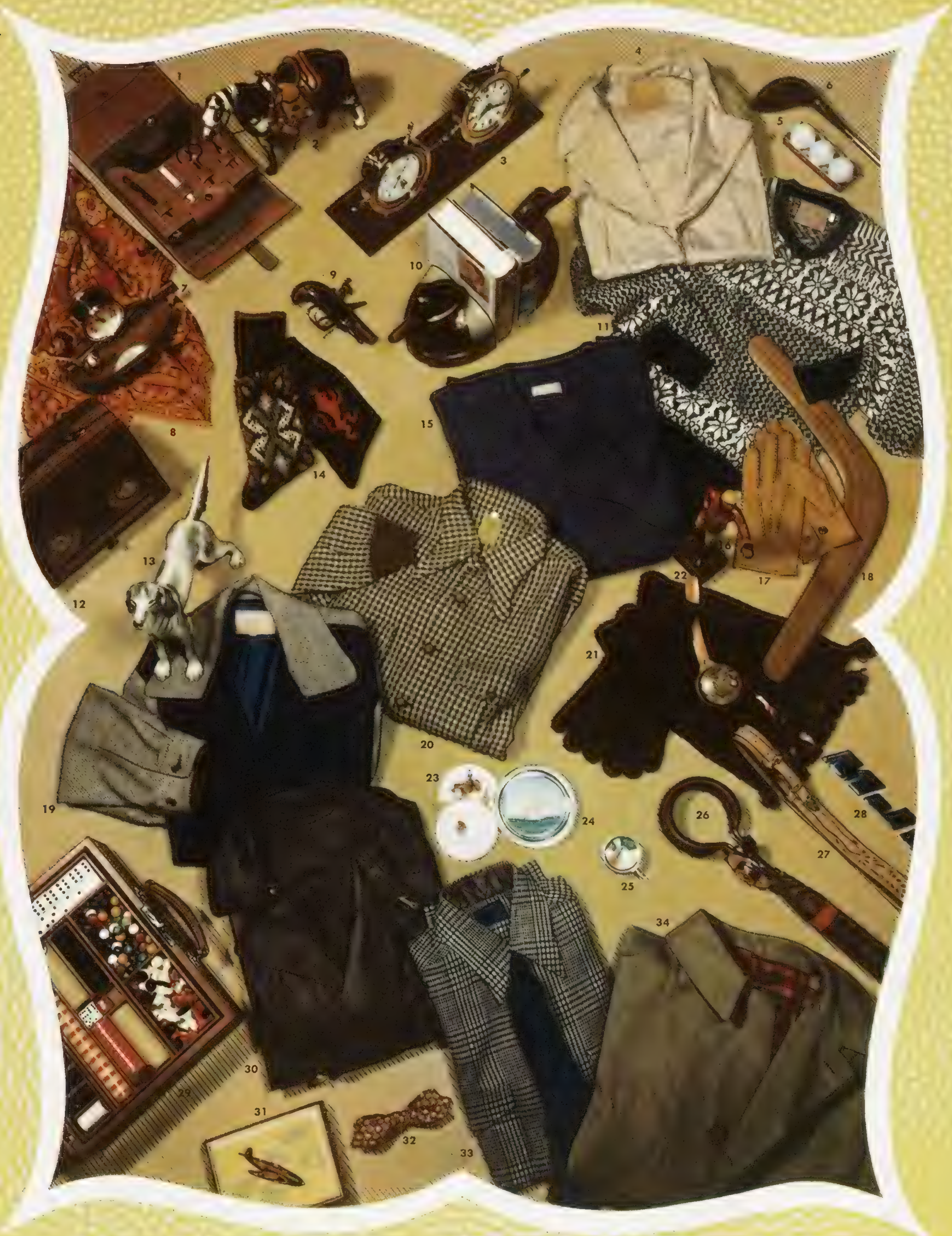
In the answer to one of these two questions there undoubtedly lies the great truth of our time. But none can know, at this moment, which of the two it may be. That it is the second we all hope. That it may be the first we all recognize as a dire possibility, for the world today is a world in storm. Never yet has there been a storm, before or since the time of Noah's Ark, without an ending. But never can anyone tell, before a storm ends, what damage it will do. So, since nobody could possibly hope to show the answer, we sought the one man who could best portray the problem, without attempting to hint at its answer. Such a man could only be John Steuart Curry.

For as Grant Wood once remarked to Thomas Craven, "When John Curry is right, he is the most moving of living painters." And as Craven wrote, recording his belief that Curry is never more "right" than when painting storms, "He is most impressive, I think, in his delineation of natural disturbances, his *Line Storm*, for example, being a masterpiece in which the elements and earth and sky and the whole landscape . . . are transformed into an enormous personality alive with dramatic terror." In seeking to persuade Curry, the pre-eminent painter of storms, to accept the commission to paint "a personification of this moment of our world-in-storm," we felt a natural diffidence, fearing the reaction that Whistler so haughtily expressed as "Why repeat a masterpiece?" for after a man has done such a once-in-a-lifetime storm painting as the *Line Storm* it might seem either presumptuous or naïve, or both, to ask him to do another. But we could conceive of nothing else that would satisfy us, not alone to constitute the most important and significant feature of this issue, but to give this issue an importance and significance that it could not otherwise obtain. It took two trips to Madison, Wisconsin (where Curry is the University's Artist-in-Residence), to prevail upon him to undertake the assignment. It was not at all a matter of satisfying us, but of satisfying himself. For asking Curry to paint a storm is tantamount to asking a champion to defend his title. It was even more important to him than to us that he should be "right" for this painting.

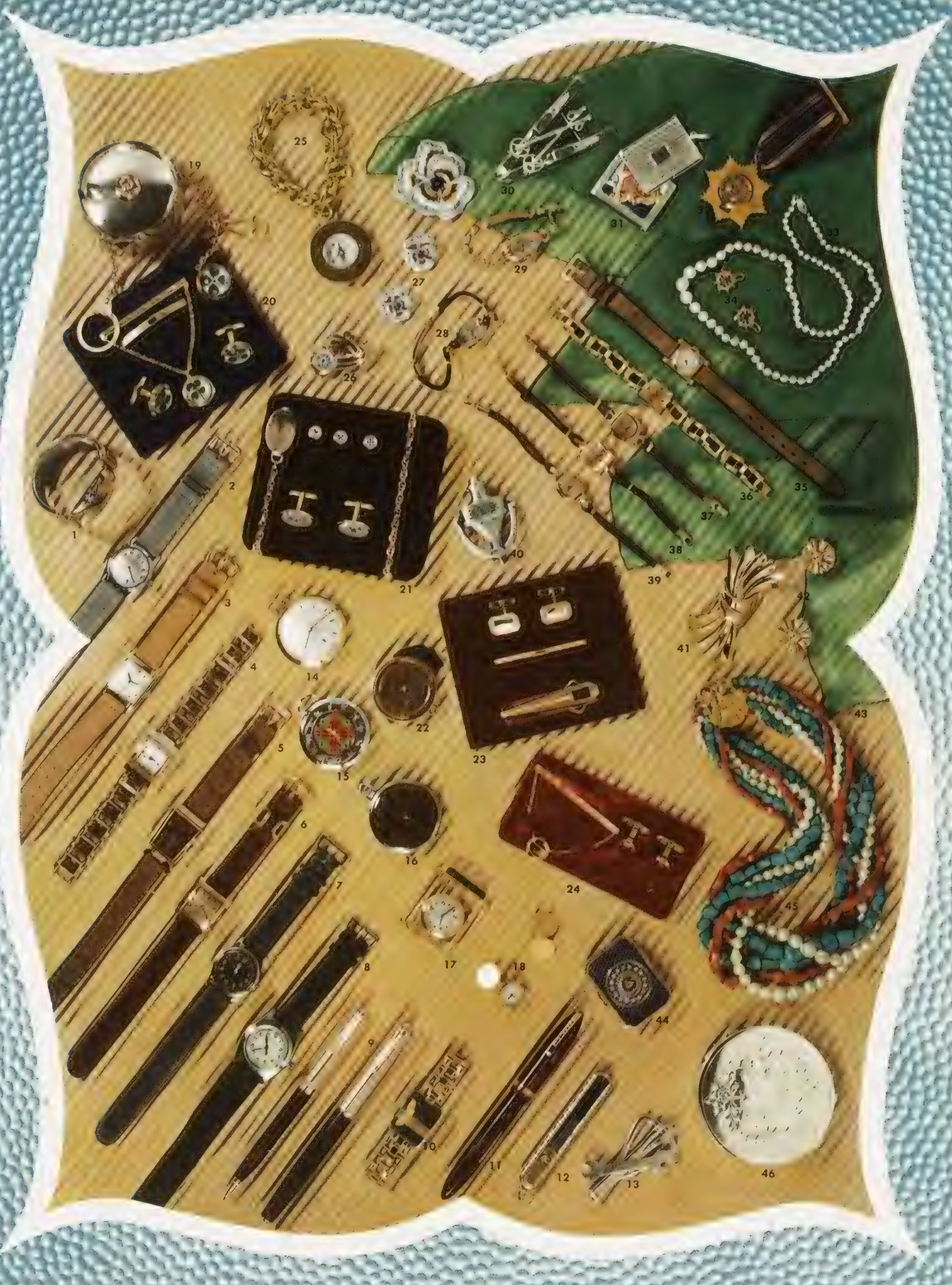
Imagine our pleasure, then, at hearing when the painting was finished that he considered it one of the best storm effects he had ever done. The original, of which the four-page gatefold spread opposite this page is a full-size reproduction, is on exhibition, while this number of Esquire is current, at the Galleries of the Associated American Artists at 711 Fifth Avenue, New York, of which Curry is a member of the Board of Governors. In presenting it here in print for the first time, we hesitate to talk about it too much, in showing our great pride at the privilege. Pictures are meant to be looked at, and meditated upon, rather than chattered about. But we cannot refrain from saying, in presenting it, that we feel that this is a painting of which Thomas Benton might have said, as he said of another Curry picture, "It is immensely big and powerful. As you look at it it becomes beautiful. It sticks in the memory as a grand sweeping exultant shout of 'yes' to the roll of the earth . . . It is something for men and women who live in a living world."



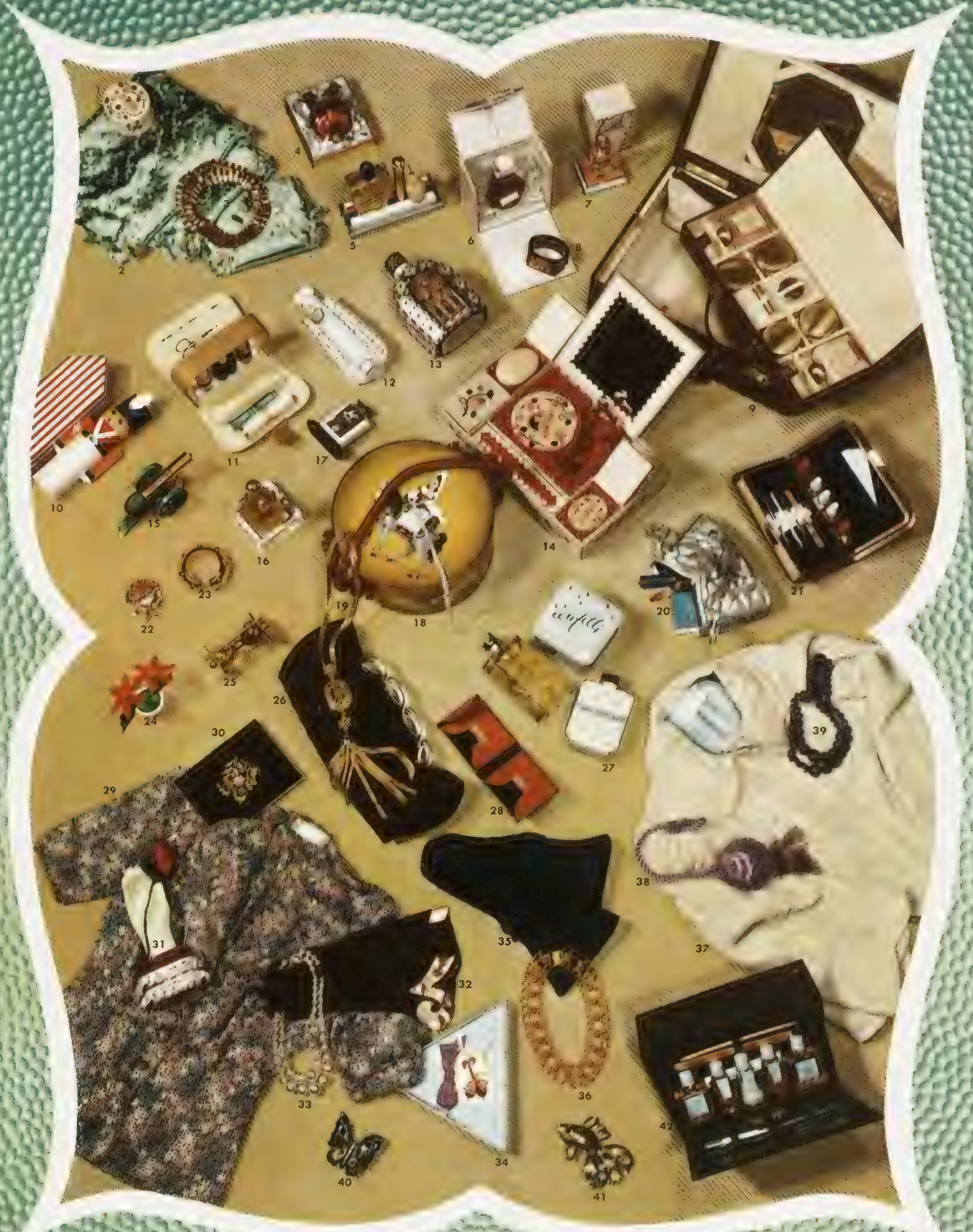
success accessories . . . 1 Americana foulard scarf. 2 Chamois slip-on gloves. 3 Buttoned mocha gloves. 4 Brownstone snapbrim felt hat. 5 Three-piece shave set. 6 Pottery toilet set. 7 After-shave lotion. 8 Luxurious robe. 9 Saddle stitch leather braces and belt. 10 Broadcloth shirt, striped repp tie, gold tie clip, collar pin. 11 Oxford shirt, tie-and-dye design foulard tie. 12 Striped broadcloth shirt, Spitalfields tie, gold tie clip, stone cuff links. 13 Border striped linen handkerchiefs. 14 Repp, foulard, crochet and wool ties. 15 Slippers. 16 Solid color and piped-edge pajamas. 17 Hand-boarded goatskin wallet. 18 "Shotgun shell" table lighter. 19 Shaving set. 20 Satinwood military brushes. 21 Suede handle clothes brush. 22 Linen handkerchiefs: monogrammed, RAF, US Naval Air Corps, US Navy. 23 Two-tone wallet. 24 Clip-end braces. 25 Club-striped braces. 26 Sandune color braces. 27 Americana braces. 28 Regimental striped garters. 29 Zig-zag striped wool socks. 30 Clocked lisle socks. 31 Ribbed wool mixture socks. 32 Cushioned alligator belt. 33 Antique grain belt with leather-covered buckle. 34 Expanding leather belt. 35 Pigskin belt with initialed buckle.



outdoors, esq. . . . 1 Military toilet kit. 2 Decorative pinto horse with western saddle. 3 Clock and barometer. 4 Slide fastener cotton jacket. 5 and 6 For golfers. 7 Eight-day clock. 8 Printed Choppa square. 9 Duel pistol table lighter. 10 Mallard and canvas-back book-ends and best-sellers. 11 American peasant design ski sweater. 12 New portable. 13 Ceramic setter. 14 Sports motif wool socks, insignia wool anklets. 15 Cashmere pullover. 16 Hitching post doorstop. 17 Natural pigskin gloves. 18 Australian sport, made in the US. 19 Woven cashmere jacket with gabardine front. 20 Checked wool jacket. 21 Knitted wool muffler and matching gloves. 22 Leash with reel to give dog free rein. 23 Handpainted coasters. 24 Same, with sterling rim, as ashtray. 25 Mileage gauge; helps conserve gasoline. 26 Seating umbrella in Scotch tartan for sports spectator. 27 Hand-tooled western belt with silver trim. 28 Radiator grille initials. 29 Most complete game-set we've seen, in saddle-stitch pigskin case. 30 Oil-cotton raincoat, cut along generous lines. 31 Handpainted Spitfire design cigarette box. 32 Foulard bowtie. 33 Flannel shirt, homespun tie. 34 Processed cotton raincoat.



sentimental values . . . 1 Identification wristband. 2 Submarine watch. 3 Square timepiece. 4 Caterpillar chain watch. 5 Streamlined watch. 6 Precision wrist watch. 7 This piece with sweep-second hand. 8 Perpetual watch, doesn't have to be wound up. 9 Functional pen and pencil. 10 Aviation bracelet. 11 Fountain pen. 12 Slide-blade knife. 13 Sterling bill clip. 14 He wants a thin watch. 15 Model with transparent case and tartan dial. 16 Zodiac numeral dial timepiece. 17 Watch with bill clip. 18 Time-telling links. 19 Amusing silver stud box. 20 Real four-leaf clover jewelry. 21 Dress set. 22 Perpetual calendar knife. 23 Links, tie and collar clip. 24 Jewelry set. 25 "Show me the way to go home" bracelet. 26 Pin watch with rubies. 27 Pin and earring set. 28 Yellow gold watch. 29 Rose gold watch. 30 Sterling pin. 31 Kodachrome locket. 32 Lapel watch. 33 Necklace. 34 Nautical earrings. 35 Sports watch 36 Gold, rubies and diamond watch. 37 Horseshoe watch. 38 Precision model. 39 Ruby-studded watch. 40 "Doorknocker" pin. 41 Reflection gold pin. 42 Gold earrings. 43 Sheer hanky. 44 Vitamin box. 45 Tropic necklace. 46 Sterling vanity.



COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY BY LEON DE VOS

beauty bounty . . . 1 "Early American" face powder. 2 Satin sachet bags. 3 Three-dimensional necklace. 4 Sachet ball. 5 "Mais Oui" perfume set. 6 "Chantilly" essence. 7 "A May Morning" scent. 8 Monogrammed bracelet. 9 Week-end make-up case. 10 "Apple Blossom" bath powder and soap soldier. 11 Manicure set. 12 "Evening Essence." 13 Cologne in handmade leather-bound flacon. 14 "Early American" toiletries in sewing box. 15 Cannon atomizer with perfume. 16 "Gold Tassels" cologne. 17 "Jet" scent. 18 Knitting box with opening for yarn in top. 19 Oriental necklace. 20 Vanity evening bag, rhinestone studded. 21 Grosgrain manicure kit. 22 Costume pin. 23 Stone-studded bracelet. 24 "Country" perfume. 25 "Perfumes of the Hour." 26 Antelope bag with transparent trimming. 27 Three-piece "Confetti" set. 28 Billfold. 29 Form-fitting knitted metallic mesh evening jacket. 30 Fitted evening case. 31 Victorian soap. 32 Black suede evening gloves, gold kid trim. 33 Necklace. 34 Make-up set. 35 "Goalee" gloves. 36 Ball-and-chain necklace. 37 Lined bed jacket. 38 Sachet ball. 39 Necklace. 40 and 41 Fire-enamelled sterling silver pins. 42 Manicure kit.

"Yule-tied"

WHAT a wonderful thing a gift is . . . when you are getting it!

It is a mark of sentiment. It shows great care. Because it is very difficult to find something cheap that looks expensive.

Ah, when the string comes off! Ah, when layer after layer of paper is removed! What a great day for the string and wood pulp manufacturers Christmas is!

The lights on the Christmas tree twinkle. Then a bulb burns out. After running out to buy extras, you find the bad one.

This happens every two hours, and even without the Scotch-and-sodas is known as a Merry Christmas. Happy New Year is when the house doesn't burn down because of poorly insulated wires.

Picking the proper gifts is a great problem. The first step is to insult your friends about December 1st. This may eliminate the whole problem. If it does not, analyze your friends. Besides discovering what a grasping lot of ghouls they are, you will find they have different tastes. They fall (although not seriously, unhappily) into different categories.

The Outdoor Man

This is the ambling or Newfoundland type.

He scratches matches on the seat of his pants.

He needs a haircut.

His clothes need pressing.

Seated in your deepest armchair, drinking your best liquor, he finds talking about the outdoors very stimulating.

His chief desire is to make the outdoors like the indoors.

Give him air-filled mattresses!

Give him cooking sets!

Give him the sharpest knife you can find with a slippery handle!

Give him a book about wild life. It will make him a much more interesting liar than he was.

There is something irresistible about the call of the wilds.

When you hear it, there is only one possible response. Don't answer the bell.

The Urban Touch

The city dweller is easy to recognize.

He dreams of living in the country, but can't stand it when he gets there.

Suave and polished, he wears clothes even on weekdays.

How to wear them is important.

Placing a broadcloth shirt of a stiff collar on the feet, for instance, is rare folly. The tie tangles with the toes!

Socks can be wondrous warm about the ears, but lawsy me, how they pinch when the shoes go on!

Military brushes will please even those over the draft age. Hair, of course, is essential. For those few eccentrics interested in money, there is always a wallet. Some of them are handstitched, as if anything were to go in them.

For those who enjoy shifting things from one pair of pants to the other in the morning, there are always belts or suspenders.

Clad in his nice new gift pajamas, slippers, and luxurious robe, the city dweller prepares to enjoy the evening. A snapbrim hat is worn two minutes later when taking the wife to the movies.

Oh, the great, teeming city! It's just a lot of country people in one place.

The Gay Dog

Who has not been to a party?

At a party, you smoke too much and are pleasant to people you do not like.

A man loves things which suggest the gay life. A pipe rack disguises the fact that you smoke only cigarettes. A beautiful pipe rubbed on the side of the nose, may conceal the way it (your nose) resembles a photographer's bulb.

A handsome decanter is a fine place to store that cheap liquor with the label you're afraid to show your friends. And a hurricane pipe will solve the problem when smoke gets in your ryes.

Gay things enlarge the soul. With a transparent clock, for instance you can see Beyond Time. With a travel bar you have something to fall back on. With a silent butler you can talk back to the servants and get away with it.

A toast, then, to the gay, carefree life! And always take plenty of water with that aspirin.

The Dilettante

Men like hobbies.

A hobby is a job you pick yourself. But you can't get fired.

Striking your wife is fun. Your own bowling ball, however, adds finesse to it. Just catch her at the end of the ball.

Trout fishing is a good hobby. Because of flies, it is like a screen door. No knob, however. A radio set has knobs. For a few bucks you can twirl them portably. Out come newscasts, commercials, stories for children, sometimes even music.

Rhumba dancing is splendid for young bachelors. My, how exhilarating it is to snag a rich old wife!

Poker is splendid mental exercise. It takes a smart man to palm a card correctly.

A man can be happy building a ship. However, since water in the lungs interferes with living, a ship-model will sometimes do.

Be an amateur gardener. Down on your knees, lad, and have fun. What the hell! You can always buy flowers at the florists. And who eats vegetables, anyway?

Women

Men occasionally like women.

Unless this is rectified early in the friendship it may lead to the giving of gifts.

Women, who are very gifted anyway in the pictorial sense, love to paint their faces and use cosmetics.

Give them compacts, but make absolutely sure they have no sharp corners or they will tear your pockets badly.

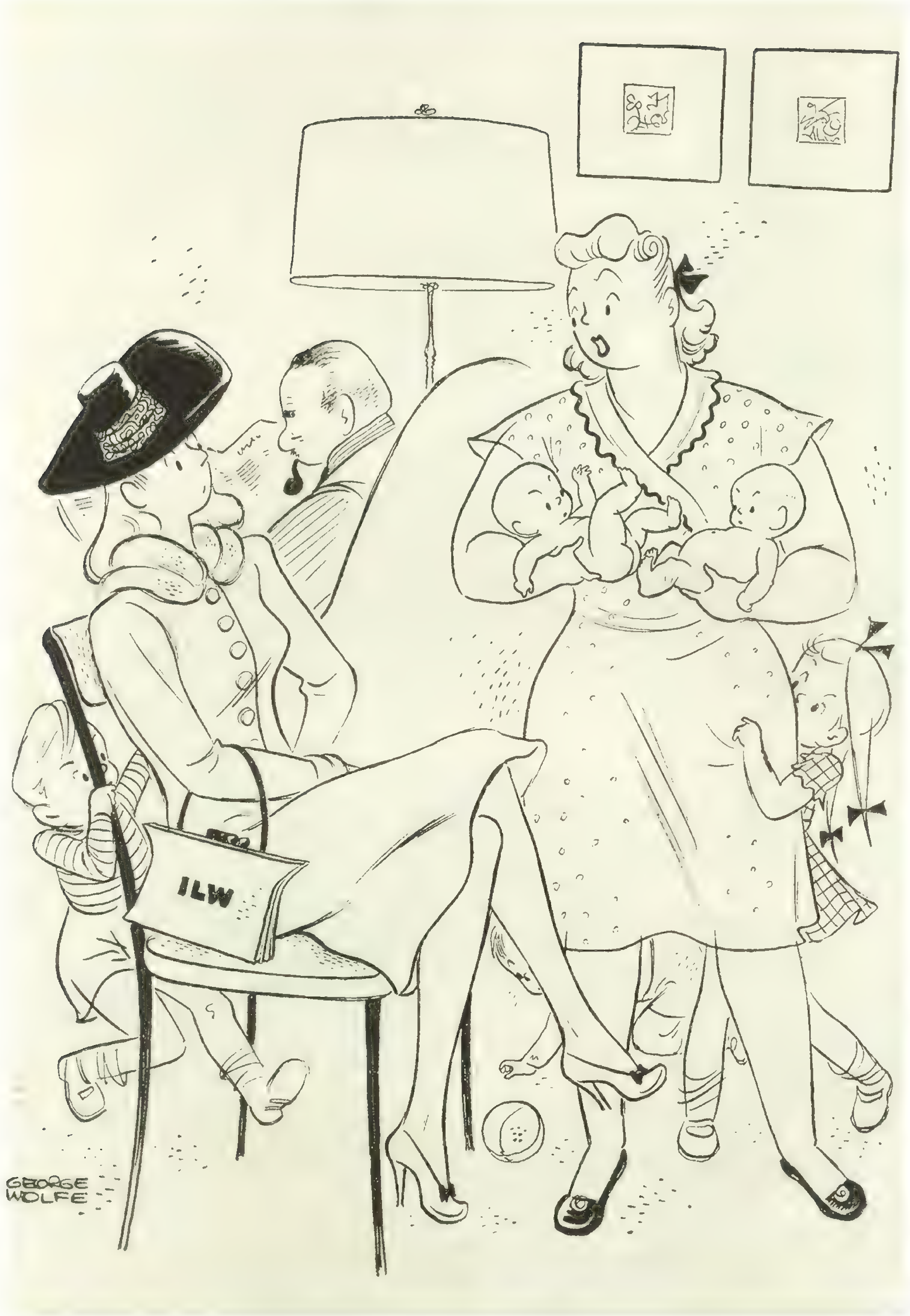
Lipstick, which as any drycleaner will tell you is hell on a lapel, doesn't taste bad. However, that depends greatly on where you find it.

Decked out in jewels, a woman is a thing of beauty.

"Decked out" has a nasty sound, of course, but you'll be surprised how well your old tiepins look on her.

Giving gifts to a lady requires the discreet touch. Only exquisite taste. Only discriminating selections. And only the most split-second timing to avoid her husband.

Yes, give her a gift. You will find it easier to borrow money from her afterwards. ⌗


ILW
GEORGE WOLFE

"Who would have thought that a shrill whistle in the park would have meant so much in my life?"

The Prophets of Doom

These three forces urge men to forecast the end of the world: their God, Mammon and compensation for youthful repression

by **IRVING WALLACE**

ARTICLE

The late O. O. McIntyre, that philistine of the printed page, once remarked that the most thankless job in existence was the job of prophesying the end of the world—because, if you happened to be right, you'd never know it.

And in the light of that statement, it is quite amazing to thumb back through the files of time and note the great number of men who devoted their energies, their very lives in fact, to so difficult and unappreciated an occupation. It is even more amazing to find the great number of humans still engaged in the gloomy business of predicting the destruction of the race, and the annihilation of the earthly planet.

Only the morning before last did I receive a printed pamphlet, done up in red and blue, urging me to join the side of the righteous before the End came in 1941. One of the more realistic passages in the pamphlet read as follows:

"The destruction of the greatest of all Earth's armies will be brought about by hail sent down from the Heaven. These hailstones will weigh from fifty-four to one hundred and twelve pounds each, avoirdupois.

"Hailstones of this weight dropping from one hundred miles high will go through the heaviest armor-plate. The multiplied thousands of airplanes that will be gathered will be ground to powder.

"Yes, when the hail begins to drop from the heavens at Armageddon, it is no wonder that human flesh will be ground to a mass of indescribable bloody death. The blood covering the fields will be finely pulverized flesh, and the blood and the water of the flesh mingled in one horrible red mass."

That's strong stuff. And not for persons with acrobatic stomachs. And since the pamphlet trips along in a similar vein for a dozen pages, it is my theory that anyone able to read the prediction, from beginning to end, has certainly earned a niche in heaven.

This message, coupled with other booklets competing for my soul, was not enough to make me forego my robust manner of living. I simply troubled to check predictions of the same nature made since Genesis—then, as an antidote, I looked about me and saw a world whirling on its course as of old.

I decided to continue plumping with the sinners. If the Law of Averages held up, then 1941 despite Herr Hitler, Dorothy Thompson and *Fantasia*, would not be the Year.

However, you may not be imbued with my confidence. You may be a trifle worried. To check any symptoms of the Armageddon jitters, I should like to put to paper the results of my researches on Prophets of Doom, an epic of failure.

There are three reasons why men turn to so morbid an occupation. Some have been urged on by their God. Others have found in it a means of livelihood. Finally, a numbered few turned to the profession unwittingly—and for an explanation, we look to the good doctors, lately of Vienna, who ferret out answers for human behavior from the mazes of psychology.

The doctors disclose that most Prophets of Doom have been raised by maiden aunts, and have been denied the Rabelaisian pleasures of the alley. Thus, in later years, these suppressed kernels of manhood adopted the garb of prophets, which enabled them to dust off their shabby little egos and become leaders.

The first great date for the end of the world was Christ's millennium, the year 1000 A.D. The Council of Trosly voted that year for the destruction, and their choice was endorsed by one Bernard of Thuringia. They seemed to have guessed right, too—because the date was trumpeted in by famine, the Huns, plagues and terrific rains of blood. The last standby could have been explained away by a species of insect called Lepidoptera, which, upon emerging from its cocoon, emitted a red fluid that mingled with rain water. But, then, Darwin wasn't born yet.

It was rumored Christ himself would tread the summit of Mount Zion, and mobs of Christians wended their way to the peak to meet their end in the sight of their Lord. Hysteria reigned, and believers gave all their earthly property to the church, in the hope of thus securing a passport to heaven.

One such case is still being bandied about the courts of Italy. In 999 A.D., a rich country gentleman, before departing for Mount Zion, donated a mountain he possessed to the Convent of San Tisone, near Naples. When civilization did not end, nor the world disintegrate the once-wealthy gentleman hurried back to Naples and attempted to cancel his donation. The Convent of San Tisone turned a deaf clerical ear to him. The property was theirs now, and they intended to keep it. The landowner took them to court, attempting to show he had been hoaxed out of his mountain by the millennium scare.

And today, exactly 942 years later, this case is still being fought in Naples! Every year the suit is brought before the bench, every year evidence is taken—but never has a decision been passed!

But that would be just one minor example. There were hundreds of other stories of parishioners, who camped for months at the foot of Mount Zion, waiting for Christ, waiting for the Doom—and when neither came, returning home, disillusioned and dispossessed of their life's earnings and belongings.

The next major prediction was made in 1524. Professor Stoeffler, the German astronomer at Tubingen, discovered that Saturn, Mars and Jupiter would be in the Fishes to-

Continued in center of page 238

"Can't we sit down somewhere and talk this thing over!"

The Esquire Sports Poll

Unbiased report of the general public's vote on ten questions concerning horse racing, basketball, football and bowling

by **HERB GRAFFIS & RALPH CANNON**

▪ SPORTS ▪

HERE Esquire presents to you the first of its monthly Sports Polls.

Each month representative lively citizens, sports writers, radio sports broadcasters, collegiate and non-collegiate amateur sports authorities and participants, and professional, sports, business and playing figures will be polled on ten leading questions in sports.

Esquire's Sports Poll will show you what the score is.

It's strange that in the sports field where the No. 1 question is: "What's the score?" many thousands of hours are consumed by debates in which the true score is unknown even though both contestants have given to the research the last full measure of their vocal chords.

Rotating, comprehensive and representative lists are used in making the Esquire Sports Poll. Its procedure follows the policies and practices used repeatedly in bringing forth accurate expressions of the entire public's judgment.

The questions will call for direct and revealing "yes" and "no" answers; none of that trick stuff such as: "Do you still beat the woman you're living with? Answer me 'yes' or 'no,' and don't evade."

ESQUIRE SPORTS POLL

I

Do you believe the point-after-touchdown should be eliminated from football? .... Yes ☐ No ☑ 76.9%

II

Do you believe professional football will displace college football in public interest as professional baseball has displaced college baseball? .... Yes ☐ No ☑ 91.4%

III

Do you believe that sport stars should be given special consideration by the draft boards? .... Yes ☐ No ☑ 78.7%

IV

Do you believe the increased presence of women at the bowling alleys has stimulated men's interest in the pin game? Yes ☑ 69.1% No ☐

V

Do you believe that athletes of the 1931-41 decade are as colorful as their predecessors? .... Yes ☑ 65% No ☐

VI

Has radio broadcasting of sports events reduced the times of your attendance at these events? .... Yes ☐ No ☑ 77.5%

VII

Do you consider post-season "Bowl" games primarily significant sports events? .... Yes ☑ 53% No ☐

VIII

At what percentage of honesty would you rate running horse racing at all the nation's tracks? 60.35%

IX

Do you believe the physical demands made by prevailing basketball rules are too severe for college players? ..... Yes ☐ No ☑ 68.1%

X

Do you believe that newspaper and radio publicity on "spectator" sports events has diminished Americans' personal participation in sports? .... Yes ☐ No ☑ 85.3%

Esquire doesn't care what the answers show. We're in the same spot as every other sports fan, participant and authority, in wanting to learn precise data on division of opinion in sports controversies.

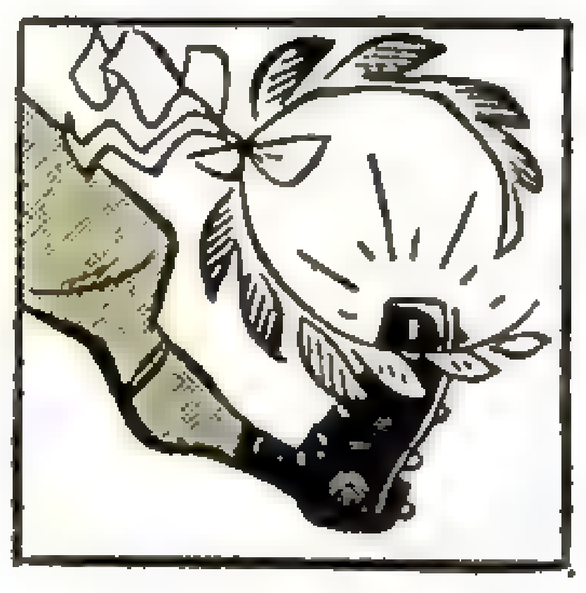
We got into this poll because nobody knew the sports controversy scores. We became aware of the general fog by having frequent occasion to query sports experts about debates into which Esquire readers dealt us a hand. Experts we considered as lads who knew all the answers frankly confessed they didn't know the percentages of public sentiment pro or con close enough to be worth a genteel damn. But they wished that they did!

The ten questions of Esquire's first monthly Sports Poll were selected because of the frequency with which they appeared in our mail. Your own question—or questions—will be welcomed and considered for future Esquire Sports Polls. Don't make them questions the record books can answer. A purpose of this poll is to determine what the actual scores are in controversies that now are ostensibly won by the guy with the loudest mouth, the most pugnacious attitude and the largest capacity for liquor.

Now that the warm-up's over, let's all roll up our sleeves and get into the game.

Conspicuous among the poll's revelations were several virtual ties between the sports writers and the public in percentages pro or con on each question. Draw your own conclusion as to whether that indicates the sports writers are astonishingly precise in reflecting public opinion in their communities, or that public thought on sports controversies is compactly regimented by the writers. The showing of the sports writers in this respect is something to be envied by the nation's political writers.

QUESTION I



Do you believe the point-after-touchdown should be eliminated from football?

The public	**No 77.1%**
Sports experts	**No 76.7%**

Although the vote for the toe is preponderant, the negative musters highly eloquent pleaders. **Bud Cornish,** sports editor of the *Press Herald*, Portland, Maine, spoke fluidly for the losing minority when he wrote; "As the knife said when it passed between the third and fourth rib, I feel keenly—on the point-after-touchdown subject. Why should a whole season—and whole seasons have—hinge on the toe of one man in one play? Either eliminate the point-after entirely or devise some simple scoring system, à la baseball, that will create a summary, totals of said summary—total yardage gained for instance—to decide the winner in the event of a tie in actual scoring points. If I seem vehement, sue me! But the Maine State Series, as an example, one of the tightest little four-way battles in Uncle Sammy's domain, has been decided by the point-after many, many times, and not always the way it should have been."

The question brings into action the timeless team vs. individual player controversy. Many of the voters contended that football is primarily a team game and that therefore the issue should be decided by some sort of team play, since the object of the contest is to determine the better team. The other side argues that the point-after-touchdown is a pretty play to watch, with plenty of drama and suspense; and as expressed by one writer: "The point-after-touchdown is too much a part of 'smart football' to be discarded. It is that extra something which, if successful, proves that one team is just a 'teeny bit' better than the other. There are too many tie games now, and I, for one do not like to 'wait till next year.' "

S. E. Thomason, publisher of *The Chicago Daily Times* and of the *Tampa Tribune*, and a prominent alumnus of the University of Michigan, voted a bold X in the yes box for the elimination of point-after-touchdown. Mr. Thomason, a distinguished gentleman of calm judicial temperament, undoubtedly did not have in mind the 1940 score: Minnesota, 7, Champions of the West, 6, in casting his ballot. That is what makes this poll a sort of a Supreme Court thing, unmoved by emotional factors.

Also in favor of eliminating the point-after-touchdown was **Edward W. Cochrane,** sports editor of Chicago's *Herald-American* and a veteran football referee.

Joe E. Brown, one of Hollywood's most enthusiastic and persistent sports followers, was against eliminating the point-after-touchdown. As you know, Joe's prominent feature is something to have on your side in an argument in anybody's round-table confab.

Coach **Robert C. Zuppke** of the University of Illinois indicated that he had suffered some bad moments personally at the expense of the point-after-touchdown, for he voted in favor of the elimination of the play. Mr. Zuppke probably thus expressed the will of the coaches at large, since it is always very painful to them to see all of their work go blooey at one kick at the cross-bar.

QUESTION II

Do you believe professional football will displace college football in public interest as professional baseball has college baseball?

The public	**No**	**89.2%**
Sports experts	**No**	**93.6%**

Pro football's great growth in the larger cities has alarmed some who fear that the pro game may soon reduce its foster and fostering parent, college football, to scrub status. However, the Esquire Sports Poll indicates that the pro boom is a Big Town demonstration mainly attracting those to whom the pros' Sunday games and the pros' charm as standard bearers of the laboring man's alma mater are magnetic factors.

College bands between the halves reach deeper into the heart than thoughts of any athlete's pay check, so the majority of the voters opined. This most-often-stressed point was expressed by **Walter S. Farquhar,** sports editor of the *Pottsville Journal*, Pottsville, Pennsylvania, when he committed to squeezed wood mulch the idea that: "Traditions and songs are too deep-rooted in the colleges."

Charles K. Brown, sports editor of the *Staunton News-Leader*, Staunton, Virginia, brings in the local option angle with the thought that it "depends upon the state, e.g. Virginia is a great college and university state." This view is also held by the famous Virginian, **Dr. Douglas Southall Freeman,** editor of the *Richmond News Leader*, and author of the great four-volume definitive biography *R. E. Lee*.

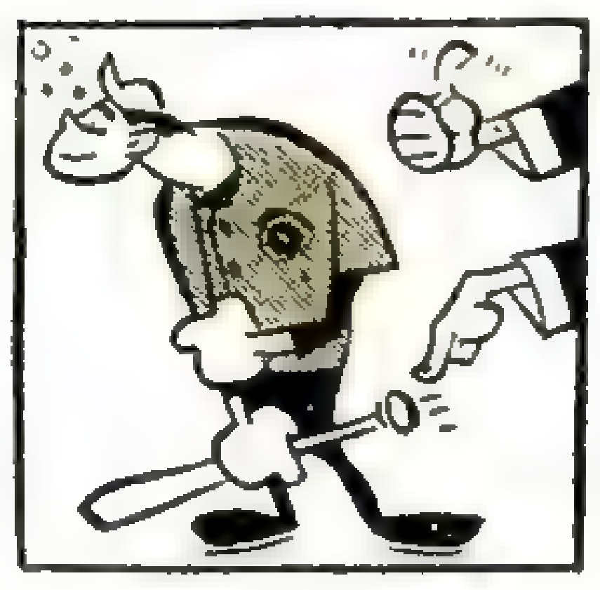
Those who reckoned that pro football will take over the big tent are mainly metropolitan residents. Among them, voting a belief in pro football's eventual dominance, were **Commodore Sheldon Clark,** vice-chairman of the Army and Navy Welfare and Recreation committee, and **John Kieran** of the *New York Times* and answer man of *Information Please*.

Tom Meany of the newspaper *PM* of New York is one of the prominent big-towners who was convinced that college football is destined to retain a national high favor over the pro game.

Maurice E. Landen of Hollywood, Florida, believes that pro football would die without college football, but not vice versa. Pro teams must have men whose reputations have been built in college performances; otherwise there'd be no big gate-drawing power for the pros to offer their public, Mr. Landen declares.

Rex Stout, author of the entertaining *Nero Wolf* whodunits, perhaps applies his bulky character's deductive reasoning in suspecting that college football will be a subject for the coroner's harvest after pro football has continued its progress.

QUESTION III



Do you believe that sports stars should be given special consideration by draft boards?

The public	**No**	**77.5%**
Sports experts	**No**	**79.9%**

Here was where the hottest arguments were present in voters' comment supplementing the yes and no checks.

Heading the pleas for sports stars' preference were statements concerning limited period of sports stars' big earning power and the stars' tax contribution to national defense. Others who voted for giving the stars a pass in the draft maintained that sports stars in supplying diversion to the public served in preserving the nation's noggin against the top-blowing pressure of war news and forced draft production schedules.

Those on the other side steamed up in declaring that passes for the sports stars were: (a) destructive to selectee morale, (b) contrary to a fundamental of democracy, (c) an exhibition of the physical and mental deficiencies of the alleged prime representatives of American youth, and (d) marshalled a cynical public opinion in support of the position that a guy is a boob unless he gets all he can from, and gives nothing to, his country.

This question met with many qualifications in the comments on it, such as "until war is with us," "only in case of senior college athletes" as suggested by **H. S. Reifsnyder,** sports editor of the Altoona, Pennsylvania *Mirror*, and the idea of **Major Frederic McLaughlin,** owner of the Chicago Blackhawks, that it "depends on how necessary sports are considered as diversions."

L. F. Roberts, sports editor of the *Grand Island Independent*, Grand Island, Nebraska, wrote: "Yes, in the case of the pro athlete who is earning money and paying taxes. Hank Greenberg, as a payer of thousands of dollars in tax money, is worth more to the government than Hank Greenberg as a soldier. A pool hall bum may be developed into a fairly capable soldier. But there are damn few boys who can play ball as well—or earn as much money at it—as Greenberg."

Leonard V. Barber, sports editor of the *Springfield Daily News*, Springfield, Ohio, maintained: "Sports stars should be given special preference by draft boards due to the comparatively short time in which they may make their livelihood. Not exempt them completely from service, but arrange service time on 'staggered' system, so that draft would not wholly curtail their livelihood. The sports stars have to make it 'while they kin git it.' "

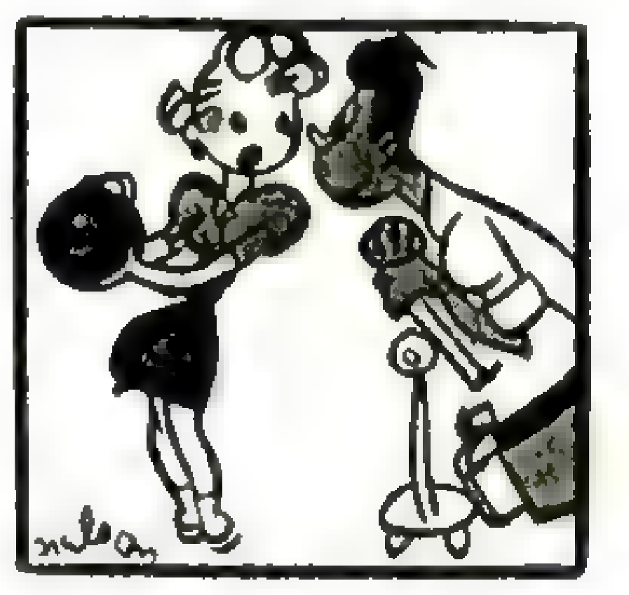
Ty Tyson, prominent radio announcer in Detroit, where the 1940 flag-winning Tigers this year lost Hank Greenberg in the draft and sank out of sight, voted in favor of special consideration for sports stars, as did his fellow radio announcer, **Tom Harmon,** Michigan's famous All-American who now broadcasts for Station WJR in Detroit.

On the other hand, Private E. V. Gibbons of Company K, 56th Signal Battery, Fort Jackson, South Carolina, voted no, commenting: "Look where this is coming from."

Senator Scott Lucas of Illinois, who was a hard-hitting first-sacker in the III League just after he was graduated from Illinois Wesleyan, opposed exemption, as did **Ted Husing,** famous sports broadcaster. **Hal Totten,** who pioneered baseball broadcasting in Chicago some eighteen years ago, favored giving the ball players and other stars more of a break.

Branch Rickey, master-mind of the St. Louis Cardinals, who might be expected to advance some reservations giving his own baseball corporation an edge in the causistry of the athletes' exemption case, came out with a flat-footed no on the question.

QUESTION IV



Do you believe the increased presence of women at bowling alleys has stimulated men's interest in the pin game?

The public	**Yes**	**71.2%**
Sports experts	**Yes**	**67%**

The angle that Mom is getting to be the head of the family in sports, too, was brought out by **William F. Keating,** sports editor of the Holyoke *Transcript-Telegram*, who commented: "In Holyoke, Massachusetts, hundreds of women are bowling and have stimulated the game so much that entire families are engaged in it."

Charles Young, sports editor of *The Knickerbocker News*, Albany, New York, seconded this with the testimony: "I know from experience that the presence of women on the bowling alleys has stimulated interest among the men in the pin game, which is the fastest growing sport in America today."

Ken Black, sports editor of the Taunton, Massachusetts, *Gazette*, wrote: "As United States Sports Writers' Duck Pin champion of 1934, won at Baltimore, Maryland, and at Norfolk, Virginia, in 1937, I wish to say that it is through the men's interest in bowling that the women have become interested in the game and it is the men who because of the bowling palaces, are bringing the women to the sport."

Jimmy Dykes, manager of the Chicago White Sox and an inveterate and veteran bowler who owns three pin alleys himself, voted in favor of the belles, as did **Louis Bromfield,** the brilliant novelist. **Neal R. O'Hara,** noted Boston humorist, could not see the good of the girls in the alleys.

QUESTION V

Do you believe that athletes of the 1931-41 decade are as colorful as their predecessors?

The public	**Yes**	**62%**
Sports experts	**Yes**	**68%**

In this round was the everlasting conflict between the generations. In the Twenties inflation was general. The excessive exuberance of the country elevated to Hero's Heaven No. 7 such vivid characters as Babe Ruth, Grover Cleveland Alexander, Jack Dempsey, Walter Hagen, Bill Tilden and the less frolicsome but comparably proficient and glamorous Bobby Jones and Red Grange.

In contrast to the fiery Twenties, the decade of the Thirties was one clouded by deflation and depression. Instead of spectacular performances of wassail and buying

Continued on page 178

The Fortunes of War

English soldiers afloat in the channel were all too common at Dunkirk but the fate of these two was fantastic enough

by ALFRED F. LOOMIS

• FICTION •

At 7:45 of the foggy morning of May 29, 1940, the surroundings of Sergeant Thomas Bevin and his devoted subordinate Private Peter Diaper were novel to the point of peculiarity. Later, for other members of the evacuating British Expeditionary Force, they became more usual. All that inferno of horror and death which had marked the British retreat from Belgium was behind them, although still ringing in their ears. Above them and around them from their necks up was English Channel fog. From their necks down the Channel itself.

Fading in the direction of England was the muffled exhaust of the small emergency rescue boat which had picked up the tattered remnants of Sergeant Bevin's detachment from the slavering jaws of death. Bevin, who knew boats, had viewed her overloaded instability from sea level and had pronounced judgment. She might, he had declared authoritatively, reach Dover without capsize if only the slender and devoted Peter Diaper were hauled aboard from the water. But if his own fifteen stone of beef and bone were added to her complement she would definitely turn turtle. Peter, tying the lower tapes of a life jacket around his submerged middle, had declared that he would stick it out with his courageous friend the Sergeant.

"In that case," Sergeant Bevin had said, "we'll drift along together. Hop it, boys, and part your beards in the middle."

So the little boat had gone. From the northeast there now came to Bevin's ears the sound of another boat's exhaust. Bobbing easily in his own life jacket, the sergeant bent his bushy brows in that direction and remarked, "Peter, my lad, it's a mite too much to believe that this ferry will have room for the likes of us, but here's hoping."

"Yes, sir," said Peter, a thin, cold man who from observation in the days just past felt that Sergeant Bevin was entitled to the utmost in deference and respect. "But if it can't take us I'd rather be up to my neck in water than buried again in sand with the Jerries strafing me like that. They're that wicked, sir, they'd machine gun a baby in the cradle."

Reminded by these words of certain gory moments, Bevin dropped a hand beneath the water and patted his captured German automatic approvingly. "The two of us," said he, "could give them back a few of their Mauser bullets, but between you, I, and the lamppost it's better to be rescued from the water."

The swirling fog parted on the bow of the approaching boat, and Bevin, filling his lungs to shout, exclaimed instead, "Duck, Peter, she's a dirty Hun."

In verification of the Sergeant's lightning identification, a burst of machine gun bullets sprayed the water around them. Ducking is not simple in cork jackets, and it was the fog rather than their manful efforts to submerge that spared the lives of Bevin and his *fidus Achates*. They came up spluttering, Bevin, declaring, "He'll be back, blast his foul and stinking hide, and we'll be for it." He drew his automatic from the water and shook it dry. "Unless," he added, "that shoal we were resting on half an hour back hangs him up."

"Which, sir," said Peter, whisking a drop of sea water from his nose, "I believe it has. I hear his gears grinding in reverse."

"Might be we could lend a hand," said Bevin, more cheerfully. "Paddle along, lad, they're barely out of sight."

Another jabber of machine gun fire, supplementing the whine of the motor boat's gears, and a sudden rift in the fog disclosed to Bevin's keen eyes the cause of the outburst—a school of seals, their sleek heads deceptively human looking before they achieved a sudden disappearance.

"Harbor seals," said Bevin.

"Cruelty to animals," said the devoted Peter, sparing only a hasty glance at the widening ripples. "With your permission, sir, I'm going into action."

The rift in the fog having now included the grounded motor boat, Peter shot. So did Bevin, an instant after him. Between them they expended seven cartridges. The machine gunner was the first to end his humanitarian services to Hitler, and a potty officer who had had the steering wheel was second. The last shot, after a moment's pause, accounted for a wild-eyed machinist who had plunged out on deck, his pistol blazing.

"That seems to be the lot," said Bevin. "Mind the suction of the propellers as we go aboard."

* * *

A rising tide floated the captured motor torpedo boat *Condor* clear before Captain (late Sergeant) Thomas Bevin and Chief Officer (one-time Private) Peter Diaper had taken complete stock of their changed circumstances. Bevin, who knew boats, put her at slow speed on a northeast course, and remarked, "We have the remains of three recent Huns, one of which drilled two holes in my tin hat and creased the back of my neck."

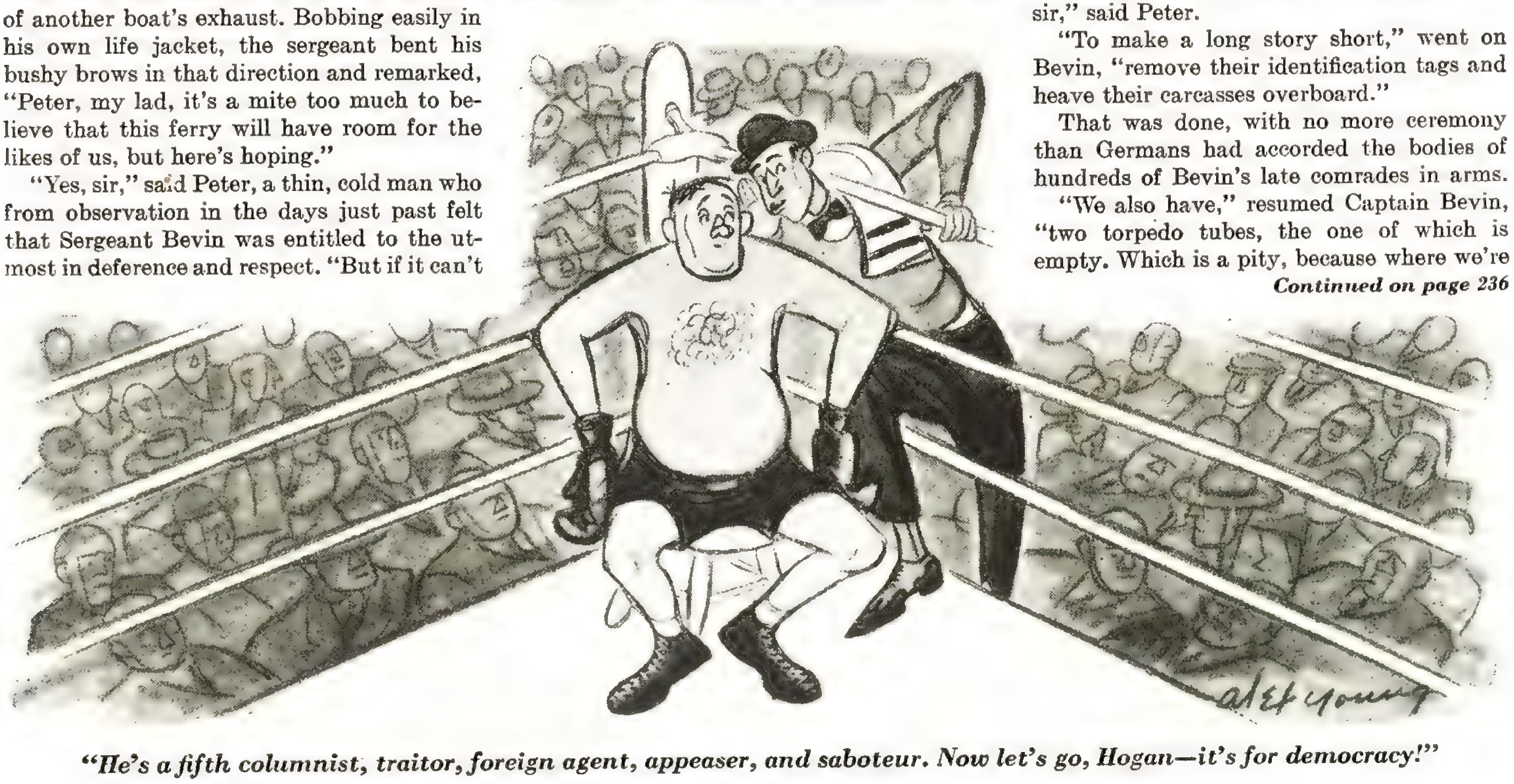
"And shot at innocent noncombatants, sir," said Peter.

"To make a long story short," went on Bevin, "remove their identification tags and heave their carcasses overboard."

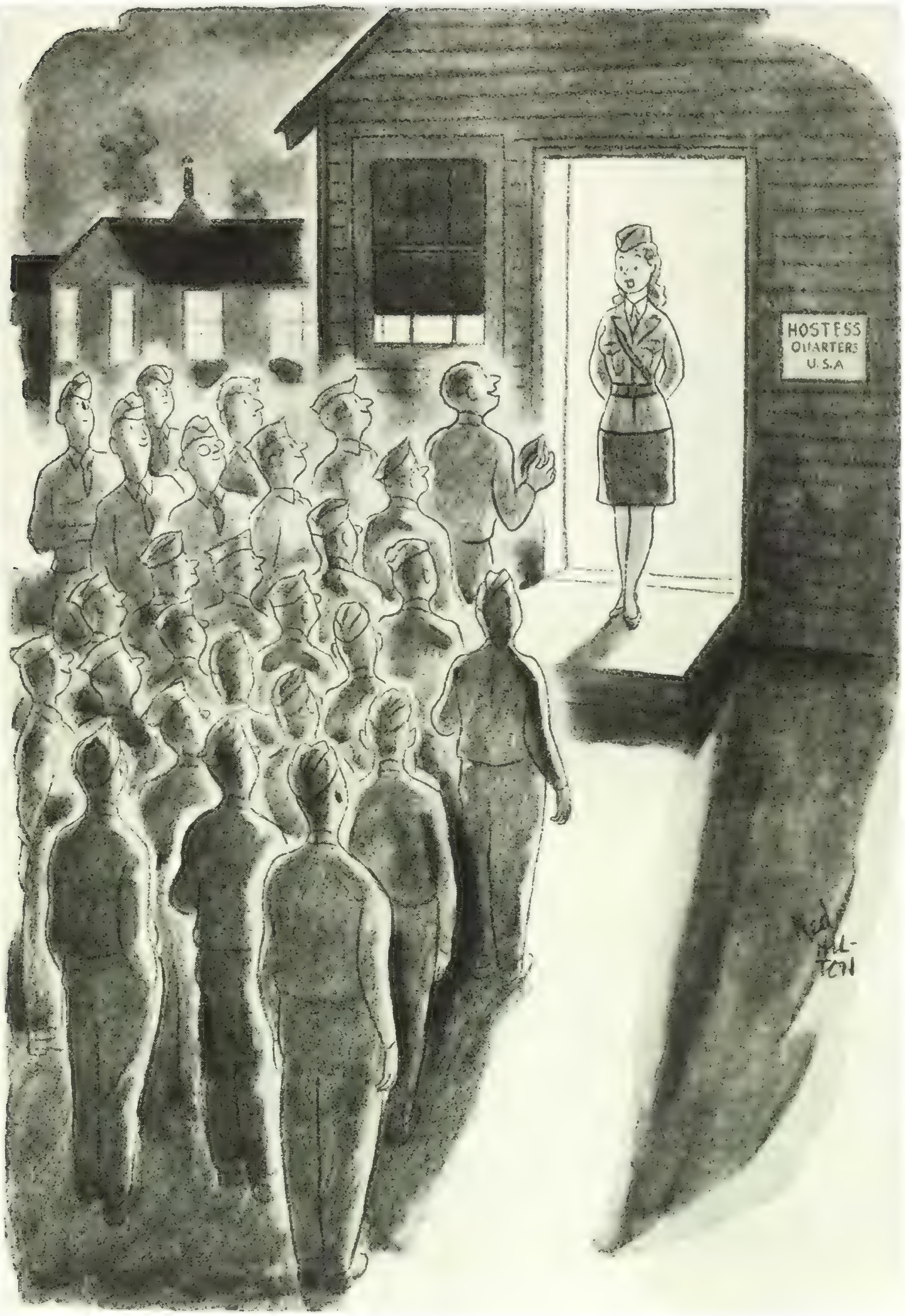
That was done, with no more ceremony than Germans had accorded the bodies of hundreds of Bevin's late comrades in arms.

"We also have," resumed Captain Bevin, "two torpedo tubes, the one of which is empty. Which is a pity, because where we're

Continued on page 236



"He's a fifth columnist, traitor, foreign agent, appeaser, and saboteur. Now let's go, Hogan—it's for democracy!"


HOSTESS
QUARTERS
U.S.A

"Can we kiss you goodnight, Miss Johnson?"

The Wily Ringneck Pheasant

Though he's slow on the wing, for sheer brains this gaudy, brassy alien of the swales and cornfields beats all others

by BEN EAST

•SPORTS•

Of all the upland game birds of these United States, which is the canniest, the trickiest? Which puts the wits of dogs and men to the sharpest test?

Ask that sometime in a circle of bird hunters, if you want to provoke some of the liveliest argument you ever listened to.

I know. I've tried it.

I've talked game bird IQ's with turkey hunters in the valleys of Pennsylvania and down Morgantown way, in West Virginia, where oldtime turkey men do eloquent things with a wingbone call that would make Gabriel doubt whether his trumpet was in tune.

I've put my question to chicken and sharptail hunters in the big dry marshes and the border thickets along the south shore of Lake Superior, and to quail men just up from Georgia at the end of February. I've pitted gunners in grouse camps against others fresh from the pheasant fields. I've heard a variety of opinions, and most of 'em were pretty decently backed up.

For my own part, I vote with no hesitation at all. For sheer brains the ringneck pheasant, gaudy, brassy alien of the swales and cornfields, is my nominee. He calls forth the best in hunters and dogs, and plenty of times their best is not quite good enough. But remember, I'm talking wits and nothing else. Not his speed in flight, nor his behavior when a good Setter slams into a rigid stand two paces away. I admit he's an easy target, and he hasn't too many all-around endearing qualities as a game bird. But when the argument is stripped down to brains and how to use 'em, I contend the ringneck is tops.

Plenty of bird hunters won't go along with me. I realize that. But that's all right. I'll stand my ground.

Let's have a look at some of the other contenders for the place at the head of the class. Take the ruffed grouse first. His followers are legion and their loyalty is fanatical. To say that any game bird is greater in any way than Thunderwings is treason to their minds.

Well, if it comes to that my own name is inscribed in the membership book of the Ancient Order of Confirmed Grouse Worshippers. As a game bird the ruffed grouse has hardly a rival, much less peers.

His scent trail leads into the birch thickets and the alder swales, along the pin cherry ridges and under the young balsams, where a hunter loves to follow. The sudden roar of his wings at the flush checks the heart in midbeat, and his twisting, boring flight through the undertangles is magnificent to watch and tough to solve!

These things are known facts. No one denies them. Thunderwings needs no defenders. He stands in his own proud place, king of upland game birds, acknowledged and acclaimed by all who have sought him in the frost-muraled woodlands of October.

But even royalty must have its limitations, and the grouse has his. With due deference to him, he no more matches the pheasant for craft and brains than the meadowlark matches the crow!

Oh, Thunderwings has a trick or two up his sleeve if it comes to that. He'll dodge in headlong flight to put tree-trunk or thicket between himself and the guns. He'll check his rocketing escape in a split atom of time, to perch in the thick screening branches of a spruce while the dogs comb the ground beneath and all around, and the hunters stand under his very tree and speculate on where he went. And when he can control his fear no longer he'll slip out of the tree on the far side as silent as a gray shadow, and sail swiftly off with the softest ruffle of wingbeats to a distant place of safety.

He's even been known to seek haven in shallow water along the margin of a woodland stream, hiding with only his head and bill above the surface, under the protection of a screening bush or overhanging branch.

But that's about the limit of his bag of tricks. And compared with the masterful devices of a mature cock ringneck, they are the simple ruses of the kindergarten!

How about the wild turkey? Surely that aristocrat of the wilderness must rank above the low-bred pheasant.

For wariness, yes. For distrust of man and ability to avoid danger by shunning man's vicinity. That's conceded. Wildness, coupled with a goodly serving of native cunning, makes the turkey a hard bird to hunt. Probably there is none harder. The hunter who outwits a woods-wise old gobbler will never have a better day.

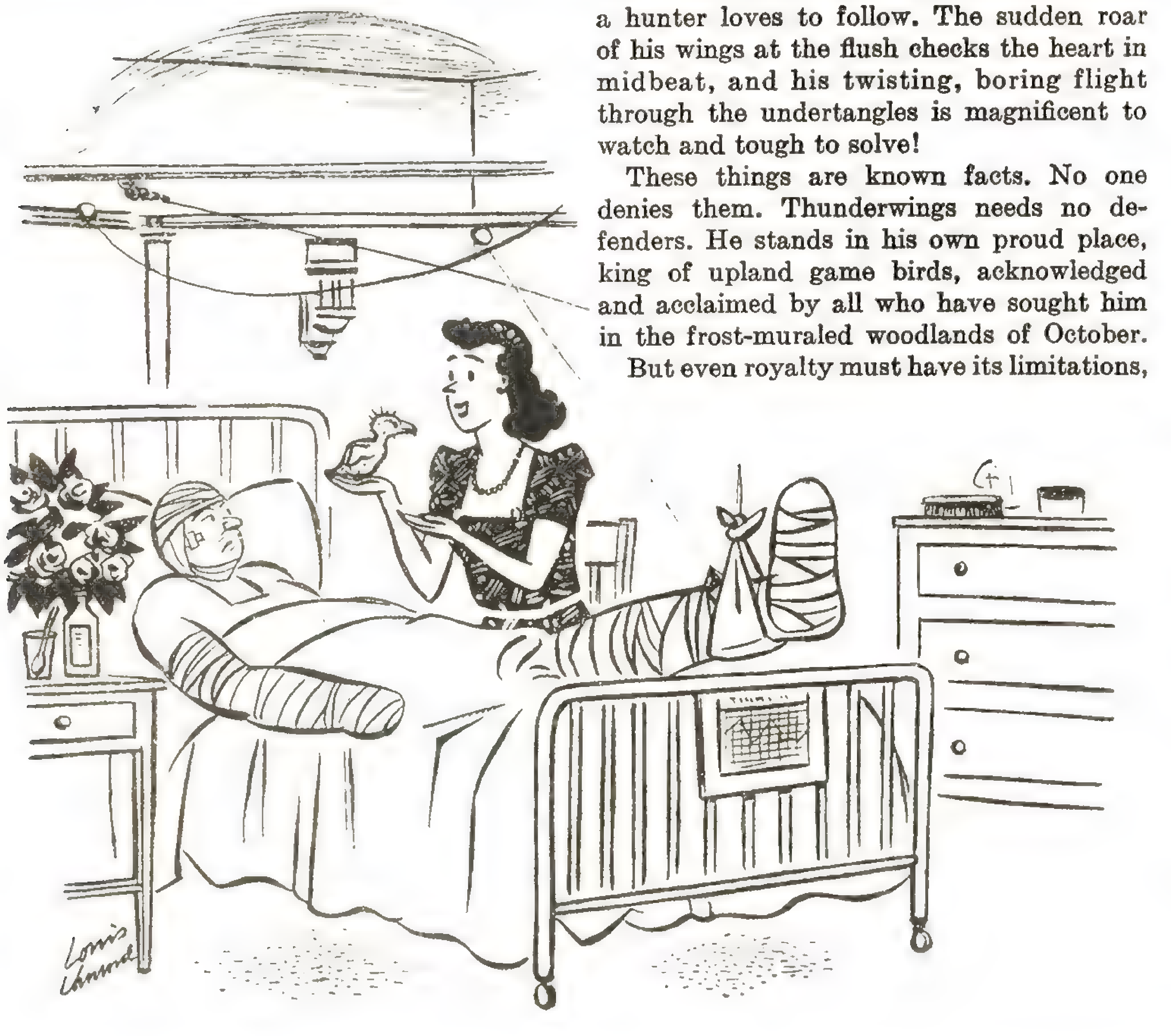
But let me ask a question or two of those who contend the turkey's brain power matches the pheasant's.

How long does the turkey last when he is deprived of refuge in the big woods? How long would his craft save his skin were he compelled to live, as the pheasant does, in open farmlands where every square yard of cover is combed a dozen times a week in gunning season? How well could the turkey stand up to the hunter away from his secluded haunts in the wilderness?

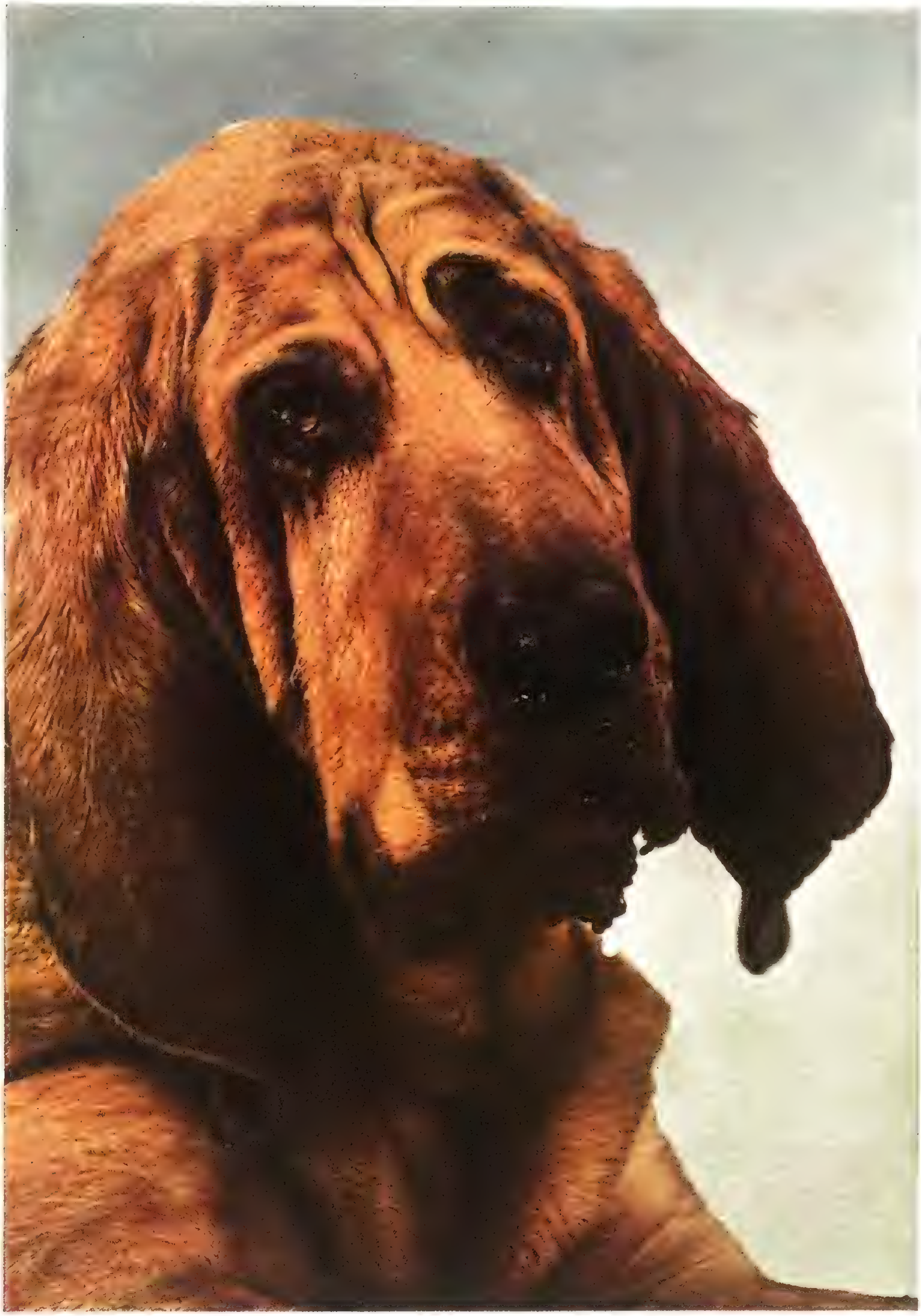
The answer is in the record. When the big forests went, from the valleys of the Blue Ridge to the foothills west of the Missouri, and from all the broad Midlands between, the turkey went with them.

It takes wits to live in the back yard of your worst enemy and prosper. The pheasant has 'em! He dwells with equal arrogance in the grassy fields of city suburbs, in a truck gardener's fencerow or in the open countryside. He faces guns and dogs each autumn in such concentration as no other game bird on the North American continent, and he

Continued on page 216



"Oh, Herbie, just what I wanted—a baby eagle! I hope it wasn't too much bother"

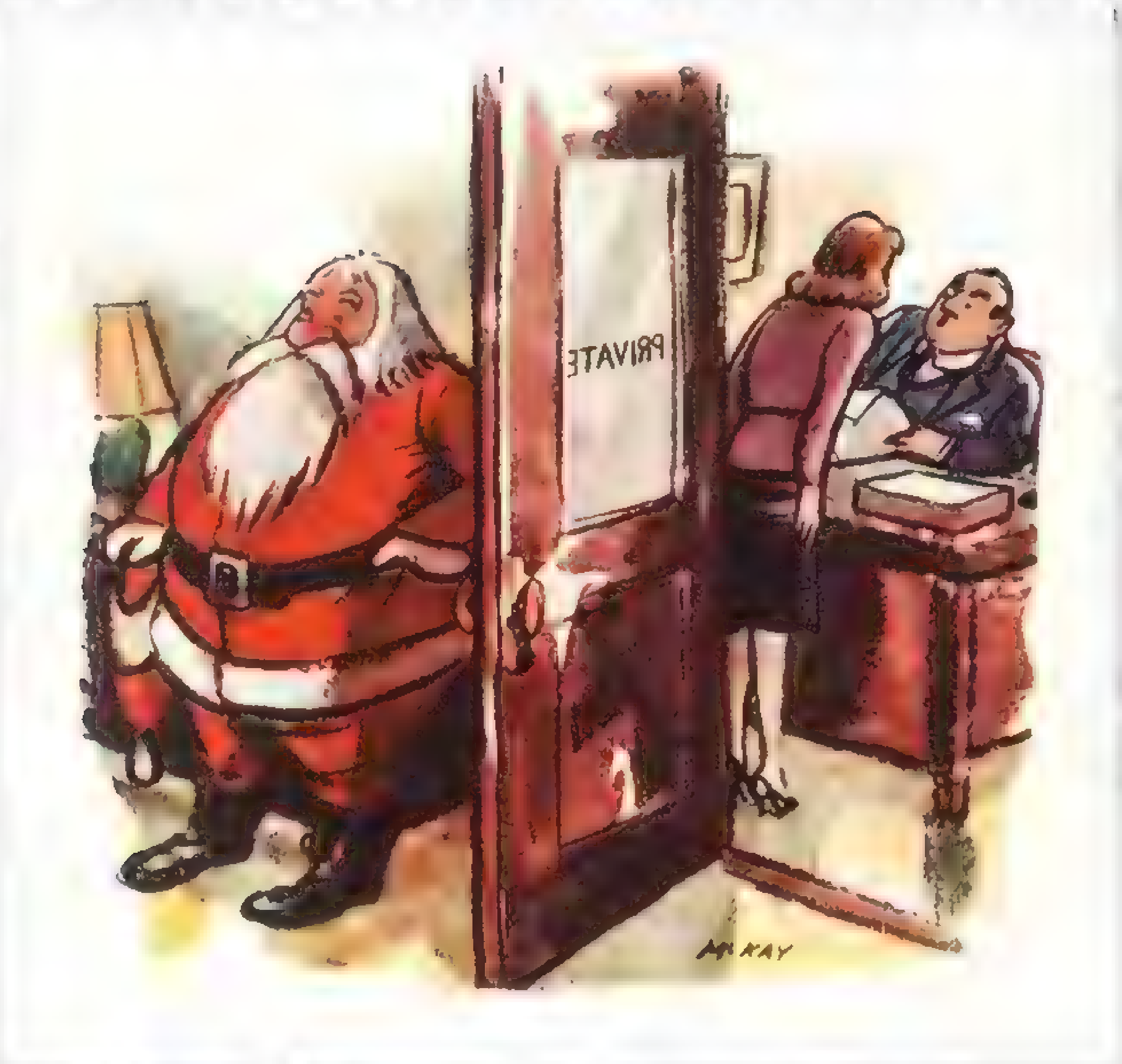


PHOTOGRAPHED IN COLOR BY HENRY WAXMAN

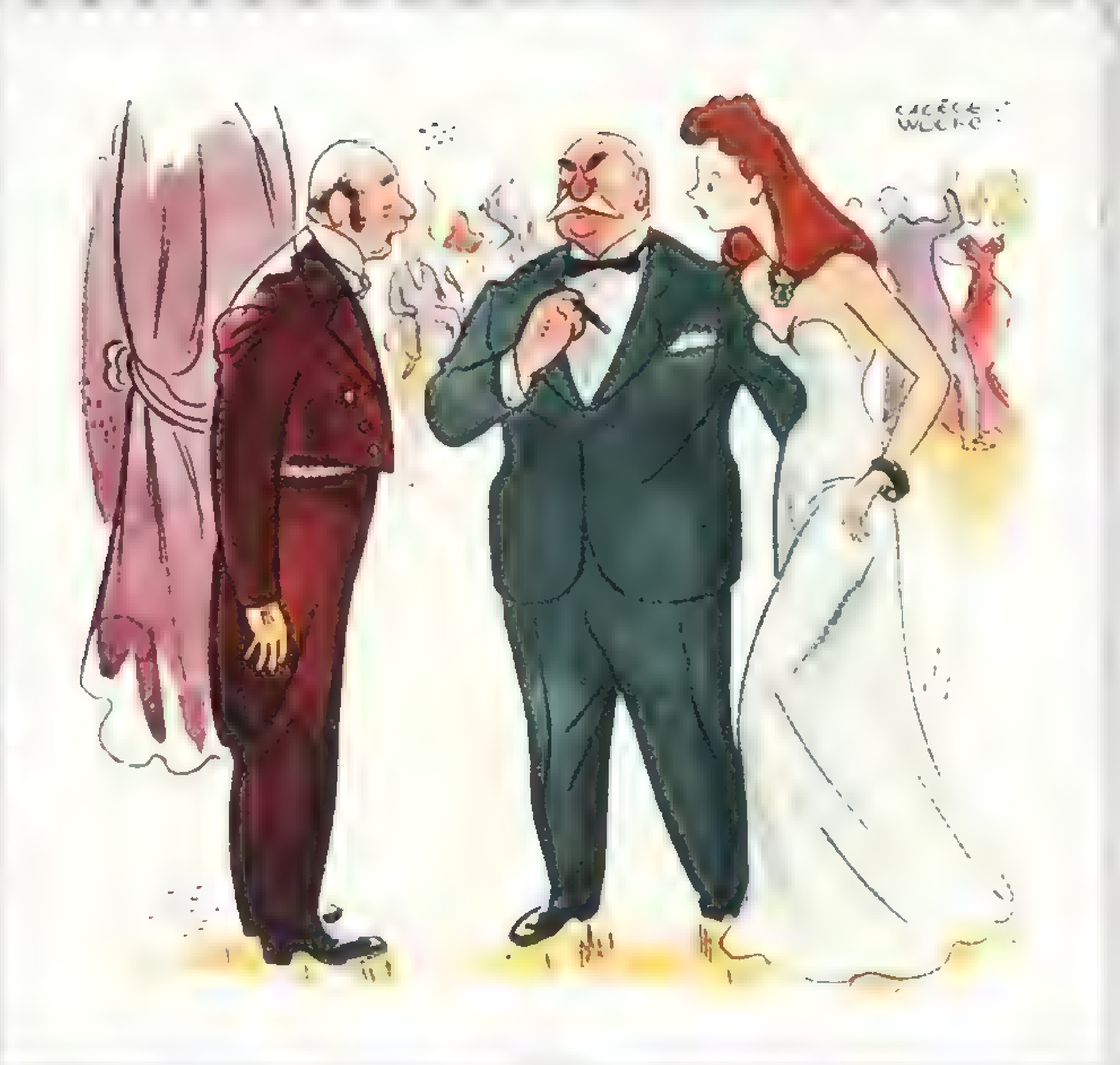
Ch. Brigadier of Reynalton

OWNED BY GIRALDA FARM

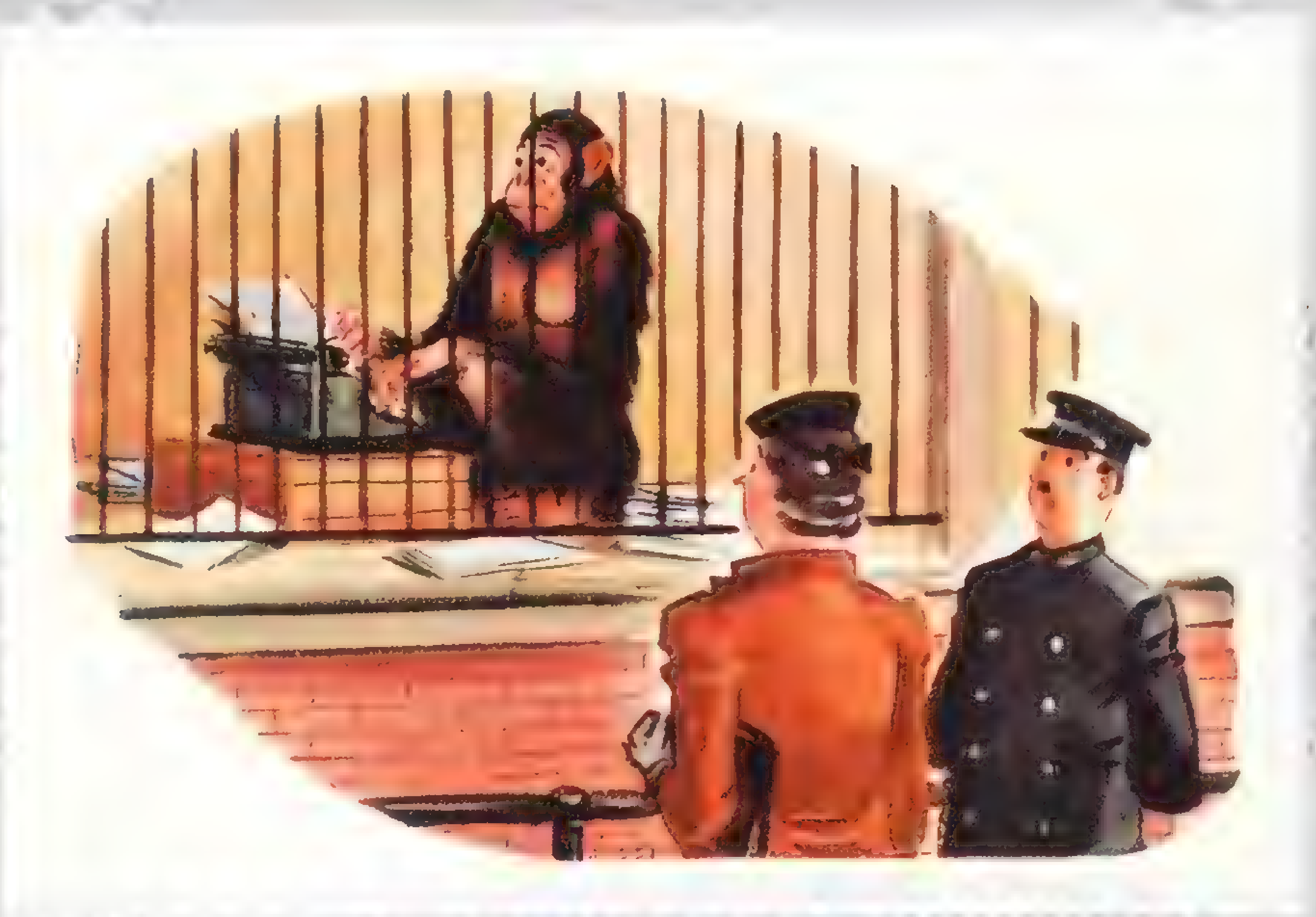
The Bloodhound—Never a Meany. The Bloodhound is the only dog that boasts the distinction of having his evidence accepted by a court of law. That famous Bloodhound, Nick Carter, established a record every self-respecting dog claiming a nose has tried to break. Old Nick picked up a trail a mere hundred and five hours old and followed it to its end—spelling the criminal's conviction. Another "detective" is credited with six hundred actual convictions. The Bloodhound does not attack the man he trails. He has a gentle, tractable, nature and was unjustly maligned in Civil War days when "Eliza crossing the ice" promotion was in full swing. The mongrels used in that era earned the purebred Bloodhound a bad reputation. In the third century the Bloodhound was described glowingly as a hound unrivaled for scenting. The breed has since improved in looks, while never losing its keenness of nose. It would seem this Hound were aware of the responsibility which has been his for centuries—bringing fugitives to justice. His expression is one of infinite wisdom and his deep wrinkled forehead must be the result of generations of Bloodhounds buried in thought, concentrating on an endless trail.—CHASE HERENDEEN


PRIVATE
McKAY

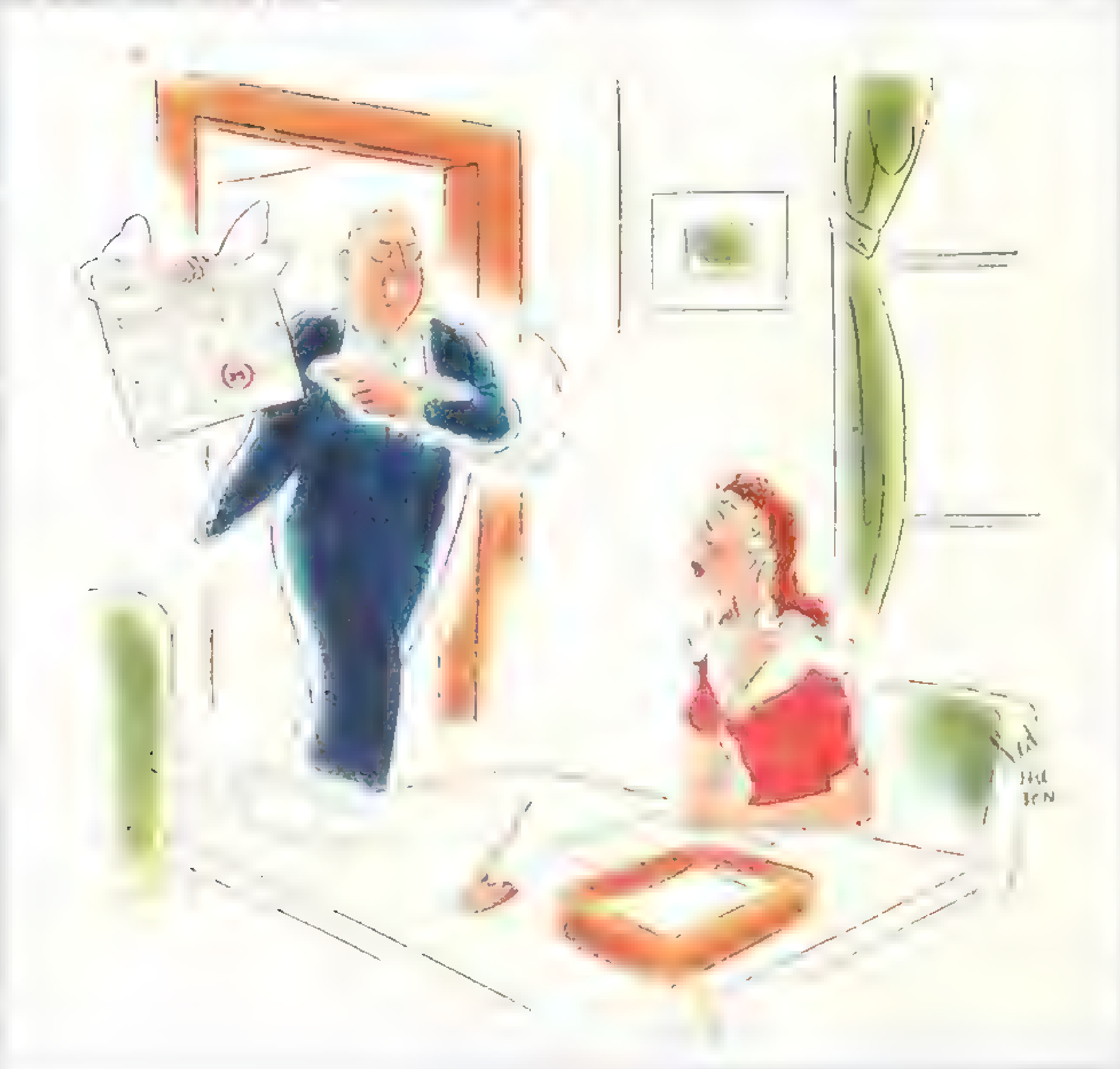
"Who?"



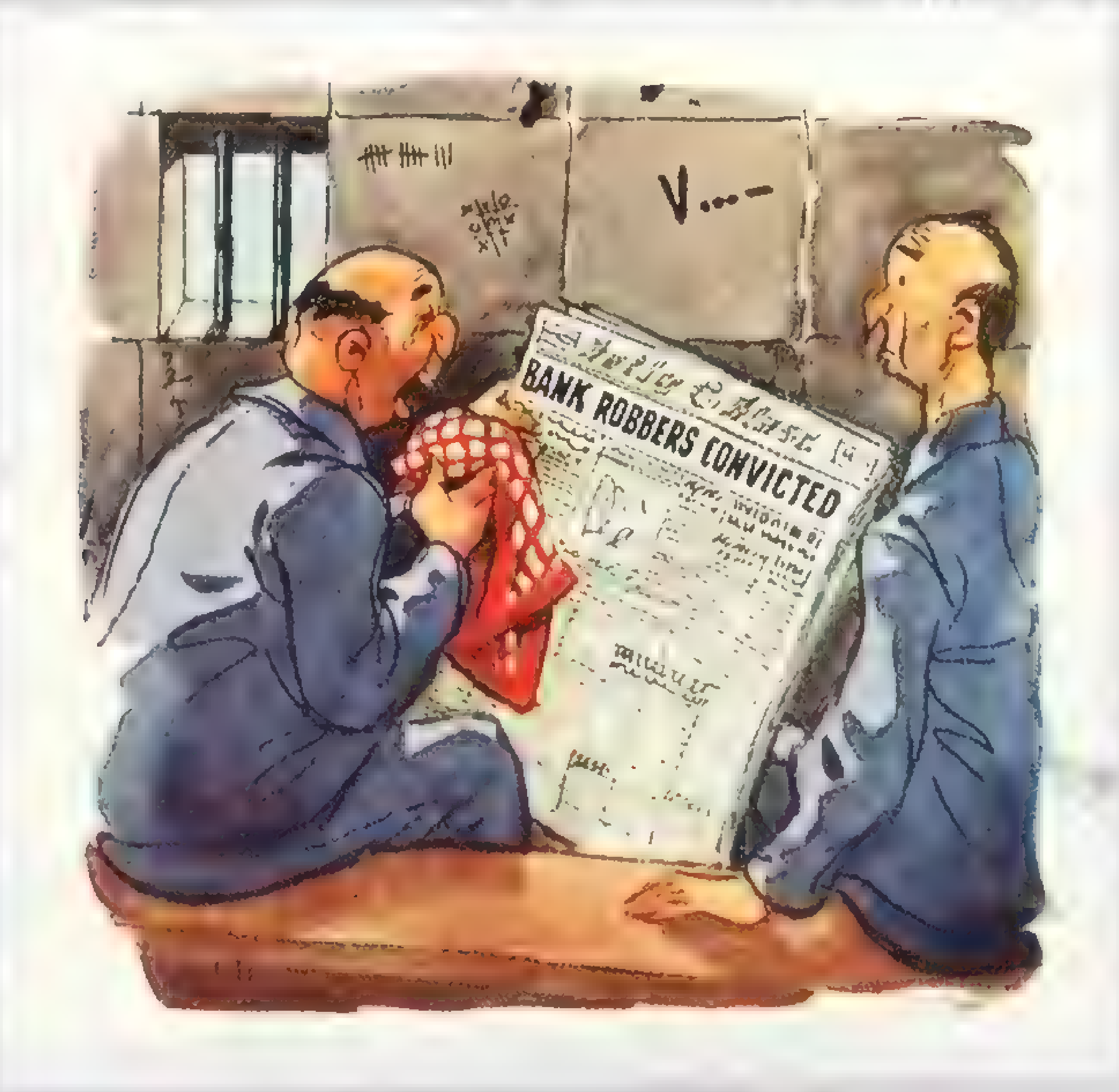
"It's the servants' quarters, sir—they're complaining about the noise!"



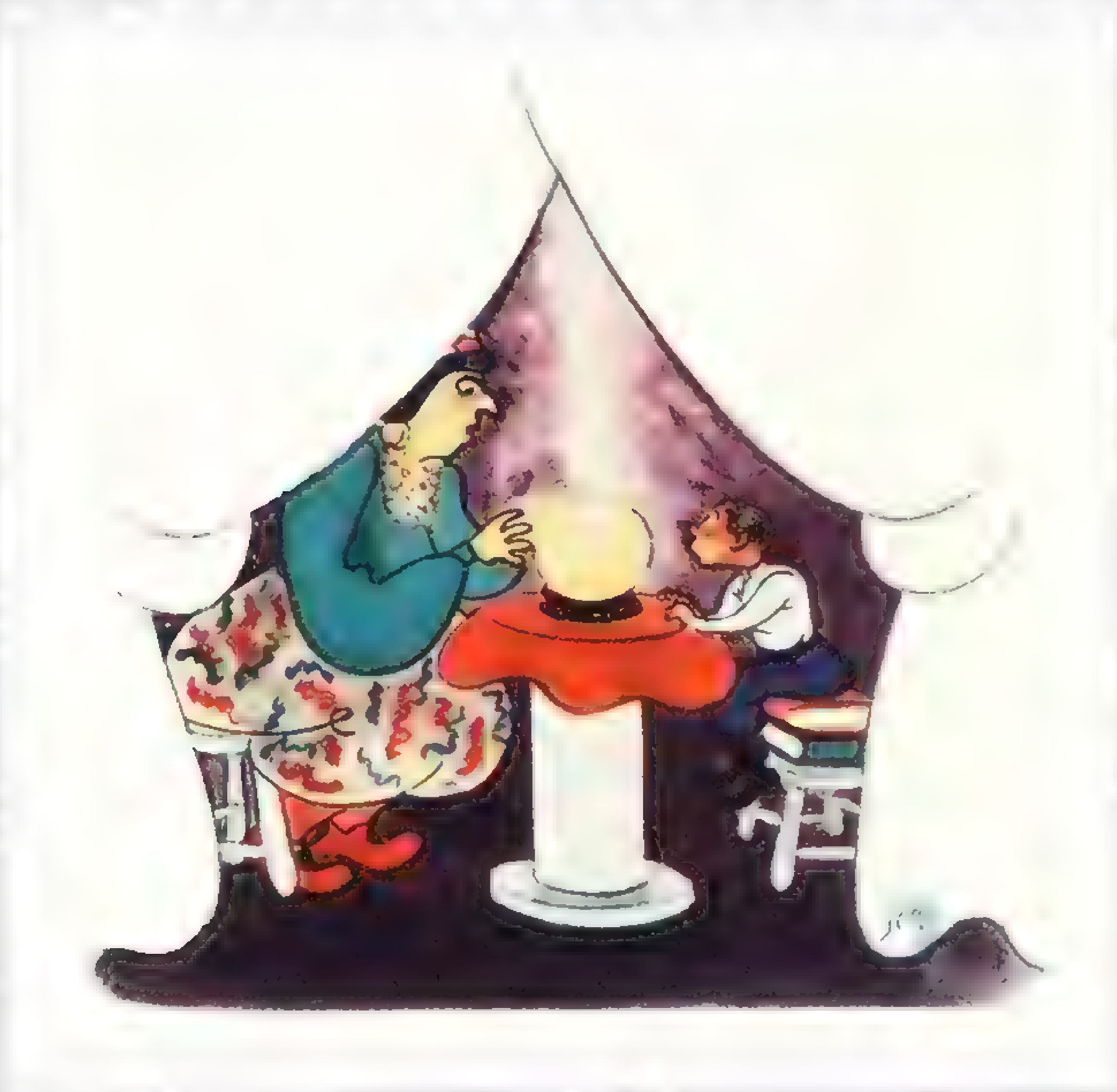
"He doesn't know any tricks, Ma'am—he just sits there all day and writes short stories"



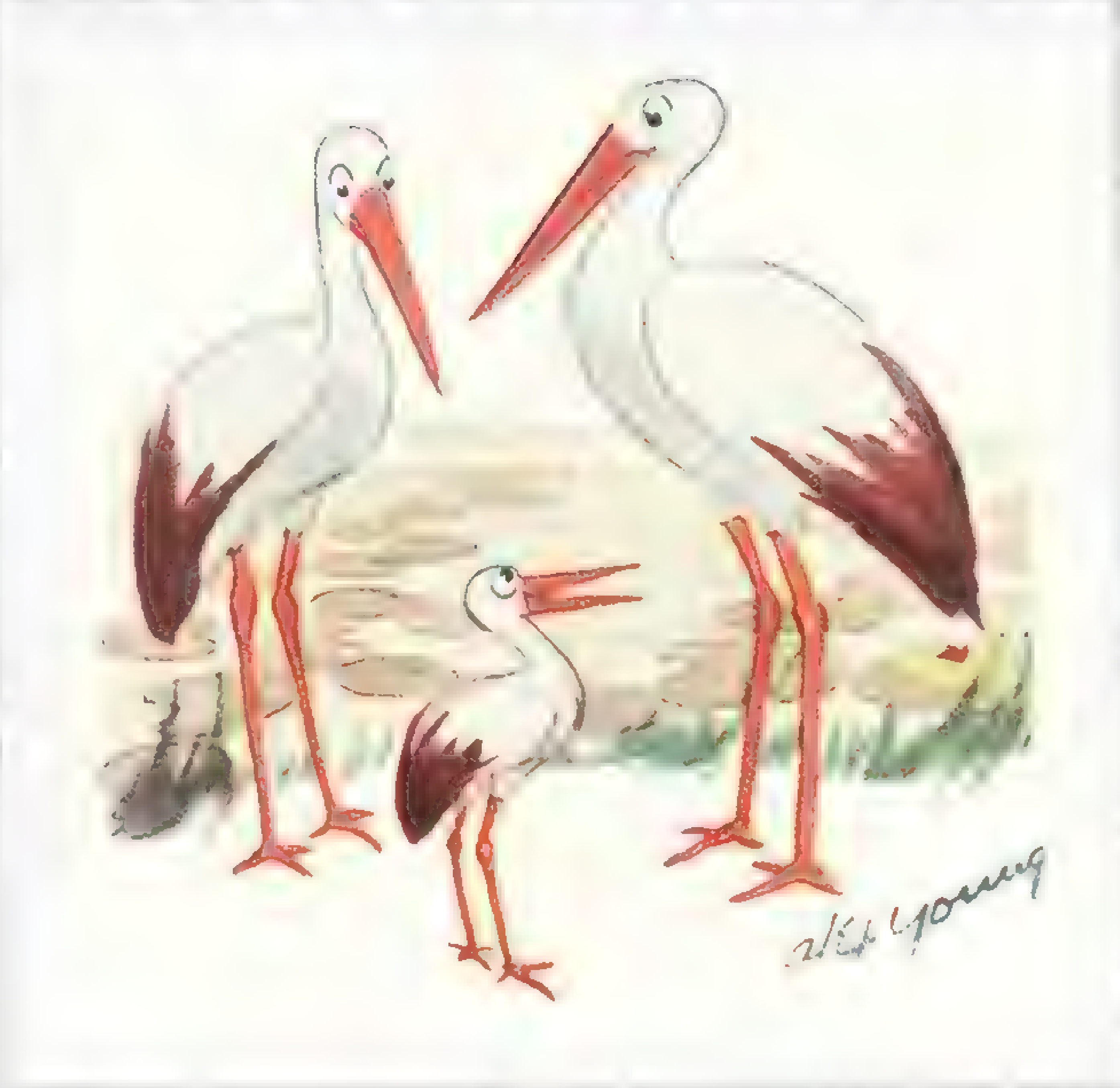
"Miss Dinsmore, what's this ring around the 25th?"


V...-
BANK ROBBERS CONVICTED

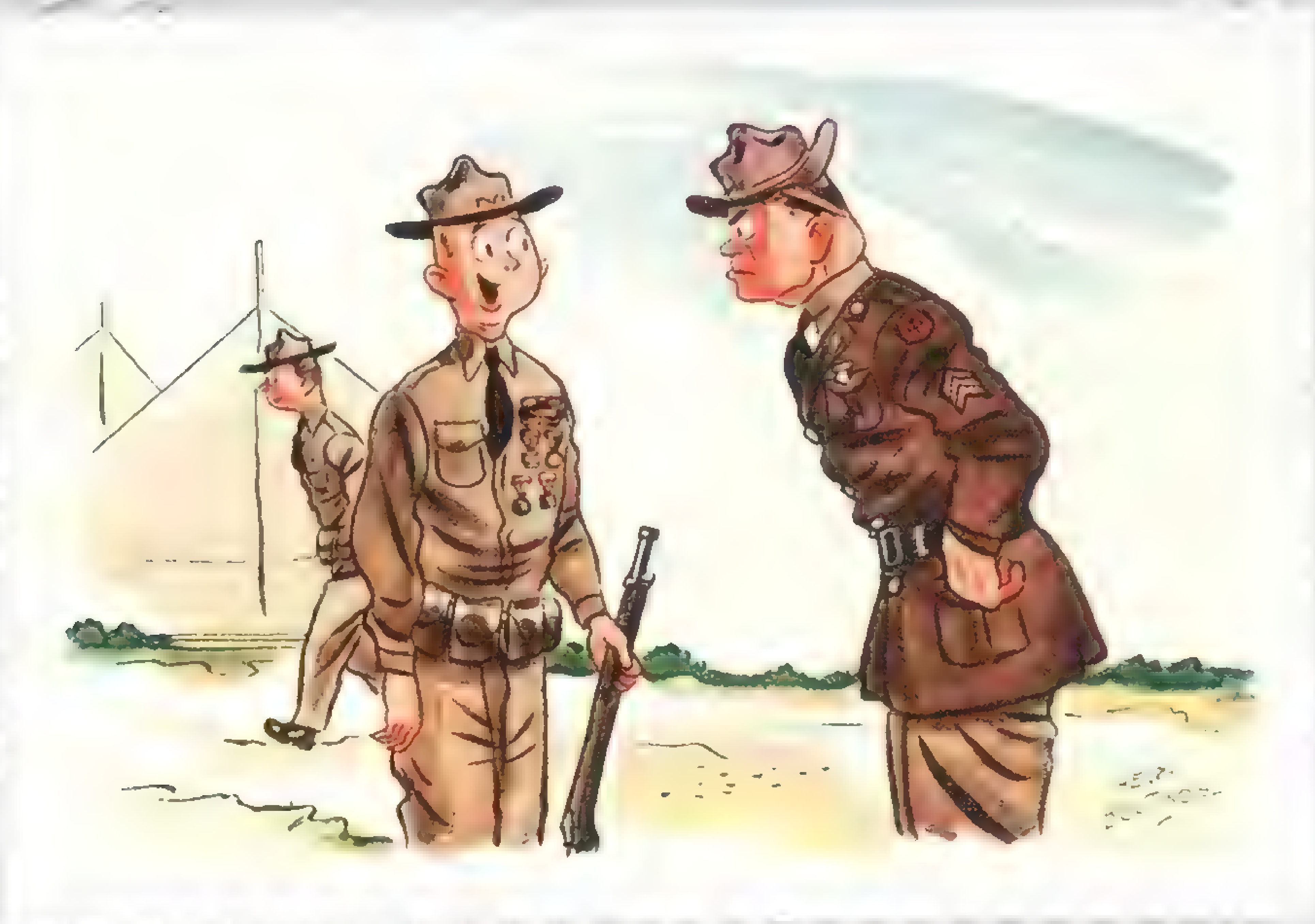
"I can't help it, I'm so happy—Horseface an' Three-Fingers are comin' home for Christmas!"



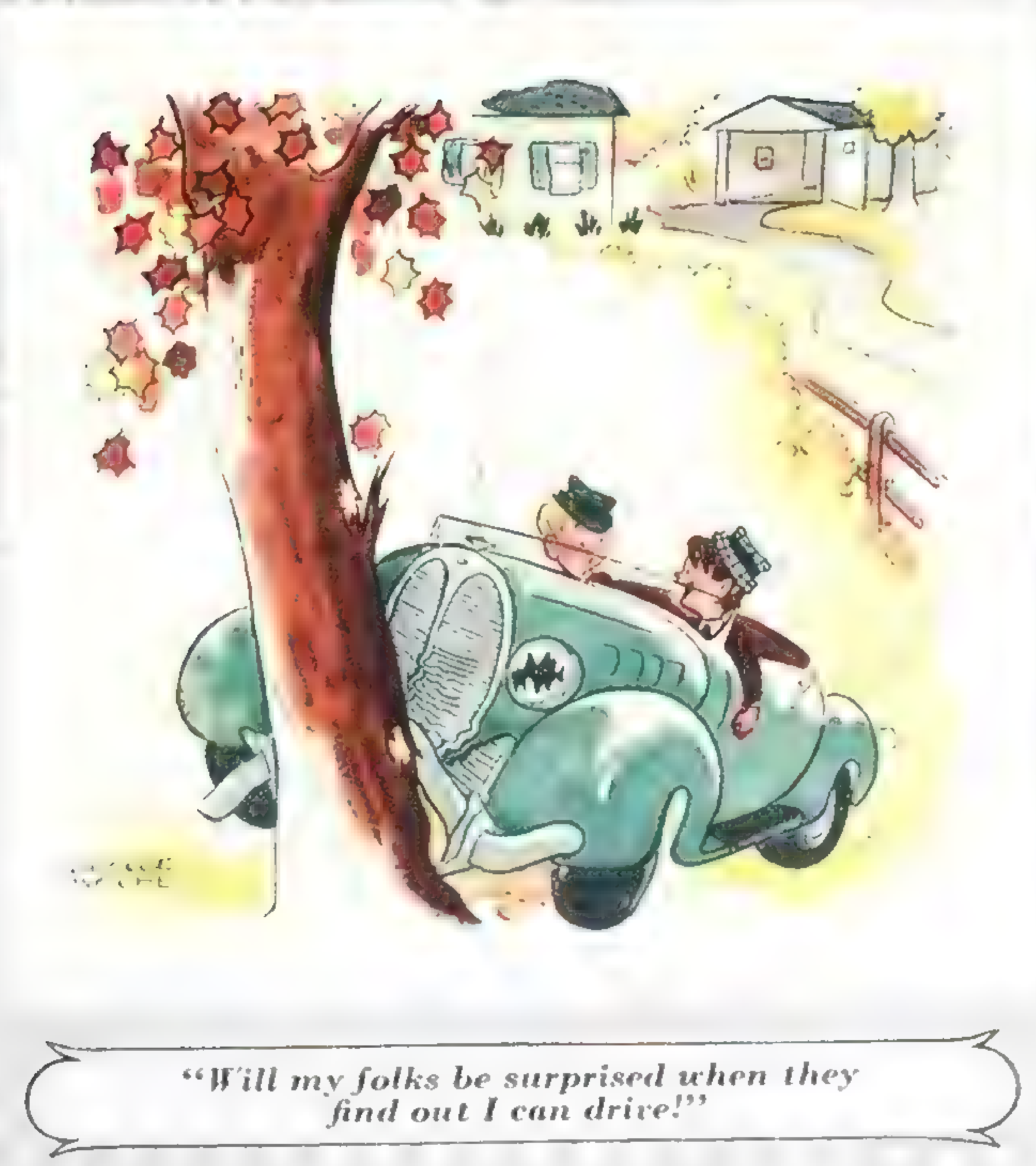
"You'll get trains from father . . soldiers from Aunt Ruth . . football from Uncle Ed . . invitation to party from Cousin Rena . . Castor Oil from Doctor Eisen . ."



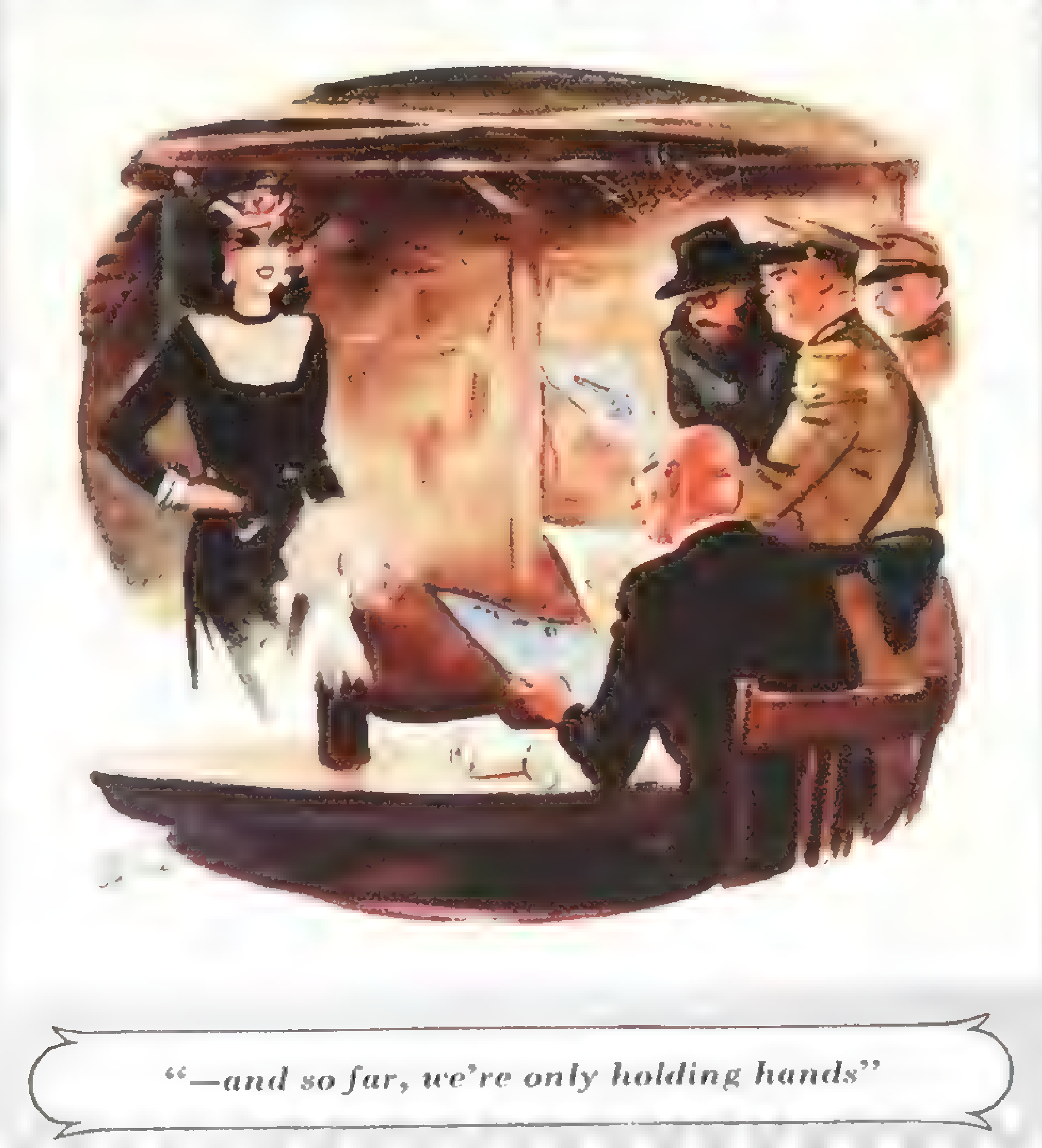
—but who brought me?"



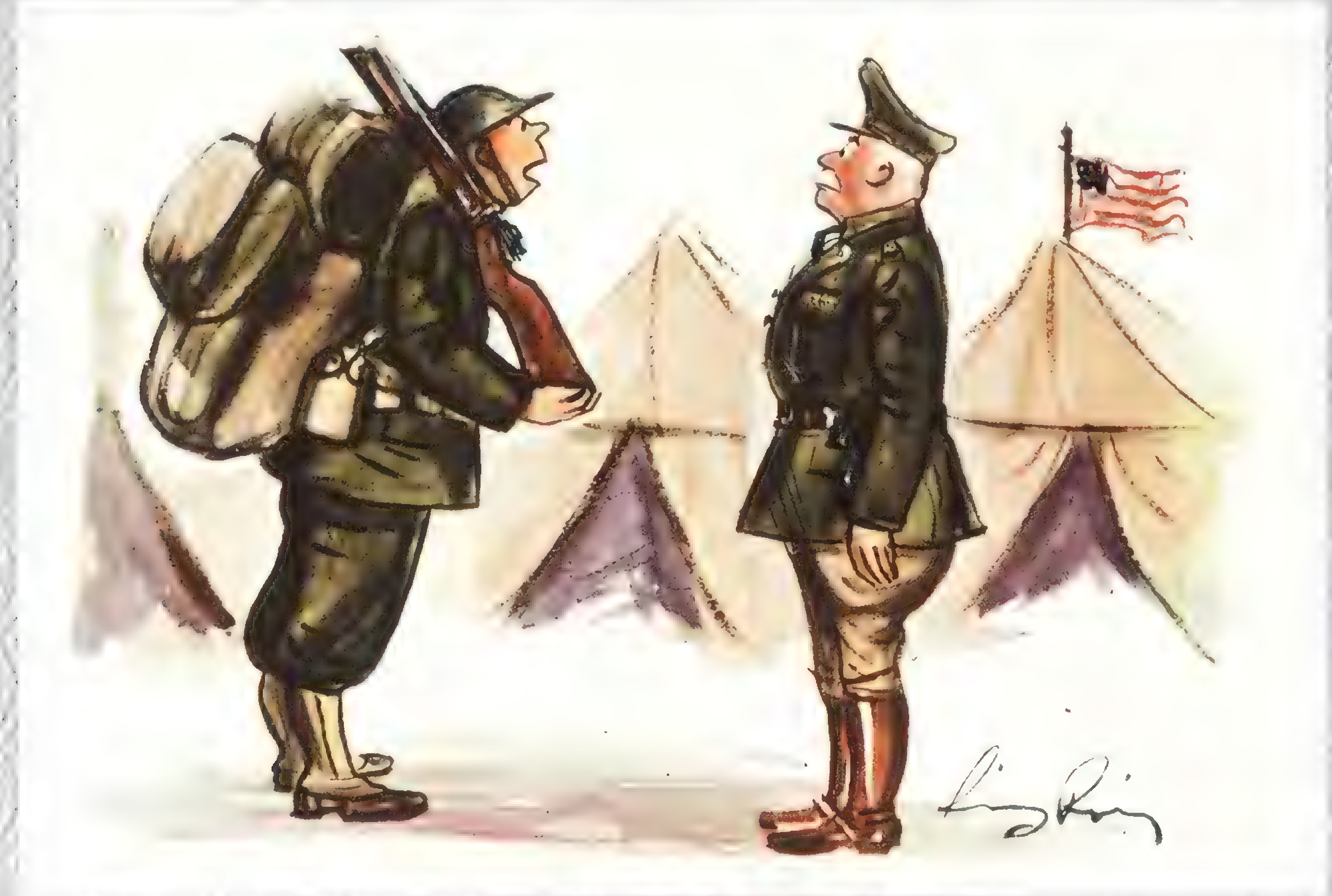
"I was playing cards with the Major last night!"



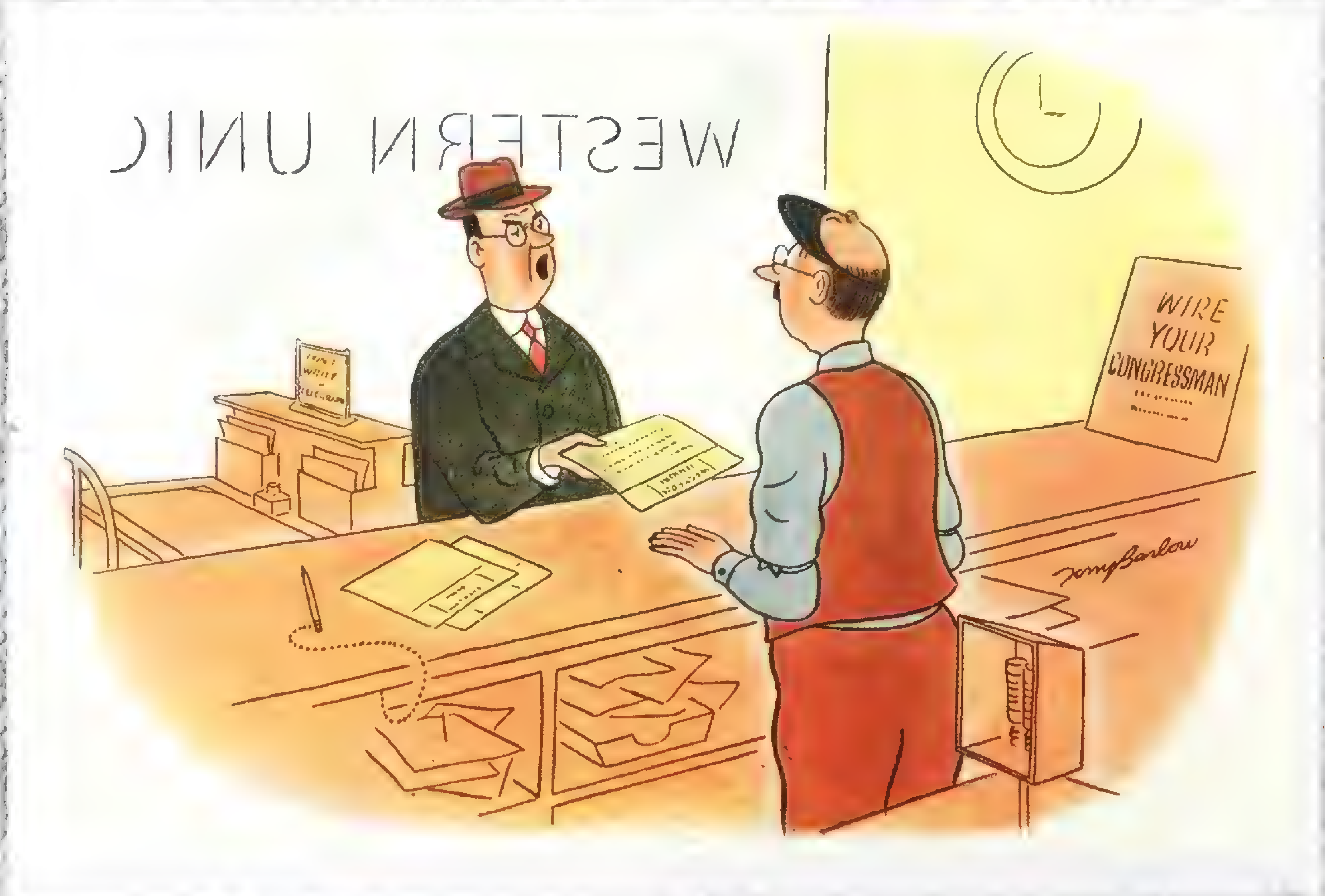
"Will my folks be surprised when they find out I can drive!"



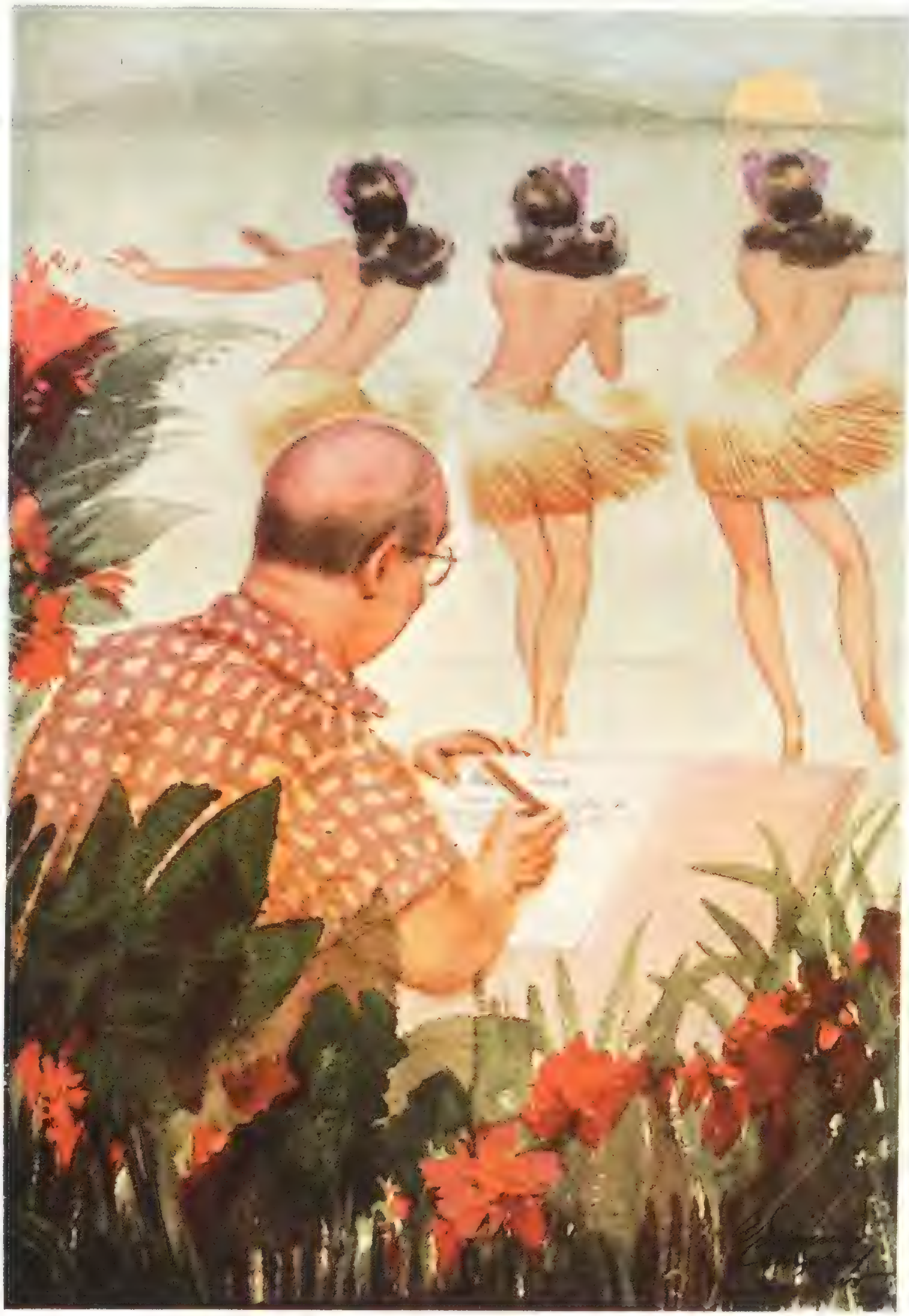
"—and so far, we're only holding hands"



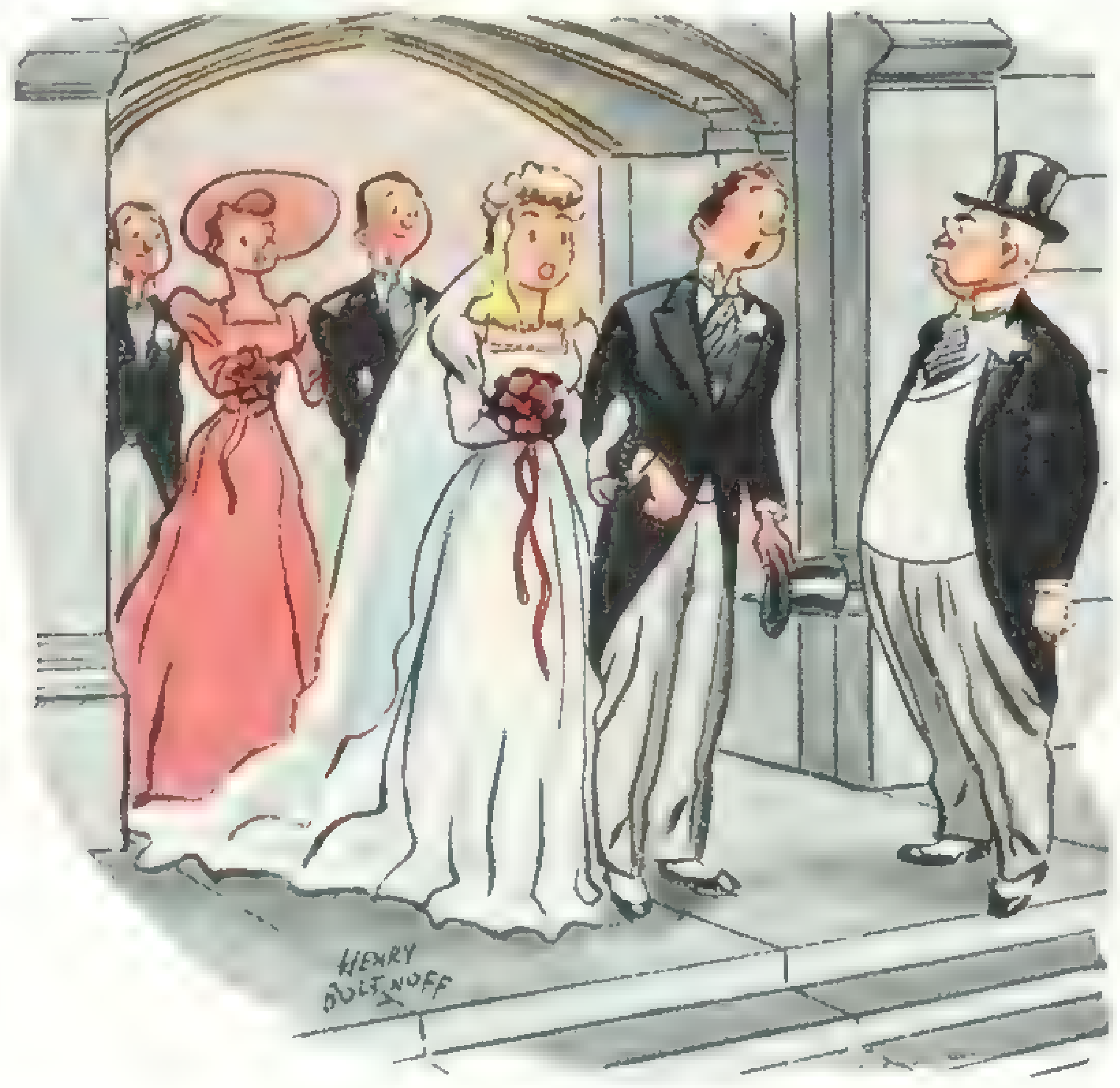
"May I have another physical examination, sir?
I'm sure my feet are flat now"


WESTERN UNI
WIRE YOUR CONGRESSMAN

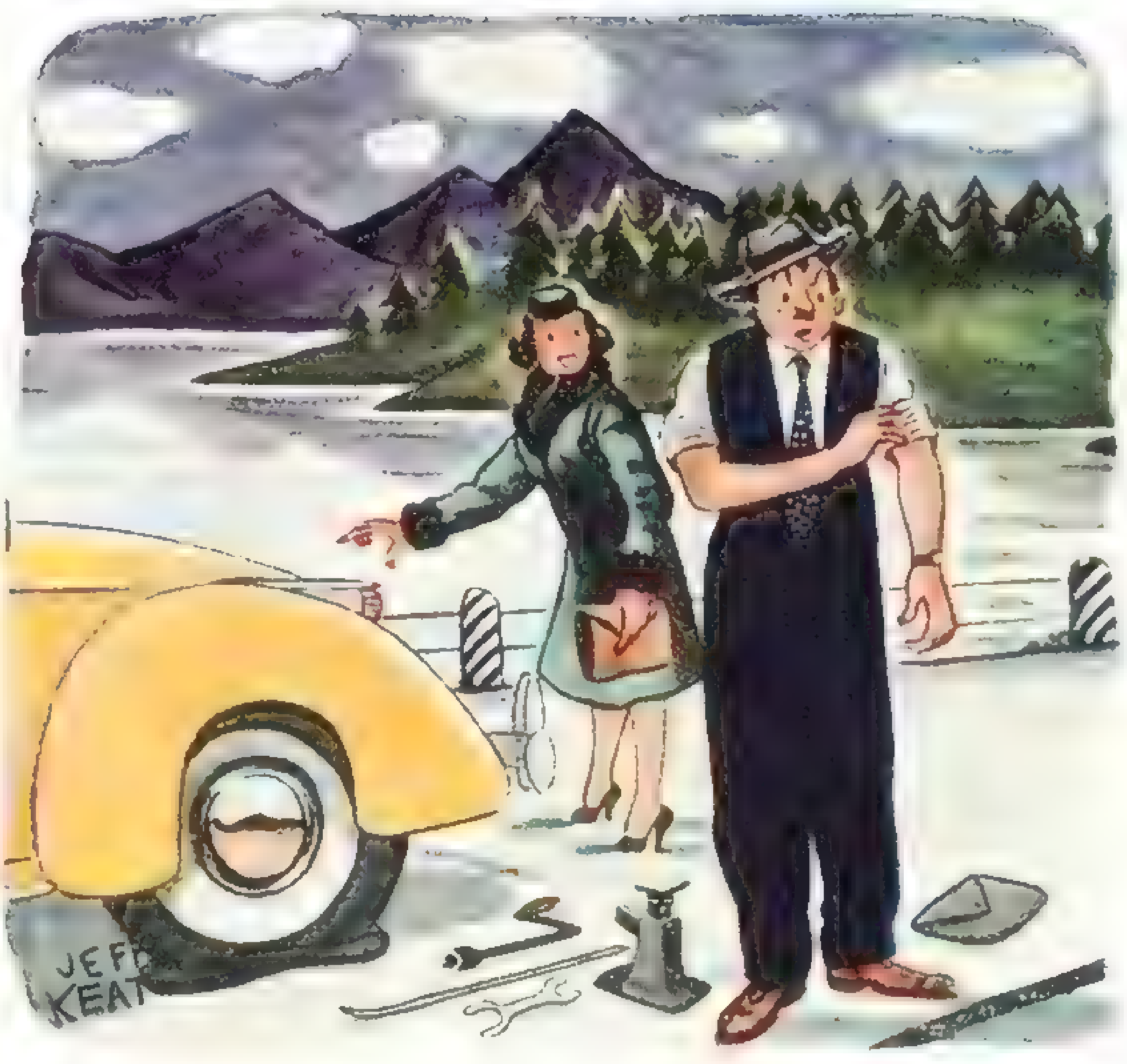
"I want to wire my congressman collect"



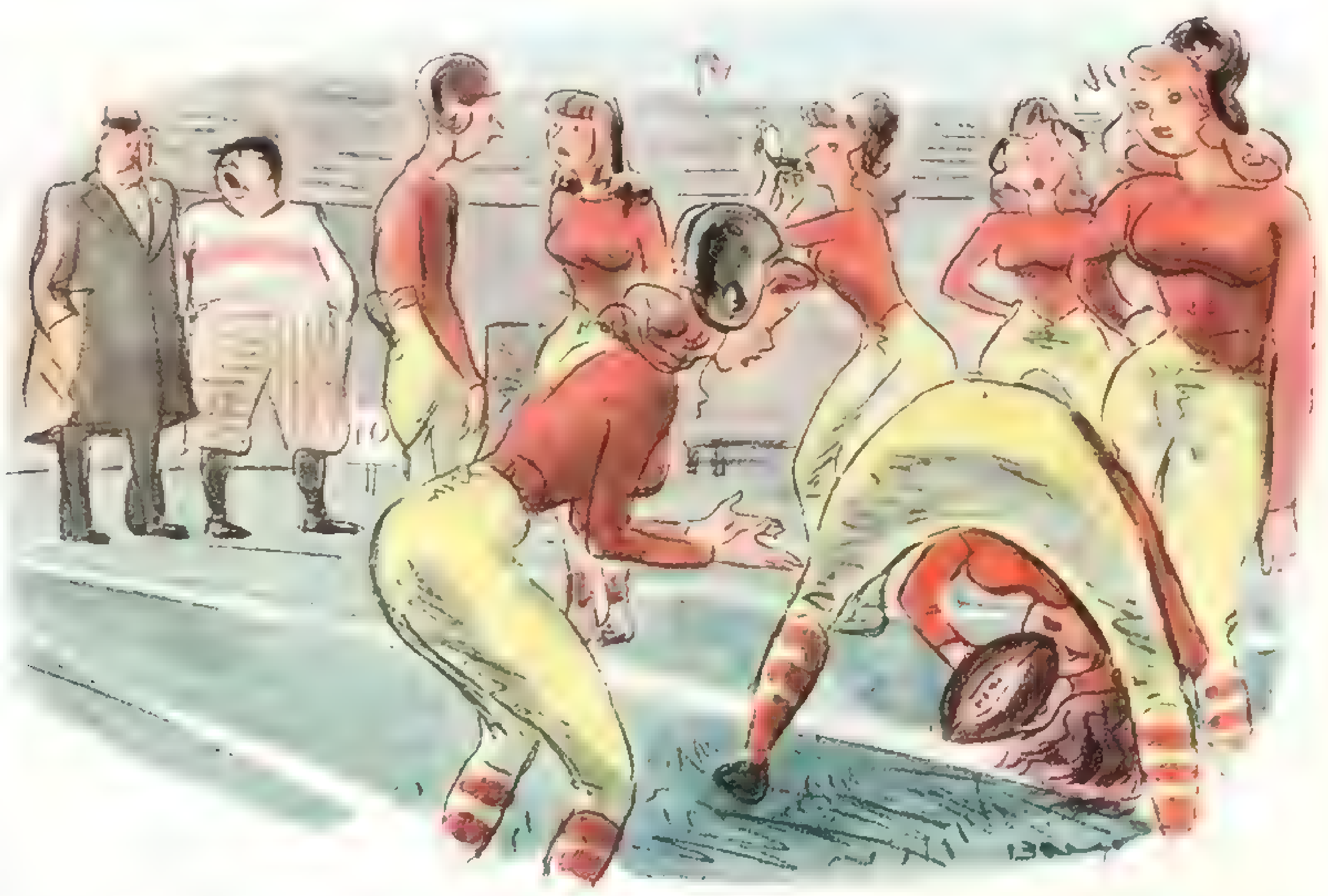
"—it's beautiful, dear; the moon, the stars, the sea, the waving grass"


HENRY BOLTINOFF

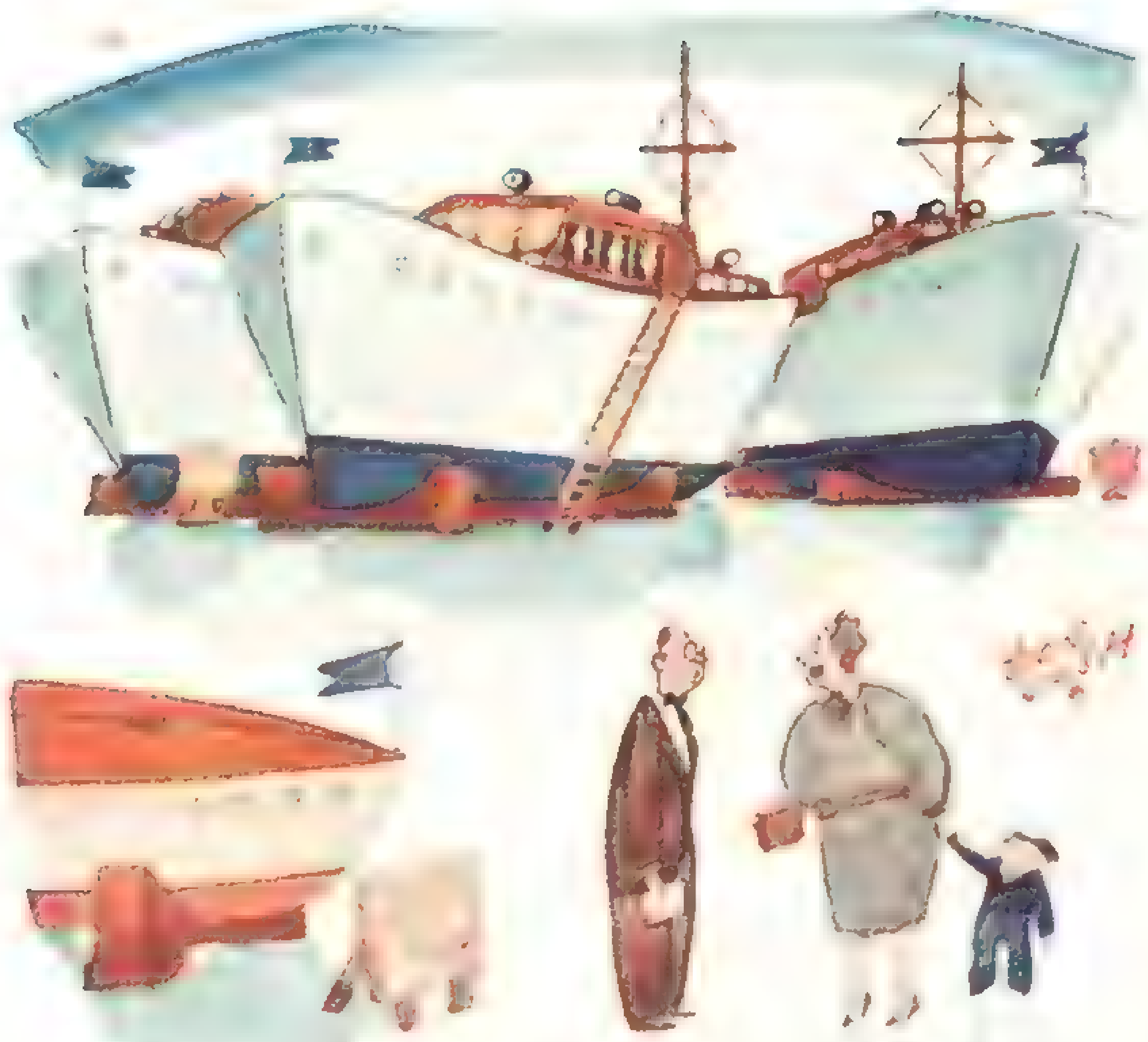
"Dad, may I borrow the car today?"



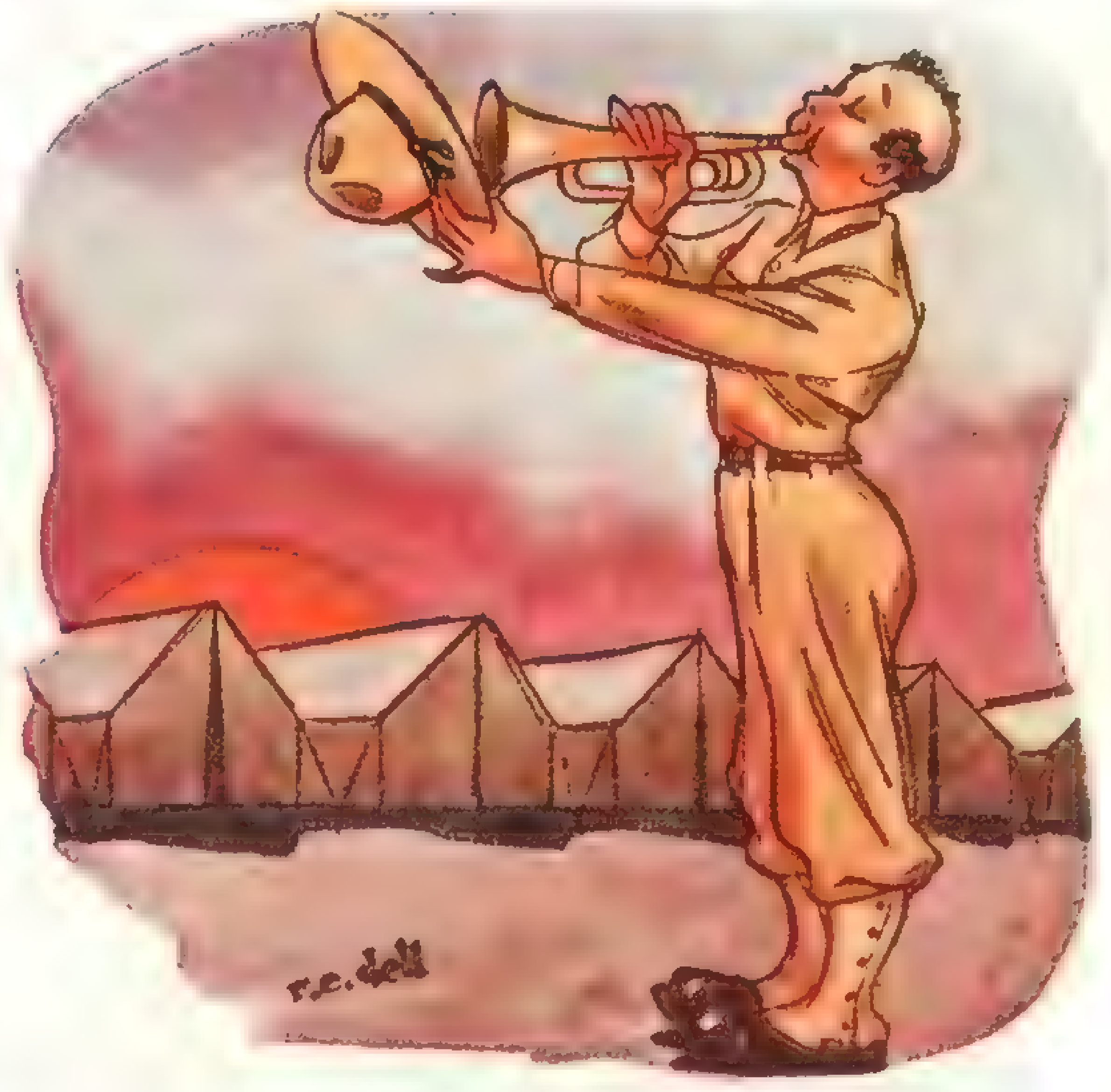
"This isn't Echo Lake, dear—you've got two flat tires!"

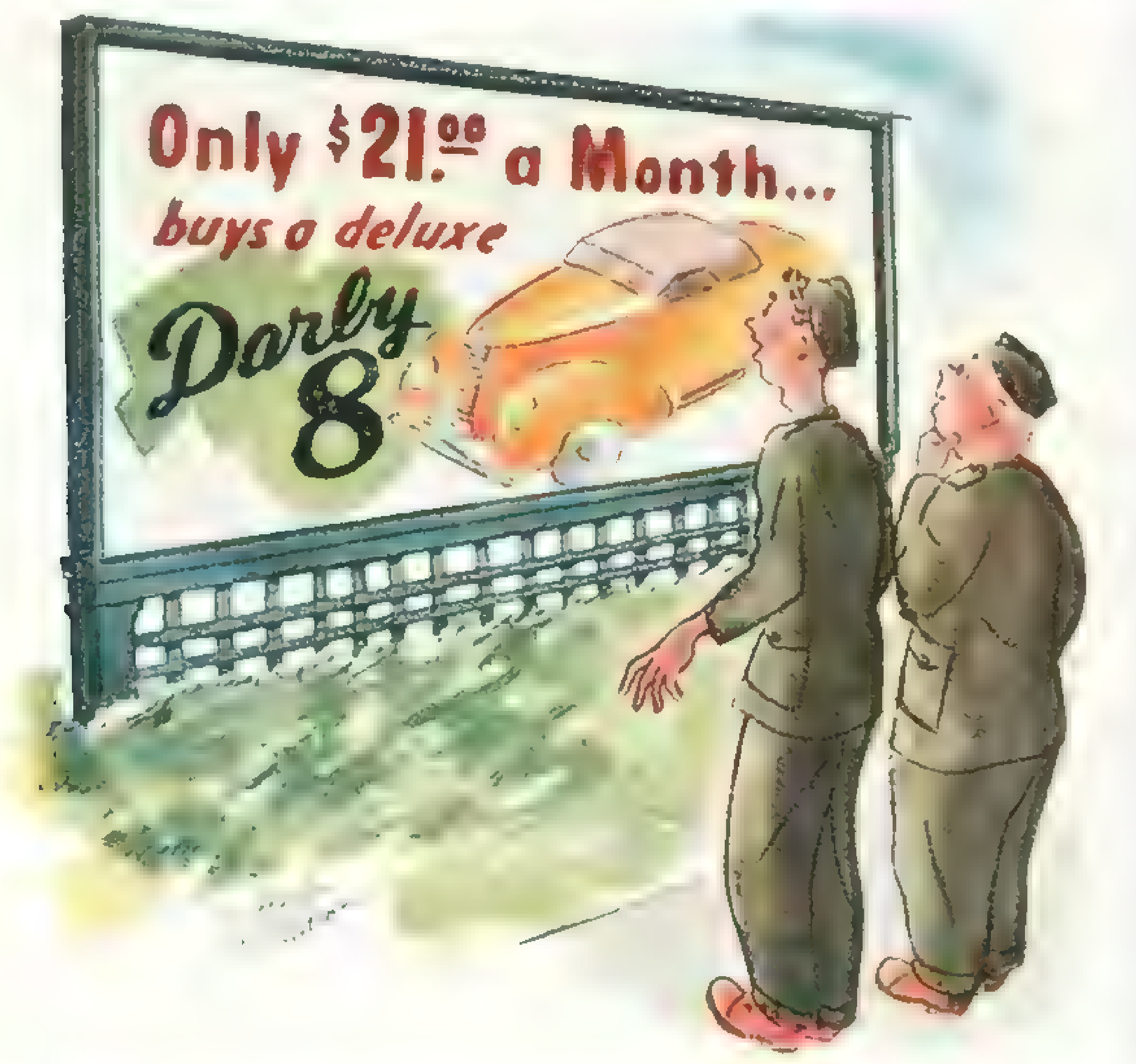


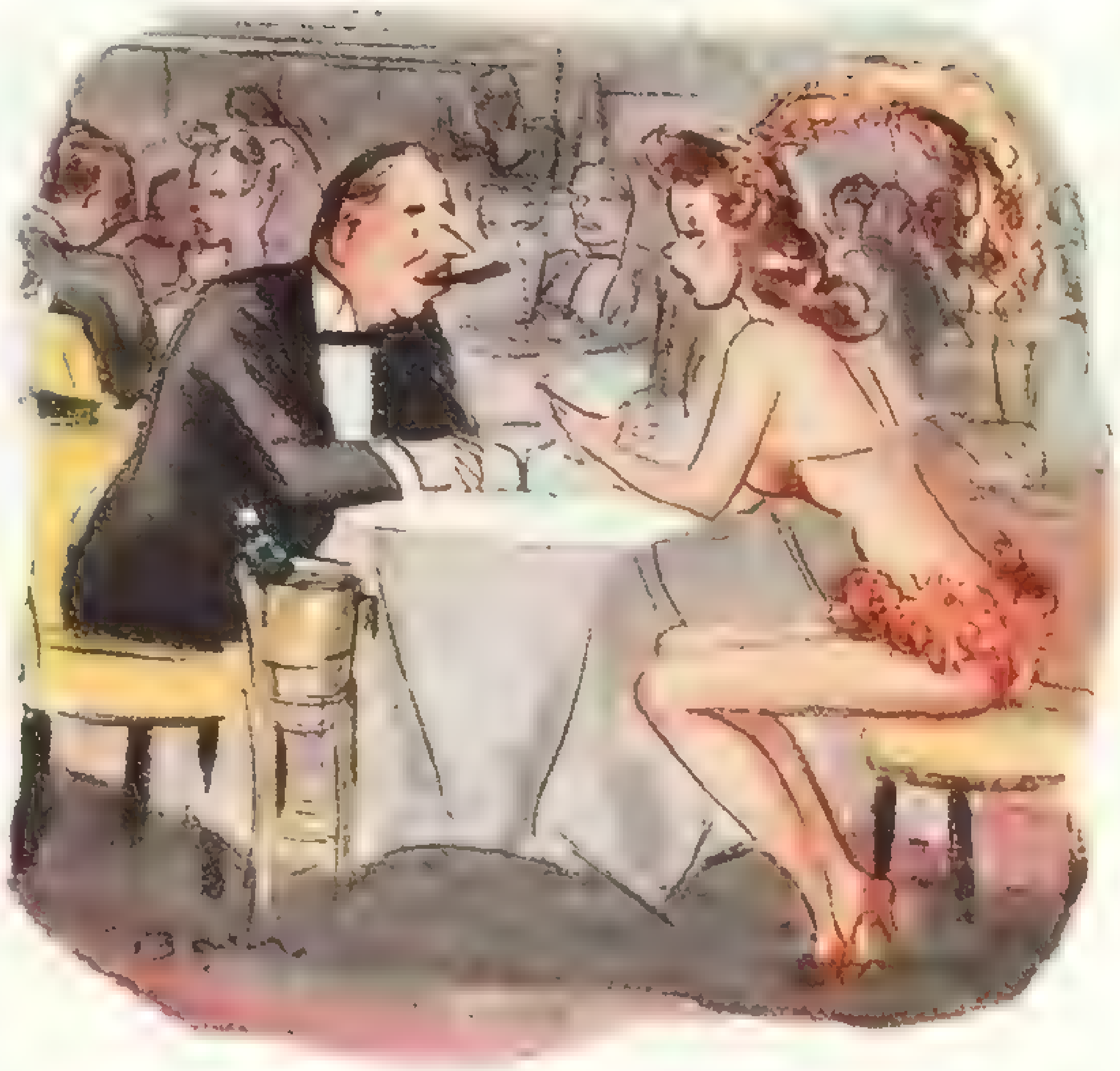
"Most of our men students have been drafted"



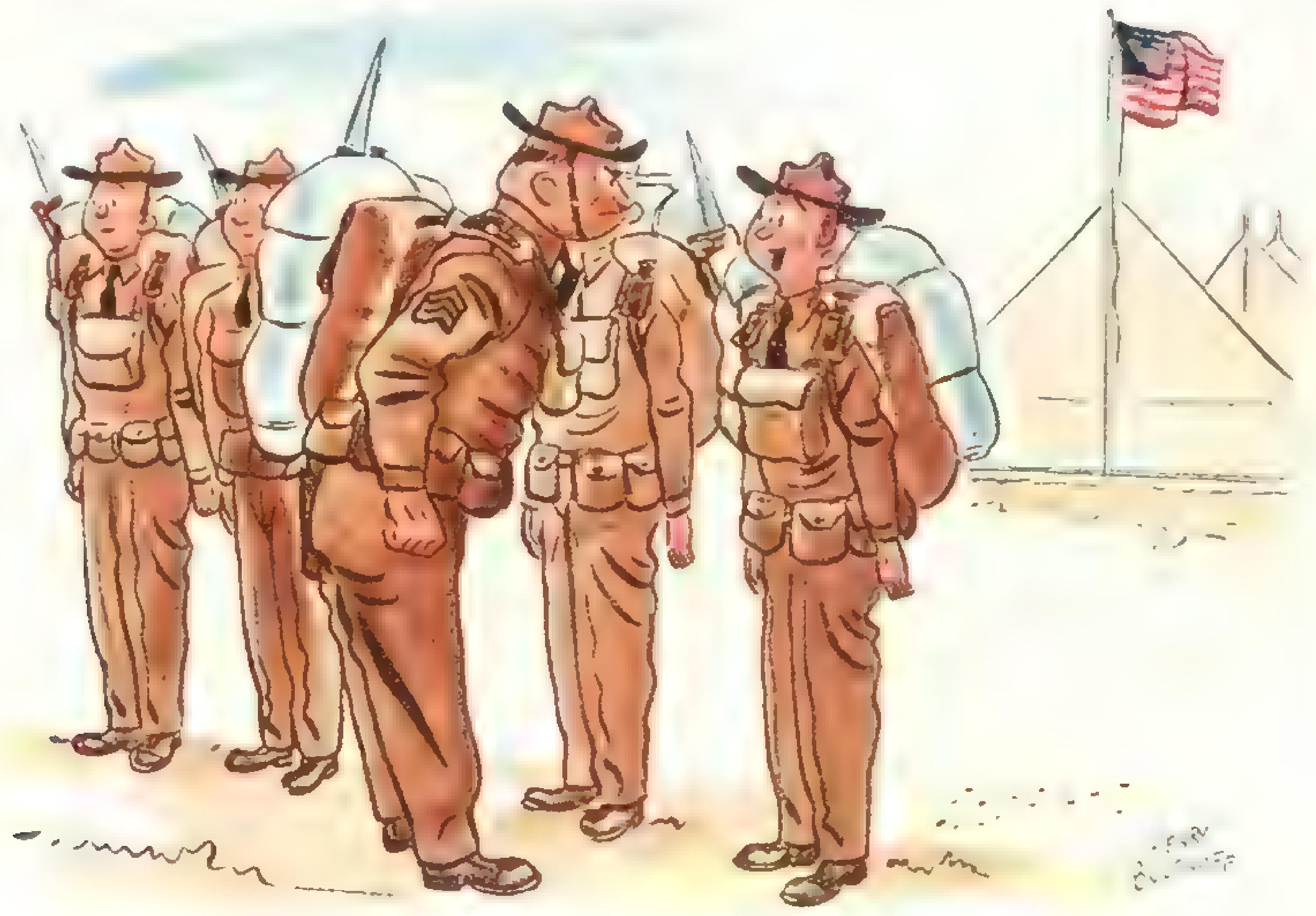
"I'd like to look at some smaller boats—the ones that operate with a rubber band"



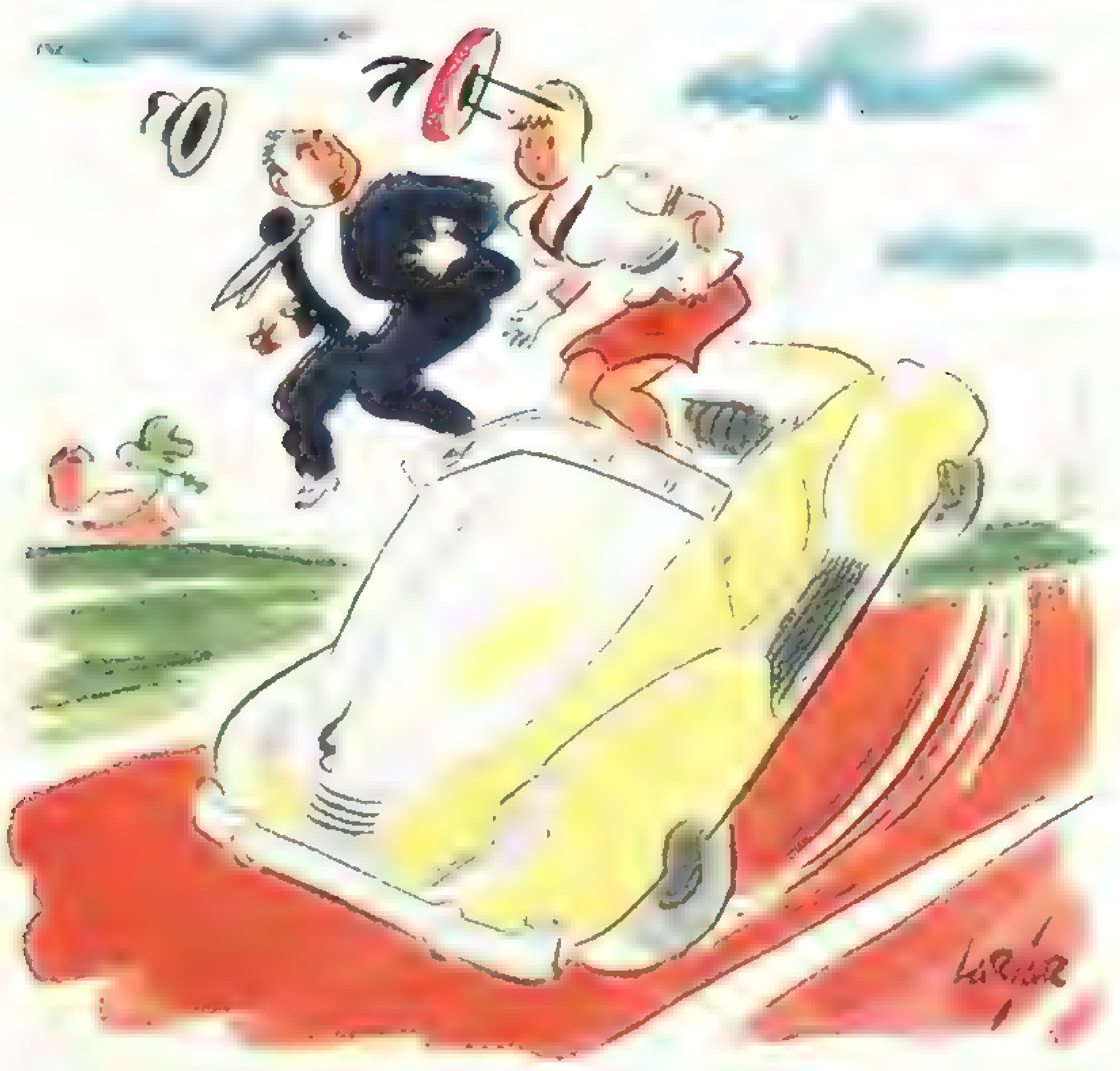

Only $21.00 a Month...
buys a deluxe
Darby 8



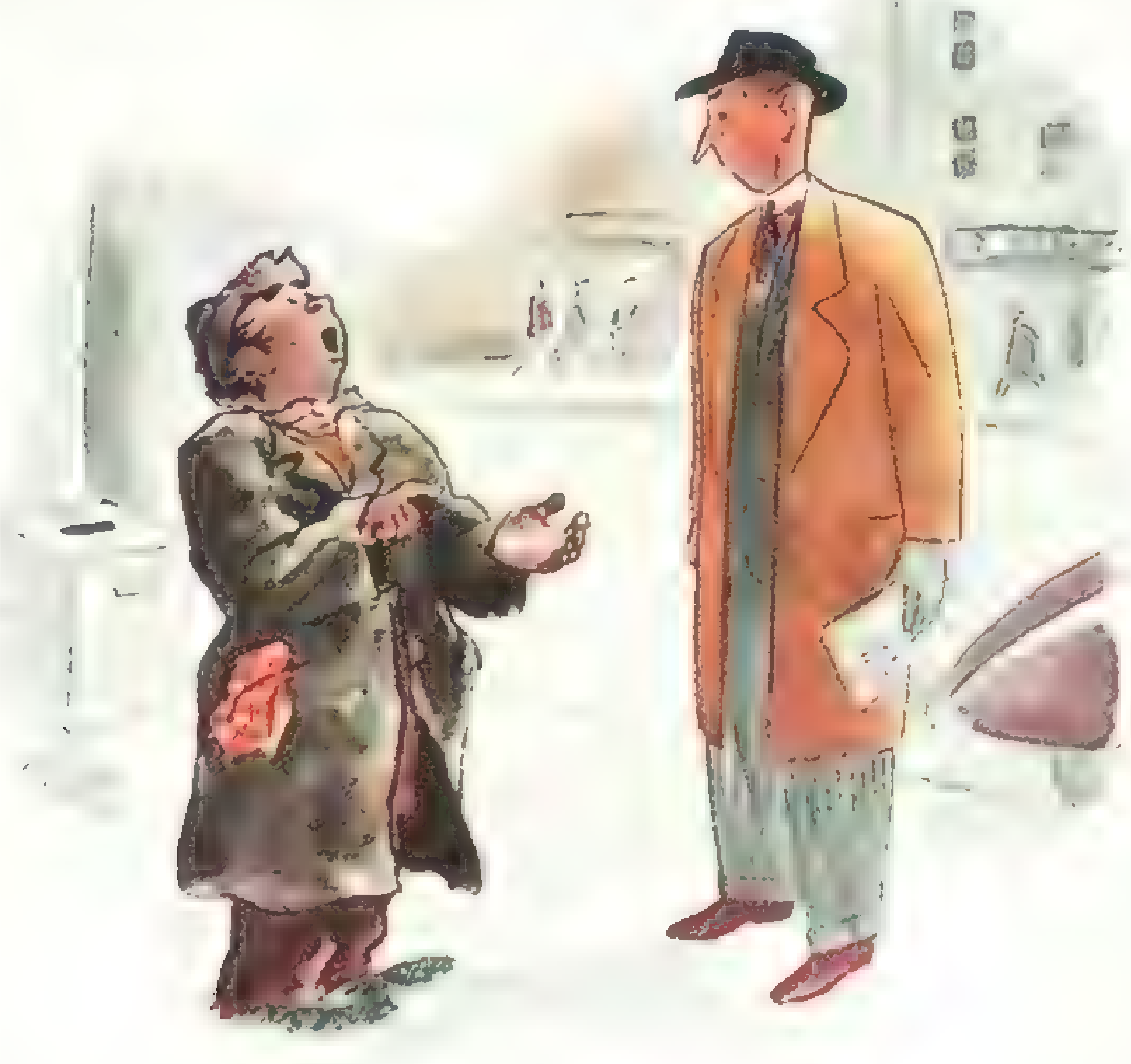
"I'll bet you never even watched me while I was dancing"



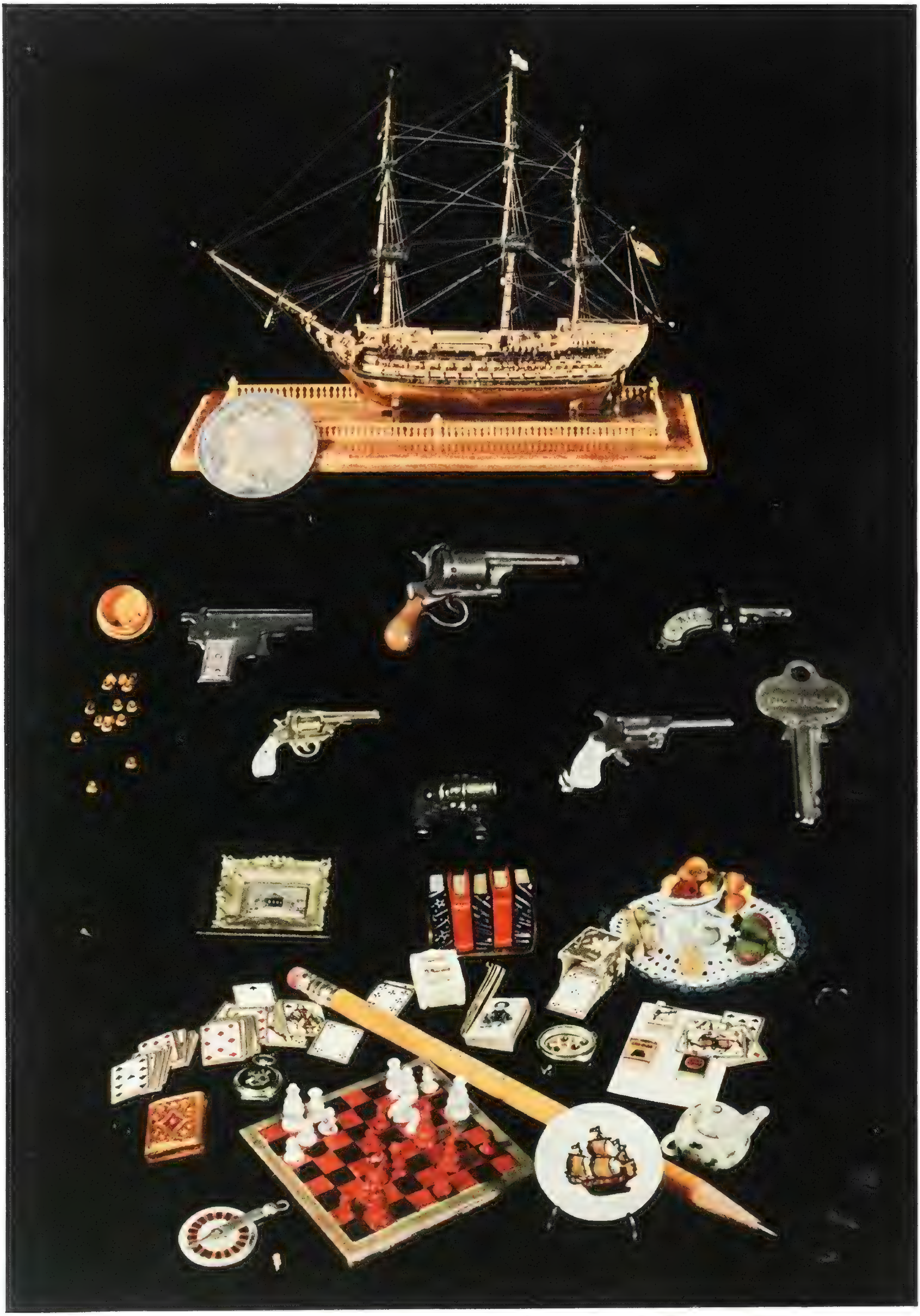
"You mean we're goin' on a hike an' gonna roast wienies an' everything?"



"Yes, dear, that was the brake!!"



"Thanks, pal—but how about a tip for the waitress?"



This group from Jack Norworth's vast collection of miniatures, reproduced in actual size, includes such curiosae as lavishly illustrated books, smaller than a dime, and a ship model rigged with human hair.

Lord of the Amoeba

Harvest Moon composer and actor, Jack Norworth, has combed the world for his curious hoard of miniatures

by ROBERT W. MARKS

▪ ARTICLE ▪

From the time that the Greeks cut cameos to the time union fleas were used to cut capers, there has been a subtle fascination in things minute. It seems to be in the curious nature of things that exaggeration has as much fascination on the down beat as on the up; and by the same law that made the late Roxy find a hundred pairs of pretty legs a hundred times more fascinating than one, most people find a 1:100 scale miniature a hundredfold more intriguing than life itself.

Looking back on history in the light of modern psychology, it no longer seems odd that great lords traveled always in the company of their midgets, great ladies in the company of their petit blackamoors, or dwarfs in the company of monkeys, and monkeys in the company of fleas.

This is scarcely the place to go into the minutia of psychology. And these asides are made solely for the curious, the doodlers, and the record. Yet it is pertinent to observe that in this moribund world, as of 1941, there has been an epidemic of re-interest in things miniature, art's widow's mite—an epidemic that has been paralleled by nothing so odd since the strange and spontaneous outbreaks of St. Vitus Dance, in 1378.

But the man who anticipated this curious phenomenon by two decades, and who has amassed the most massive collection of minutiae extant, is a man who will otherwise go down into history as the composer of *Shine on, Harvest Moon*, *Take Me out to the Ball Game*, and *Sister Susie's Sewing Shirts for Soldiers*—the genial, cosmopolitan, tobacco-chewing actor, Jack Norworth.

And by that curious contradiction of personality which seems to actuate the pride of creative genius, Norworth is more jealous of his reputation as a collector than his reputation as a performer. He can spy a miniature hiding behind a tea leaf, two blocks away; he has chased a carving of the head of Buddha on half a grain of rice half way around the world; he has set the craftsmen of Mexico against the craftsmen of China, and split heads over split hairs as spontaneously as former Governor Al Smith split infinitives.

His vast collection includes such curiosae as delicately embroidered suits to be worn by fleas; what is perhaps the finest and the smallest ship model in the world; an armory of hard-shooting firearms that can be nestled in the crux of a hollowed cork; books smaller than a dime, lavishly illustrated with steel engravings; a photograph of himself mounted on the head of a pin; and hundreds of thousands of other items—almost too small to be noticed.

To garner these gems, Norworth has given years of his life and about three-fourths of his income. No sacrifice has been too great, and no procedure over-questionable where a single worthwhile demi-semi-quaver was at stake.

Once, for example, while playing at the London Coliseum, his spies reported that fine ship models were being brought to London by sailors, fresh from the long voyage home; and that these sailors, after spending cruise money, were squandering their finely-wrought art, on a barter basis, for the demon rum.

It is certain that if it had been feasible to open a grog ship, and increase the use of the Devil's spirit among maritime craftsmen, Norworth would have done it; for what price, after all, is too great to pay for art? As it was, he did the next best thing. He opened a kind of blind tiger—a caravanserai for ship models, bearing the sign, "Ship Models Bought and Sold."

The store, attended to by a No. 1 Boy, was stocked with decoy models from Norworth's own collection. If anyone wanted to buy, the No. 1 Boy quoted a price that would easily ransom the Mogul Diamond. But if a man wanted to sell, that was a different matter.

"We'll take your model on consignment," the No. 1 Boy would say, and promptly put the ship aside for Norworth's inspection. And if the workmanship met the rigid demands of the boss's jaundiced eye, instanter it joined the Norworth collection.

The prize of the collection was acquired by a genius, a drive, a courage, and a type of diplomacy worthy of Metternich. This was a model Norworth spied, one day, in the Victoria and Albert Museum. It was the ship illustrated above, the work of a seventeenth century French prisoner of war. Made to while away his dungeon hours, this ship, some two inches over all, and rigged with human hair, is complete to the last hawser. And every peg, ring, and cleat is as perfect in execution as if it had been made life size, with the whole Zeiss optical plant at the engineer's disposal.

When Norworth first came across this model in the museum, he was transfixed. He felt like Jason on first sighting the Golden Fleece; or like Paris, when he first saw that Helen who stayed at Troy. Here was a life's quest crystallized in the space of a kumquat; here was endless fascination made pocket size—ambrosia in an ampule.

Looking closer, he found that the ship was a loan item, not a gift. And what excitement this spelled. To go back to the first simile, it was like finding the Trojan Helen, after all these years, and finding her still virginal. The gates of the gods were yet ajar.

Now it seems that the lender of this capsuled beauty was the Duke of So-and-So; and Norworth pursued by frenetic passion immediately corresponded with this kindred

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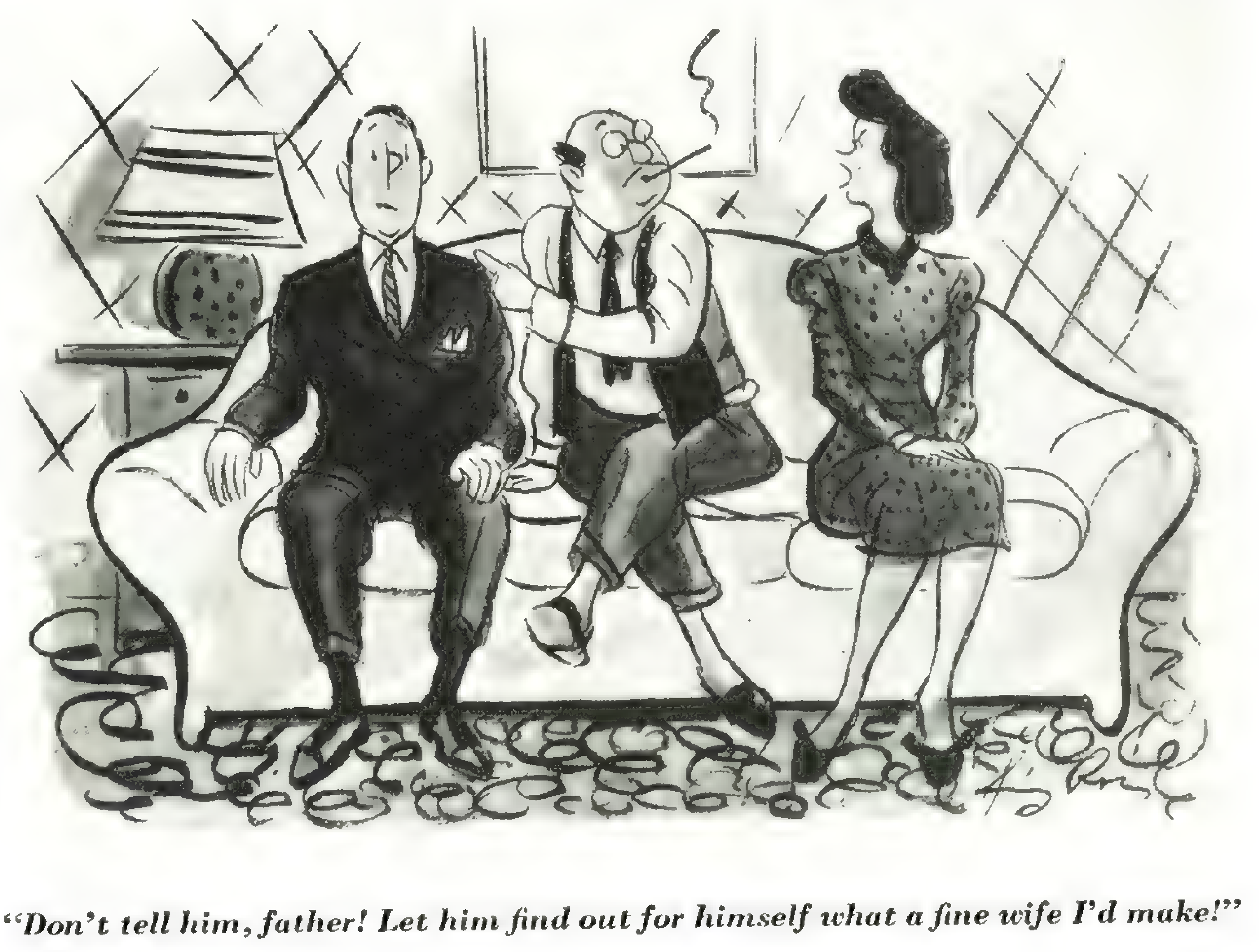


"Don't tell him, father! Let him find out for himself what a fine wife I'd make!"

The Villain Still Pursued

Feodor Preglikoff took literally his teacher's theory of great acting and continued his knavish role off stage

by **JOE ABRAMS**

• SATIRE •

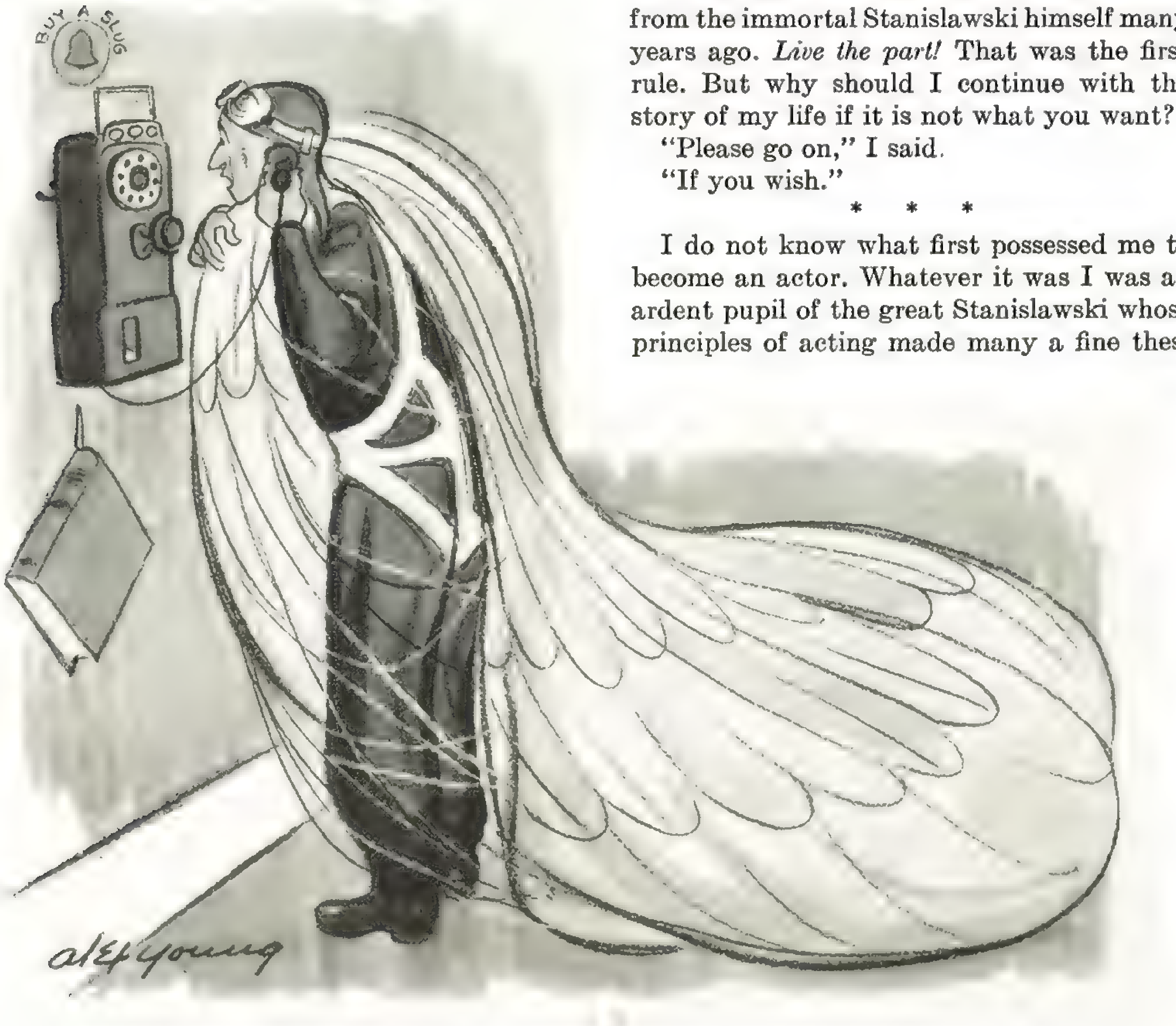
I MUST confess it was with some trepidation that I entered the presence of the great actor, Feodor Preglikoff. An impressionable young man such as I could not help being frightened at the prospect of interviewing Preglikoff whose villainous characterizations were so horribly realistic that strong men shuddered, women wept, and all were fascinated with the same sort of fascination, I suspect, that the cobra feels for the flutist.

His appearance was indescribably evil. His eyes, though not the furtive type, gave the impression of being filled, not with the normal fluid, but rather with a poisonous substance. His very manner of walking, his gait, his gestures were symbols of something satanic. And his voice . . . it was low and modulated, yet contained overtones of mephitic malevolence.

"Mr. Preglikoff," I began tremulously, "I don't want to take too much of your time—"

"Not at all," he said, and his voice sent a jet of ice cold water through my spine. "What is it you would like to discuss with me?"

"First of all," I said, "I should like to reassure our readers. As you know, the greater part of the movie-going public lives in fear and trembling of you. You are by far the most villainous villain the cinema has ever seen. I should like a story proving that you are in fact a kindly person, charitable, peace-loving and harmless. I think such an article would benefit the peace of mind of millions."



"Hello—test pilot Johnson reporting"

"Am I so fiendish, so diabolical?" He stared at me so intently that I could almost see the fires of hell swirling in his eyes.

"On the screen, yes," I said squirming uncomfortably.

"I see. And you wish to reassure your readers."

"That's the idea," I said.

"My friend, let us consider for a moment the Passion Play of Oberammergau. You will remember that Anton Lang, who portrayed Jesus Christ, lived a life of unimpeachable virtue so that he might consider himself worthy of his role."

"Yes," I interrupted, "but . . ."

"I too have a role," he went on. "But mine is quite different. Anton Lang was splendid as the Christ because he lived the part sincerely. And it follows . . ."

"That you are as sincere as he?" I asked incredulously.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Great acting is derived only from sincerity. This I learned from the immortal Stanislawski himself many years ago. *Live the part!* That was the first rule. But why should I continue with the story of my life if it is not what you want?"

"Please go on," I said.

"If you wish."

* * *

I do not know what first possessed me to become an actor. Whatever it was I was an ardent pupil of the great Stanislawski whose principles of acting made many a fine thespian. I studied the rules he laid down and applied myself diligently. I was required, among other things, to improvise in the presence of the Director. "Here is a situation," Stanislawski would say. "Now go on from there making up your own lines." Or, "Pretend you are an orange about to be eaten by a fat man with only one tooth." Or, "Act out the story of your life in pantomime."

It was such basic training that started me on the path to success. For months the only parts I played were walk-ons, one of the crowd without even a single line. I longed to play before enraptured audiences, to feel the thrill of enthusiastic applause meant only for me. I yearned to walk the stage as a hero, knowing that my admirers were writhing with my struggles, sorrowed with my sorrows, and rejoiced at my final victory. It was long in coming, but I did not despair. I persevered, knowing that some day my life's ambition would be gratified.

It was in the fall of 1903 that my opportunity came. My best friend and fellow student, Dmitri Mikhailovitch, said to me one day: "Feodor, if you feel you have enough of the fundamentals of acting come with me this evening. A new play is being cast, and perhaps you may get a part."

"It is good of you to tell me of it," I said. "I shall call at your room at seven o'clock and we shall go together."

"Excellent," said Dmitri. "You are a better actor than I, and you deserve whatever fame may come your way. I should not be at all surprised if you were cast in the part of the artist."

"The artist?" I asked.

"It is the leading role," he said. "I shall expect you at seven."

That night Dmitri and I went to the theatre where the tryouts were being held. Both of us were nervous, and I must say that I was relieved when Dmitri was called on first. He read the lines extremely well considering that he had always been rather slow to learn.

And then it was my turn. I do not know how it happened, but all my nervousness vanished in a moment. As soon as my feet touched the stage floor I knew it was where I belonged. I read the lines loudly, confidently, shook my fist and paced the floor as though all this world of make-up and lights and canvas mountains was my domain.

When I left the stage I knew that I had secured an important role for myself, for even the author applauded, and I could see the director whisper excitedly to someone sitting next to him and then refer to the list to learn my name. Dmitri shook my hand enthusiastically when I joined him.

"You were splendid!" he said. "Never have

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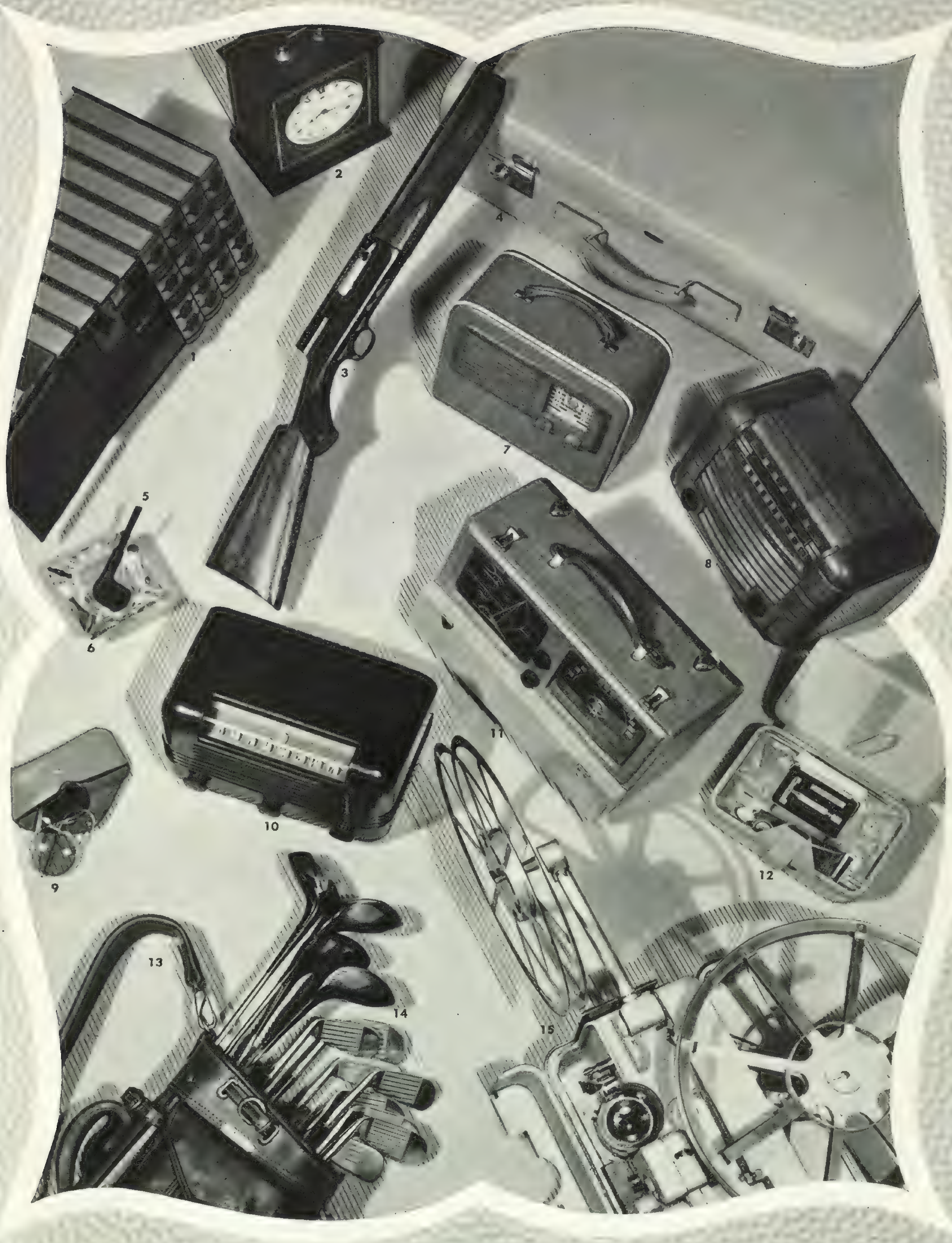
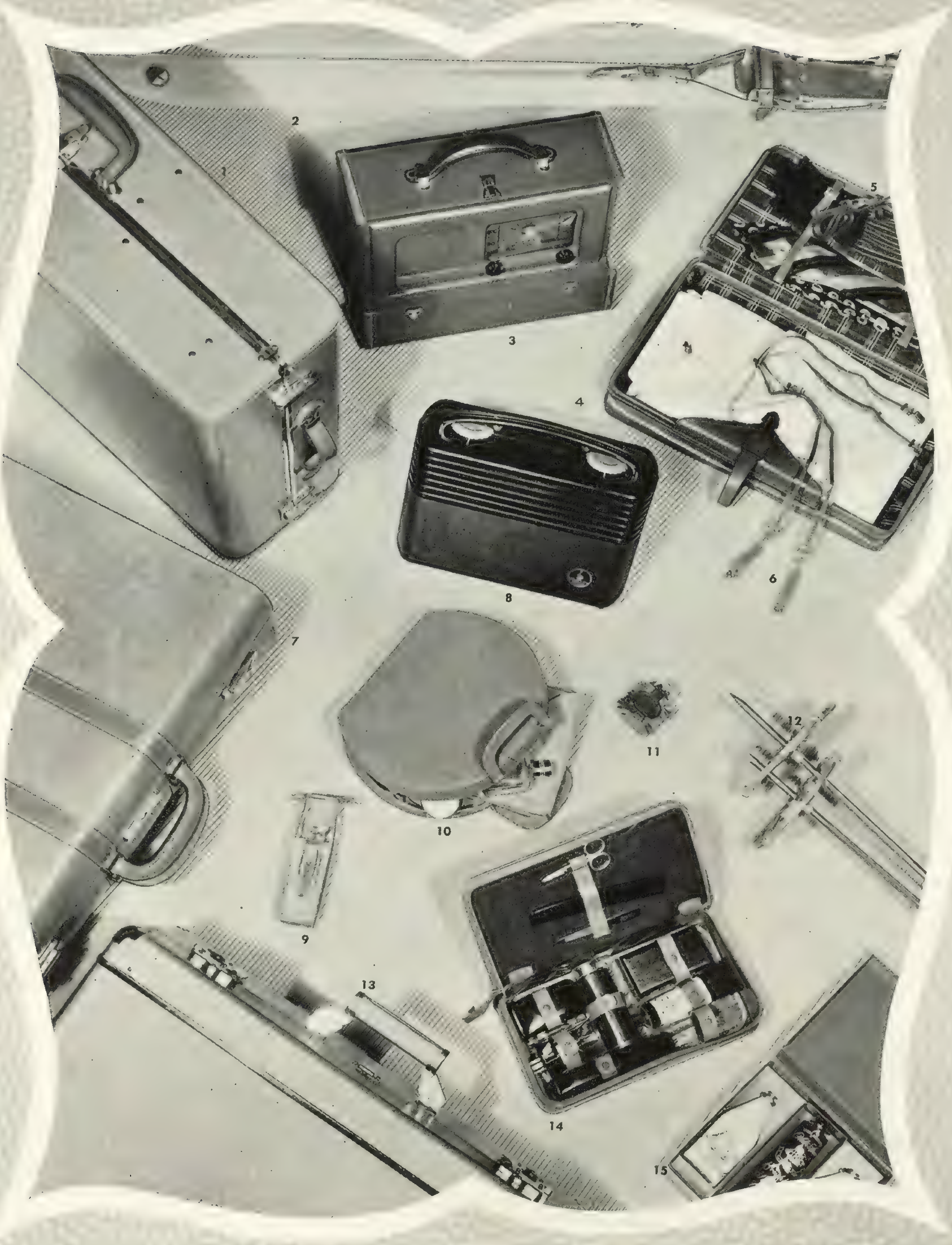
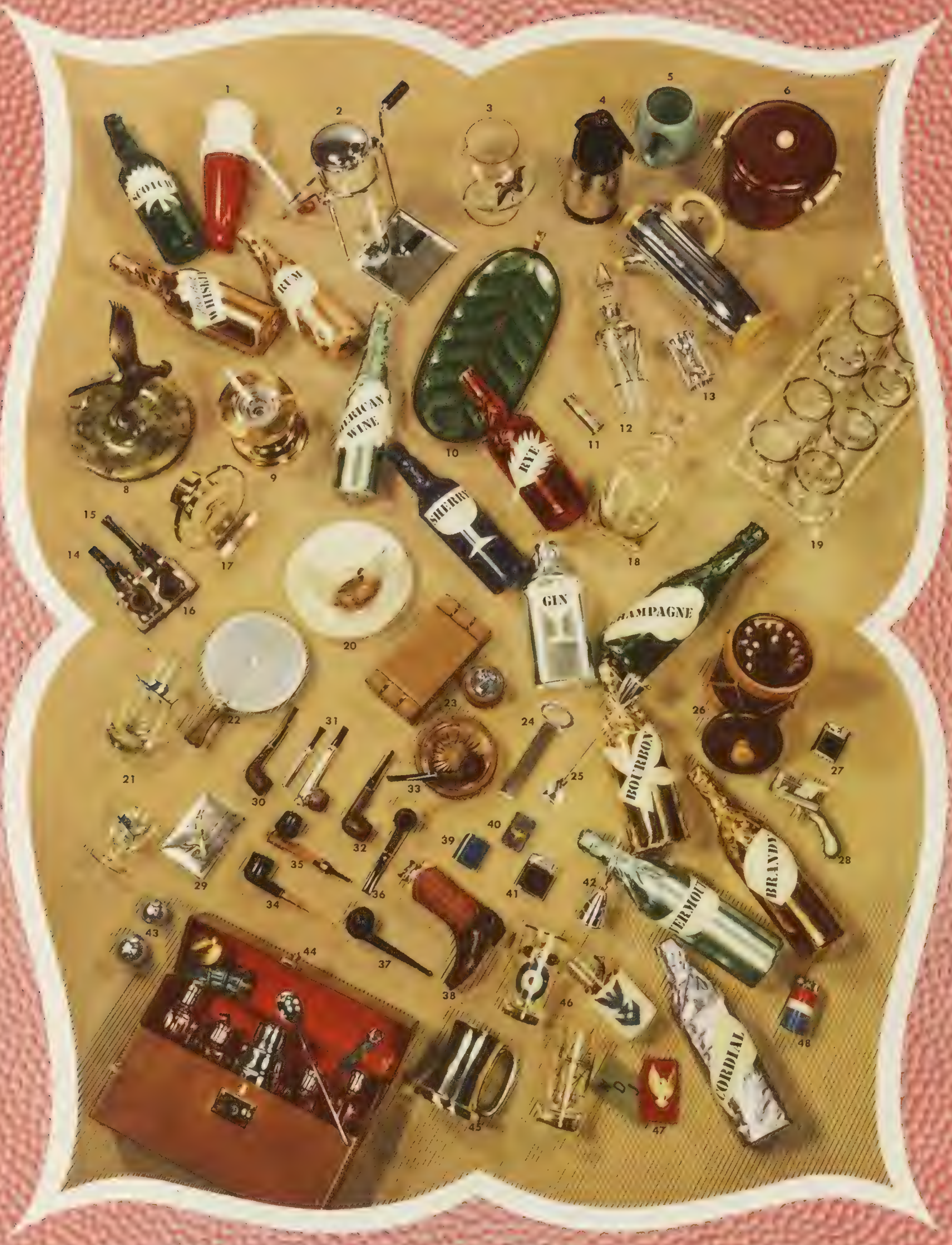


sound suggestions . . . 1 A set of books, titled *Famous Composers*, conceals this radio with frequency modulation reception. 2 Electric clock in Colonial setting strikes the hours in the old-fashioned way. 3 Three shot auto-loading gun fires as fast as you can pull the trigger; has minimum recoil. 4 Russet aniline leather suitcase accommodates three suits on hangers, has tie rack in lid and ample space for accessories. 5 Husky briar pipe rests on . . . 6 Extra deep heavy glass ash tray; think of his office desk too. 7 Portable radio with contrasting trim incorporates the lines of smart luggage. 8 Compact table radio designed to harmonize with walnut furniture. 9 Extra large sunglasses prevent glare at the sides. 10 Efficient portable radio at an economical price. 11 Self-contained radio that plays everywhere. 12 Shaver, blades and cream in a utility kit. 13 Top grain leather golf bag has all the professional trimmings. 14 Set of matched woods and irons patterned after those used by a champion; maybe they will take strokes off his score. 15 Sound movie projector is equipped to run off full length feature films that are transposed to 16 millimeter size.



headed north or south . . . **1** All-leather wardrobe suitcase built along utility lines. **2** Snowbound? Blond hickory skis with low cable bindings; there is a trend toward light colored wood. **3** Good reception for the afterdeck of the yacht or the beach. **4** Hardly larger than a briefcase and yet holds shirts, ties, socks, etc. for a junket. **5** and **6** Belt and suspenders of transparent composition have many proponents. **7** Good luggage is a part of good grooming; this reinforced suitcase holds two suits and all accessories. **8** The knobs of this portable radio in plastic casing can be controlled while walking. **9** "Jasmine from Egypt," quintessence actually living up to its name, comes in a polished heavy crystal flacon for her dressing table. **10** Pigskin kit is convenient for her on the southbound train or plane. **11** "Lilly Daché," fragrance for the woman who knows. **12** Steel ski poles with colorful leather handles and straps for him or her. **13** Metallic finish distinguishes this suitcase with retractable handle. **14** Two gifts in one; a complete set of masculine toiletries fitted in a slide fastener leather case. **15** Lotion, powder and shaving cream in containers that appeal to him.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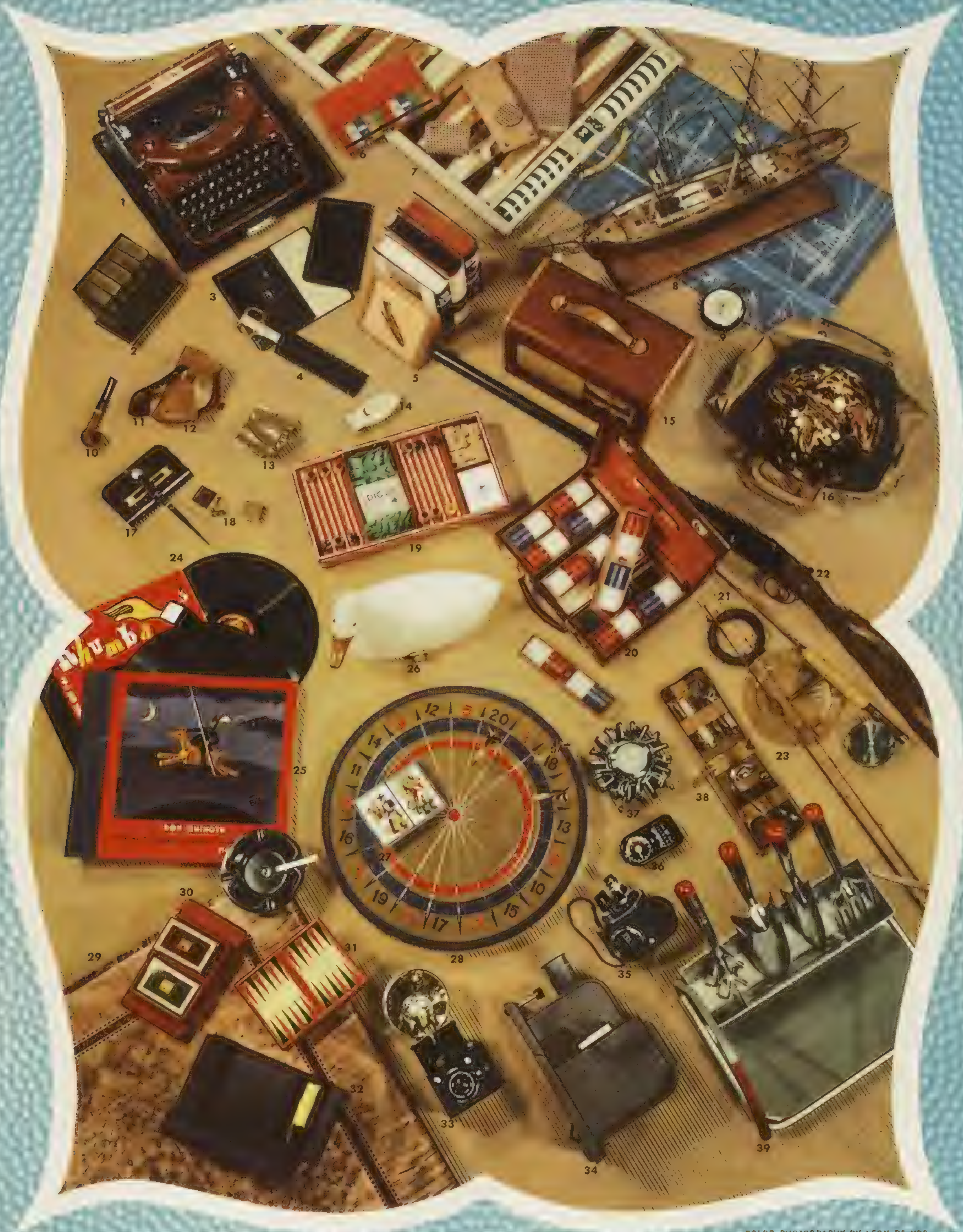
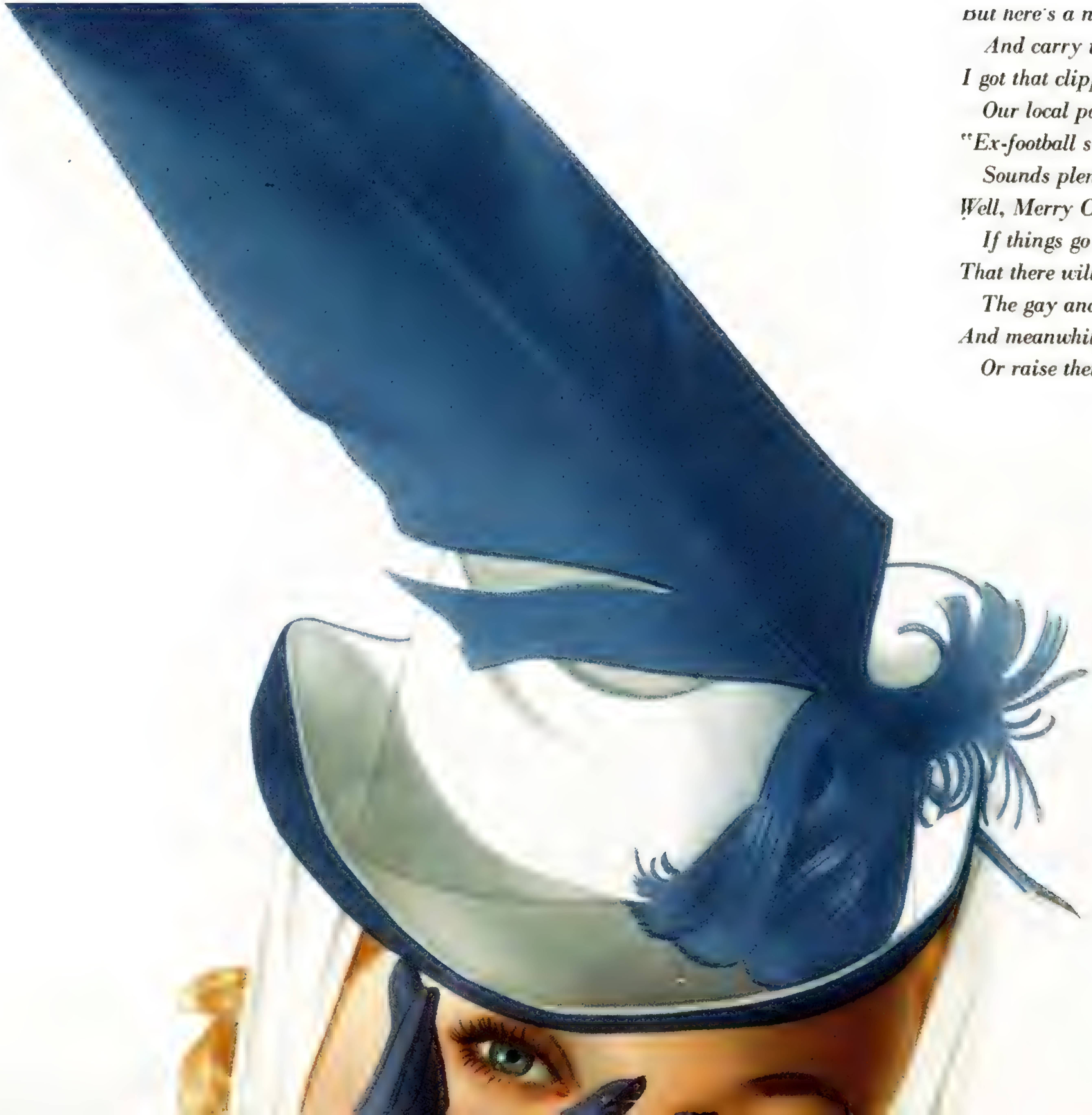
VERMOUTH
CORDIAL

party lines . . . 1 Adjustable ice crusher. 2 Hurdy-Gurdy cocktail shaker. 3 Martini swizzer. 4 Home syphon. 5 Beer mug. 6 Vacuum ice bucket. 7 Cocktail shaker. 8 Marble and bronze ash tray. 9 Windproof "starboard light" ash tray. 10 Canapé tray. 11 One Shot jigger. 12 Cordial decanter. 13 Hourglass jigger. 14 Pre-smoked pipe. 15 Grained pipe. 16 Pigskin pipe rack. 17 Transparent clock. 18 Thistle design Scotch decanter. 19 Free swing highball set. 20 Jumbo coffee cup. 21 Sailfish highball and cocktail glasses. 22 Silent butler. 23 Pigskin desk smoking set. 24 Cap remover. 25 Jigger and cherry picker-upper. 26 Drum humidor. 27 Movable windshield lighter. 28 Lemon-peel squeezer. 29 Enamel silver cigarette case. 30 Selected-grain pipe. 31 Air-cooled cigarette holder and pipe. 32 and 33 Flame-pattern pipes. 34 Transparent stem pipe. 35 Pipe with detachable bowl. 36 Moistureless pipe. 37 Hurricane pipe. 38 Leather table lighter. 39 Flintless lighter. 40 Air-minded lighter. 41 Flame-jet lighter. 42 Huntsman's horn jigger. 43 Salt and peppers. 44 Travel bar. 45 Tankard. 46 Air-minded highballs. 47 Terry highball jackets. 48 Poker chip lighter.



COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY BY LEON DE VOS

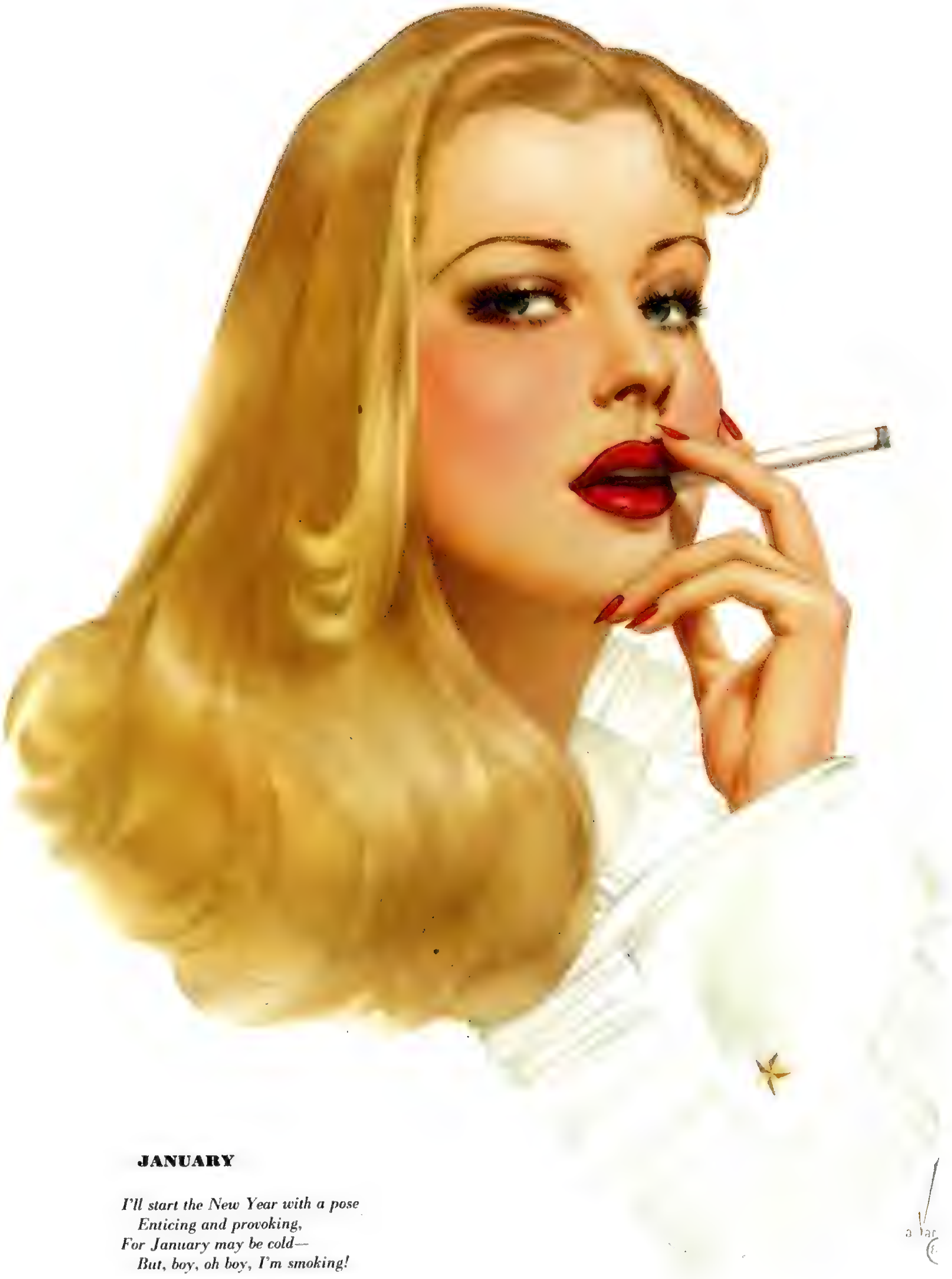
after hours . . . 1 Portable typewriter. 2 Five-language dictionary set. 3 Billfold with a memo reminder. 4 Library set in ruler sheath. 5 Spitfire—Hurricane bookends with timely works. 6 Monogrammed matches for every guest. 7 Backgammon set. 8 A kit contains material and blueprints to build "Flying Cloud." 9 Fishing barometer. 10 Pre-burned pipe. 11 Grained pipe. 12 Ostrich tobacco pouch with spring top. 13 Wrist flashlight that leaves both hands free. 14 Electric shaver. 15 Two-tone portable radio. 16 Individual bowling ball with case. 17 Marble desk pen. 18 Vestpocket shaver. 19 Party game. 20 Poker set. 21 Line, trout rod and reel. 22 Double-barrel shotgun. 23 Sun dial. 24 Rhumba album. 25 Symphonic album. 26 Matilda, the revolving lawn-sprayer. 27 Set of cards. 28 Dart game. 29 Card table with attached ash trays. 30 Gin rummy set. 31 Backgammon set, holds cigarettes. 32 Chair conceals cards, chips and cigarettes. 33 Inexpensive flash camera. 34 Projector for Kodachromes. 35 Triple-lens movie camera. 36 Photo exposure meter. 37 Airplane motor clock. 38 Tool kit. 39 Gardening knee pad with tool bin and tools.



But here's a note that's coming from my heart,
And carry it near yours on Christmas Day;
I got that clipping from your brother Jeff—
Our local paper made me out a whiz . . .
"Ex-football star now flies with R. A. F."
Sounds plenty more romantic than it is!
Well, Merry Christmas, Darling, and remember
If things go wrong and you are feeling low
That there will be a lovelier December
The gay and laughing kind we used to know . . .
And meanwhile, keep your fingers crossed for me—
Or raise them in a V for Victory!

PAINTING BY VARGA
VERSE BY PHIL STACK

Varga Esq



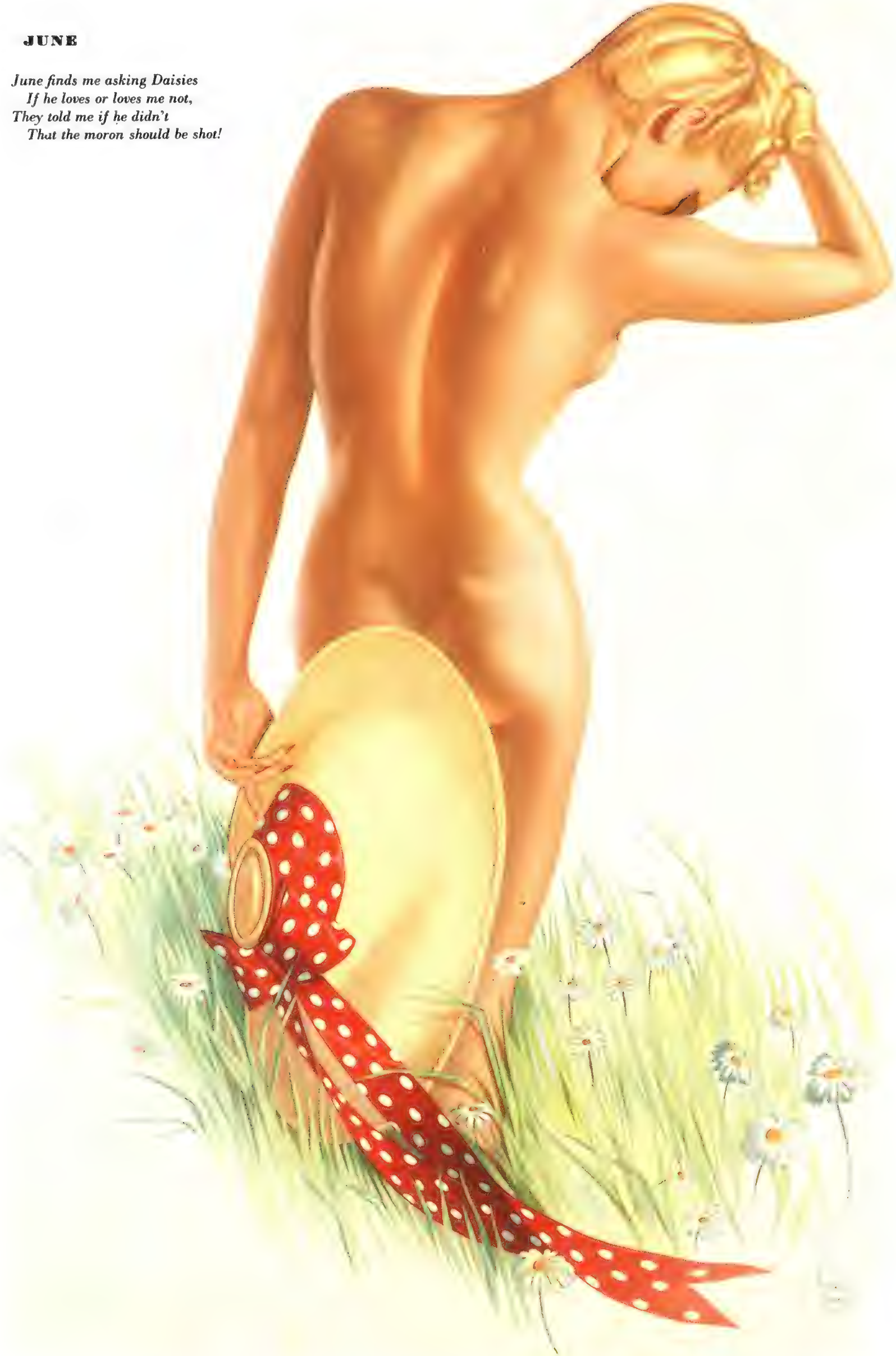
JANUARY

I'll start the New Year with a pose
Enticing and provoking,
For January may be cold—
But, boy, oh boy, I'm smoking!

This is a preview page out of Esquire's 1942 twelve page Varga Girl Calendar which will be published in full in the January Issue. For the "enabling coupon" to permit the filing of advance orders for the calendar in separate form ***see the advertisement on page 229.***

JUNE

June finds me asking Daisies
  If he loves or loves me not,
They told me if he didn't
  That the moron should be shot!



This is a preview page out of Esquire's 1942 twelve page Varga Girl Calendar which will be published in full in the January Issue. For the "enabling coupon" to permit the filing of advance orders for the calendar in separate form see the advertisement on page 229.

Life Begins for Aunt Margit

It was tacitly agreed among the staff doctors that the old lady could stay in the hospital as long as she wished

by **SÁNDOR HUNYADY**

• FICTION •

AUNT MARGIT was ninety years old; she was lying in the charity ward of the hospital with a broken leg. The bone which had snapped was now as good as new, but still she had not been discharged. The sisters knew that Aunt Margit had nobody in the world to take care of her and that she would have to go back to the poorhouse, to her diet of caraway-seed soup and dry bread, if they turned her out. They had given this information to the doctors, who thereupon made a tacit agreement among themselves that Aunt Margit could stay indefinitely. Let her stay in the hospital, let her enjoy her coffee-and-cream, her plum-compote, her Sunday stewed chicken! Her age alone could count as an illness. How much longer could she live? The taper of her life was burning low and faint . . .

What the sisters and the doctors knew, Aunt Margit knew too. She was dreading the thought of going back to the poorhouse; she was clinging desperately to the disinfectant-smelling comforts of the hospital and to her coffee-and-cream.

Aunt Margit was good at dissimulation. She put on an act of dying. When the doctor came to see her, she whimpered, sighed, and pretended to be so weak she couldn't even raise her hand from the cover.

The doctors smiled at her tricks, and at the same time they were grateful for the help Aunt Margit gave them in their pious fraud of keeping her in the ward. After all, such things are against the rules.

One night it happened that a young woman unexpectedly began her labor in the maternity ward. The sister on duty ran for the night interne; the young doctor, after taking one look, dashed for the phone to call his chief.

The patient was in desperate need of an immediate transfusion; otherwise she would bleed to death. She was lying on the high bed deathly white, in a semi-coma; her pulse was almost gone.

In the daytime there would have been no difficulty about this. But now it was night. It would have taken too long to get hold of a professional blood donor.

What was to be done? Suddenly the interne thought of Aunt Margit. In the hospital the qualities of Aunt Margit's body were as well known as are the contents of each old chest of drawers in a well-kept house. The interne knew that Aunt Margit and the young mother were both of the same blood type.

The idea was slightly bizarre. How could Aunt Margit make a present of blood? When she was like a dried prune, like a pressed, old flower between the yellowed leaves of an old prayer book? And would she consent, anyway? The doctors knew full well that Aunt Margit was a coward, that she was clinging to her ebbing life with the desperate stubbornness of the condemned. That she was stupid, superstitious, and selfish. She would hear nothing of their request, no doubt.

But still they had to try. There was nothing else they could do. So the two doctors went over to the charity ward, where Aunt Margit had her bed. They woke her up.

Aunt Margit sat up on the bed and looked at the doctors in terror. In their white gowns they appeared to her like angels of the Last Judgment.

In the huge common ward there was quiet, a heavy opaque murk, full of the breathing of the sleeping patients. The older doctor was whispering to Aunt Margit persuasively.

When Aunt Margit's ninety-year-old brain finally began to suspect what was being demanded of her, she burst into bitter sobs. The tears of fear flooded her face. What horror it would be to die, to lie in the cold grave, to say farewell to the plum-compote and to the stewed chicken!

She cried and cried. They wanted to kill her, she sobbed. Then the glow of half-forgotten memories began to mingle into the dread and horror of her mind. Youth and children. Aunt Margit had borne them, too. She had long ago forgotten all about it; but now suddenly she remembered her first baby.

Her suffering and her infinite joy . . . When she was in the valley of that danger which now threatened the young woman in the maternity ward.

In her faded, forget-me-not-blue eyes a strange light flickered. She gulped down a little water, and then nodded:

All right. Take my blood. But what am I going to be buried in? Because I haven't got a thing to wear even for a third-class funeral!

The transfusion took place. Aunt Margit whimpered, sniffed, and cried, although it didn't hurt at all; it was only cowardice which orchestrated her laments.

In the middle of the night they carried her back to the charity ward and put her down on her bed. When the sister smoothed the pillow under her head, she was already asleep, worn out from the terror that she had just endured.

In the morning Aunt Margit awoke. She found two cups of coffee on the night stand. Why did they give her a double portion today? Why did she have adhesive tape in the bend of her arm? It took some time before Aunt Margit could realize that what had happened during the night was not a dream at all.

They washed her and changed her nightgown. When the doctors on their morning round got to her bed, she looked surprisingly rejuvenated. She gossiped with them, bragged, and asked many questions. She found it quite natural that the young woman, into whose arteries her blood had been pumped, should

Continued at top of page 267

"I hope it arrives before Christmas so our relatives can give it Christmas gifts!"

A Matter of Offspring

Sergeant Smoot smelled poison in this sudden cordiality from the regimental adjutant toward a couple of non-coms

by LOUIS PAUL

• SATIRE •

To report to the Regimental Adjutant, Capt. James,
at 9:00 a. m. this date: *Sgt. Dunlap Smoot,*
Corp. Harrison Hyler

Thus ran one of the notices on the bulletin board of L Company.

Sergeant Smoot turned away from the board, scratching his wiry hair. He caught First Sergeant Edwards as the latter returned from breakfast to the orderly room office. "Look, what's this notice mean about me and Hyler reportin' to the adjutant?"

Edwards shrugged. "Don't know a thing about it, son. Order came in last night from headquarters asking specifically for you two men. Better get together with Hyler and brighten up in your dress uniforms."

"You don't haff to worry about me brightenin' up. I awys look like I have jist stepped out of a bandstand. In the meantime, I got a funny kind of a feelin' that I am bein' ganged up against again." Smoot shook his head. "Oh, well. I guess nothin', not even a regimental adjutant can think up is possibly any worst than drillin' the fourth patoon of this here compny."

"That's right," Edwards agreed, with the faintest shade of a smile on his lips as he opened the orderly room door.

"Jist the same, I bet you are inside on this here plot."

Edwards grinned. "Me?"

"You don't haff to act innocence. A first sergeant is the worst enemy even a best friend could have."

"Well, I think we can be pretty sure," said Edwards as he turned into the office, "that whatever the assignment is, it's the best interests of the Defense Program."

"Yeah," Smoot groused. "But what I like to find out is why every time the Defense Program falls behind they go ahead and put my name up on the bulletin board. It is so in this army that I wouldn't be half surprised if they called me in and said, 'Sergeant Smoot, take a rowboat out into the Atlantic Ocean and see that them there convoys gets safe to England'."

He intended to embroider on this theme but discovered, on looking round, that he was talking to himself.

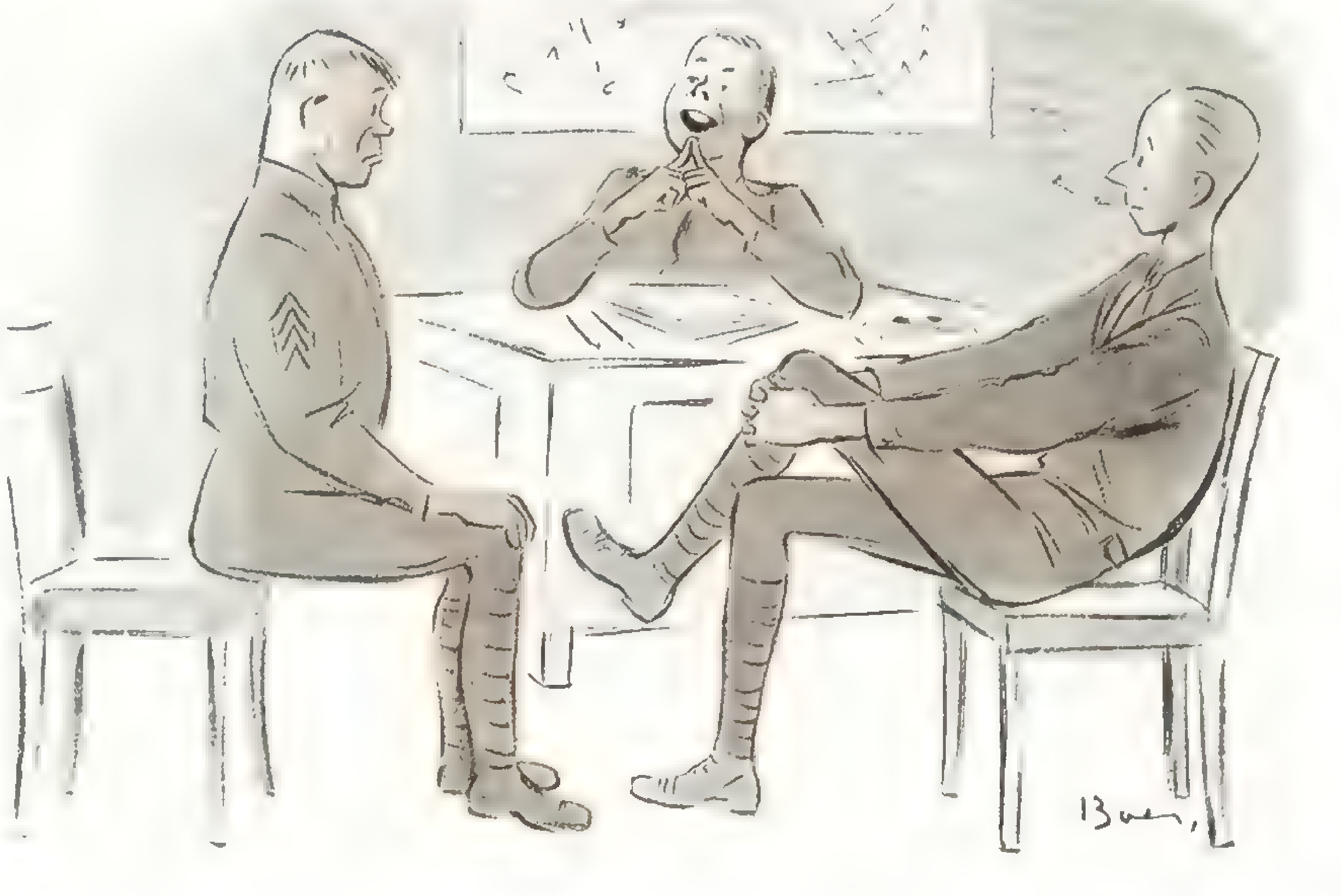
Smoot found Corporal Harrison Hyler in the squadroom shining his shoes in preparation for the interview with the regimental adjutant. "I imagine you saw the notice—" Hyler began.

"Sometimes I wished I would of not become educated up to the point where I found out how to read," Smoot sighed.

"I don't suppose you know what's up?"

"I don't know nothin' except that a funny feelin' keeps tellin' me the adjutant ain't callin' us in to present us each with no free cartoon of cigarettes."

At nine a.m. precisely Sergeant Smoot and Corporal Hyler, wearing their best uniforms, presented themselves at the office of the regimental adjutant. The adjutant's clerk ushered them into the captain's presence. Captain James was a bland, efficient, pink-faced West Pointer. "Ah, good morning, good morning. Smoot and Hyler. Good morning."



The two enlisted men stood at military attention.

"Here. Come. Relax. Have chairs."

A worried frown deepened on Smoot's countenance. All this pleasant interest and concern forebode no good. Since when did a regimental adjutant have to employ salesmanship on a couple of doughboys?

"Cigarettes? Come, sit down and light up."

Smoot sat rigidly on the edge of the chair, while Hyler obeyed the injunction to make himself comfortable as if by military command.

Captain James shuffled through some papers. "Mmm. Sergeant Dunlap Smoot," he murmured, and then looked up. "I see here that you were raised in an orphanage, sergeant. The records, I presume, are correct?"

Smoot swallowed. So what has being raised in an orphanage got to do with anything, he wondered. "Yes, sir."

"Good," said Captain James. "And you, corporal. I believe you're something of a scholar. It seems that most of your life has been spent in educational institutions."

"I was preparing to take my comprehensive in philosophy when I was inducted into the army, sir."

"Fine. You're exactly the fellows to perform a delicate, and at the same time an extremely important, task." Captain James rubbed the smooth surface of his cheeks with his fingertips. "As you no doubt know, the success of the preparedness program depends in great measure upon speed and more speed, especially as it affects the organization of the armed forces. The rapidity with which these great cantonments are springing up is naturally bound to result in certain temporary problems. You follow me?"

"No sir," said Sergeant Smoot bluntly.

"Well, to get down to cases. One of the problems with which our new camp here is faced is the matter of offspring."

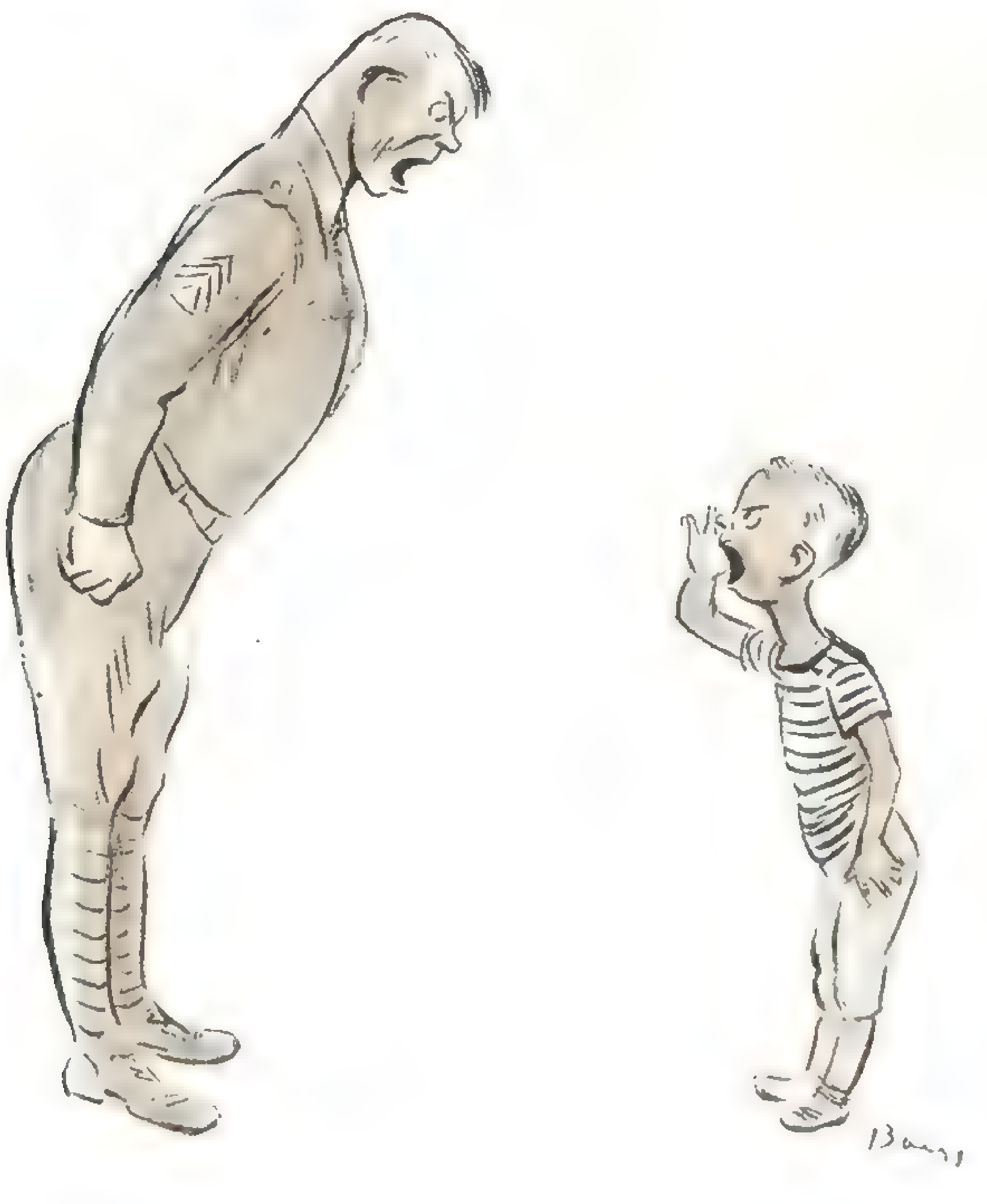
"Offspring," said Smoot. "Who, me? If I am responsible for any offspring around this here cantonment, it is the first time I hear about it. I think I am bein' framed or something," he exclaimed indignantly.

Corporal Hyler, too, looked up quizzically. "I don't think I follow you either, sir."

"What I mean is this," continued the captain, trying to prevent himself from laughing. "Until it's possible for us to concentrate on establishing an elementary school for the children of the married men of the organization we're going to have to set up a temporary nursery of sorts within the camp. As it is, we happen here to be quartered too far from town to avail ourselves of civilian institutions. Each regiment is ordered to provide for its own children until such time as permanent schools can be established."

The light was beginning to dawn on Hyler but not on Smoot. "I guess everything gets to be a pretty complicated problem after a while," he commented for lack of anything better to say.

"Well, I don't think too complicated in this instance," said Captain James. "We



seem to have eighteen youngsters in our own outfit to manage. I've already ordered one of the recreation shacks set aside for the use of these children as a nursery pending the creation of a proper school. As an orphan, Sergeant Smoot, I felt that you would be peculiarly sensitive to the little problems of childhood. I am therefore assigning you on temporary duty to take charge of the nursery. Corporal Hyler, with his intimate knowledge of school routine, will undoubtedly make you an excellent assistant. Come with me."

The two men followed dumbly. Smoot's ears had grown red. His mouth opened and closed, making him resemble a uniformed flounder. "Bbbbut I don't know nothin' about—about nursin' no children. I'm—"

"I think it is my function to decide how best to employ your services, sergeant. Regulations do not yet provide for the hiring of civilian attendants. Until further notice you will— Ah, here we are." They had walked down the regimental street to the recreation shack. "Good luck, men." He handed Smoot a typewritten list of instructions. "Don't hesitate to come to me if you need advice or experience any difficulty. Private Johnson, the headquarters company driver, will pick the children up and take them back. He should be along soon."

Inside the shack a broad smile spread over Corporal Hyler's features. "I used to have the notion, along with a lot of other people, that the life of a soldier was a montonous one. I thought he was a puppet, an automaton, a mechanical dummy, a sleepwalker, a vegetable, a fellow without volition. What a mistaken conclusion! Where does the university exist that will teach a man to be a machine gunner and a nursemaid at the same time?"

"I won't do it," said Smoot, having at last recovered control of his facial muscles. "All that they ast of a prisoner in Leavenworth is to bust rocks. I will desert. I will become a man without a country. Listen to this." He read from the paper Captain James had handed him. " 'Keep the children interested. Tell them stories, preferably nursery fables. Invent games to play. You will at all times conduct yourself in a professional but comradely manner. Maintain discipline, but do not treat your charges harshly. Remember, they are children and wards, for the time being, of the United States Army'." Smoot lowered his chin into his palms. "This is one of the worst things which has ever happened to me since I can remember, and I can remember my whole life before me like a drownding person."

At that moment Johnson sped up, jammed on his brakes, and spun the truckload of children around in front of the recreation shack. "Okay, sarge," said Johnson, handing Smoot a receipt. "Sign for 'em down there at the bottom. Sixteen. Two is sick in bed on account of eatin' mud pies."

The kids piled out in a scrambled mass, screaming in those violent high-pitched overtones that pierce the eardrums and send vibrating shivers down the spine. Some of them were in rompers, tiny tots, graduating up to muscular little ruffians who looked tough enough to bite tenpenny nails in half.

Smoot somewhat helplessly urged them inside the erstwhile nursery. "Pipe down. Lay off the noise," he shouted as though at a squad of recruits. "A little less lip, you guys and kids! Whadye think this is, a revolution?" Finally having herded them inside, he turned to his assistant. "You quiet 'em, Hyler. You know more words than I do."

"All right, all right," said Hyler without much confidence. "This is Sergeant Smoot, and my name is Corporal Hyler. The sergeant and I have been made responsible for your care and behavior. Everybody find chairs. I'm sure we're going to become great friends and get on beautifully together. I say, little girl. Suppose you tell me your name."

The one thus addressed, a youngster of four, cocked her puffy blonde head like a pert canary. "There was a little girl," she recited in a singsong voice, "and she wore a little curl, right down the middle of her forrid. When she was good, she was very very good, but when she was bad she was horrid. Wheeeeeeee! That's me. I'm horrid, I'm horrid, I'm horrid! *Wheeeeeeee!*"

"Oh, shut up," cried a big pimply-faced lad. He turned to Corporal Hyler. "She's a dope from generations back."

"That's what you think," said the blonde youngster. "Ole dirty-ears, that's your name. Dirty-ears. *Wheeeeeee!*"

Another boy was imitating a locomotive, a boisterous but somewhat treble locomotive, at the top of his voice. Hyler stood impotently looking at Smoot.

"Lissen, you kids!" bellowed the sergeant. Miraculously they all become suddenly quiet, leaving Smoot to fill in the silence. "Well," he stammered, unprepared for this eventuality, "well, it's like this. I—" He whispered, panic-striken, to Hyler: "What'll I say?"

"Tell them a story, preferably a nursery fable. That's what it says in the instructions."

"I don't know no lousy fable," Smoot groaned.

"Make one up."

"Yeah," said Smoot, wracking his brains. "There's the one about the fox and the grapes, but that one stinks. I figger that one stinks even when I'm a kid."

"Hureeeeeee!" screamed the little blonde haired four-year-old. "The north wind doth blow, and we shall have snow, and what will the robin do then, poor thing? I hate robins."

"Okay," said Smoot. "It says here in the instructions that you gotta sit and lissen to some fables. That's orders right from the regimental adjutant, so keep quiet and lissen, or else I will have the whole bunch of you kids courtmartialed and flang into the guardhouse." He had just remembered the one about the cat and the fox.

"Quit shoving me or I'll conk you one," yelled the big pimply-faced lad to a boy behind him.

"You, and who else?"

"Children. Really! Be kind enough to listen to the sergeant, who's going to tell us a fable," Hyler admonished them.

"Yeah, shut up while I go ahead and recite this here fable. Well, anyway, it was like this that onct upon a time there was a cat and a fox which they use to hang around together. They was buddies, in a way of speakin'. So this here fox, he figgers he is a wise guy. They use to talk together—"

"That's a lot o' hooey," someone shouted. "Animals don't talk."

"Well, do I tell this here story, or don't I?" demanded Smoot.

"Tell it," everyone yelled.

"Okay. Where was I?"

"You were saying about them talking."

"That's right. This fox and cat use to

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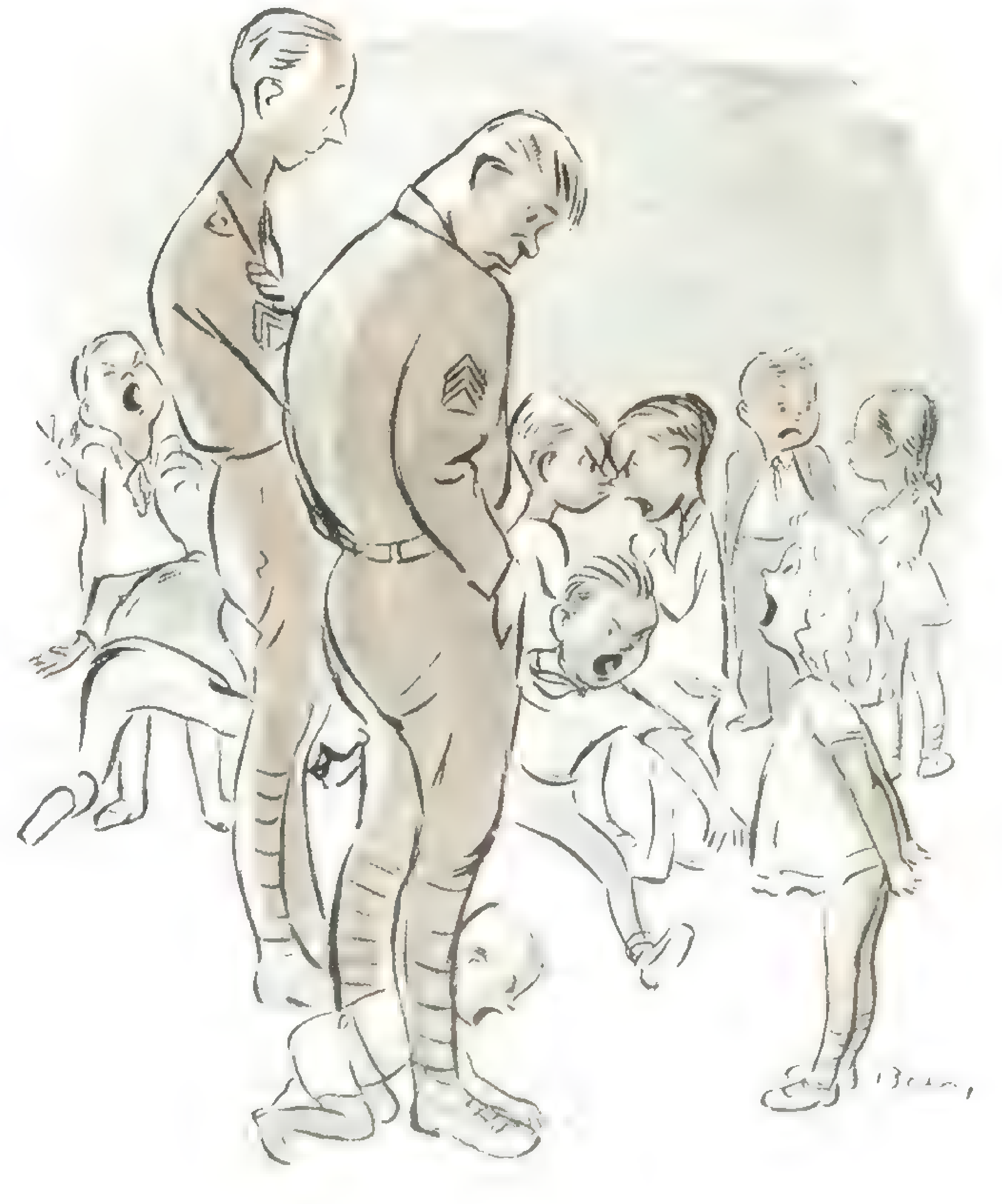

You Can't Lick the Senator

Of course, a few people in Rexport don't like him, but did you ever see a man in public life who didn't make any enemies?

by **JOHN D. WEAVER**

• FICTION •

Most everybody from the North says the same thing about the new post office, and maybe it does look a little out of place way over in Crooked Hollow, but folks in Rexport don't mind. We buy our stamps at Trout's Drug Store, and if we want to send a money order or mail a package, we just drive on out (it's only a mile and a half from the courthouse). Lots of folks say it's worth the trip just to visit with old Doc Harmon, the postmaster. Doc's quite a card.

The papers up North sure kicked up a fuss when the Senator sold the government that land for the post office, but Rexport just laughs at Northern papers now, the way they've lied about the Senator. Remember the cartoons about him blocking the lynching bill? There ain't much they can say about the Senator up North that Rexport don't already know. Take them utilities checks the Boston papers printed on the front page. Why get excited over a few checks? Everybody in Rexport's known for twenty years the Senator's worked for the power people. He's their lawyer. You don't expect the Senator to work for nothing.

And look what he's done for the town. Did you ever see better streets or a better school for a town this size? Who brought the railroads here, and then the state highway? Who got us the state fish hatchery, and the government testing station? Who brought the silk factory to Rexport (all right, suppose he does get five, six thousand a year from the factory people, he works for it, don't he)? And you can't see all the things the Senator's done by just looking around the town. You can't see the jobs he's gotten for us, the coal he's given away, the bills he's paid when times were tough, the mortgages he's held sometimes a year or two before he's taken over. And every Thanksgiving there's a free turkey for every poor family in Rexport, and every Christmas toys for the kids. All out of the Senator's pocket.

Oh, of course, there's a few people down here don't like the Senator. But did you ever see a man in public life didn't make some enemies? Rexport just don't pay any heed to 'em. Neither does the Senator. He's got his own way of handling trouble-makers.

Take Barney Allison, for instance. Barney's run the Rialto for seventeen, eighteen years. You'll see it down on Main Street, right between Trout's Drug Store and Sam Soley's market. Two movies for a quarter. Good shows, too. Anyway, the first time Dave Enright run against the Senator down here, Barney got to showing parts of Dave's speeches on the screen. Barney and the Senator'd fell out over a little lease, so Barney thought he'd get even. Dirty, huh?

After the election (Dave didn't even carry his own precinct) the Senator come out one day with a notice in *The Valley Call* that he was opening a new movie place called the Warwick. Said he was only going to charge twenty cents. Barney cut his price to twenty cents, too. Then *The Call* told Barney they didn't have space for his advertising any more. (The Senator bought *The Call* a couple years after the war, got all Ed Wilson's creditors to march in on him one day, then the Senator stepped in and took the paper off Ed's hands, got it at a nice price, they say). Barney tried to get the storekeepers to put Rialto posters in their windows, but they stood by the Senator. Finally Barney took to plastering his signs over the telephone poles and the sides of empty buildings. The town council passed a law against that.

The day after New Year's, the day the Warwick cut its price to a nickel, Barney crawled into the Senator's office like a whipped hound and bought the Warwick. Nobody ever found out how much he paid for it, but Barney's daughter didn't go back to college the next year.

In the old days, before the Senator turned his practice over to Young Bill Masterson, you couldn't get near the courtroom if the Senator was to argue a case, unless you went before breakfast and waited in line. Get Doc Harmon to take off the Senator's speech the time he fought the Battle of Ayuga County all by himself. Seems that years ago, even before the big fire, Howard Buford (the General's son, you know) got into a kid scrape out north of town, shot a millhand or something. Killed him. Howard was kind of messing around this fellow's wife.

Anyway, the point is when the Senator got up to defend the boy he hardly said a word about the shooting, he just leaned on the jury rail and started talking about the Battle of Ayuga County, working up to General Buford's cavalry charge, telling how the General got shot in the leg. That speech was pretty as poetry writing, and when the Senator got through the jury was almost crying. Then the old General himself come limping in, wearing his Confederate uniform and carrying his long, shiny sword. Howard hopped up and the General threw his arms around the boy's shoulders. Didn't take the jury five minutes to turn Howard loose.

The Senator married Lily Hedges the year the railroad hired him (that was the year he first went to the legislature). Link Morton said the Senator near about worshipped Lily Hedges, couldn't seem to be able to buy her enough pearls and satin dresses. And the way he took on about the baby. Link said he hired

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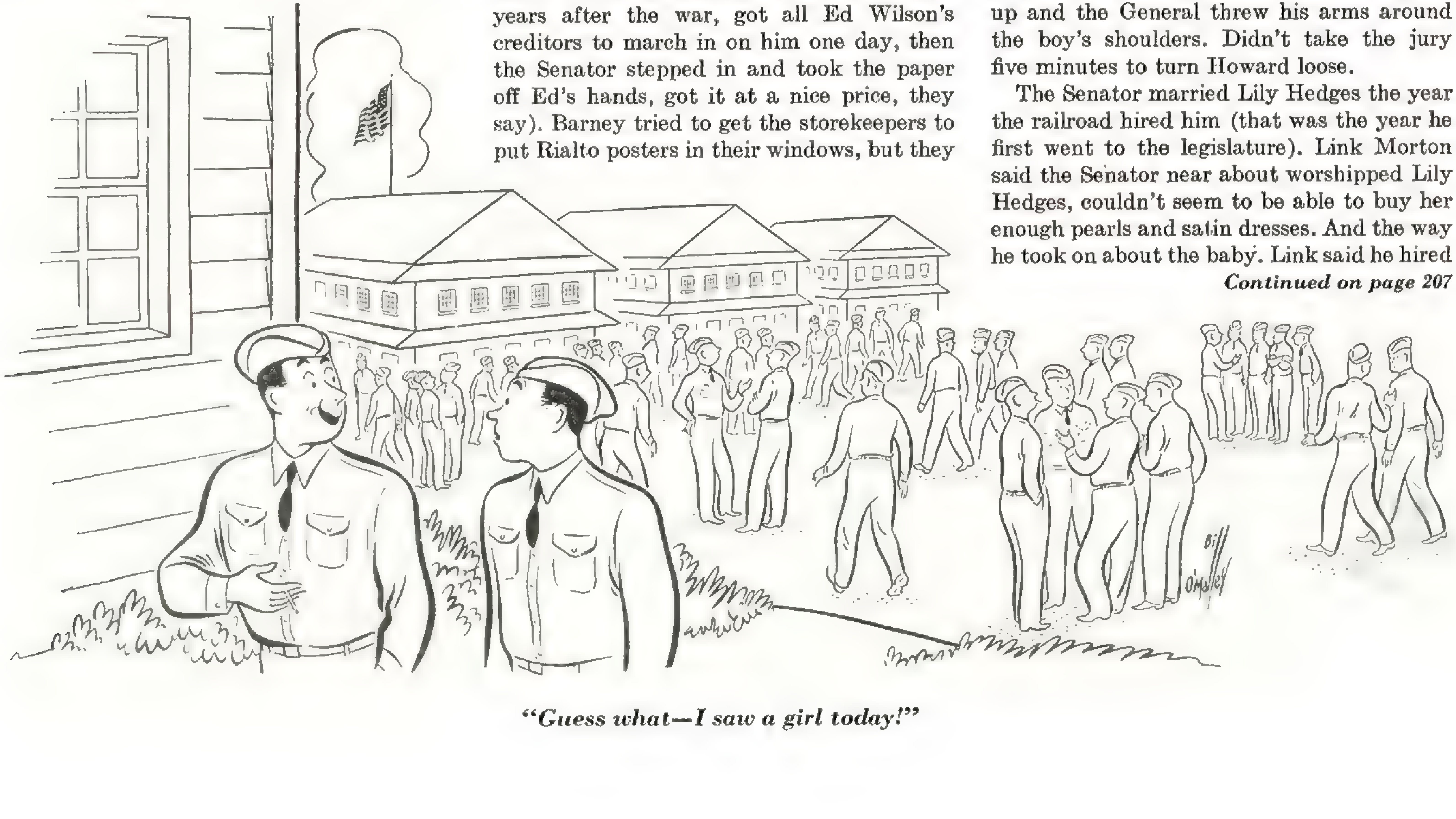
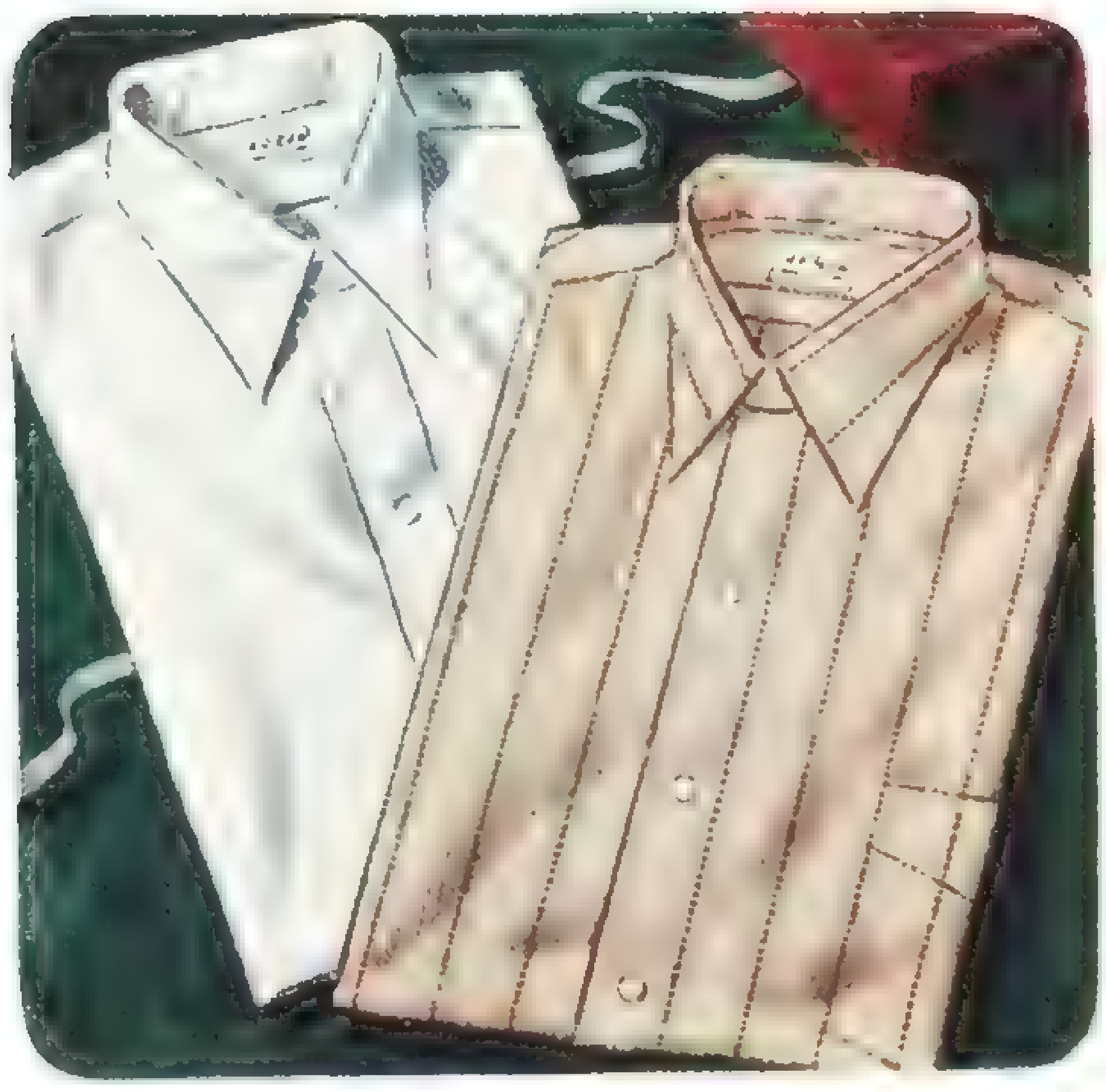


"Guess what—I saw a girl today!"

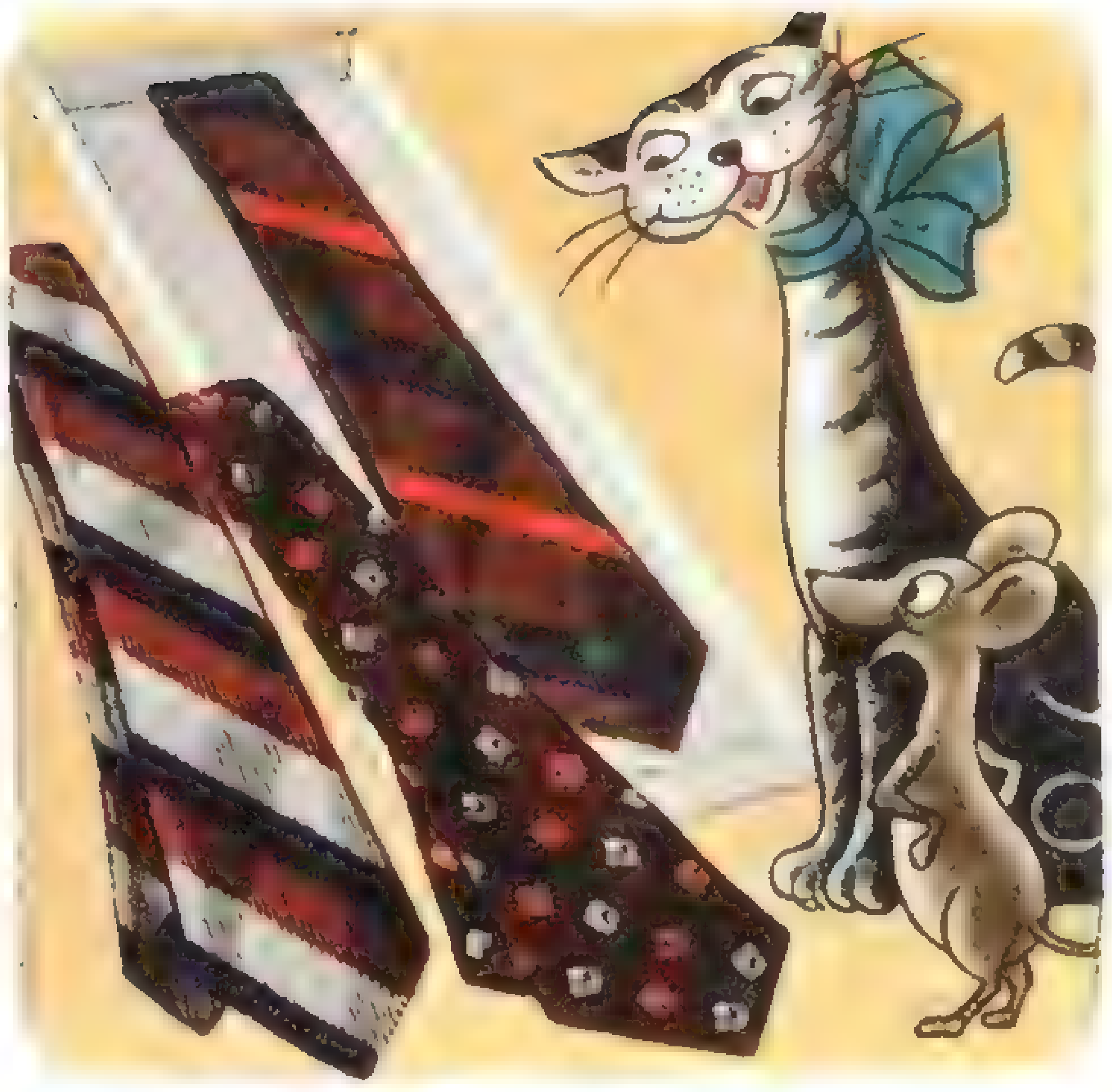
8 ways to make an Arrow Gift Package

(DID WE HEAR 9?)



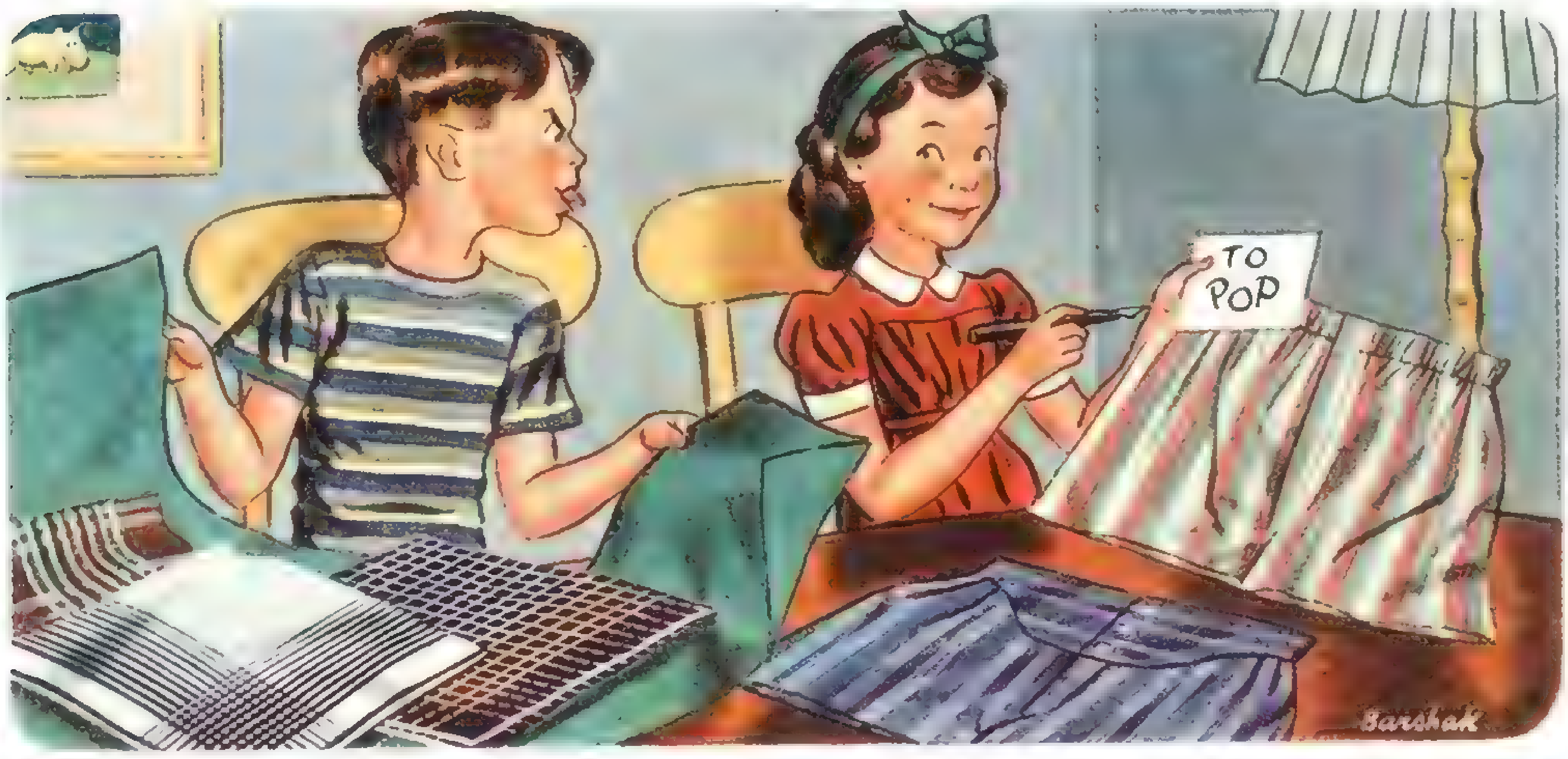
1. Is there a man alive who wouldn't be tickled with Arrow Shirts? Whites and patterns, *all* have Arrow Collars (many styles) and "Mitoga" figure-fit. Sanforized-Shrunk, $2, $2.25, $2.50, $3.50, $5. . .

OR



2. Give him Arrow Ties, than which there are none handsomer. Your Arrow dealer has a big selection of wrinkle-resistant, perfect-knotting beauties. $1, $1.50, $2, $2.50 . . .

OR

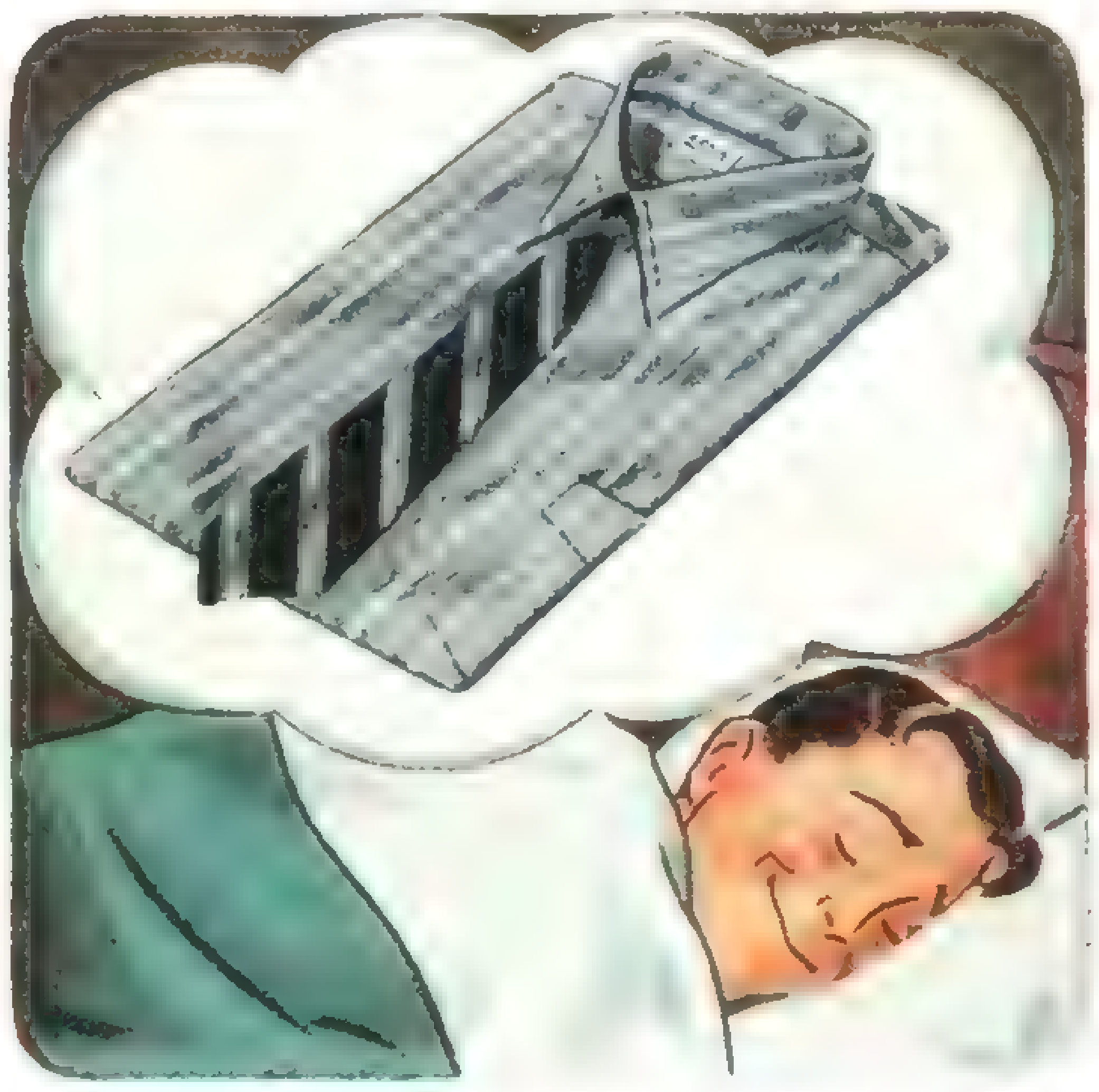


3. A very nice, inexpensive gift is Arrow Handkerchiefs. You can get them in white, solid colors, and patterns; initialed or plain. They're neatly trimmed and stitched. 25¢, 35¢, 50¢, up . . .

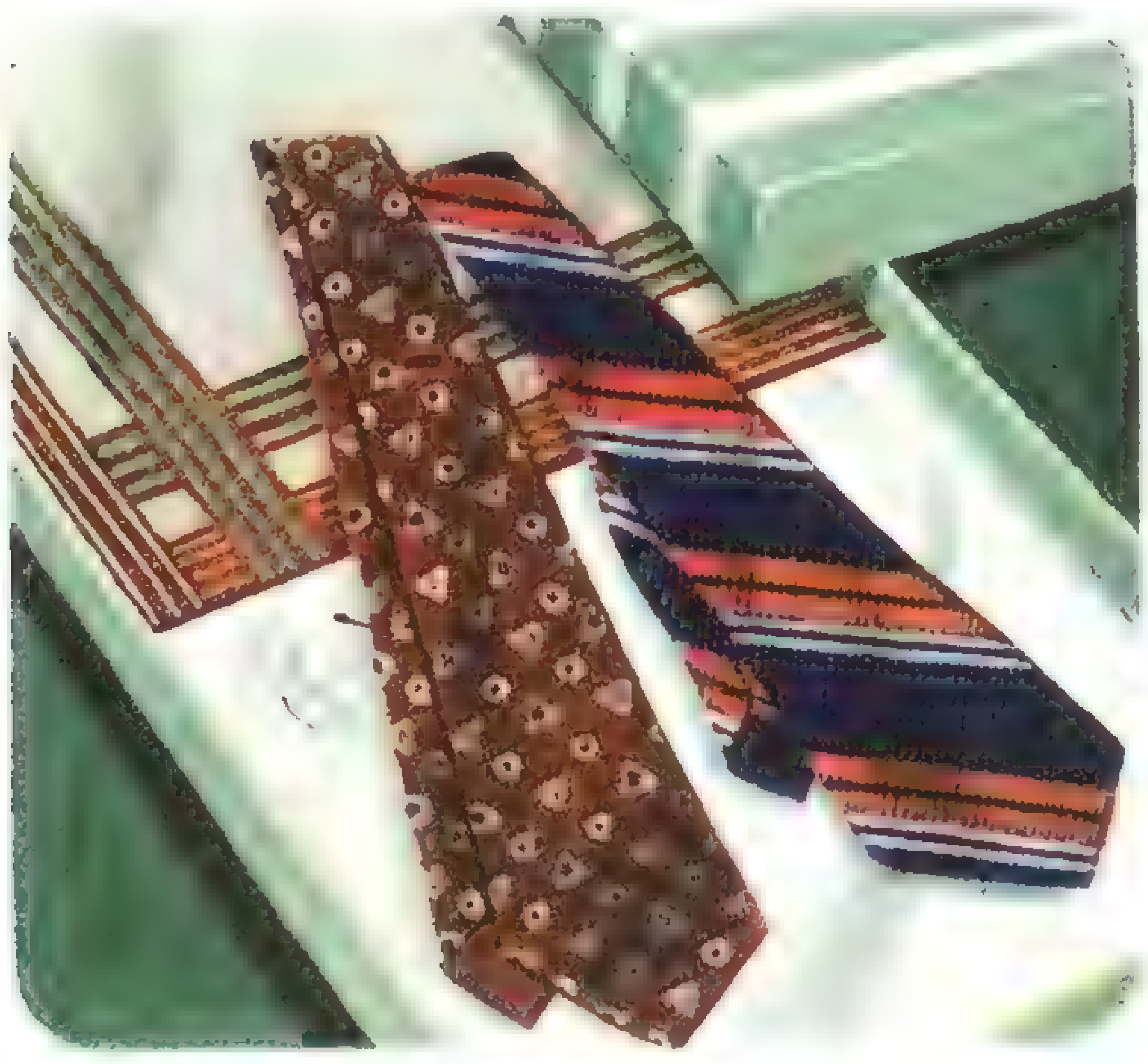
OR

4. Arrow Underwear, the most comfortable extant! The Shorts have no chafing center seam (patented feature), no buttons to pop off. Sanforized-Shrunk, maximum shrinkage 1%, 65¢, up. Tops, 55¢ . . .

OR

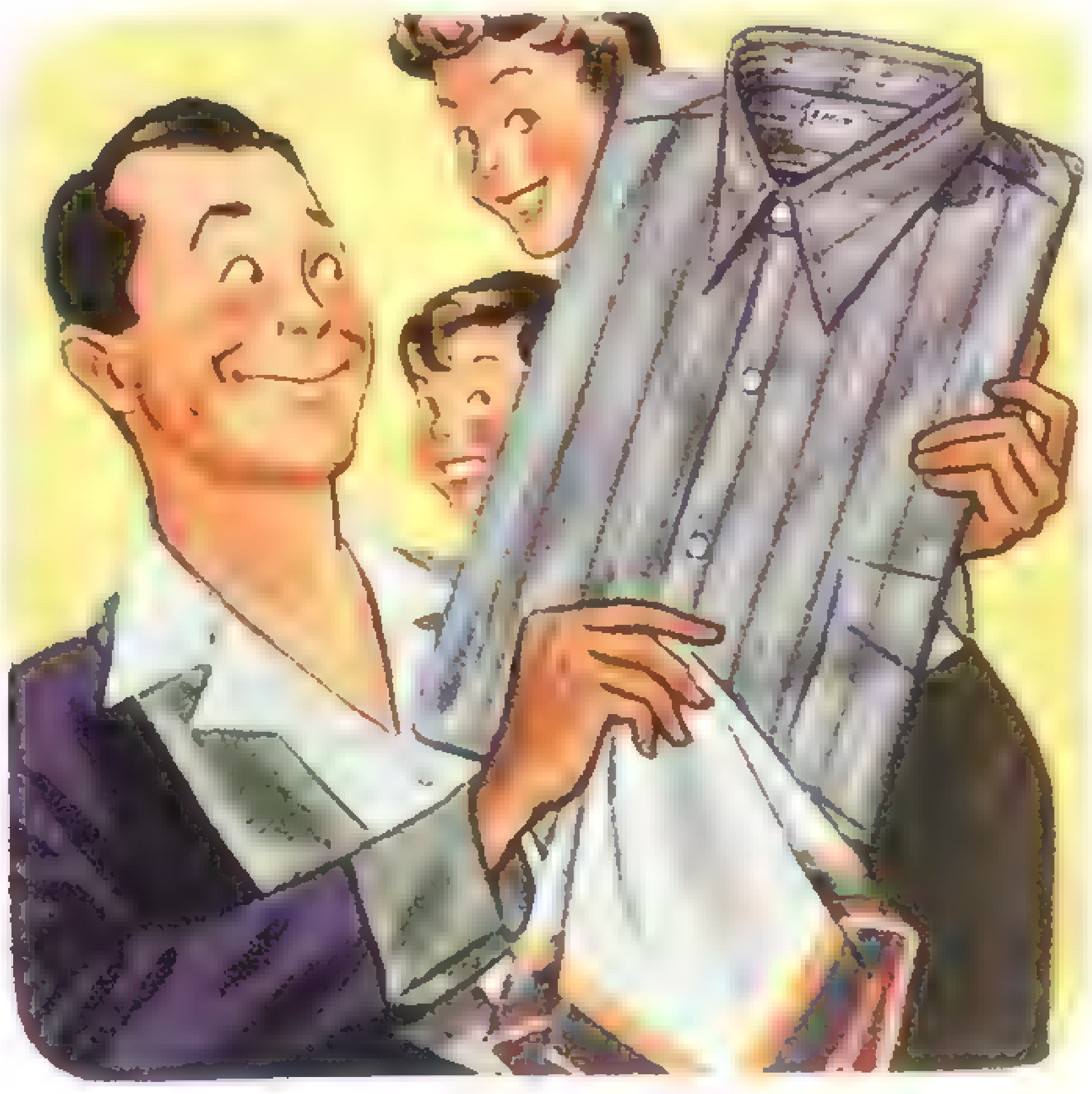


5. Perhaps an Arrow Shirt-and-Tie set. Arrow designs ties to go with specific Arrow Shirts. Ask your Arrow dealer to show you these planned combinations. He'll gift-wrap them . . .



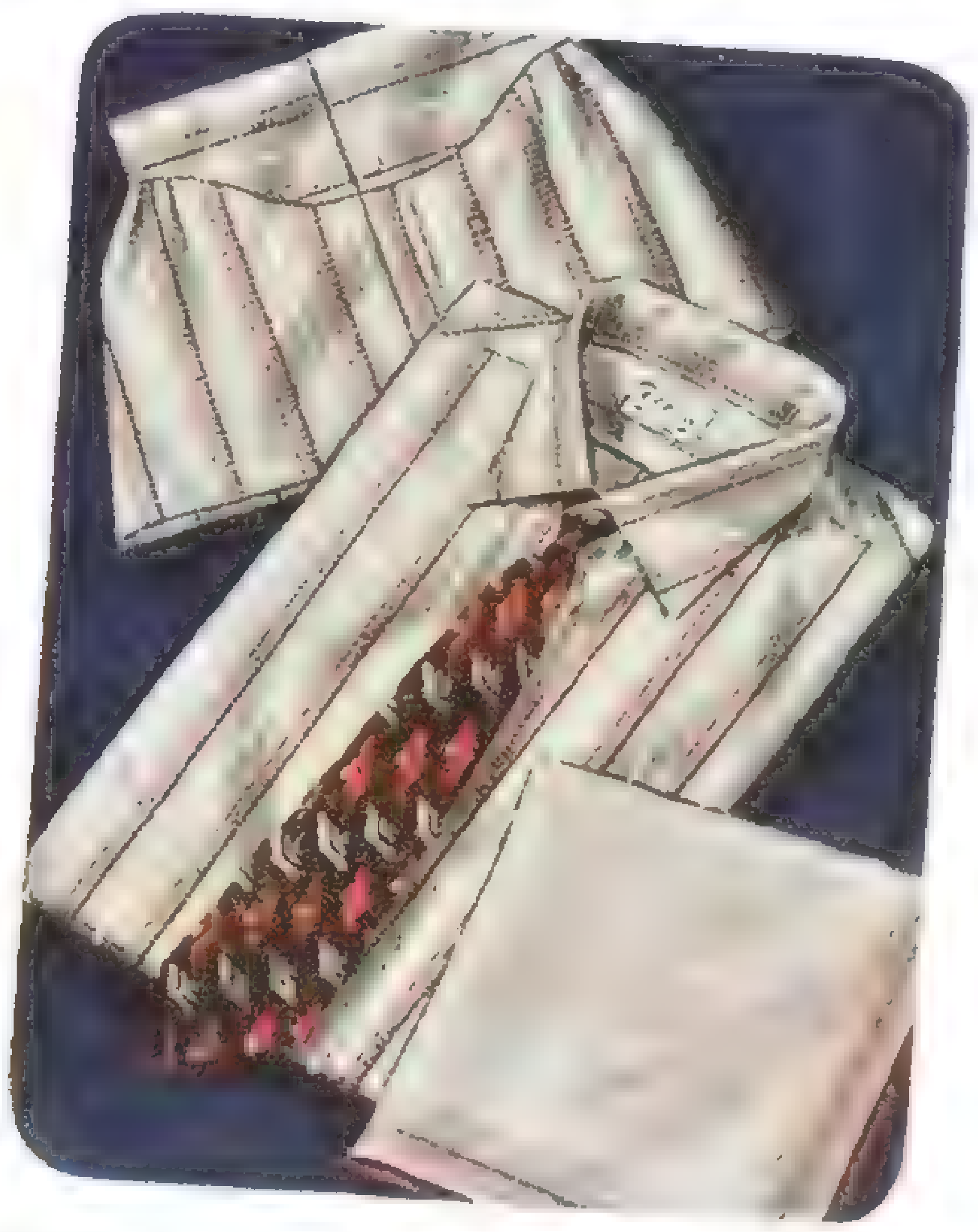
6. Arrow Ties and Handkerchiefs that harmonize will warm the cockles of his heart. Again we say: Arrow has designed these items so they team up perfectly on his manly chest . . .

OR



7. Win his undying gratitude with an Arrow Shirt-and-Handkerchief combo. The patterns are designed by America's Number One Men's Stylists and tailored as only Arrow can tailor . . .

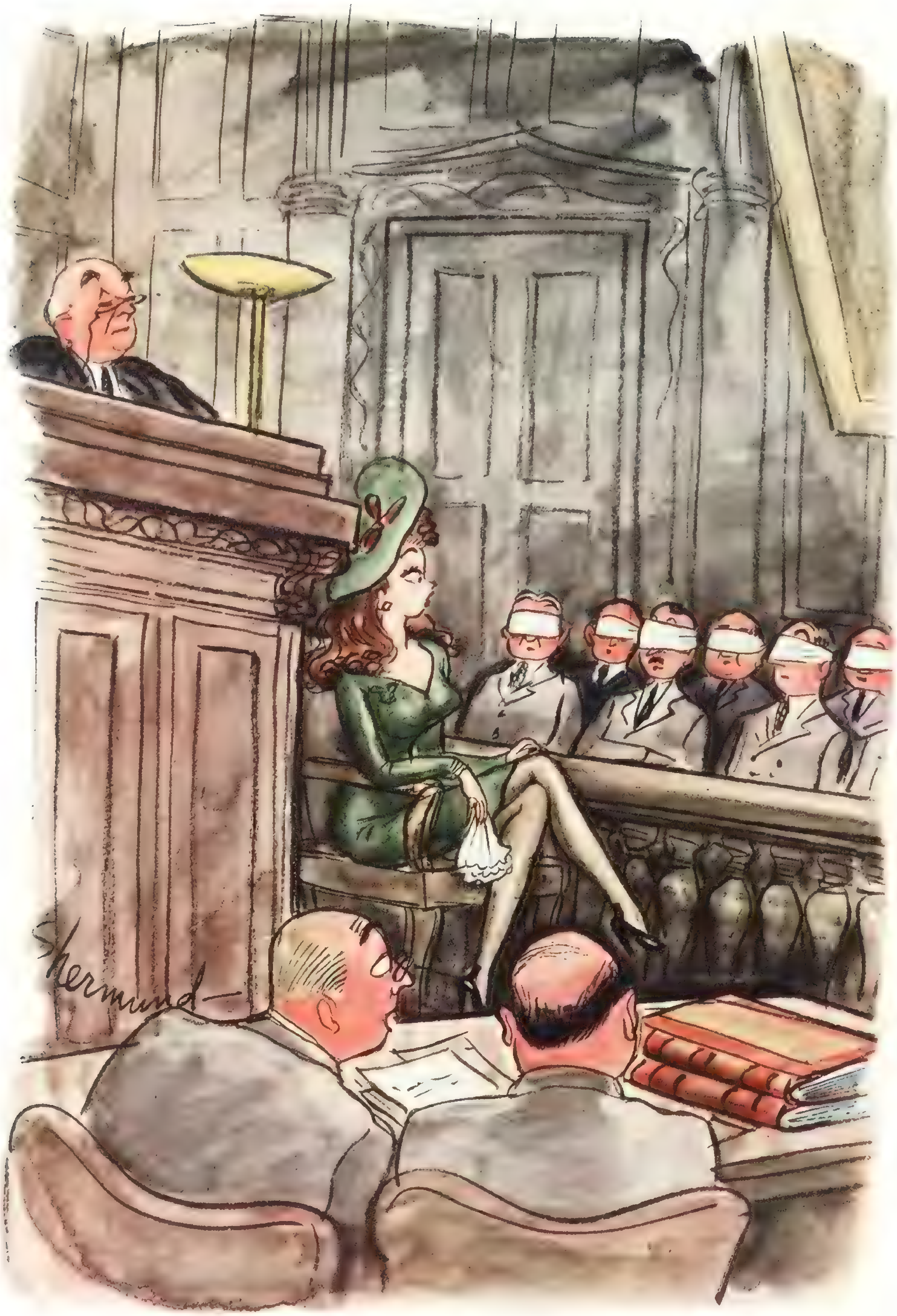
OR



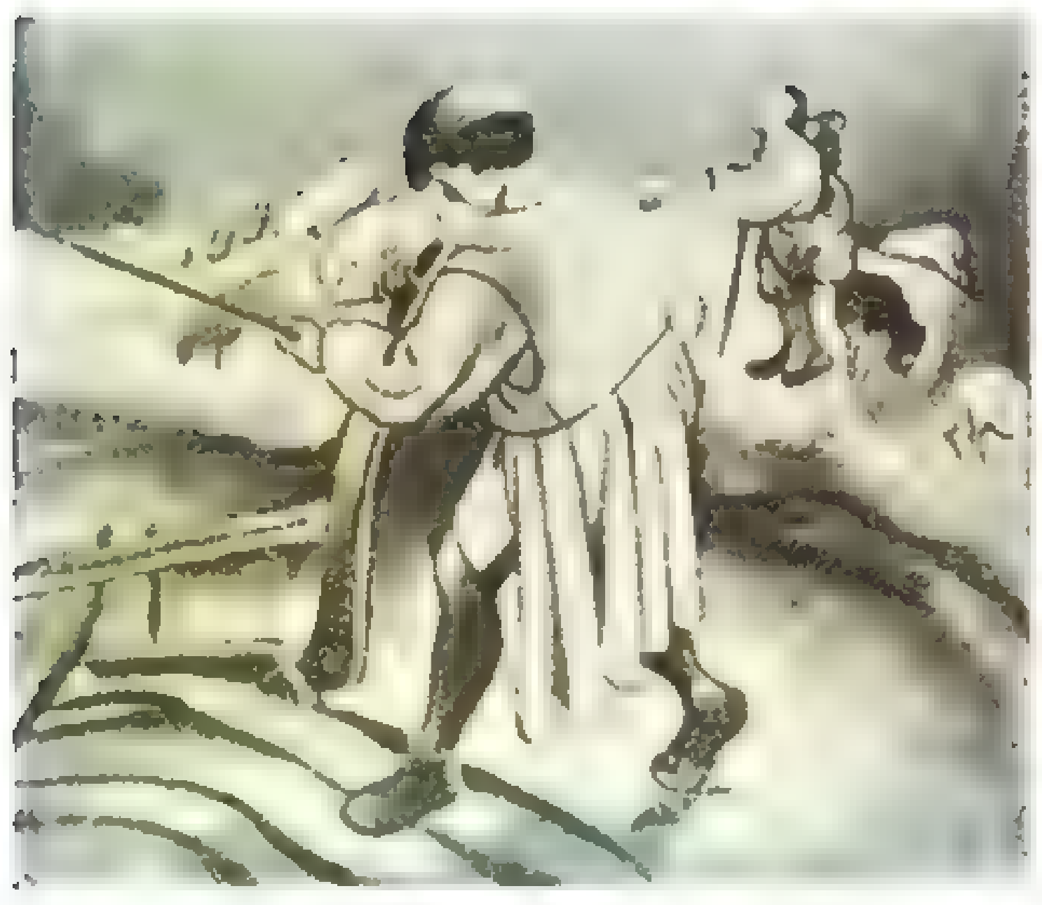
8. The works—shirt, tie, handkerchief, underwear! Above: Arrow *Sun Valley Stripes* . . . A ninth idea: Arrow Sport Shirts, if he's going South. See your Arrow dealer. Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.

ARROW

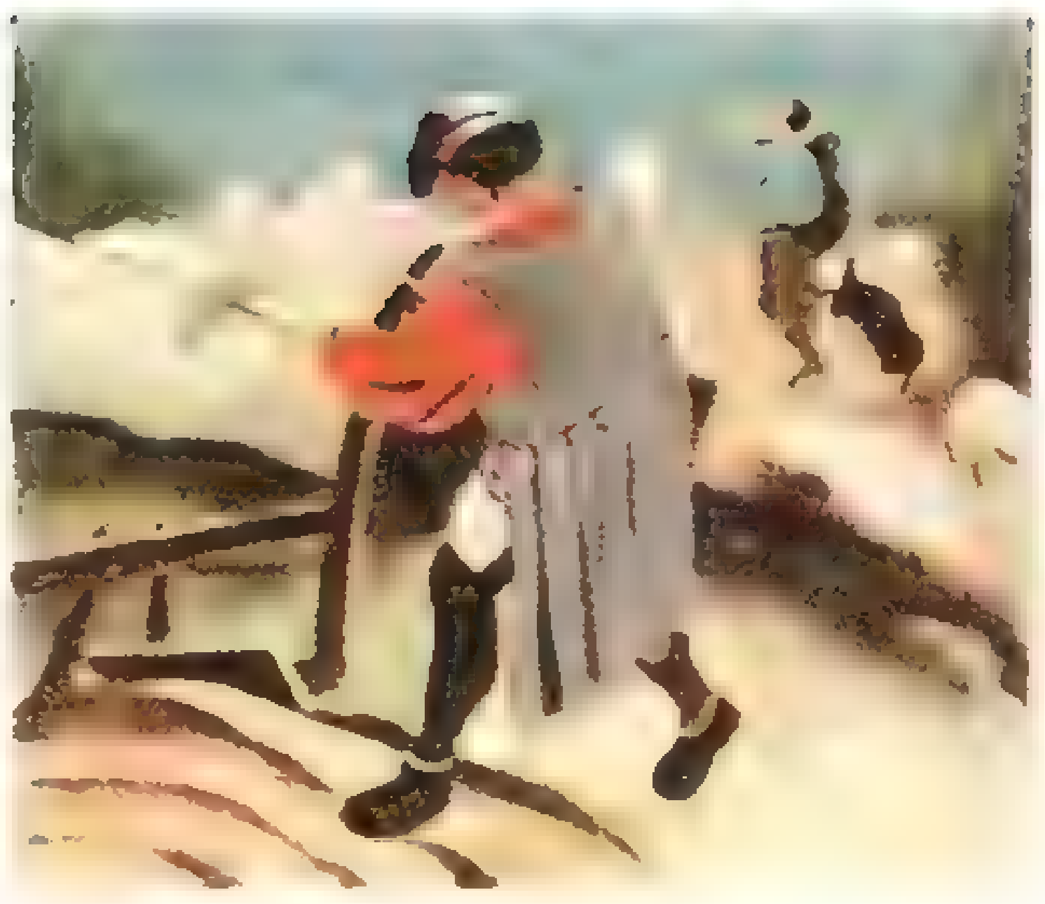
SHIRTS • TIES • HANDKERCHIEFS • UNDERWEAR • SPORT SHIRTS



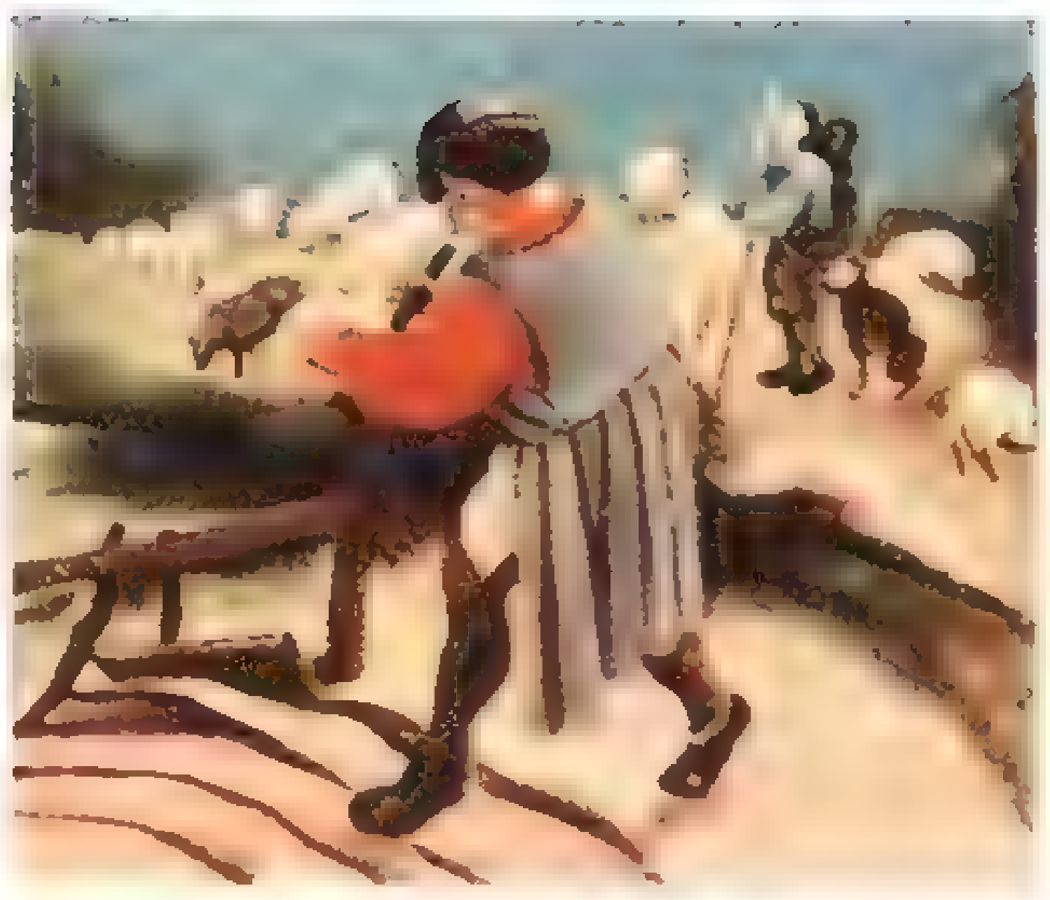
"Judge Viles goes to great lengths to obtain an unbiased verdict"



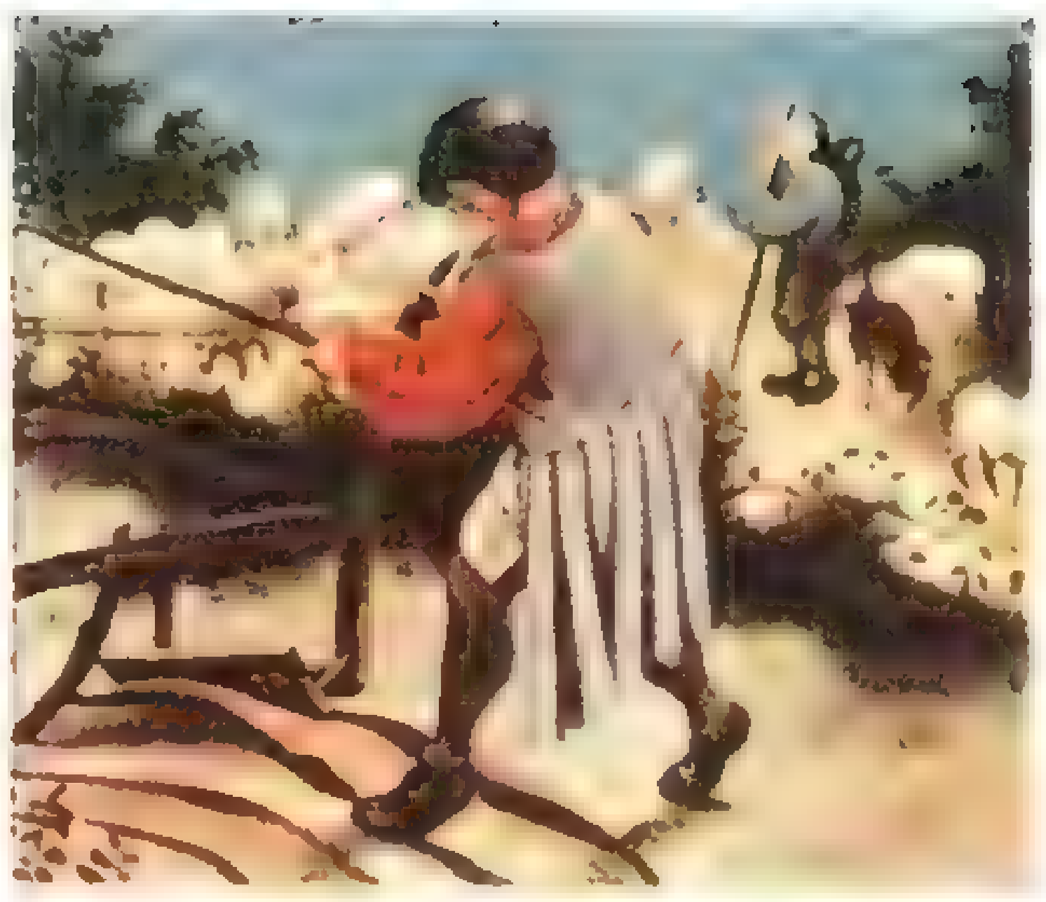
STEP 1. *The composition is first outlined with transparent china ink on a white gesso ground.*



STEP 2. *Gesso ground is covered with lightly painted colors in egg tempera.*



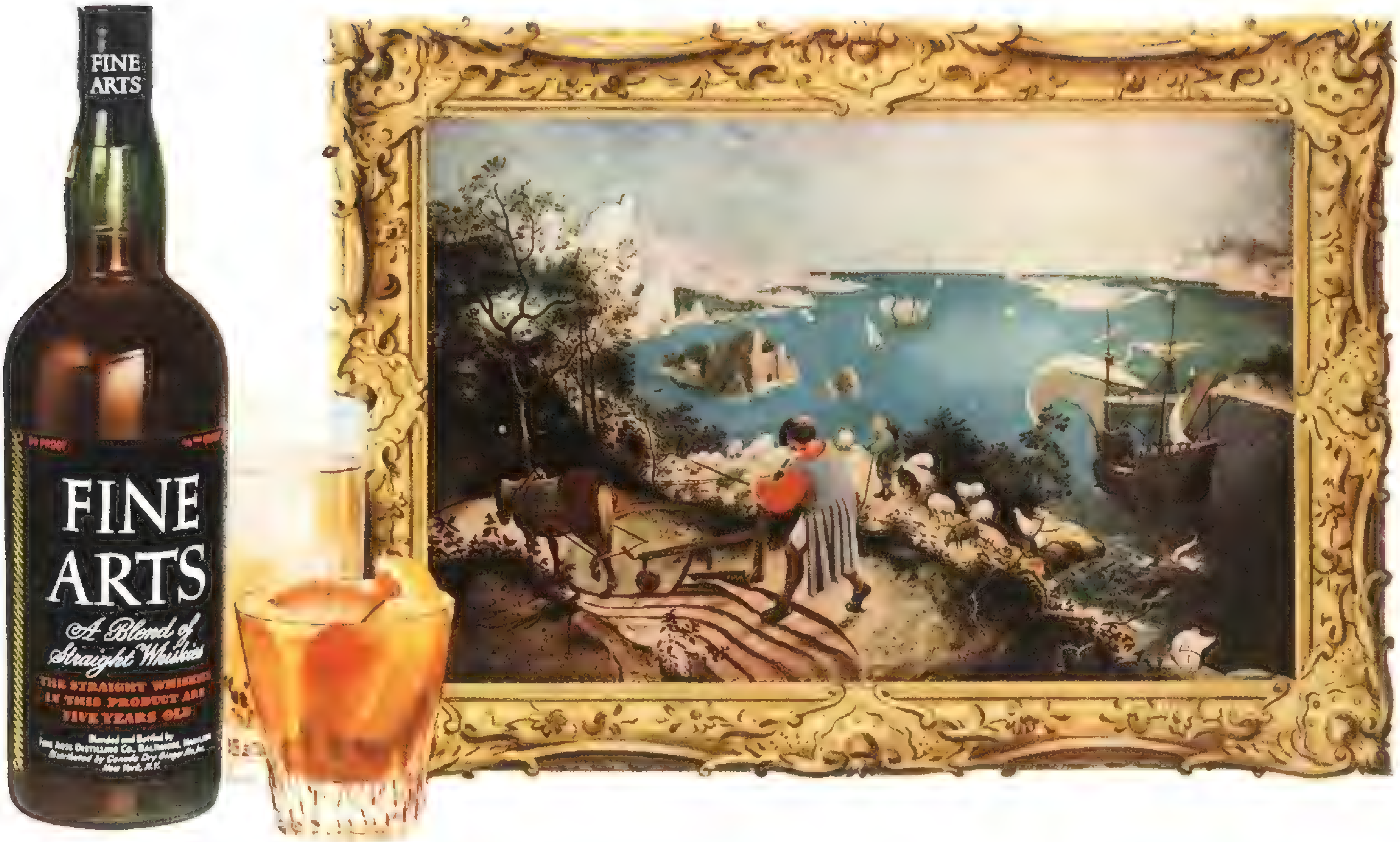
STEP 3. *Oil varnish glazes, translucent and transparent, are painted over tempera colors, while details are also painted.*



STEP 4. *Final enriching glazes with full detail painting completes picture.*

HIDDEN IN A BRUEGHEL MASTERPIECE

— the key to this whiskey's rare flavor!


FINE ARTS
90 PROOF
FINE ARTS
A Blend of Straight Whiskies
THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE FIVE YEARS OLD

It is over 380 years since Pieter Brueghel's talented brush captured on canvas the charm of an Italian landscape in this treasured painting, "*The Fall of Icarus.*" Brueghel's distinctive technique in building up and *blending* his colors to perfection is recreated for you in the master's own style by Georges Schreiber, well known contemporary artist.

This analysis of Brueghel's superb *blending* technique is the key to another masterpiece—Fine Arts Whiskey. For Fine Arts is an original *blend* of superlative straight whiskies—each 5 years old; each an unsurpassed whiskey of its type. Together, they achieve perfection . . . a masterpiece of matchless flavor!

FINE ARTS

A Blend of Straight Whiskies

Distributed by Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y.

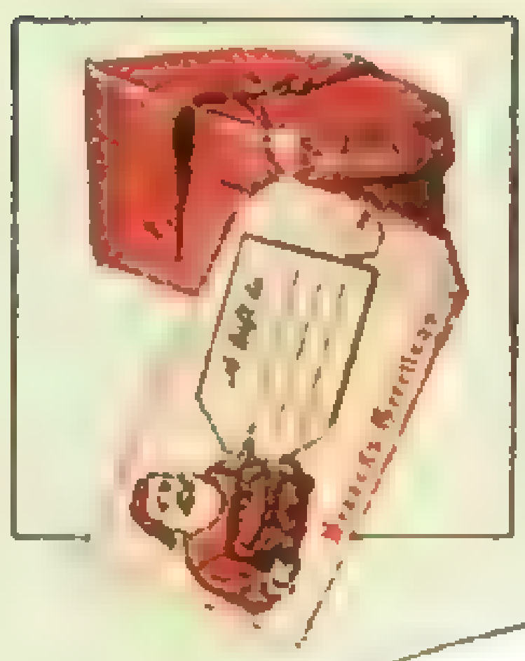
COPR. 1941, CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC.

THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE 5 YEARS OLD — 90 PROOF

*Head*lines for the Holidays

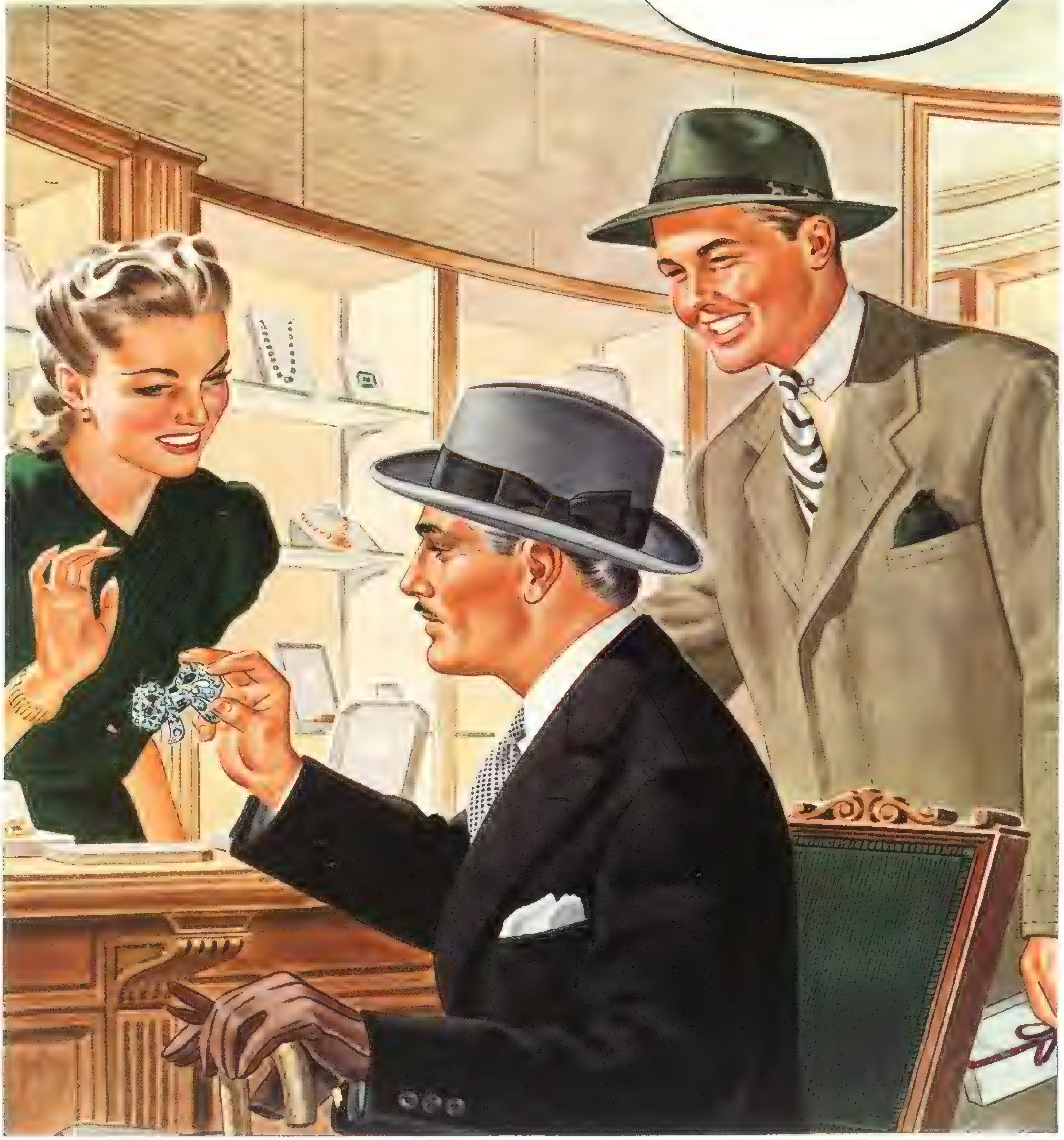
SMART SHOPPERS SET HEADY PACE... Consider the well-hatted gentlemen below whose hats are as eye-catching as the rare gems they're selecting. Debonair shopper to the left paid only Seven-and-a-Half Dollars for his distinguished EXECUTIVE...a patrician, generously proportioned, grey homburg. His wardrobe also includes the same hat in midnight blue, for more formal wear. His young companion's festive holiday mood is reflected in the cheviot-finished SCOTTIE. Twin Scottie mascots on the suede band clinched the deal—for Six Dollars!

MALLORY HATS FROM $5 TO $10 AT LEADING MEN'S SHOPS



P. S. CHRISTMAS SHOPPING REMINDER: Why not bless the lad with a novel Mallory "Tag" Certificate, attached to a gay Mallory Gift Box containing a novel miniature hat? And let *him* please himself with his own Mallory style! Obtainable and redeemable at your Mallory dealer's.

MALLORY
hats



Cartoonists' Ups and Downs

Contrasting the impassioned caricature at home and abroad during World War I with the more sober drawings of today

by **GILBERT SELDES**

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

THE greatest cartoon of the present war was published three weeks after the war began; events have made hash of its politics, but the intelligence, wit, and passion behind it still remain incomparable. The cartoon is called *Rendezvous;* over the prostrate body of a Polish soldier, Hitler and Stalin meet; each raises his hat; the bow of courtliness is slightly exaggerated; there is a kind of mincing politeness about the men. And Hitler says to Stalin, "The scum of the earth, I believe;" and Stalin says to Hitler, "The bloody assassin of the workers, I presume."

The publishers of *Low on the War* missed a good bet by not ending the book, of which this cartoon is the first page, with Low on the next move, the Hitler war on Stalin. Or maybe Low didn't rise to the occasion. There you have the dilemma of the cartoonist. He is constantly in the damnedest hot water: if events are great, he has to be great—understanding them, commenting upon them, illuminating them—and drawing pictures which will amuse people at least a little. The cartoon is an editorial for the unlettered, often for the illiterate; and they must not be lectured. They must be flattered, and they allow themselves to be inspired; you may make them feel brave, a little foolish, and very sentimental. But you must not lecture them. You must catch the eye, hold the attention, touch off a spark in the mind, and give the public something to remember; and you will do this, if you are good, in considerably less space than is occupied by a single horse in a picture by Rosa Bonheur. You will do it without color and often without anything but the simplest lines drawn in ink. Moreover, you will please have the whole thing done twenty minutes after the event has occurred, and be sure that your interpretation of it will be corroborated by history.

I began with a picture which was the essence of a great cartoon; it expressed not a subtle point of view but a general one. Consider it carefully and you will see that Low's own attitude might be complex. He was saying that Hitler and Stalin had vilified one another; he was implying that they had come together in an act of supreme hypocrisy; and he was hinting that their blood-brotherhood, as the Germans might put it, was more bloody than brotherly. The certain thing is that every intelligent man admired the terse accuracy of the picture, every simple one felt the honest passion behind it. And *at the moment* it was good history. Come to think of it Tenniel's *Dropping the Pilot* wasn't made good, as history, until the Kaiser lost the war.

I have been looking at about a hundred cartoons published in America in the weeks following the Roosevelt-Churchill meeting at sea. One of them puts Hitler behind the 8-ball. One shows a naval gun muffled, as I see it, in the declaration, pointing at three gorillas named Persecution, Aggression, and Slavery; one has the two ships meeting nose to nose to form a V, and the three dots and dash, so popular at the moment, is the only title of the picture. These are all above the average; the proof is that each was clipped and re-printed in one of the New York papers. They are good quick cartoons, and I doubt whether they are at all memorable.

The moment I use that word, I go back and try to remember—and maybe editors of newspapers ought to ask their readers to do likewise. All the way back to the first World War: what do I remember of the cartoons of that time? Raemaekers was the great man on the Allies' side; I remember how he drew, but all his pictures of German savagery, of Belgium as a woman with hair streaming across her bent head, of the Hun—all these melt into a hundred other pictures by other cartoonists. Gulbrannson was the great man, it seemed to me, on the German side; his thin-line pictures of gaunt Wilson and of the typical Englishman exactly like the unfortunate Chamberlain, are unforgettable. The best single cartoon of the war was probably Forain's "If only the civilians hold out . . ." (It looks like Forain in my mind's eye; but maybe Steinlen.) The pictures you probably remember weren't cartoons at all: the poster for the Red Cross ("The Greatest Mother in the World"); Uncle Sam Wants You; Bruce Bairnsfather's Old Bill; the German Family having its morning hate. And because I was working on a Republican newspaper at the time and was devoted to Woodrow Wilson, I recall the sardonic humor of Rollin Kirby, then and for long after on the *World;* then and now truly memorable.

It occurred to me that possibly American cartoonists, like many Americans during the Summer and Autumn of 1941, were without profound convictions about the war; and therefore that their cartoons were trifling. Certainly the non-interventionist cartoons of Batchelor in the *Daily News* of New York were more shocking and easier to remember than most of those made under the inspiration of hating Hitler or loving Britain. These cartoons are genuinely bold in concept: the second World War is represented as a voluptuous courtesan with a death's head instead of a face; neither whores nor skeletons have been placed in proximity to Uncle Sam heretofore; or perhaps they were, many years ago, when politics and cartoons and people were more violent than they are now. Nowa-

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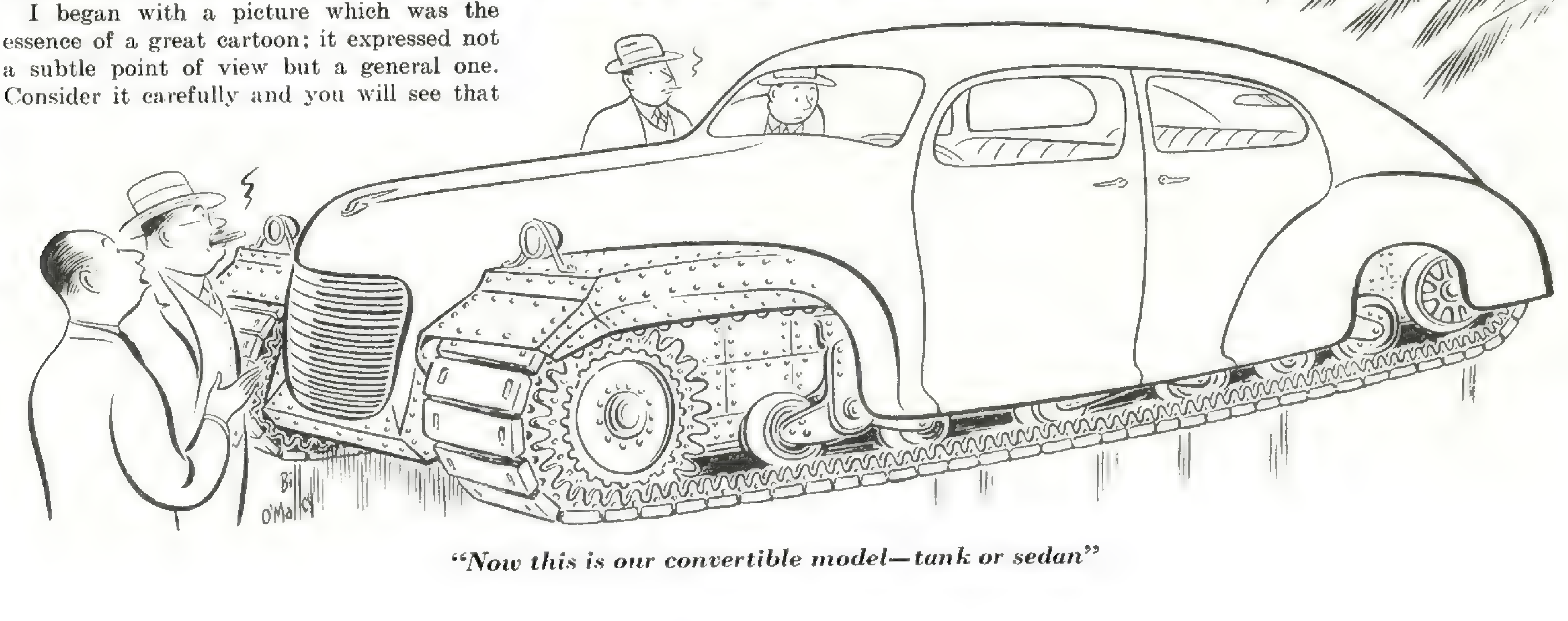

"Now this is our convertible model—tank or sedan"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Saluting *Lantern on the Levee, The Keys of the Kingdom, Above Suspicion* and *The Concise Cambridge History of English Lit*

by **WILLIAM LYON PHELPS**

• BOOKS •

Here is a first-class Christmas present to give to those interested in reading anything in English literature from Chaucer to Masefield. It is a suitable present for anyone older than fourteen who loves good reading, not because it is good, but because one loves it. This is *The Concise Cambridge History of English Literature* (just published) by George Sampson. Fortunately it is in one volume (nearly 1,100 pages) well printed, with a good Index. The most remarkable thing is that while it is a Manual, a running chronological narrative of English literature from its beginnings in Anglo-Saxon to 1941, and therefore an immensely valuable and convenient work of reference, it is written with such vigor and vivacity, with such wit and such charm, with such common sense illuminated by subtle understanding, that I find it more exciting than most exciting novels. A good way to read it is to look up in the Index the names of one's favorite authors (among mine are Shakespeare, Swift, Dickens, Browning) and see what Mr. Sampson has to say of them. He is an individualist; yet it is certain that if he had been writing this book sixty years ago he would have praised Dickens less and Thackeray more; yet as I happen to agree absolutely with what he says of both, I am all the more pleased. I admire his courage in not confining himself to writers who are safely dead; he discusses the English poets and prose writers of today with discrimination and candor. Although a profound scholar, his criticisms and appraisals are founded on common sense. He has no fads, and his judgments are not biased by political or religious opinions. Two of the most popular works ever written are Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* and Gray's *Elegy*. Both have been attacked, the former by some who dislike Bunyan's sectarianism and the latter for another reason. Let us see what he says of these two masterpieces of genius. Of Bunyan:

"There is no need to say anything about the book by way of criticism; for its characters, its scenes and its phrases have become a common possession. Of course in every age there has been and there always will be the kind of superior person who disdains it. Such people are naught. The *Pilgrim's Progress* goes on forever. Creeds may change and faiths may be wrecked; but the life of man is still a pilgrimage, and in its painful course he must encounter the friends and the foes, the dangers and the despairs that Bunyan's inspired simplicity has drawn so faithfully that even children know them at once for truth."

Of Gray's *Elegy:*

"The occasional attacks of succeeding critics, precious or perverted . . . may be ignored. That which reposes securely near the heart of a multitude of readers of many ages and generations will always provoke the outcries of those anxious to be heard."

Once I was asked to say over the radio what I thought of "modern" poetry; I said there was no "modern" poetry; there was only good poetry and bad poetry; or perhaps I should say there was only poetry and bad imitations of it. Therefore, I was pleased to see in the Epilogue to Mr. Sampson's *History* the following remarks on some of our contemporary verse:

"Current opinion in bookish circles gives to certain qualities of recent literature more than their due importance. We hear much of the modern spirit, its originality and its defiance of tradition. But we should distinguish. To attach importance to what is modern merely because it is modern is no more intelligent than to attach importance to what is old merely because it is old.... What really matters is the absolute value: and the ultimate test of any new work is whether it can be absorbed into the stock of universal literature.... Poets ought not to segregate into sects; they should diffuse themselves as individuals. The fate of intense sectarianism is to be left stranded in some dingy and dilapidated Little Bethel in a by-street, proclaiming a strict and limited communion which no one is anxious to share. ... Tradition does not clamour for its "rights"; it creates them. Tradition can depart from precedent because it has precedent to depart from. Tradition is the voice of all ages, and of no period."

Just as I had finished reading the last page of this volume, I happened to pick up the September number of *The American Mercury* which a friend had left on the table, and there I saw an article by that admirable scholar and critic, Mary Colum, called *Poetry and the Common Reader*. And this is part of what she wrote, naming two exceptions to the common failures: "John Peale Bishop knows our own time, and he knows it because he knows what former times were; like Yeats, like Eliot, and the truly modern poets, he understands the significance of history and takes themes from it." Mr. Santayana said those who were ignorant of the past were bound to repeat it.

The thought has just occured to me that

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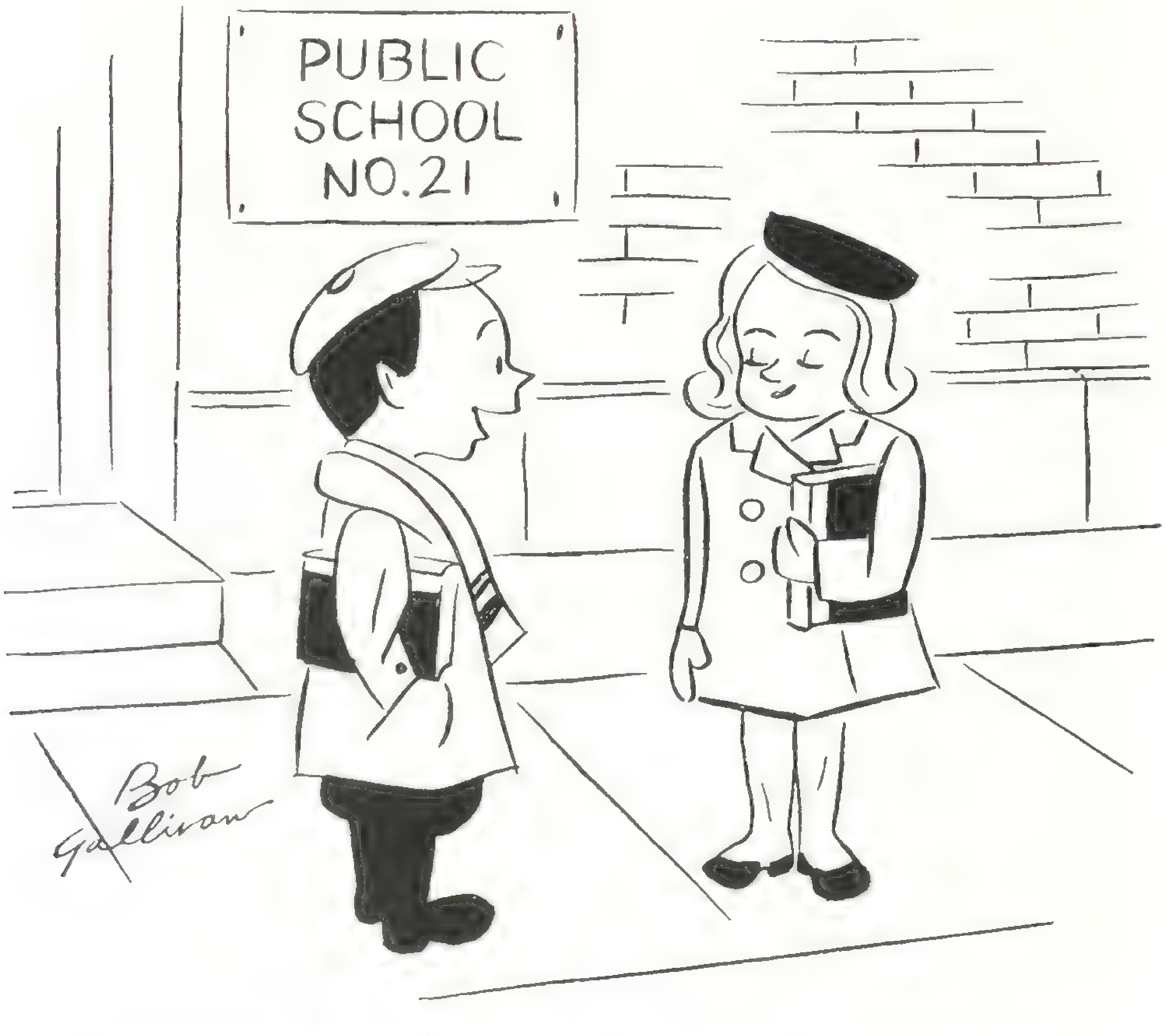
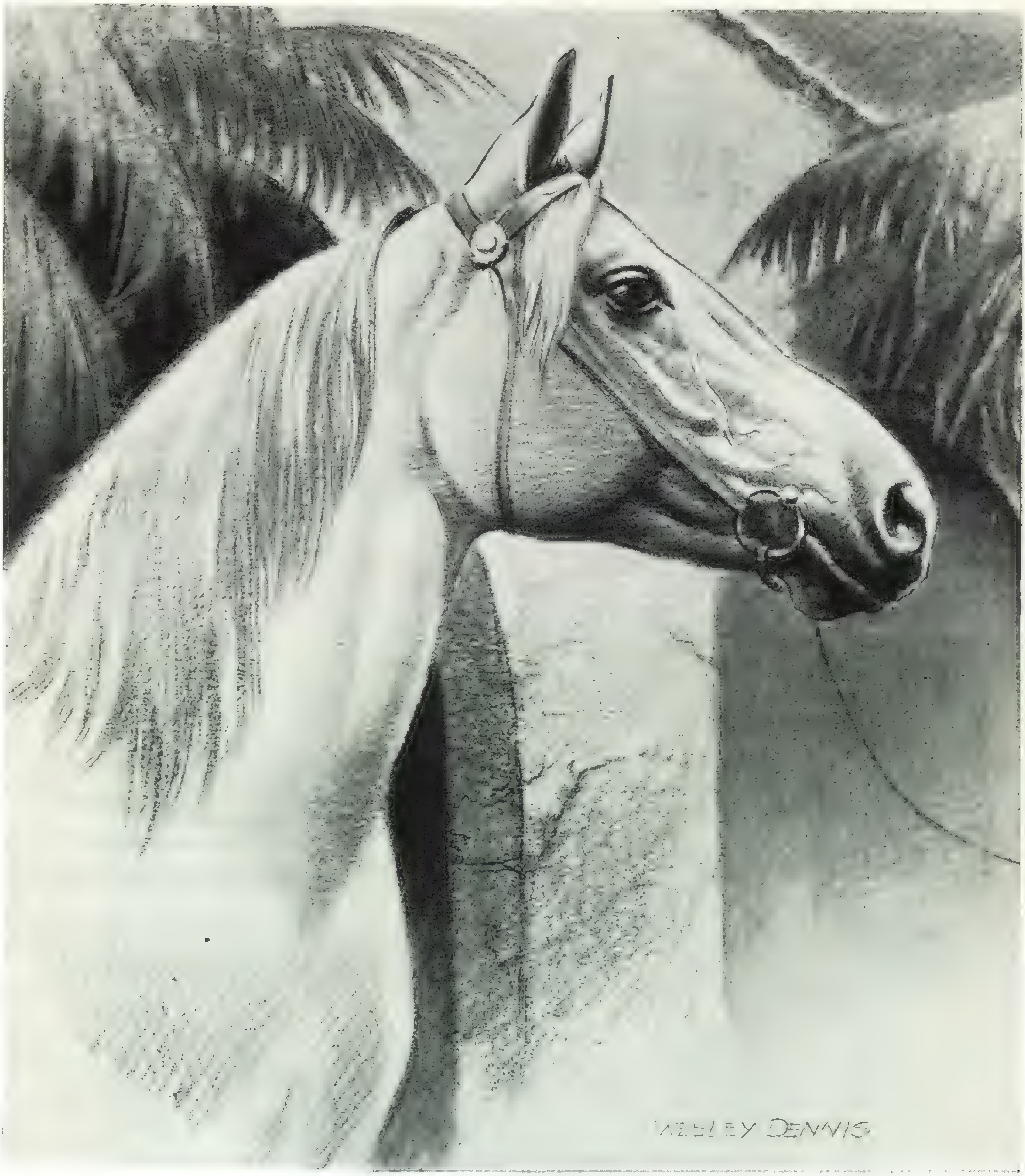


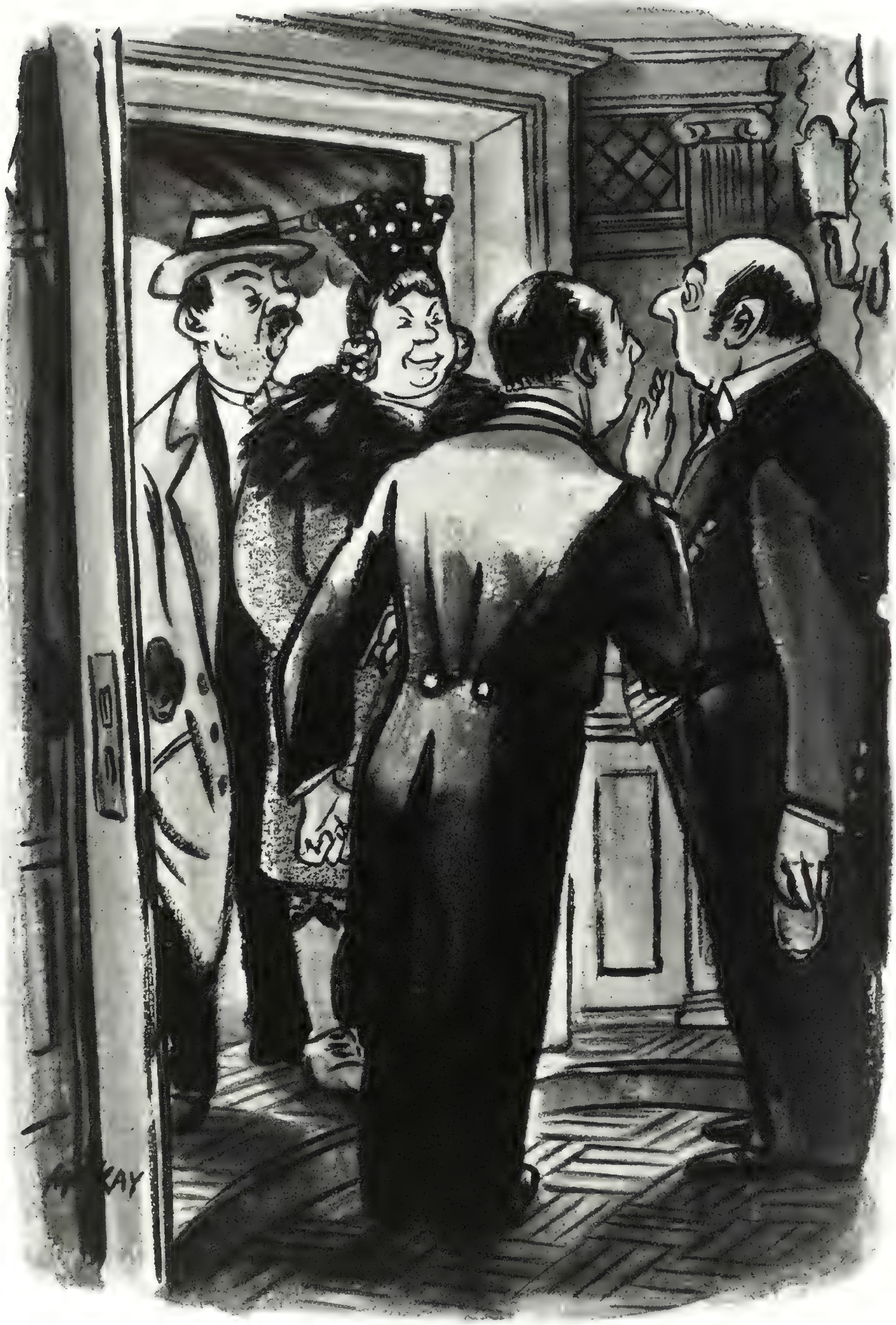
"And what did you do last summer beside grow more beautiful?"



NO. 8 IN A SERIES OF AMERICAN HORSES PORTRAYED ESPECIALLY FOR ESQUIRE BY WESLEY DENNIS

Raseyn

The Arab "has exercised the widest influence on the horseflesh of the world."—Thus speaks the Encyclopedia Britannica, Volume II. Small, graceful and yet possessed of legendary strength and stamina, the Arab's blood is part of the admixture that constitutes every thoroughbred today. Raseyn, an Arab aristocrat, has reached the ripe age of eighteen. Raseyn has won championships at the Los Angeles Horse Show, the Los Angeles Livestock Show and the Los Angeles County Fair. He was sired by the renowned English Champion Skowronek; his dam was Rayya. He now lives in honorable retirement, the pampered patriarch of the famous W. K. Kellogg Arabian Horse ranch at Pomona, California.



"They say they're studying conditions along Park Avenue to see how the other half lives!"

Punch with a Punch

These recipes for Christmas and general holiday wassailing may be multiplied by the number and vim of your party guests

by LAWTON MACKALL

•POTABLES•

WHEN holidays arrive, it's time to pool the party interests so that as friends drop in they can dip in without putting Sir Hospitable to fetch-and-carry fluster. Just hand each guest a glass and free ladle privileges, and he's in business for himself, quaffeteria style.

But elegant! Indeed, it calls for the real McFlourish in rim-side aplomb: ability to dredge and pour nonchalantly as though the notion of snaring another shot of that ahsome concoction had merely cropped up en passant. Such a good-looking bowl, really an imposing piece of silversmith's work—and, by the way, I believe I'll patronize it again. (Due to a Reasonable Leeway system of scoring which originated on the golf links, the "again" gets by as "pseudo-two." Actually the wielder is digging his fifth.)

Then, too, there's the chivalrous, good provider maneuver:

"Could I interest you in a little re-fill, Miss Ganderbilt?"

"Oh, I'm doing splendidly, thank you."

"Well, if you don't mind, I think *I'll* take one." And scoop goes loot number 6. And thus and thus, by one diplomat and another, with the tide in the bowl ebbing notch by notch till a once-floating berg of ice lies lorn in the rinded shallows that offer hardly a drop for the pursuing ladle to get its lip under.

Our host, who has trudged off on an expedition to the source of fresh glasses, returns with a tray array of them, to gaze astonished into a Dead Sea.

Never for a moment did he dream that such popularity would be so short-lived. Those stately gallons sunk, vanished from the sight of man into face of same—said countenances now wearing "Well, that's that" expressions as of the cat that assimilated the songstress. Any other polishing jobs around the house gladly attended to, sir.

None at the moment, unfortunately, so please pass the chagrin.

If they'll only give him a chance—divert themselves with crossword puzzles, read a book, learn plumbing in their spare time—he'll scare up a new and ampler set of makings and produce bowls and bowls. But no, they wouldn't *think* of imposing on him to that extent. Really, they couldn't use another swallow.

Odd, therefore, to find these same merrymakers pausing, fifteen minutes later, at an open house affair around the corner, where lemon meets rum, and meets it and meets it, and eggs are nogging in a bowl nearly the size of Yale's. The real mystery, though, is why Santa Claus, who arrives clinking at the door while the pause is still in progress, should choose to disguise himself as a milkman.

I mention these holiday trends, traits, and problems in the hope that you and I, dear reader (the hell with everybody else), may reach a profound understanding of the possibilities and pitfalls of punch bowling and not be humpty-dumptied by popular hallucinations on the subject, such as the naïve idea that because a bowl holds what seems like a lot to the concocter, it must seem like a lot to a party—ignoring the grim fact that *every* party has at least one hippo, ready to *float* in it up to the eyes, and most parties have *three* or *four* hippos who'll handle the bowl between them, encircling it with a rump rampart against all comers. The only way for an outsider to break in is to instigate cork-popping sounds at the other end of the room, and make a quick rush during the confusion of attention. I knew a clever fellow once who came off with two precarious handfuls of glasses before the situation became re-obscured.

Then there's the Anchor Man, at the end of the punch line. The bowl end, I mean. You have to get out of line to get any. He never budges. When he first arrived, he said good evening to the hostess by shaking hands with the ladle, and his good-night will be punctiliously performed in the same manner.

If there's a butler officiating, our champ's routine has the precision of automatic machinery: catch a fill, lift and gulp, vanishing three-quarters of glass's contents; lower glass to chest height, extending it forward toward ladler the way a blind man holds out a cup, lack of blindness in this case being got around by casting eyes aloft and putting on a "critical taster" act—"Er . . . um . . . brandy . . . um . . . touch of Triple Sec, I should judge"—with elbow fending off competition; catch a fill, and on through the cycle. A man of single purpose, using but a single glass with the continuous, unremitting diligence of a one-man bucket brigade, we can imagine his scorn for the cowardly come-and-go crew, the mere roving inroaders with no stability, no permanent address, who, after visiting the bowl, drift around the room on pretext of other interests, and then saunter up again for their next mooch, using the clean-glass, new-business dodge, which fools nobody. Greedies without guts, they'd be negligible if they weren't so plentiful. As it is, the abandoned equipment which these "modest" drinkers ("light" eaters as well, you can count on it) scat-

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"Our little organization is sort of different, lady—it's called, "Bundles for Bums!"

Roulades and Cadenzas

The time for marching will come again when we shall be grateful for the proud and gallant music of John Philip Sousa

by CARLETON SMITH

MUSIC

Two small fry were discussing the difference between a band and an orchestra. One claimed there wasn't any; the other argued there was.

"Well, spill it! What is it?"

"Boy, you sure are dumb. Ain't yuh ever seen 'em? In an orchestra the band sits in back . . ."

Today that is the chief difference. Most bands play the orchestral repertoire, and play it damn well. Don't be deceived by the crack formations and the telling sound of *Alma Mater* on the gridiron. That isn't all a college band does.

What goes on the rest of the year—after the football season—is even more important—at least at my old university in Urbana, Illinois, where we've had a band for over half a century, no pip-squeak fife and drum corps either, but a 350 piece organization that plays more accurately and with greater fire and zest than any big town band I've heard.

Don't take it for granted when you stroll down your campus or sit on the bleachers and a thrill goes up and down your spine as the boys march and sing.

It's no accident that they play as they do. At Illinois it's the result of thirty-six years of endless, tireless work on the part of Albert Austin Harding, who, not content with one band, has three. The best of them—the Concert Band—is composed of 120 fellows selected after a stiff competition. Each year they play overtures of Beethoven, preludes and fugues of Bach, tone-poems of Strauss, Berlioz, Liszt, Debussy, and Tschaikowsky, excerpts from Wagner and Moussorgsky and the regular band repertoire. Moreover, they are as smooth and pleasant to listen to indoors as out.

Year after year the Concert Band survives the loss, due to graduation, of its oldest, most valuable players. Year after year some of them go to the U. S. Marine Band, the Goldman Band, the St. Louis, Minneapolis, and Cleveland Symphonies, and to direct and supervise other college bands. Yet the morale and high standard remain. There is always a waiting list: men anxious to earn a place in the concert ensemble. It is an honor not even second to being on the football team.

Time was when playing in the band was only a way to escape compulsory military training: an easy job to be sandwiched in between a coke and a ten-cent Honeymoon or a Harold Teen Special at Prehn's. Any student who preferred the band to field drill could try out. But those who were chosen soon learned it was no snap. Maneuvers and active rehearsals are held late into the autumn twilight. The football band has its own "scrimmage-field"—a lime-lined gridiron complete with yardage markers. From a tower on the fifty-yard line, the assistant director surveys the formations and by means of a loudspeaker guides his men through intricate rehearsals.

A Trojan horse gallops down the field before a Southern California game; through a cannon barrel, bullet-shaped projectiles race to explode into the letters A-R-M-Y; a clock presents the time to the second; stars, airplanes, music lyres, shields, four-leaf clovers, all astound the spectators between halves and hold their attention even as they did during the years when "Red" Grange was making his ninety-yard touchdowns.

The band, in addition to marching and singing, must play all the reviews and military ceremonies of the university R. O. T. C., must rehearse for weekly broadcasts, tours and concerts which take place each spring, must prepare a repertoire that would do credit to many professional organizations. Those who stay do so because they like to make music.

Not every university does as well. Not every university is lucky enough to have an Albert Austin Harding—John Philip Sousa thought so highly of his work that he left the band his library: nine tons of music filling forty-two trunks with over 3,000 compositions. But what happens at Illinois is indicative only of what has happened all over the United States. It is only another sign of our coming-of-age musically.

Bands and orchestras have been started at every crossroad, near every wide spot in the pavement. And not all of them are as bad as you might suppose. They vary according to the inspiration and ability of their leader. Their instruments are not first-class; but the demands of modern swingsters plus competition among the manufacturers have resulted in the production of fairly good horns, saxophones, clarinets and trumpets at reasonable prices. Merchants, tax collectors, and civic leaders have conspired to acquire new and endurable instruments far superior to those used a decade ago.

Even where the instruments are good, with players whose ears are not satisfied until they have adjusted their tuning slides and their blowing so as to get the notes made with the pistons tolerably in tune, there are times when chaos sets in the moment the music goes beyond the simplest diatonic harmonies. Young-

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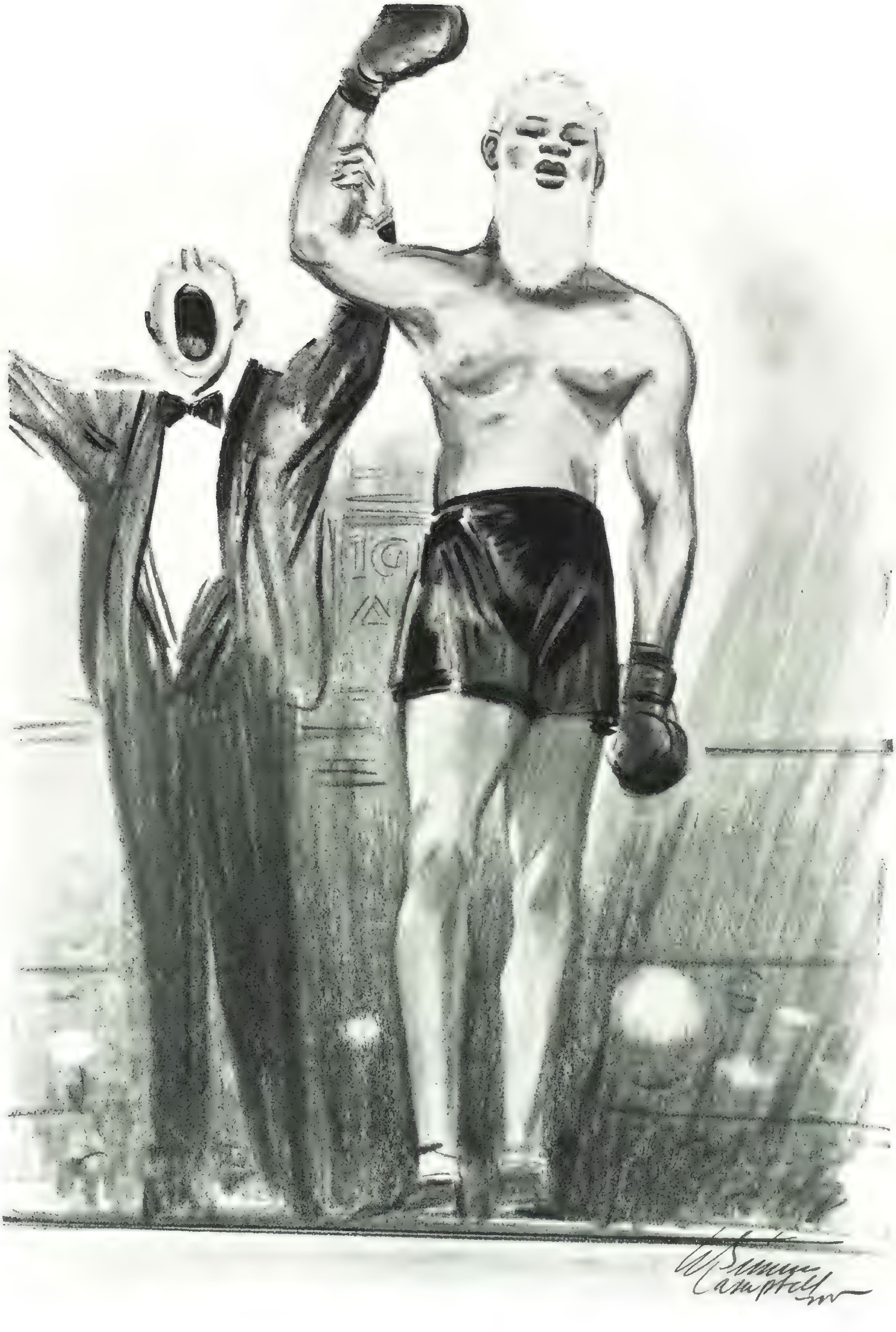
"Well—I can fill in the cracks but of course it will only be temporary"



"The win-nah and still cham-peen—Jo-o-o-o-o-o-o Lou-i-i-i-i-s!"

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Having dismissed *The Wookey*, we tussle with that perennially exciting subject for debate, is or ain't beauty a curse?

by **GEORGE JEAN NATHAN**

· THEATRE ·

THE preparation of a whale of a Christmas holiday number of Esquire like this one begins with an editorial office memorandum to its departmental conductors sometime in the week following the preceding Christmas. The deadline for copy for the particular issue, it warns, will be the first of the week following the Christmas of two years before. At least that is the impression the dizzy conductor gets. Not quite certain that he has read the memorandum aright, however, he annually and indignantly demands of the office the reason why. The reply, in effect, is invariably as follows:

"Shut up! You have certainly been with us long enough now to know that it will take us at least five months to round up sufficiently beautiful models for the pictures illustrating the boss and stenographer, legs and jury, and chorus girl and sailor jokes. You also know, or if you were not so dumb you should know, that it will take us at least three months to fold all the gate-folds, to say nothing of an extra ten minutes to proofread your copy and cut out of it your usual facetious, and often rather insulting, reply to this letter. You further know, oaf, that it takes our office force something like four months to write the necessary letters for the Sound and Fury department, signed by mythical readers in thirty of the forty-eight states, denouncing you as a dramatic critic and demanding to know why we go on printing your stuff, thus craftily preventing you from asking for a raise in wages, which we anticipate you are constantly on the point of doing. And, finally, it is high time, after all these years of association with Esquire, that you appreciated we are so worn out from trying to lift the dummy of a holiday issue to see how much it will weigh that we haven't any energy left to write you these letters."

Being the most tractable contributor that ever was kicked off a magazine for making the editor pay all the bar checks and, more relevantly, being now, at any rate for a few days, on the waterwagon, I this time magnanimously acquiesce to the deadline and offer my graceful submission in extenuation of and apology for the paucity of reviews of plays of the earlier part of the season. Next month, however, deadline or no deadline, come hell, high water, death, starvation or canning, I'll make it up to you.

II

We have long been familiar with the play in which a stubbornly-minded man who holds to a point of view opposite to that favored by the audience is gradually through change in circumstance brought around to think like the audience, thus no end gratifying the audience which in usual probability hasn't a reflective thought in its head. Since the theatre is the theatre, the man's conversion is seldom wrought by any hard philosophical logic but more generally by such extrinsic and non-cerebral phenomena as the serious illness or death of a loved one, the emigration of a wife to the embraces of another man, the injury to a pet dog, or something of the sort. Frederick Hazlitt Brennan's *The Wookey*, being produced by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer movie company, naturally induces it on a more colossal scale, with sound effects.

The Brennan protagonist is a Cockney seadog who opposes the war policies of the British government, who declines to have any share in the prosecution of the war, and who is caused to change his mind by a succession of events including the marooning of a friend at Dunkirk, the Nazi bombing of the shack in which he lives, the tragedy that befalls his family, and more. The metamorphosis, however, is orchestrated to such an uninterrupted din of off-stage Stukas, Heinkels and Messerschmitts that the audience is led to suspect Mr. Wookey's change of mind is possibly due less to a volitional reaction to the events noted than to auditory vertigo.

The first act of the play, couched in low humor, is sufficiently amusing. But thereafter the waggery gradually fades into solemnity and we enter increasingly into the recognizable business of the exhibit merchanting the spectacle of delayed heroism. The old hokum slowly emerges with a vengeance and when, finally, our hero goes resolvedly forth to help save the Empire all that seems to be missing to make it one hundred per cent is a waving of the Union Jack, the playing of *God Save The King*, and the reading of a congratulatory telegram from Noel Coward.

Mr. Brennan's dramatic record, before *The Wookey*, embraced two works. One was *Battleship Gertie*, a feeble farce that ran for just two performances, and the other was an equally feeble comedy called *Stick-in-the-Mud* that ran for just nine. His latest effort is infinitely better than either of these twain but it is still very far from being good enough. Like the others, it betrays a ferocious desire to achieve box-office prosperity. Like the others, at least essentially, its emotions, whether comic or serious, bear the imprint of superficial dramatic writing. And like the others, although to a considerably less degree, as has been noted, its dramaturgy is arbitrary and patently fabricated. Only when it touches the extremest low comedy does it manage to get the effect the author hoped for in its more elevated reaches.

Nor are the characters largely other than the stock species. Wookey himself emerges in considerable external part from *The Better 'Ole* and takes on internally the dramatic bowels of a score of analogous stage figures

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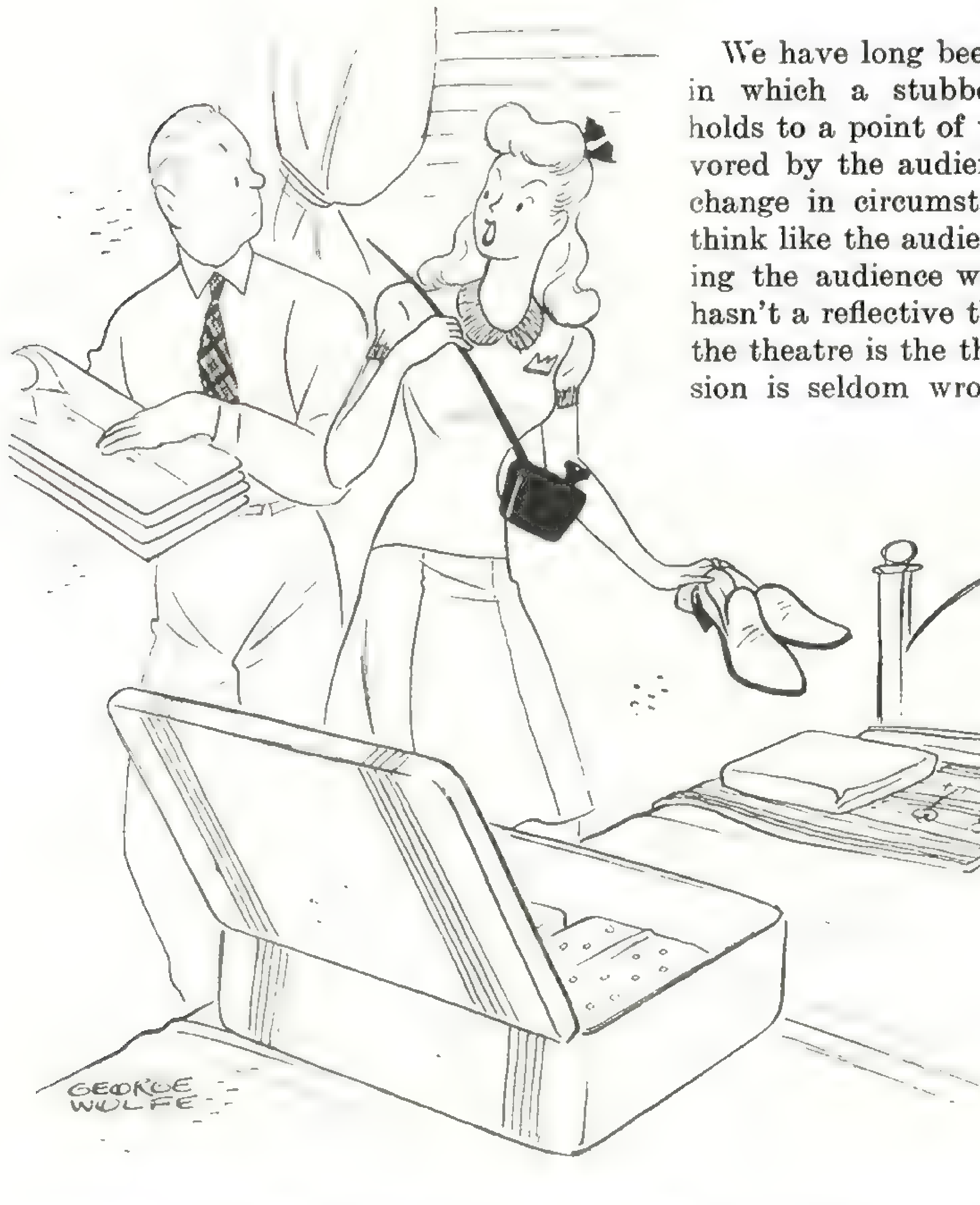
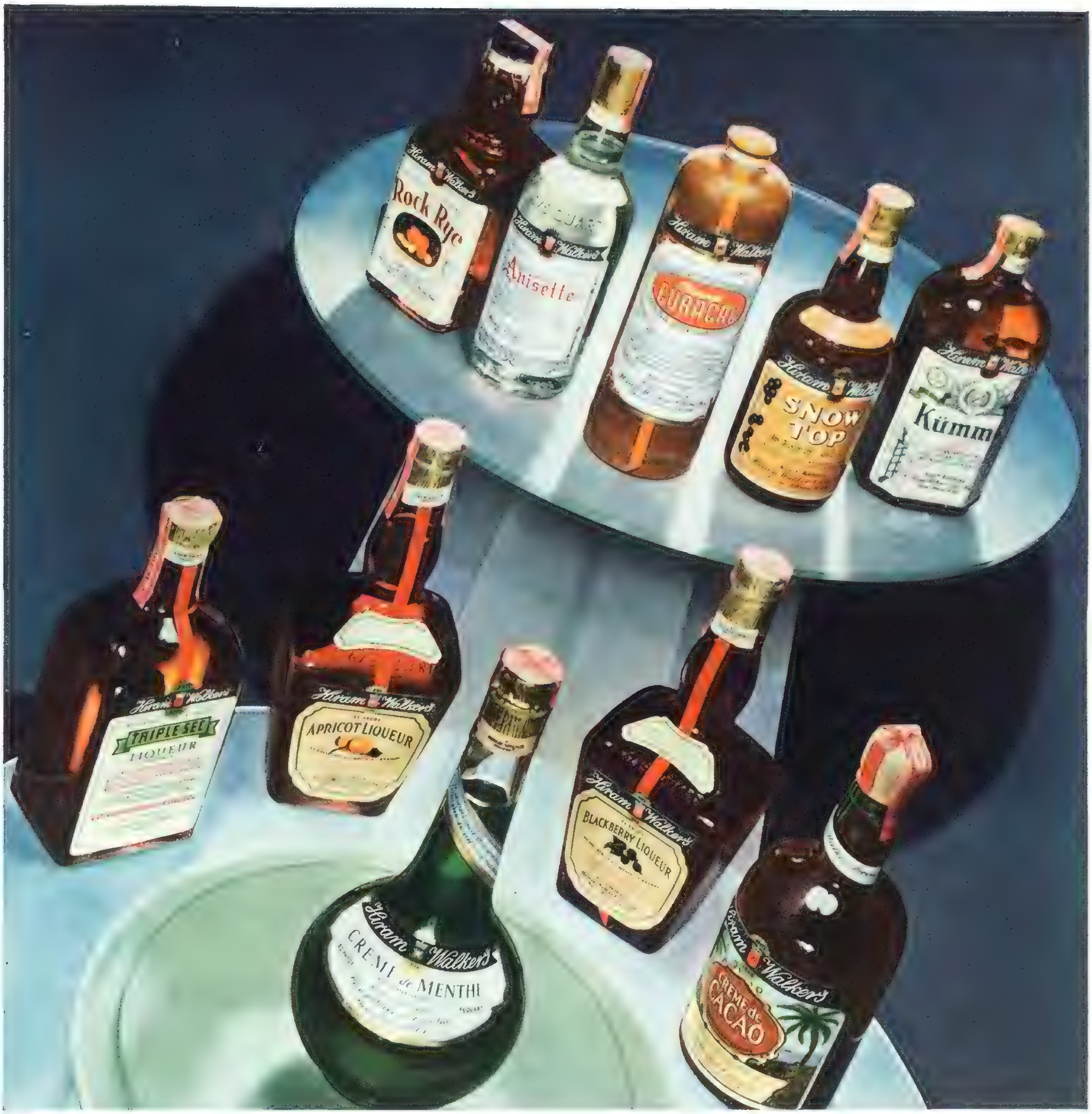


"You'll want your pipe and slippers at camp, won't you!"


Hiram Walker's
Rock Rye
Hiram Walker's
Anisette
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CURAÇAO
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SNOW TOP
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Kümmel
Hiram Walker's
TRIPLE SEC
LIQUEUR
Hiram Walker's
APRICOT LIQUEUR
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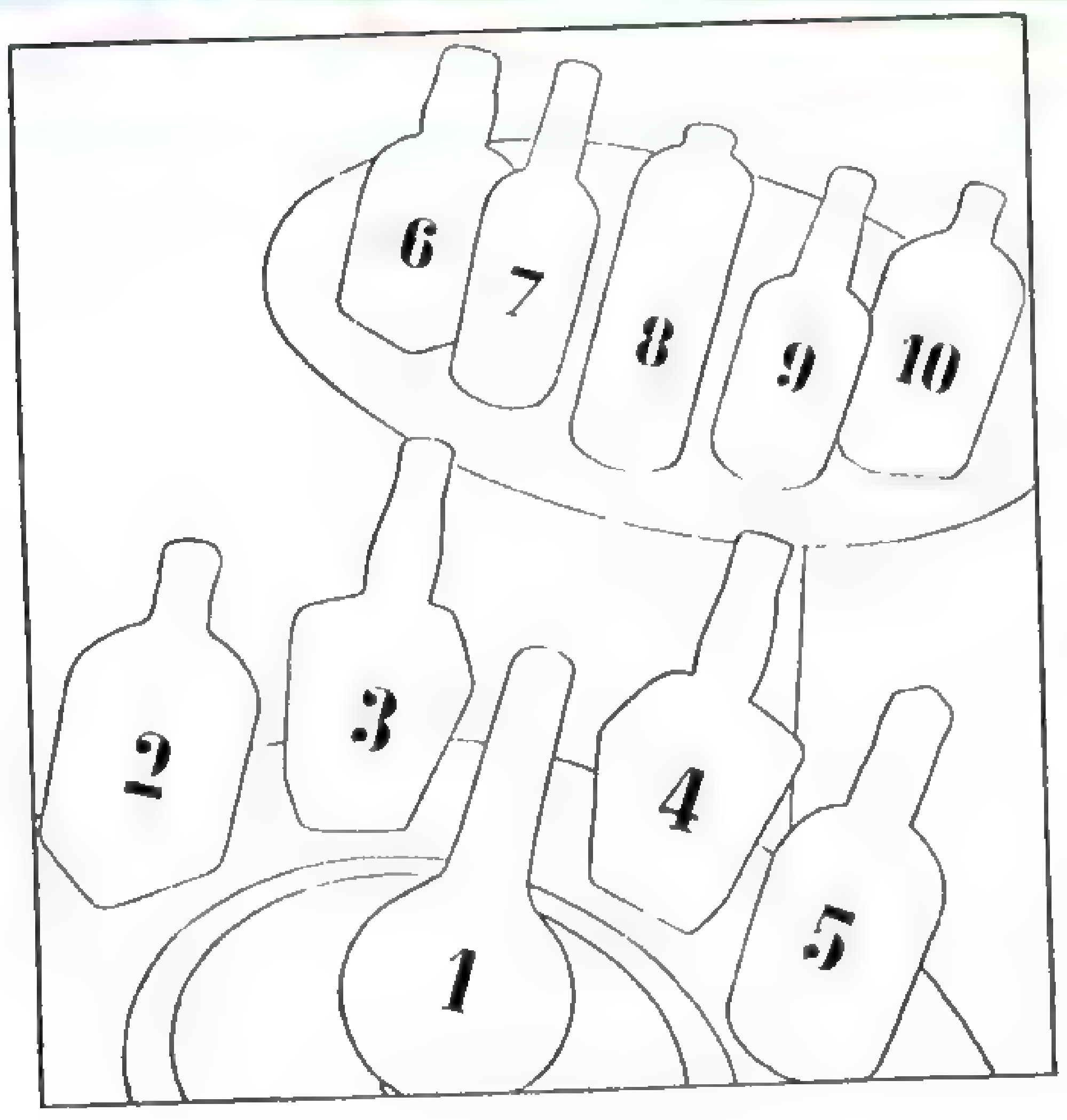
Hiram Walker's
CRÈME de MENTHE
Hiram Walker's
CRÈME de CACAO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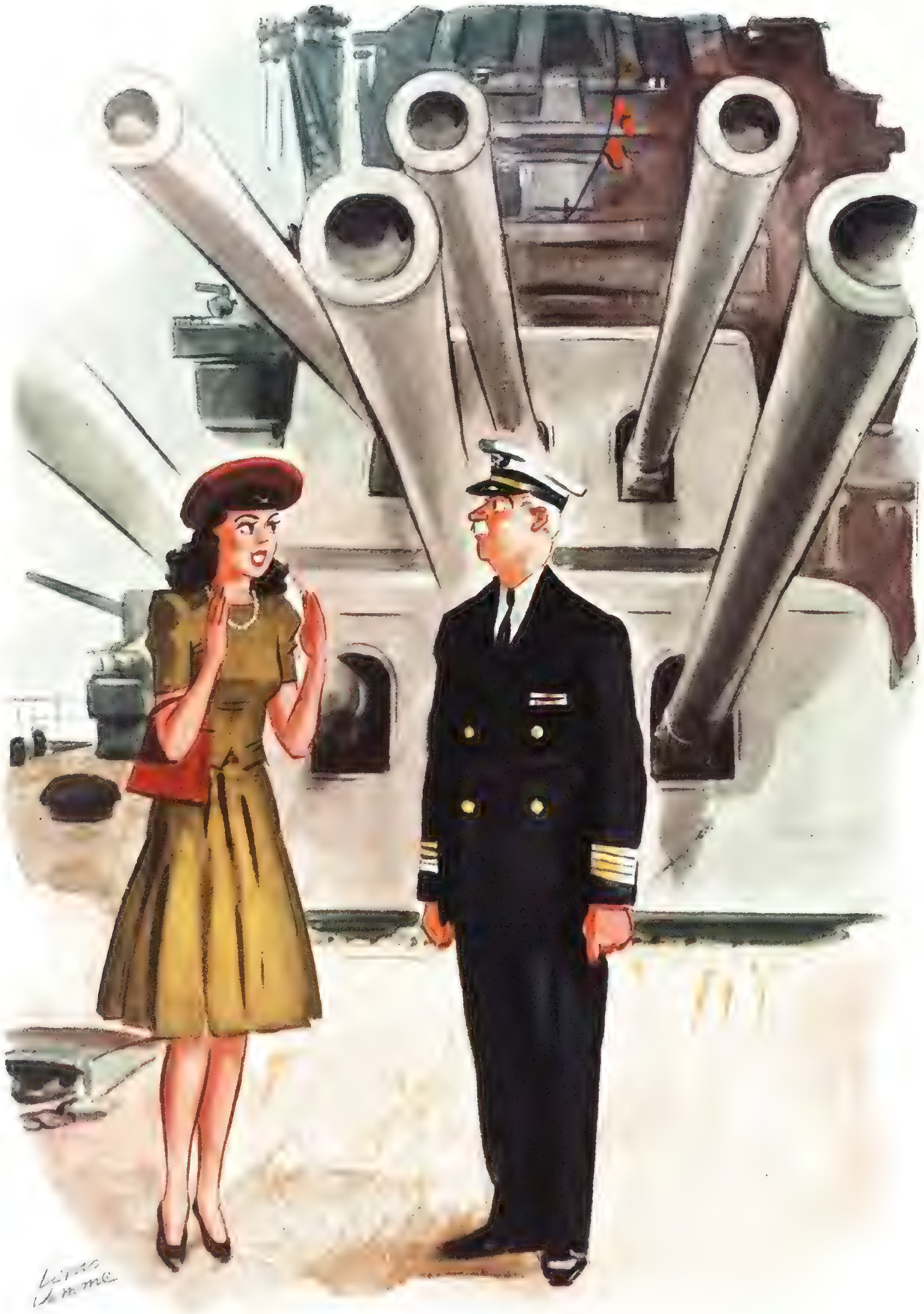
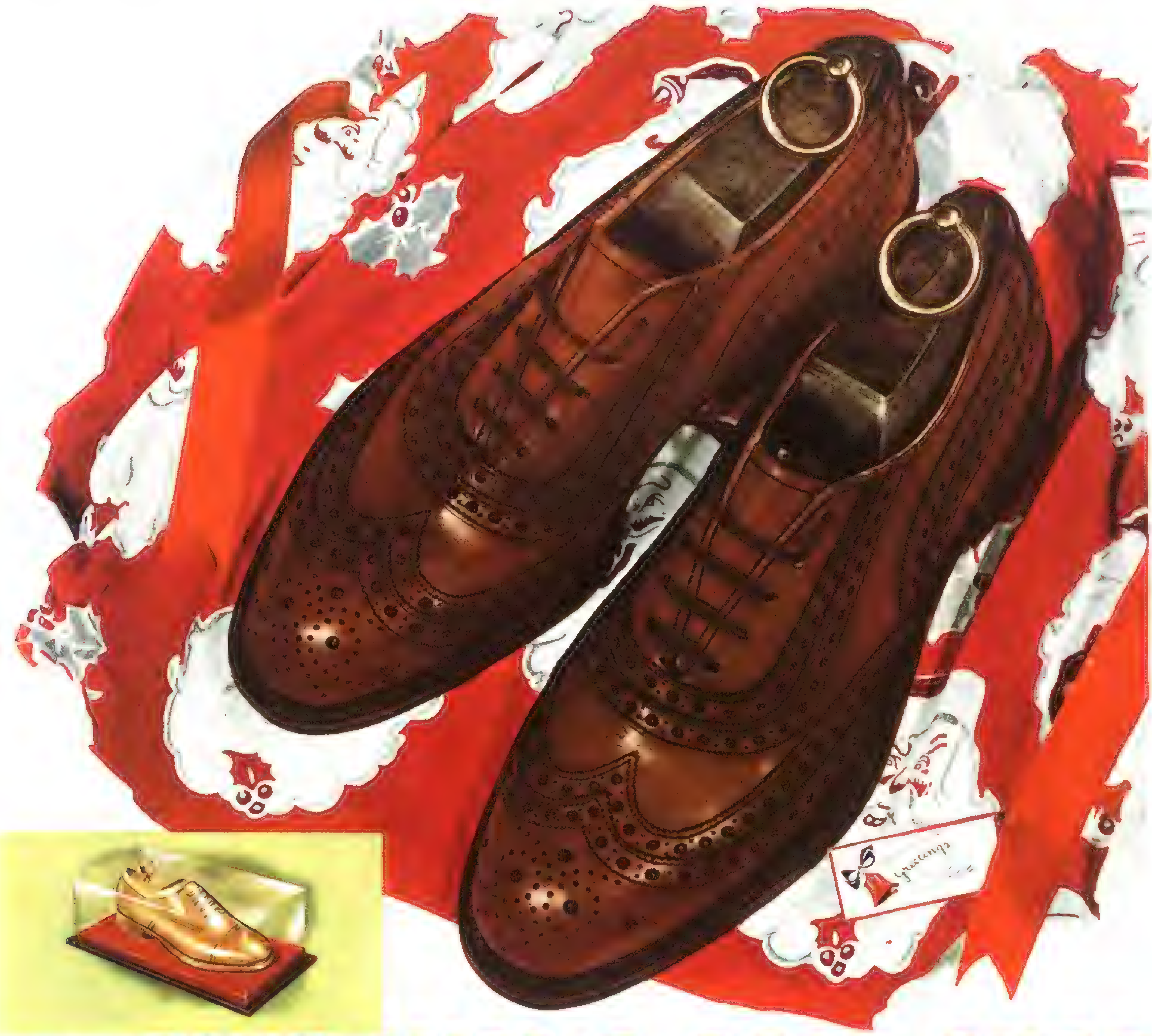


"But where are the real little ones I hear so much about—the sixteen-inch guns?"



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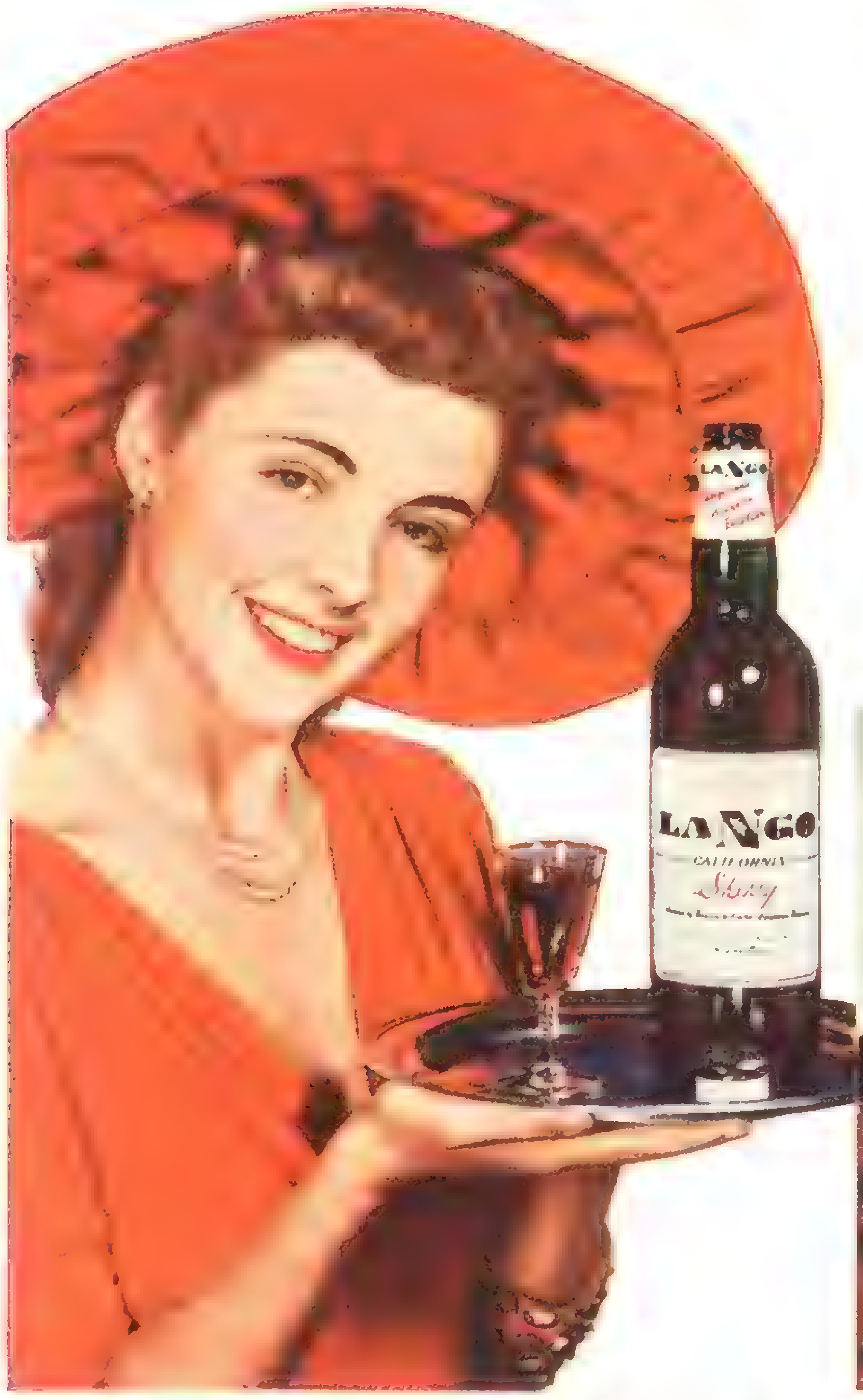

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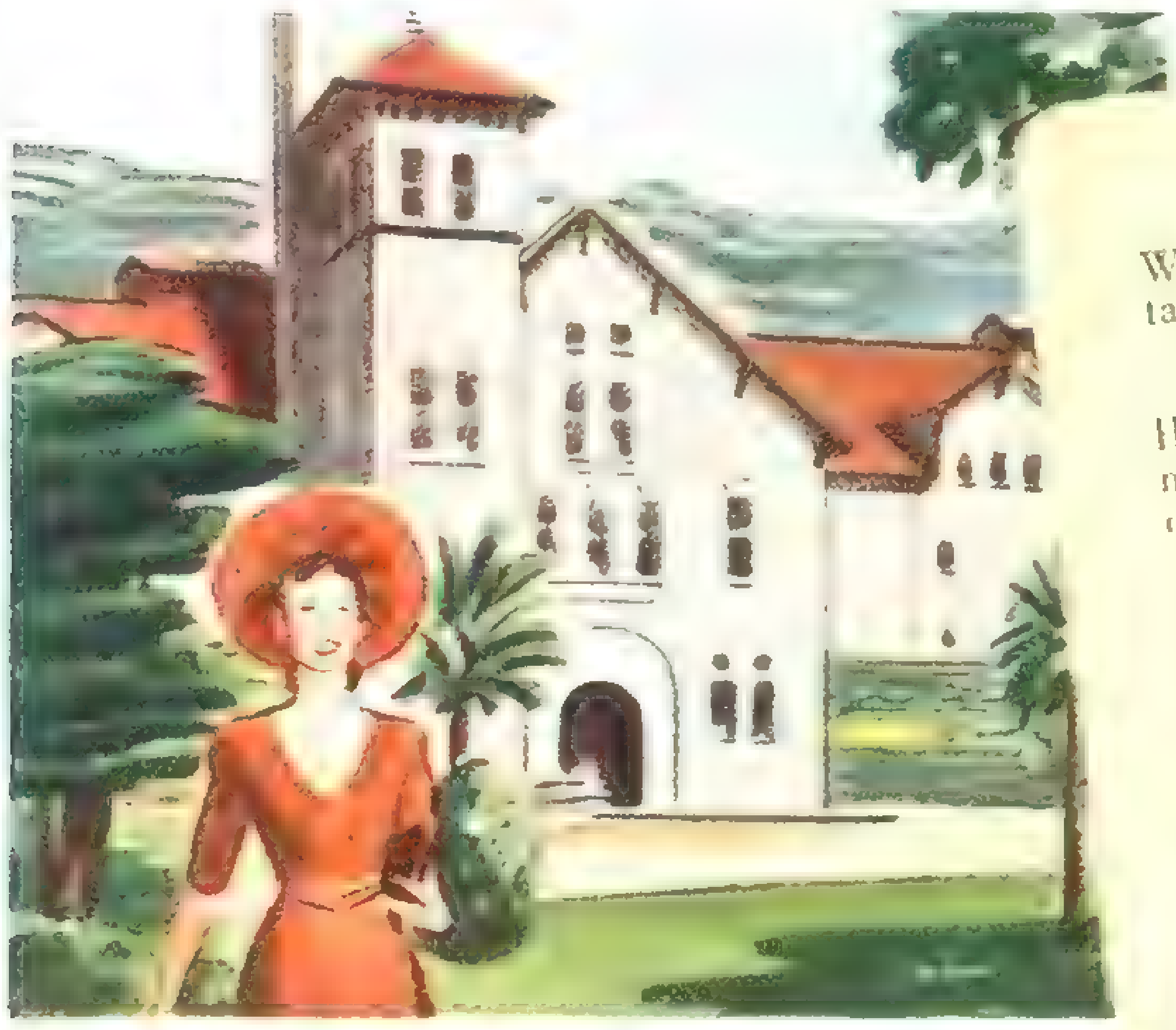

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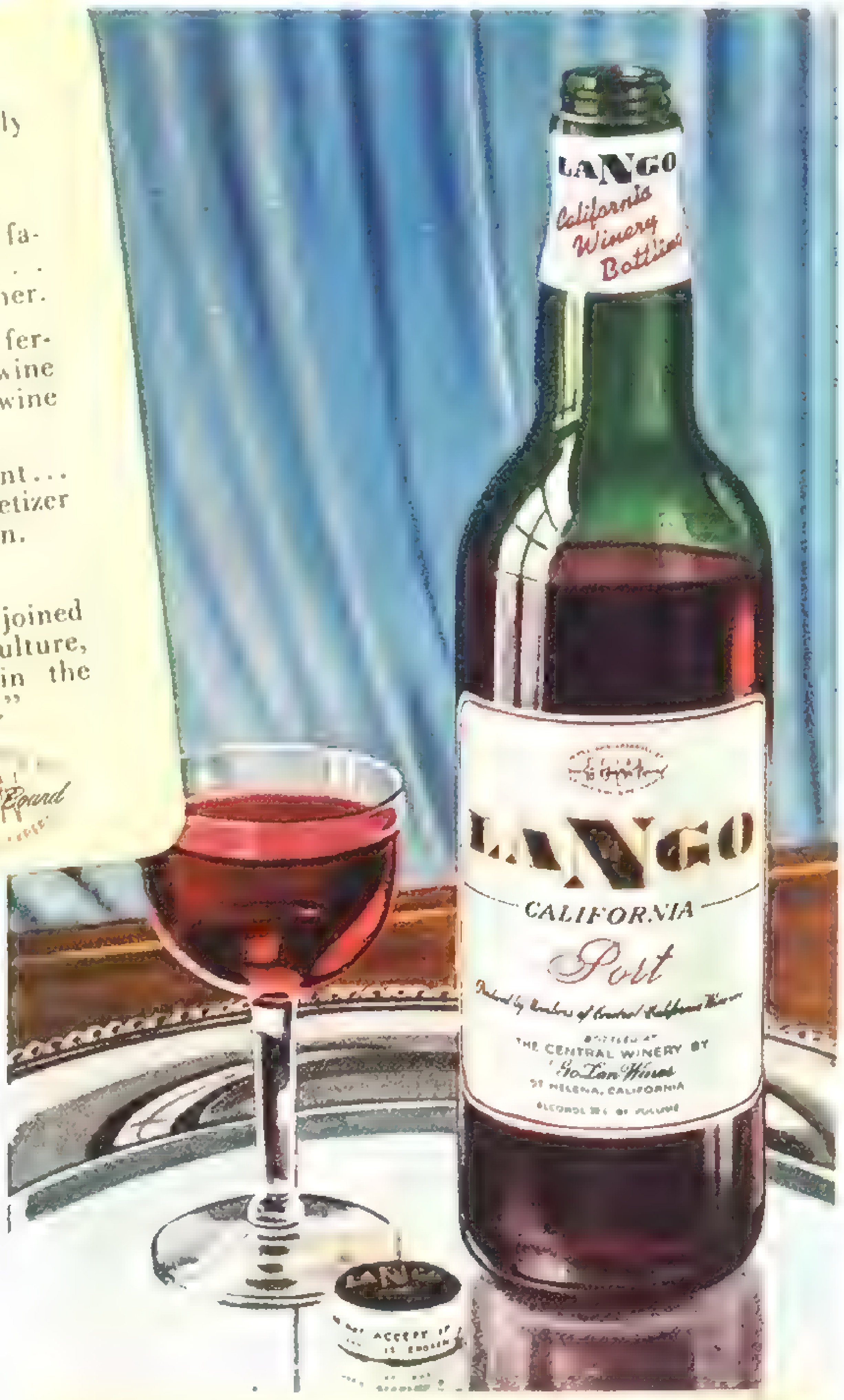

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Man the Kitchenette

On Christmas army rations, with recipes for turkey, plum pudding and carp à la Polonaise

by **ILES BRODY**

▪ EDIBLES ▪

OF ALL the living creatures on this earth man suffers the most—the tragedy of war and destruction never leaves the human race. Yes, we seem destined for plenty of grief and but a small number of pure and peaceful pleasures.

One of them, of course, is eating untroubled and cordial meals. But I can hardly remember a peaceful Christmas and an entirely harmonious feast on this holiest of holy days. First there was the world war; then for nearly a quarter century we all sat on the powder keg, which finally exploded; and so, today, the larger part of the world's inhabitants are once again on army rations.

But even before the first World War there was often a note of discord attached to my Christmas meals. Once, when I was five years old, I nagged my mother for weeks to give me a pineapple as a Christmas gift. She wouldn't hear of it, "We couldn't afford it, it is much too expensive." And it really was. Pineapple in Central European countries used to be prohibitive in price, possible only for the wealthy. It was called *ananas.* The exotic fruit, its name and the high cost fascinated me. I simply had to taste it! I had to have one of my own!

My mother was adamant, however, and I was near to giving up the whole idea sadly. Then, just the day before Christmas, I suddenly came down with the mumps, and I instinctively knew that this was very fortunate. Sure enough, when I awoke from a feverish slumber on Christmas morning, I saw my mother bending over the bed with a huge pineapple in her hand. I probably thanked Providence for the mumps that won the battle for me.

"This *ananas* is only for you," my mother said, "don't give any of it to the boys."

Although I never had a strong sense of possession, in this case I firmly made up my mind that I wouldn't. I just showed my four older brothers the great treasure, enjoyed the sight of their popping eyes, and then I put the pineapple securely under my pillow. Later in the day I fell asleep again. And I awoke with a start—the juice of the pineapple was saturating the bed linen. First I thought that I had crushed it. But when I looked at my beloved *ananas,* I knew at once that there was foul play somewhere. A good sized piece was missing from the middle, and the scalp was put back, so as to fool me. I had a rather hysterical conference with my mother, and as a result, when dinner time arrived and the doors of the dining room were thrown open for the sick one's benefit, I saw my brothers in the light of a hundred Christmas candles sitting tearfully around the table. Once John gave me a long stare; I caught its significance, and I hoped that the mumps would last indefinitely.

Before you could say "ham and eggs," I grew up and found myself in the army. Christmas was fast approaching when we went to a small Tyrolian village from the Italian Piave, where half of our regiment had been annihilated. We who were spared were taking a well-earned rest; but at all times were in readiness to rush to the nearby front.

The officers' mess was established at an inn, with our own chefs, of course, for the civilian life of the place was not at all normal. There were a few girls in the village, but none of them pretty, and all speaking in a dialect that was almost incomprehensible, and carrying fair-sized goiters for which the drinking water was responsible.

Eight officers sat at table for the noon and evening meals. The colonel occupied the head, and I, the junior officer, sat opposite him, at the end. For a long time I turned out to be quite the youngest wherever I went. But while a junior has all the privileges at home, as the youngest officer I merely had extra duties to perform.

For instance, the phonograph had to be kept going uninterruptedly throughout the meals, and it was my duty to wind the infernal machine, and change the records. I had to jump up and attend to this business a dozen times during the repast; the springs of those early phonographs were not so hot. And God help me if a record ran down, and gave out those deep, slow-motion, unmelodious sounds! The colonel would throw me a glance that fairly curdled my blood.

But one day at lunch, a week or so before Christmas, the old man looked at me rather kindly, for a change, and after his brandy, he spoke in a milder growl than usual:

"*Fähnrich,* how would you like to go to Budapest for a day? You need a little rest. You haven't seen your family for a long time . . . Besides, Christmas without women is like a cavalry officer without spurs. I'll give you a couple of addresses. Escort the ladies back here . . ."

Two hours later I was galloping at full speed toward the railroad station with my orderly behind me. I had an *offener befehl* in my pocket, a piece of official paper that served as an Open Sesame, and ordered all military to aid the

Continued on page 156

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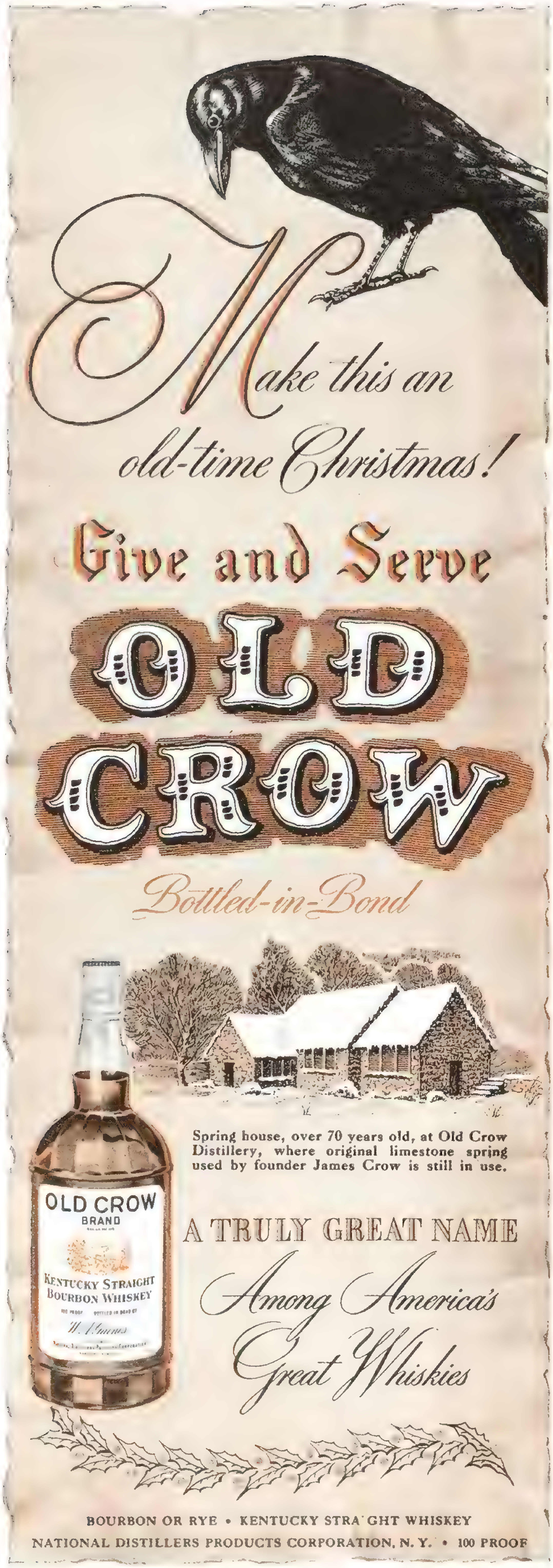

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Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 155

bearer to get to his destination in the shortest possible time. I missed the local train, but after all, I was on an important military mission. So I commandeered the through express train and climbed nonchalantly into the car reserved for staff officers only.

Next morning we were in Vienna, and at noon I reached Budapest. Changing quickly from field gray to a more colorful uniform, I paraded around happily, showing myself at as many places as I could in such a short time. Then I called at the residence of the colonel's girls, but found only one was free to come. The next morning we started off and the return journey was uneventful, as I entirely ignored the various little encouragements offered by the girl of the feared Colonel. I didn't want to be court-martialled.

How that little lady changed life at the officers' mess! There were flowers in vases; the waiters served in white gloves; and the table was laden with hoarded delicacies.

On Christmas Eve, 1917, when the world in a culinary sense had already gone to the dogs, we had goose liver *au naturel*, paprika chicken with dumplings, and chocolate cake. And punch, of course. There was a Christmas parcel from the Emperor for each officer, containing cigarettes, cigars, and a bottle of brandy. The atmosphere became very gay. The colonel's girl whispered to me that she would like to put on my uniform, and we disappeared for a few minutes. Cross my heart, I behaved myself. I still didn't want to face a firing squad—especially on Christmas!

She looked awfully cute wearing my blouse and tight pantaloons as she came into the room; she marched up to the old man, and sat down at his right. The colonel took a good look at her, then burst out laughing, and petted the new *fähnrich's* rosy cheeks.

"Don't you know you have to be at least a lieutenant to be allowed to sit beside me?" he said.

"Why don't you promote me then?" came the quick answer.

The colonel roared with laughter. "Good idea," he shouted. "Go and have the regimental tailor change your insignia at once!"

When I got back my uniform, I got the lieutenant's gold star with it. That was the careless way one became a lieutenant in the good old war, and that was the way we were feeding. I want to tell you too, what the men, the ordinary soldiers, had for their Christmas meal in our army—suckling pig, goulash, tea, a pint of rum and double rations of cigarettes. Ironically, the same fare as the night before an attack.

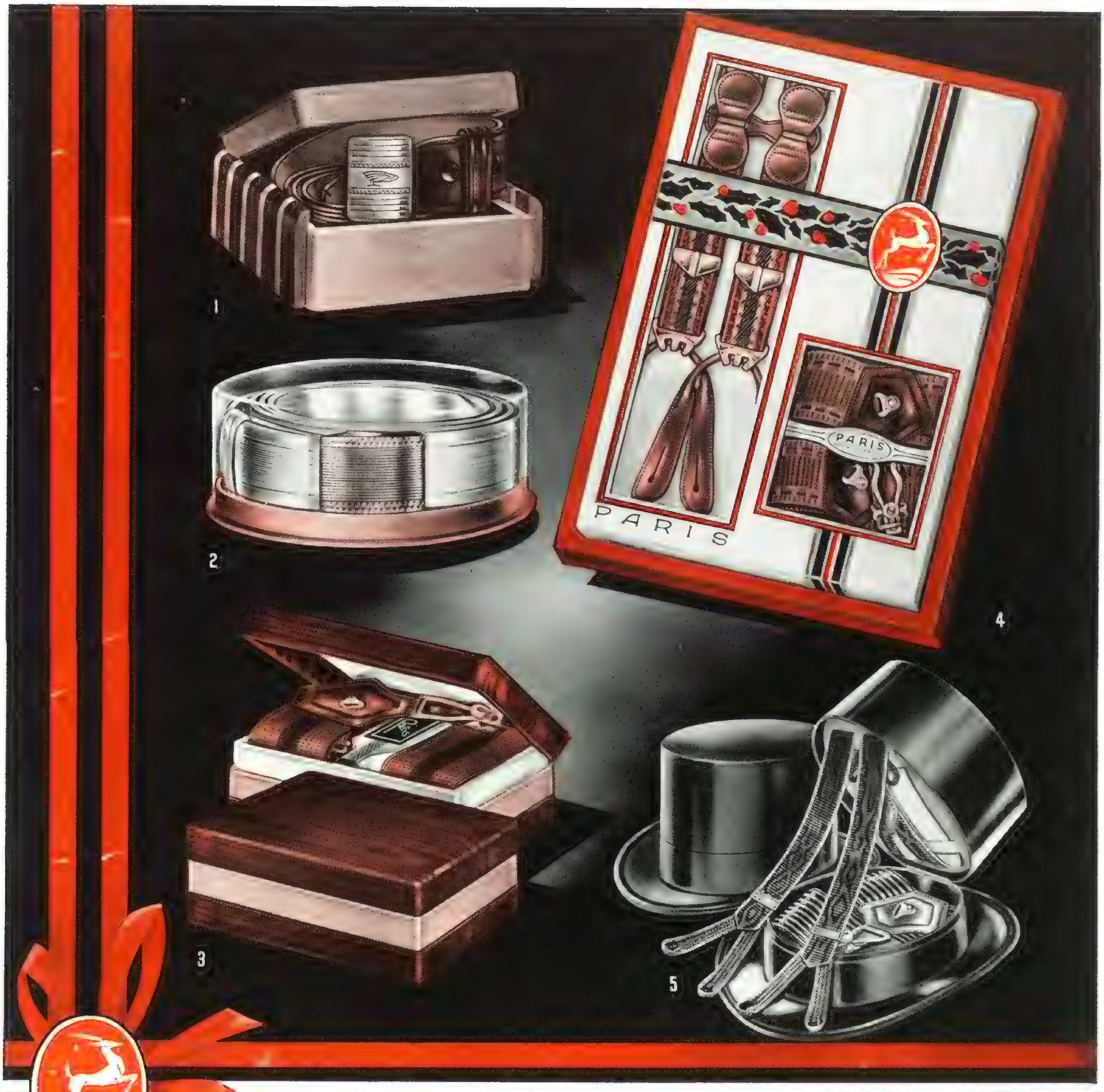
But to return to the present. I recently went and snooped around to find out what the soldiers in the American army will get this Christmas. Turkey with all the fixin's, naturally. The army chefs, who are taught their art in a three months' course at Fort Slocum, will see to that. But here is how the whole day will shape up gastronomically: Breakfast: grapefruit, assorted cereals, fresh milk, fried eggs with fried potatoes, bacon strips, toast, butter, coffee with canned milk. Dinner: tomato soup with croutons, roast turkey, oyster dressing, brown gravy, mashed potatoes, lima beans, lettuce and tomato salad, dill pickles, bread, butter, coffee, milk, apple strudel and ice cream. Supper: assorted cold cuts, cottage cheese, American cream cheese, potato salad, bread, butter, coffee, canned milk, raisin cake.

There will be some variation—the army, very cleverly, takes into consideration that natives of Florida and New England like fish; soldiers in Louisiana get chicory in their coffee; and the lads from Dixie are accommodated with cornbread. But the Christmas turkey is not limited by locality. Each soldier will get twenty-eight ounces of it, hind and fore quarters mixed. There will be no gift parcel from the army, but don't worry, the boys will get them from home or from various interested organizations. The Christmas party will be held in the auditorium of each camp and the children of the soldiers and the officers, will be invited; there will be a present from the army for every child.

Many of the boys will go on leave, probably almost half of the one and a half million, but it is to be doubted if they would get a more festive dinner at home. The soldiers of the United States Army are better fed than sixty per cent of the population, and it is an established fact that they receive twice as many calories (5,000 instead of 3,000) as the average well fed civilian adult. The army sees to it that the boys, so far as food is concerned, are satisfied and in perfect physical shape.

The "good old days" were not so good for soldiers, gastronomically speaking. In the Revolutionary War, rations consisted only of sixteen ounces of beef daily, the same amount of flour, six ounces of peas, sixteen ounces of milk, and a little over an ounce of rice; in addition to which they were given a quart of spruce beer, some soap and a small candle. And they had to prepare their own food over the camp fire. In the War of 1812, the milk, spruce beer, peas and rice were taken away by an act of Congress, and rum, vinegar and salt were substituted. During the Civil War the allotted rations looked very beautiful—on paper. There was even yeast powder among the many fine things proposed, but most of the time the rations were not available and the soldier was left to his own devices. During World War I the American army was the best fed in the whole world, but of course everybody grumbled,

Continued on page 158



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Man the Kitchenette

Continued from pages 155-156

because to complain about the food is a "must" in every army on earth. The army's World War (1917-1918) food bills came to $727,092,430.44. Maybe this Christmas the army will save some money on the food—since half of the fellows will be on leave, the daily food bill, which is about $630,000, will be cut in half. Feeding a man costs the army forty-five cents daily, about the same as for the sailors, excepting the ones in submarines, and oh, boy! are they envied for their extra five cents food allotment!

We are living in a labor-saving, streamlined world today, and it is efficient and intelligent to have the soldiers' food prepared by expertly trained chefs. But I can't help envying the ancient warrior who cooked in the glowing embers of a self-built fire. Cookery has a good influence upon man's actions even in the highest stations of human life. Cincinnatus, the Roman hero, who was a small farmer, left the plough to take command of the army; he defeated the enemy, and almost at once went back to his modest cottage to cook a meal of turnips. As he was leaning over the pot, stirring its contents, a deputation from the enemy entered; they came to bribe the great man, since at that time this was the military custom; but when they saw into the pot, they hastily retired—they knew that a generalissimo satisfied with such a simple meal could never be bought.

Since it is always elevating to talk of Roman customs, let me tell you that the Romans had a law which clamped down on people conversing at meal times about disastrous happenings. They thought, and quite rightly, that digestion is assisted by gaiety; that sadness and melancholy render it impossible to digest meats properly.

As you see from the example of Cincinnatus, the Romans in the days of the Republic lived simply. But in the decadent days of the Empire, generals (and even centurions) were not satisfied if in the coldest winter, rose petals could not be seen floating on the Falernian wine, or if in the summer it were not chilled in golden vases.

I offer you a few last-minute words of advice about your Christmas dinner—unless of course, you are in the army and it will all be taken care of for you. If you happen to be the host, don't have more than ten guests, and try to limit the number to five. Invite people with similar morals and thoughts only. Don't get high before dinner if you wish to savor the finest meal of the year. Don't serve dishes that are banal—guests like to be surprised; they like the bizarre. Don't fill the plates to capacity—small portions are much more appetizing. Some of these suggestions come from far greater authorities than I ever hope to be, from the Duke of Talleyrand and from the Marquis of Cussy, the two greatest gastrosophs of modern times. I add one of my own—don't steal the pineapple from your kid brother down with the mumps.

And here are a few un-banal recipes, together with a recipe for Christmas pudding, that is the real McCoy.

CARP À LA POLONAISE

(Courtesy of the Polish Restaurant in New York)

Ingredients:
One lemon
One stalk of celery
One onion
Two lumps of sugar
Six seeds of black pepper
One pinch of ginger
Half quart beer
Half quart water
Two ounces of gingerbread
One and one half oz. butter
One spoonful of prune jam
One ounce raisins
One oz. currants
One oz. almonds
One oz. nuts
One glassful of red wine

Clean the carp well and cut into pieces of one and one half inches each. Slice the celery, the rind of lemon, chop one onion, put in skillet and boil. When the celery is soft, squeeze in some lemon juice and place the carp in the mixture. Boil for forty minutes, then take out the carp carefully and put it on a plate; keep it warm.

Strain the remaining mixture and put back in the skillet; add the chopped up gingerbread, beer, butter, prune jam, sugar, raisins, sliced almonds, peeled nuts, and other ingredients and boil. Pour this mixture over the carp, and some of the remaining sauce may be served separately.

FLORENTINE TURKEY

(Given to me by my friend, Aldo Fabbrini)

Make a stuffing of three prunes, a quarter of a pound of sausage meat, three tablespoonfuls of chestnut purée, three slices of bacon, and a cooked pear. Fry these for a few minutes in butter. Chop up the gizzard and the liver, and add them, in company of a glass of Marsala. Stuff the turkey and braise it for an hour, with salt, butter, bacon, a blade of rosemary, one onion, one carrot, three cloves, one turnip, and a clove of garlic cut in half.

After having braised it, roast it in the oven, and either pour the sauce over it, or serve the sauce separately. The garlic should be removed after ten minutes of braising.

PLUM PUDDING

to be served at Christmas

(Swiped from an old cook book)

1½ lb. of muscatel raisins
1¾ lb. of currants
1 lb. sultana raisins
2 lbs. finest moist sugar
2 lbs. breadcrumbs
16 eggs
2 lbs. finely chopped suet
6 ozs. of mixed candied peel
rind of 2 lemons
1 oz. of ground nutmeg
1 oz. of ground cinnamon
½ oz. of pounded bitter almonds
¼ pint of brandy

Stone and cut up the raisins, but do not chop them; wash and dry the currants, and cut the candied peel into thin slices. Mix all the dry ingredients well together, and moisten with the eggs, which should be well beaten and strained, to the pudding; stir in the brandy, and, when all is thoroughly mixed, butter and flour well a stout new pudding cloth; put in the pudding, tie it down very tightly and closely, boil from 6 to 8 hours, and serve with brandy sauce. A few sweet almonds, blanched and cut in strips, and stuck on the pudding, ornament it prettily. This quantity may be divided and boiled in buttered molds. For small families this is the most desirable way, as the above will be found to make a pudding of rather large dimensions. ###

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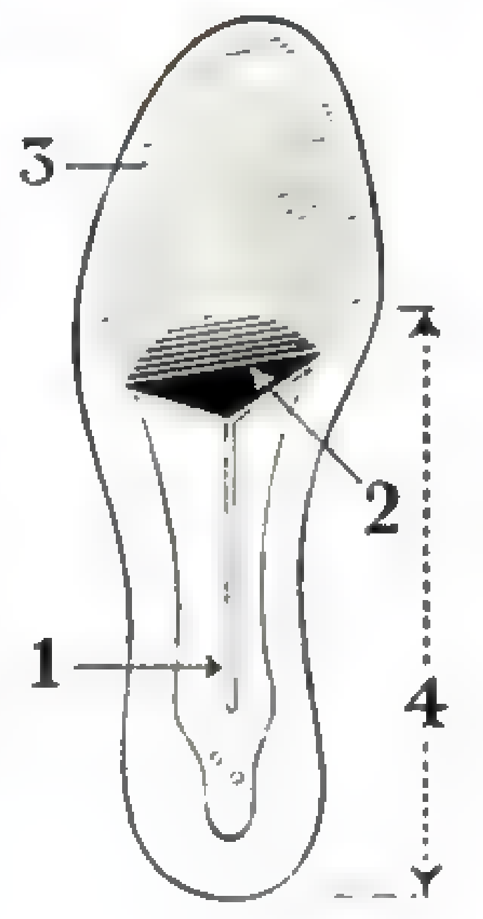

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by CARLETON SMITH

• RECORDS •

Selecting records as Christmas presents is precarious and uncertain. To get something that will satisfy your friends is almost hopeless. What you like they may dump down the incinerator.

Supposedly, if they buy every new album of chamber music, any good standard recording of chamber music should please them. If they buy madrigals and motets, the latest issue in that repertoire is the thing to send them. If they have one Rachmaninoff concerto, they should enjoy the others. But not always. There's no accounting for tastes.

When I'm reasonably sure what my friends like, I can never remember whether or not they have it already. Best policy is to do your shopping at a dealer's where exchanges can be made . . . and this year buy early or you'll find yourself standing in line.

Here's a check list made up by flipping the pages in the catalogues and coming on an item here and there that has given me pleasure. It's of no value except that it may suggest something to give friends of widely divergent tastes:

VICTOR ALBUMS

Mozart: Cosi fan tutte. Recorded in England by the Glyndebourne Opera Company, expertly if strictly interpreted by second-rate singers.

Moussorgsky: Pictures at an Exhibition. Colorfully and lavishly transcribed by Stokowski. M-706.

Beethoven: Violin Concerto. Heifetz and Toscanini conducting NBC Symphony. Perfection itself. M-705.

Schumann: Frauenliebe und Leben. Sung by Helen Traubel. M-737.

Wagnerian Excerpts. Arturo Toscanini and New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. M-308.

Prokofieff: Peter and the Wolf. (Orchestral Fairy Tale) Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra. M-566.

Richard Strauss: Waltz and excerpts from "Der Rosenkavalier." Vienna Philharmonic. Nos. 11217-11218.

Moussorgsky: Symphonic Synthesis from "Boris Godunov." It's better pure, but it's fun to hear Stokowski show off. M-391.

Beethoven: Symphony No. 7, in A major. New York Philharmonic-Symphony conducted by Toscanini. M-317.

Wagner; "Tristan und Isolde." Another Stokowski synthesis. M-508.

Harl McDonald: Symphony No. 1 —The Santa Fe Trail. Ormandy and Philadelphia Orchestra. M-754.

Sibelius Society Album VI. *En Saga,* incidental music and small pieces. M-658.

Rachmaninoff: Symphony No. 3. Conducted by the composer. M-712.

Rachmaninoff: Concerto No. 3. Played by the composer. M-710.

Debussy: La Mer. Koussevitzky and Boston Symphony Orchestra. M-643.

Brahms: B-flat major Piano Concerto. Horowitz and Toscanini conducting NBC Symphony. M-740.

Rameau: Suite in E minor. Played by Wanda Landowska. M-593.

Brahms: Lieder. Sung by Alexander Kipnis. M-522.

Liturgical Music. Choir of Pius X School. M-739.

Mahler: Symphony No. 9 and *Beethoven Symphony No. 6.* Conducted by Bruno Walter. M-726.

Handel: Suites. Played by Wanda Landowska. M-592.

Ravel: Ma Mére L'Oye. Koussevitzky and Boston Symphony. Nos. 7370-7371.

Bach: Organ Music. Played by E. Power Biggs. M-616.

Bach: Peasant Cantata, No. 212. Guyla with chamber orchestra. M-360.

Mozart: Magic Flute. Conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, Albums 541-542.

COLUMBIA ALBUMS

Bach: Brandenburg Concertos. Adolph Busch Chamber Players. M-249, M-250.

Beethoven: Concerto No. 4 in G major. Gieseking and Saxon State Orchestra conducted by Bohm. M-441.

Beethoven: Quartet No. 15 in A minor, opus 132. London String Quartet. M-193.

Strawinsky: "The Firebird." Conducted by the composer. M-115.

Alban Berg: Concerto for violin and orchestra. ("To the Memory of an Angel.")

Strauss: Waltzes. Conducted by Weingartner and Walter. M-364.

Victor Herbert Melodies. Andre Kostelanetz and Orchestra. M-415. *Stephen Foster Melodies.* Kostelanetz and Orchestra. M-442.

Columbia History of Music. M-231, M-232, M-233, M-234, M-361.

Strawinsky: "Rite of Spring." Conducted by the composer. M-115.

Mozart: Quartet No. 23 in D. Kolisch Quartet. Set X-53.

Handel-Beecham: "The Faithful Shepherd" Suite. Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the London Philharmonic.

Brahms: Symphony No. 1, in C minor. Felix Weingartner and London Symphony M-383.

Handel: Concerto in B minor for viola and orchestra. Played by William Primrose. M-295.

English Madrigals. M-306.

Debussy: Preludes: Played by Walter Gieseking. M-352; M-382.

Delius Society Sets. M-305, M-290.

Schirmer Albums

Rachmaninoff: Eleven Songs. Sung by Nina Koshetz.

Balinese Melodies. Transcribed by Colin McPhee.

Decca Albums

Gershwin: "Porgy and Bess." Conducted by Alex Smallens. No. 145.

Hungarian Gypsy Music. Nos. 173, 196.

Caucasian Folk Songs and Dances. No. 106.

Calypsos. Not the best, but interesting. No. 78.

Anthology of Colored Jazz. No. 182.

Anthology of White Jazz. No. 183.

Strauss Waltzes for Dancing. Nos. 5, 11, 54, and 81.

Famous Rumbas. Played by Henry King and Eddie Le Baron. Nos. 16 and 80.

Authentic Tahitian Rhythms. No. 34.

Evening's Entertainment:

If it's an hour's entertainment you want—something to thaw out the guests—these will do it:

Musical Caricature of *Mary Had a Little Lamb* by Alex Templeton. Victor 26668.

When the Mush Begins to Rush Down Father's Vest. Bluebird 10889.

I'm Thinking Tonight of My Blue Eyes. Vocalion 05134.

It Was Only an Old Beer Bottle. Dick Jurgens. Vocalion 5338.

Princess Poo-Poo-ly Has Plenty Papaya. Harry Owens and his Royal Hawaiians. Decca 2931.

Hector the Garbage Collector. Jerry Colonna. Vocalion 3876.

Shoot the Sherbert to Me Herbert. Merry Macs. Decca 2842. *Rudy Vallee Surprises.* Bluebird 10069.

French Records

Those who find an abiding tenderness in their hearts for the France of the French should send for Liberty Music Shops' list of French records. There are nursery rhymes and folk songs, dialogues, street chansons, interpretations by Jean Sablon, Charles Trenet, Lucienne Boyer, Tino Rossi, and others. They bring back memories of happier days.

South American Letter:

In the rocky and tortuous path of our Latin-American relations, many blunders go unmentioned. Official reports are misleading. They include no mention of the rudeness and crudities of our good-will emissaries, their poisonously bad-mannered wives, the numberless legions of Mr. Hollow-Legs who guzzle quantities of Latin-American champagne, whisky, and liquor, and then depart without even a nod of thanks.

"Be it known," writes my confidential emissary on the East Coast, "that every one here, both Americans and natives, are worn out with all these Good Neighbor commissions, most of whom do more harm than good. We have resolved to get together and write a book about all the people who come down to write a book about us. It would surely be a best-seller. However, this is no time for mirth or laughter and sometimes I feel like crying about the whole mess. All this noisy slapping of Brazil on the back, and telling her that *now* we want to be her friend—Brazil, who has thought we were her best friend, for the last fifty years!"

It is encouraging, at the same time, to have word of one or two of our successes. My informant (who is, I can assure you, the best-liked, most tactful and far-sighted emissary we have in South America) says this of Good Neighbors Paul Draper and the Yale Glee Club.

"Draper turned out to be a really charming young man, easy of manner in spite of a slight stutter and shyness, gracious and courteous, and definitely *simpatico.* Starting off right, he made the most colossal success of every kind in Rio. As an artist, he surpassed anything known here: the Grill Room was packed every night during his stay with applauding, cheering fans—an audience that has never before watched any number with more than moderate attention, hardly breathed while he danced. The Brazilians felt that he couldn't be doing what they saw and heard him doing: classic ballet technique, modern ballet technique, and Greek technique, all harmonized and synchronized with tap dancing.

"And the man danced for half an hour with only momentary stops, during which he talked to the audience in a confidential way that would be charming enough anyhow, but was greatly enhanced by his courageous flights into Portuguese. It delighted the audience as well it might. . . . His personal success was extraordinary and everyone called him "Paul." His social acceptance was unbelievable: no other professional, and very few other strangers in town, have ever even approached it.

"The Yale Glee Club was 100 per cent perfect, an incredible record for 65 boys chosen firstly for their voices. They made unquestionably the most far-reaching and lasting propaganda of any group that has come here in my 25 years residence. I make that statement after due consideration, and swell with pride each time I think of those boys. If one of them made any mistake, I neither saw nor heard of it—and I saw or heard about practically everything they did. They sang before thousands in their concerts, and made the most tremendous artistic success just when the time was ripe for such a chorus to sow seeds of cultural propaganda among the Latin students.

"Their manners and breeding left nothing to be desired. And they were a darned good-looking bunch in the bargain, which did no harm in a country where looks count a lot. Also, their frank enthusiasm about everything here was of enormous value, and gratified and delighted the Brazilians. You can imagine what satisfaction it was to me to see, at last, in Rio one large group of my compatriots about whose performance and behavior I could find nothing whatever to deplore."

South Americans are too little

Continued on page 162

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Esquire on the Record

Continued from page 161

aware of the good music-making we have here. Let's continue to send them our fine orchestras, our dance bands and choral organizations. The Boston Symphony, the Westminster Choir should be heard in South America, and South America is not only Buenos Aires and Rio. It is also Peru, Chile, Ecuador, Colombia, Venezuela, all the countries with a love of music and a desire to hear and know the best. And, should you be interested in making the acquaintance of some Brazilian songs, hear Elsie Houston's subtle and extraordinary interpretation of them (Victor Album 798).

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Antonio R. Frasconi, Ave. Gonzalo Ramirez 2225, Montevideo, Uruguay, S. A., writes a note that speaks for itself: "As I am a fervent admirer of the 'boogie woogie' style, I would like very much to be able to get some pictures of its greater interpreters, such as P. Johnson, A. Ammons, M. Lux Lewis as well as C. Basie, Bob Crosby, etc.

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The Bow, a Hunting Weapon

Tips for beginners on how to buy bows and arrows for target shooting or for hunting

by JIM KJELGAARD and SYL LE FEBVRE

▪ SPORTS ▪

IN THE good old days when a man wanted to knock off a deer, moose, his neighbor, or whatever his specialty might be, he took his bow down from the wall, fitted an arrow to it, and proceeded with his knocking off. Then some smart guy invented a gun, and gradually bows and arrows became associated with six-year-old kids with chicken feathers in their hair rushing around playing Indian. Sometimes the kids broke a window with their arrows, but aside from that they were conceded to be harmless.

It must be obvious that, to do what they did with their bows, the old-timers must have had something besides bent sticks with a string stretching from end to end. They must have had pretty fair weapons, with the old English six foot long bow leading all the rest by far.

And the bows of today are just as far ahead of anything the old-timers had as a Springfield rifle is ahead of a matchlock. It's only a guess, but probably a pretty fair one, that Robin Hood would have swapped a couple of knight's ransoms for an average fifty-five pound, rawhide-backed osage orange bow and a couple of dozen good broadheads. And any good archer of today would be able to shoot rings around any Locksley and give him a ten yard handicap.

Such archers are more numerous than drawing up beside a roadside archery range where you can get six shots for ten cents and watching 'em whack arrows into almost everything but the target, would lead you to believe. Every year thousands of hunters are either laying aside their guns in favor of the bow, or else are using the bow and gun too. This doesn't mean that there's going to be a crusade, at least one conceived by these authors, to persuade brother hunters to lay aside their twelve gauges and thirty-two specials and rush out to get a bow. But it might be worth your while at least to consider hunting with bow and arrows.

If you should decide that you'd like to try hunting with a bow, and we'd like humbly to point out that hunting might offer a dozen new thrills if you do, either switching entirely from the gun to the bow or using the bow when you don't feel particularly like scrambling a rabbit with a load of number sevens, you're going to find it a much harder job to pick the correct bow for yourself than you'd ever find in buying a new rifle or shotgun. In firearms, you can select a weapon with a reliable maker's name on it and feel sure that you're not getting stung. There's a lot of reliable bow makers, we know none who aren't, but suiting yourself to a bow and getting a good one from a dozen offered might be a bit difficult. There's a couple of simple rules that may be followed.

To start with you're going to be confronted with two general types of bows; those made for hunting and those expressly for targets. There's as much difference between them as there is between a .22 rifle and a 30-06 Springfield.

If you've never shot a bow, and the clerk who'd like nothing better than to sell you one trots out a little, rawhide-backed yew and says it's yours for only thirty-five bucks, look him spang in the eye and tell him it certainly looks nice, but you'd like to see some lemonwood bows that retail for from five to seven dollars and a half. Not that the yew isn't worth the money. It is. But, if you're a beginner, an inexpensive bow will serve to instruct you in the elements of archery just as well as an expensive one. Once you've mastered the fundamentals, and are ready to graduate to a really fine bow, you'll know more about what you want and will be able to get it. If you buy an expensive bow to begin with, and after a couple of weeks find that it's too light or too heavy, you'll be out quite a few bucks that might as well be saved.

Incidentally lemonwood bows are not made from the wood of the lemon tree but from a plant that grows in Cuba. It is cut there, allowed five years to season, and sold to bow makers. And probably the first thing you'll want to consider when buying a bow for yourself is the draw, or "string pull." This ranges from twenty or twenty-five pounds up as far as you want to go, with the proper draw for you being somewhere between thirty and forty-five pounds.

String up the bow in the store. When properly strung the distance between the leather grip in the center of the bow, measuring from the side of the grip closest to the bow string, and the bow string should be, roughly, about six inches. Grip the bow in your left hand if you are right-handed and in your right hand if you are left-handed, and draw the string back about as far as it would be drawn if there was an arrow in the bow. That will be between twenty-six and twenty-eight inches. If the hand gripping the bow trembles, the bow is too heavy for you.

String, or "brace," another bow. If it draws too easily it's too light. But, if you can draw it back about ten times, hold it in position about two or three seconds each time, and feel that the muscles in your shoulders respond to it, if there's a sense of exercise with no strain, the bow is probably about right for you.

But—don't buy it yet! While the bow is still braced, using the string as a straight line to gauge with, look straight down the back of the bow, the side that is away from the archer when shooting. There should be a straight line between tip and tip with no curves or faults in the bow stave itself. If the bow is straight, look at the grain in the stave. The grain doesn't have to run straight, but it should always run with the way the bow stave has been worked. At no point should the grain run out on the side. Grain running that way means a bow easily broken.

If the grain's right, the draw's okeh, and the bow is straight, buy it along with about half a dozen target arrows that should cost no more than thirty cents each. Get an arm guard, a shooting glove for the hand that grips the bow string, and you're all set to learn about archery. The whole beginner's outfit should cost not over ten dollars.

Marksmanship in archery, of course, has definitely established principles with a great difference between shooting at targets and hunting. In target shooting the distance is usually known and a "point of aim" system is used. This is nothing more than a white disc, or a white stick, set between the archer and the target. By shooting at it, and moving it either forwards or backwards according to whether your arrows are going high or low, you hit your target.

There is a difference, too, in the way the bow is held in target shooting and hunting. In target shooting the right hand, or the left if you're left-handed, is beside the chin. You're looking down on your arrow point, or "pile."

Good rules to remember, applicable to both target shooting and hunting, are to have your feet firmly braced when you shoot, always draw the arrow back its full length to the same place or anchor, and always release it smoothly. Releasing the arrow is very important, comparable to squeezing the trigger of a gun rather than jerking it.

Incidentally the grip on the bow is not the center of it, but only something to fit the hand around. The center of the bow, place the arrow should rest when in shooting position, is about two inches above the grip.

When you feel that you've gotten the first principles of archery down pat and are ready for a better target bow buy a red cedar, which is probably faster than any other kind, a yew, a rock elm, or a lemonwood. Try several and decide for yourself which you like best. Get one that is backed up, which means that the back is strengthened, by silk or rawhide. Silk is probably best for a target bow because it permits the bow to work a little more smoothly.

A thirty-five pound target bow should be accurate at forty yards. Accuracy at fifty yards will call for about a thirty-eight pound bow, and a forty pounder should take care of anything up to sixty yards—which is the limit of most archery ranges. Bow sights, by the way, are almost exclusively for target use and are of little practical value in hunting.

For hunting the Indians use a bow with almost a hundred pound draw. But, in spite of this tremendous power, they could seldom kill a deer at more than twenty-five yards. The reason was their arrows. The shaft was heavy, and tipped with a heavy stone head. They had to be close to their game to force such a young club into it.

Nowadays a hunter equipped with a fifty-five pound bow and a quiver full of hunting arrows is ready for any game that walks on this continent, including moose and grizzly bears. At fifty yards a twenty-eight inch arrow tipped with a seventy-five grain broadhead will pass completely through a deer.

A hunting bow differs from a target bow in that it is shorter, five feet as compared to five feet six or eight inches. This is to facilitate handling in brush. It has a heavier draw, necessary because the hunting arrow weighs about twice what a target arrow does. It is usually made of heavier, coarser wood and, though accurate, does not achieve the fine points of accuracy possible in a target bow.

To get the proper draw for your hunting bow, add about twenty pounds to what you can use in a target bow. Thus, if you shoot a thirty-five pound target bow, you'll be able to handle a fifty-five pound hunting bow.

Naturally, if your arm quivers when you draw and hold a forty-pound bow, it's going to quiver even more with a fifty-five pounder. The solution lies in the way of shooting. When shooting targets you aim for two or three seconds, or as long as necessary. Hunting is all "snapshooting." The bow is drawn, aimed, and released all in a split second.

Hunting bows are usually made of yew, backed up with sinew, hickory, which is slow, lemonwood backed with sinew, and osage orange similarly backed. Osage orange is probably far and away the best because it is not affected by temperature changes. You can carry it in a heated car to wherever you're going to hunt, get out in a ten below zero temperature, and start shooting right away. Yew, lemonwood, cedar, and other woods, when subjected to sudden temperature changes and shot, are apt to break or crystallize.

To select a good hunting bow look for the same things you looked for in your target bow. The best bows will have little whorls and curls in the grain, showing that that particular tree from which the bow was made has already taken something of a beating from wind and storms

Continued on page 166

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Gifts by Lenthéric

The Bow, a Hunting Weapon

Continued from page 165

and is plenty tough. Brace the bow and look down the back for faults and warps, and never buy a bow that has the grain running out on the side.

The better bows are nearly always made in two pieces. A piece of wood is cut from a billet, and then is split exactly in half. One half is used for the top of the bow and the other for the bottom. This affords, as nearly as it is possible to do so, equal draw on both halves of the bow. The halves are joined together at the grip, and bound with raw leather.

All hunting bows should be backed up with either silk, fiber, or rawhide with rawhide preferred because it is stronger. Lemonwood bows have a raised piece of black walnut on the grip. Other bows also have this raised piece, but it is made of the same material as the bow itself.

The hunting arrow differs from the target arrow in that it has longer feathers. The shaft is heavier and has a different head. The target arrow is twenty-six or twenty-eight inches over all and tipped with a steel or brass point whose diameter is no more than that of the shaft. Hunting arrows are twenty-nine inches over all and tipped with a steel point like a small spear.

This broadhead isn't an ideal point for hunting, but it is probably as good as is on the market today. Arrows have only a very small shocking power, will knock nothing off its feet as the smash of a bullet will, and depend on cutting and internal hemorrhage to make the kill. Thus, though a broadhead will go through a deer at fifty yards, they would get a quicker kill if they penetrated only six inches and stopped there. The ideal hunting point, we think, would be a thin, round blade about two and a half inches wide so the general effect when shooting would be that of a knife on the end of the arrow shaft. If there is any such point on the market, we don't know of it.

Ordinary target arrows are all right for small game, but the hunting bow should always be used in hunting because of its speed. There is also a wooden head that fits over target arrows and is called a "bone-crusher." It has little value because its extra weight slows the arrow down and, at the most, it gives only a quarter inch more of hitting space on either side. So stick to target arrows for small game and hunting arrows, broadheads, for anything bigger than a raccoon.

The proper stance for hunting shots is with the hand that grips the arrow against your right cheek. The feathers of the arrow should be about even with the bottom of your nose, and the bow is considerably higher than in target shooting. Target practice, fine for teaching the fundamentals of archery and the proper way to manipulate the bow, is of little value in hunting shots. You never know exactly the distance you're shooting.

But hunting shots have their own special technique that may be mastered only by constant practice. Always remember to aim at what you want to hit rather than pointing your arrow up in the air hoping that it will come down near whatever game you're shooting at. There's enough strength behind your bow to propel the arrow straight.

Use your bow just as you would your rifle. With a rifle you would hold higher on a deer a hundred yards away than you would on one twenty yards away. Apply the same principle to the bow.

In hunting, the arrow is always nocked loosely and the bow is carried instantly ready to be drawn for any sudden shots that may present. The best possible practice is to walk along a trail or road with your bow ready in this manner. When you see a bush, or a tin can, or anything that may make a good mark, take a shot at it and shoot from various distances not measured.

Never forgetting to have your feet well braced, and the anchor and release, here is one swell rule to remember in hunting. When the arrow is drawn back to the proper position your thumb will be free and in a straight line with the rear of the arrow shaft. Point your thumb, not the arrow, at whatever you want to hit. It's the same rule used in fencing where the thumb is used to guide the point of the foil.

Probably fifty yards is the farthest you can shoot at a deer with a reasonable chance of getting him. Of course, if you see one at a hundred yards you can take a chance. If the arrow hits him it will get him. And never forget that a hunting shot is not a matter of seconds, but of a part of one second.

Never draw your bow without an arrow in it and let it snap forward. It will break the bow. Instead of springing to its proper position, it will snap forward.

By no means is this article intended to cover all the points of either hunting or target work, but is intended simply to give you a few ideas as to what may be expected. There's a whole lot more, enough to fill volumes, and reading all the books you can get on archery will help. But even the most rigid rules must be bent to your own individual requirements, and you can never get out of an entire shelf of books what constant practice will teach you.

Finally, the cost of a first class hunting outfit, complete with a rawhide-backed osage orange bow, hunting arrows, arm guard, and shooting glove, will be between fifty and seventy-five dollars. A target outfit will be less, depending on what you want.

So—Good luck and good hunting! ⧺

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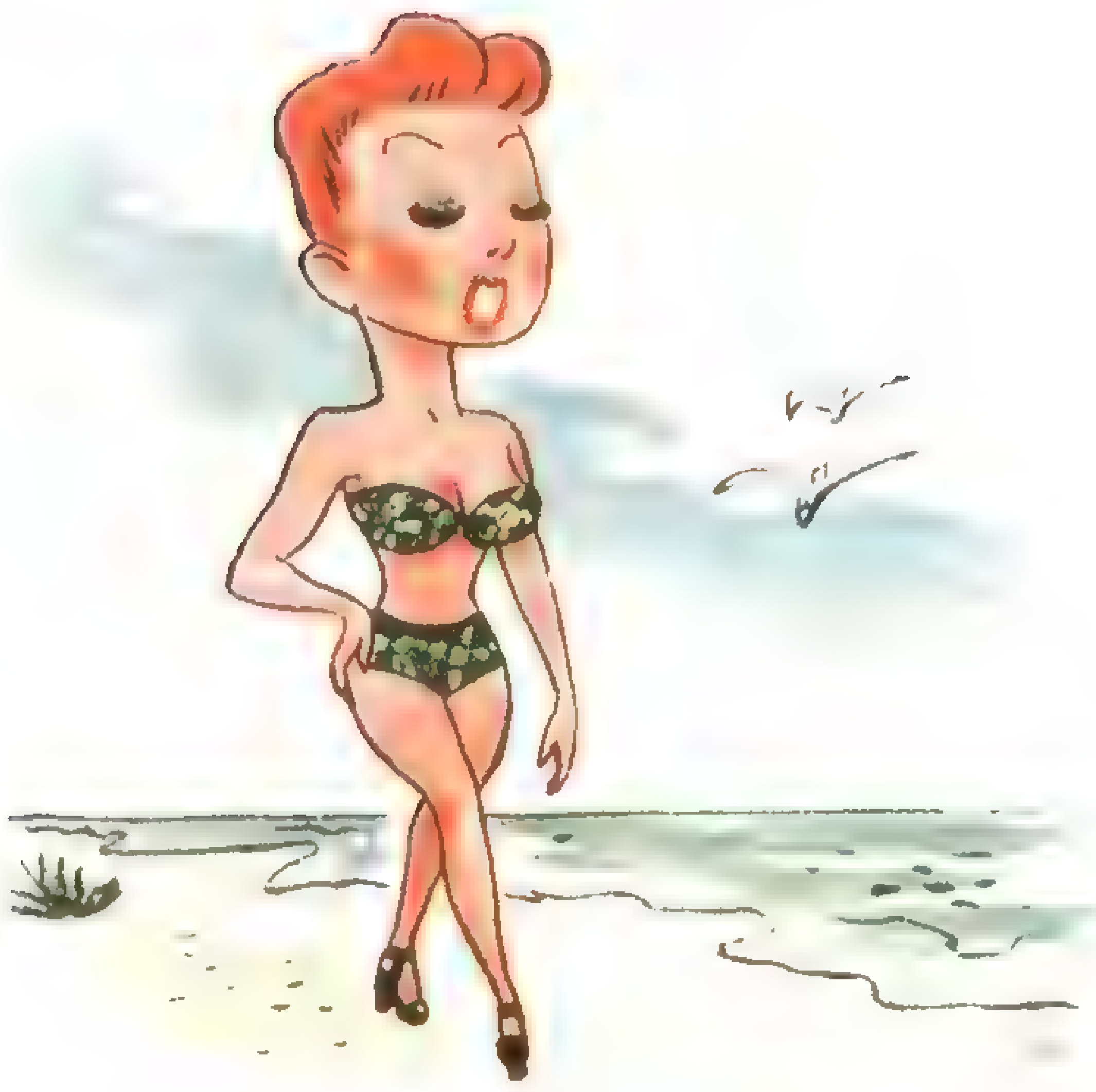

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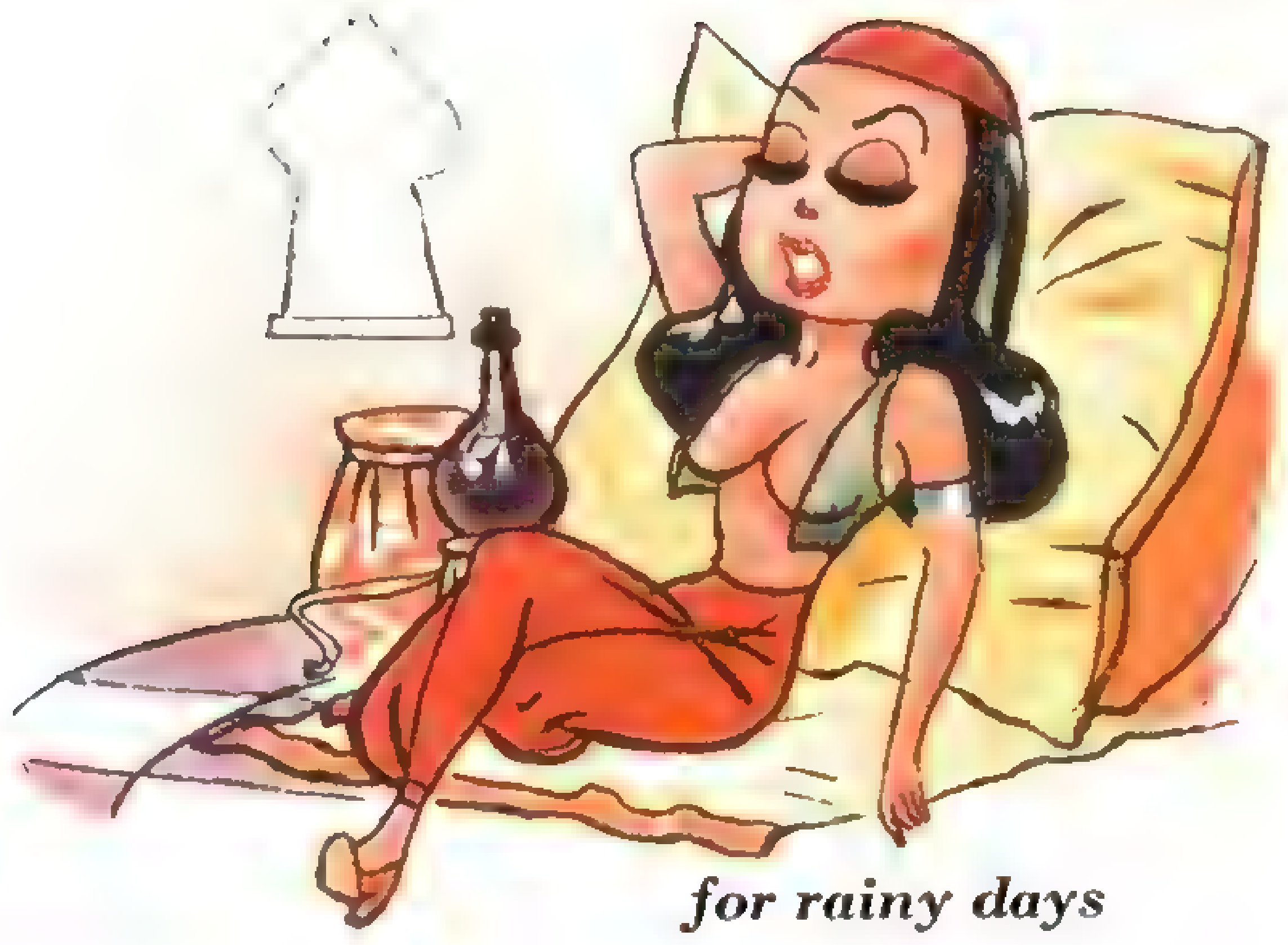
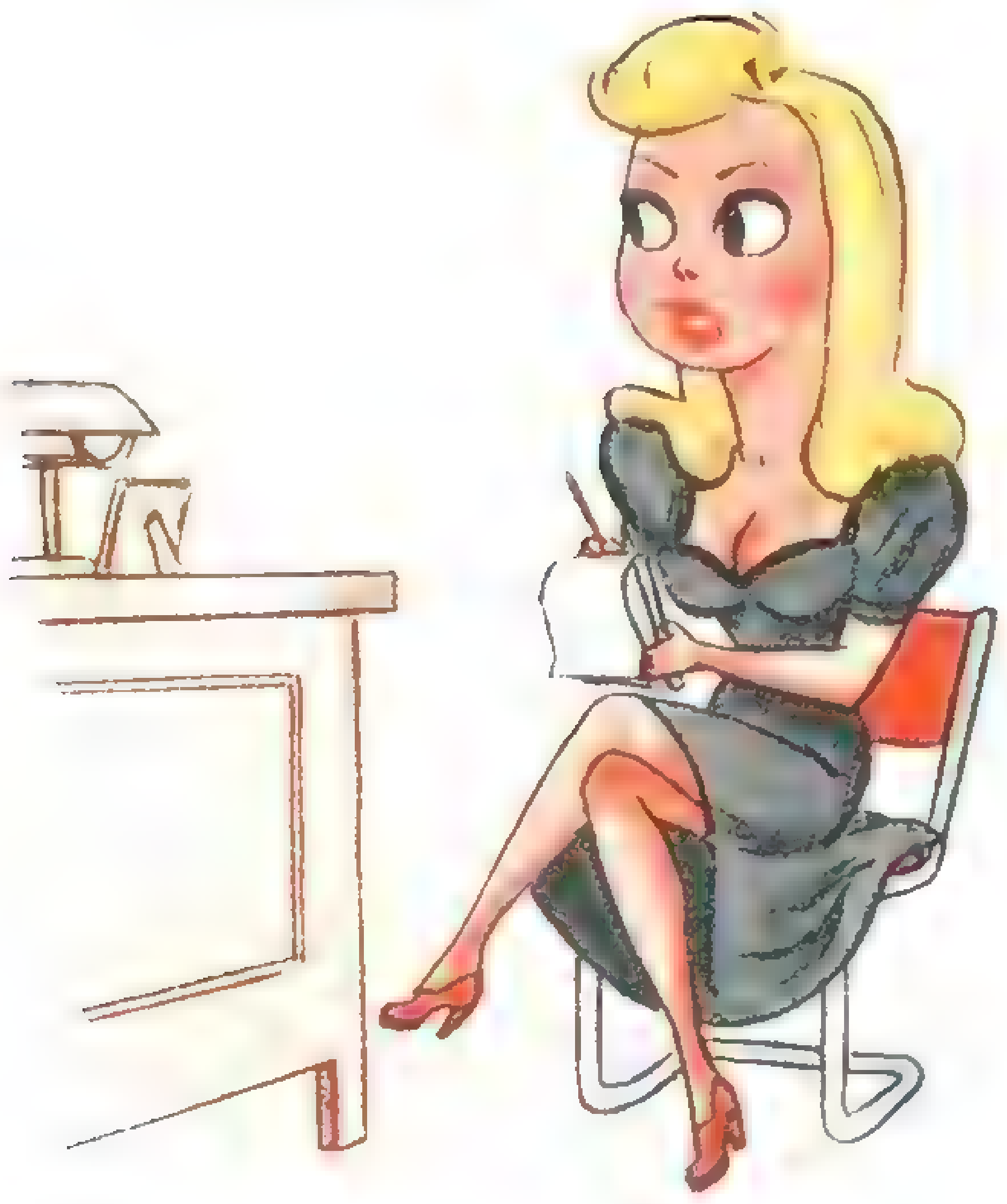


for rainy days



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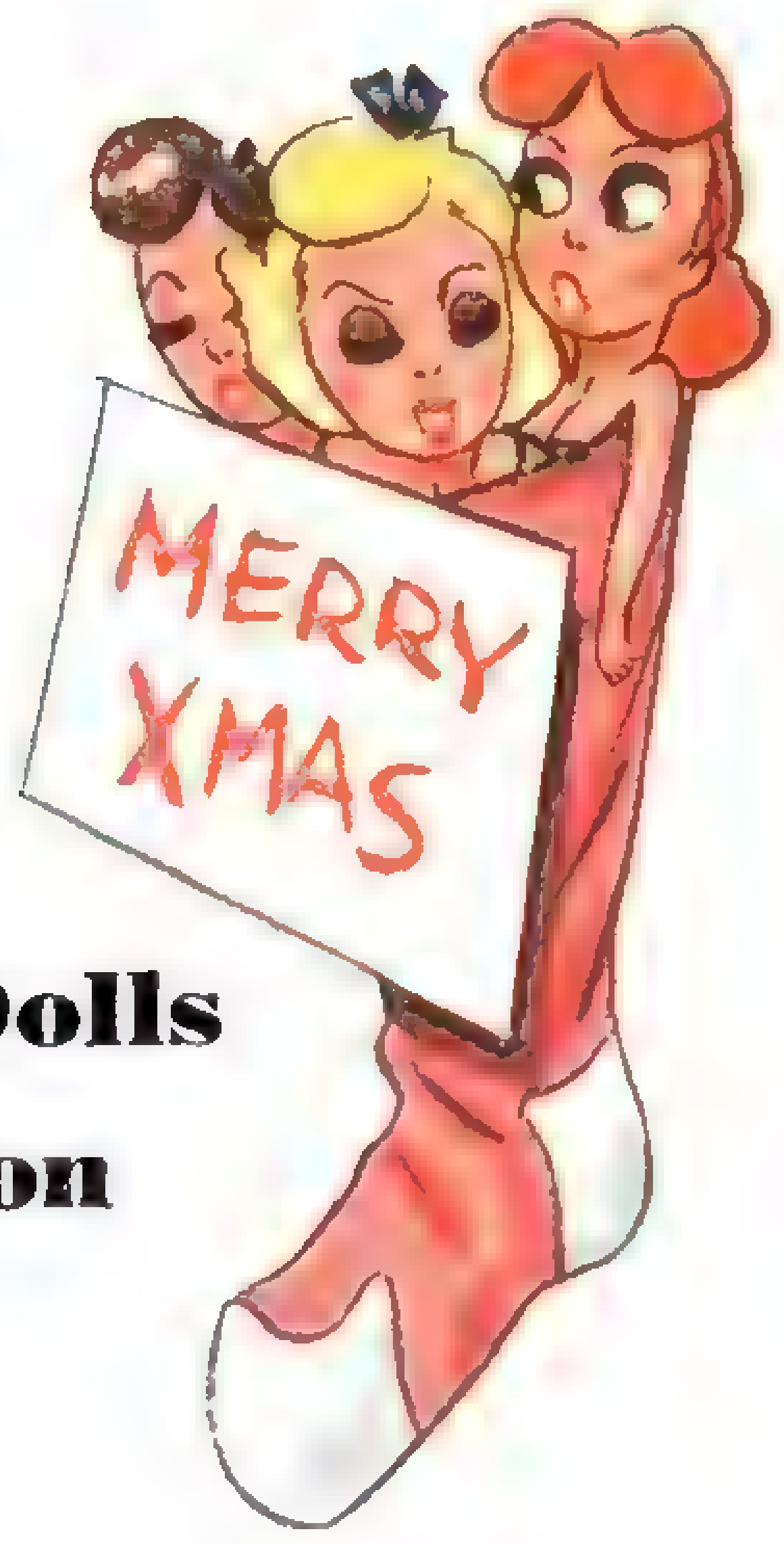

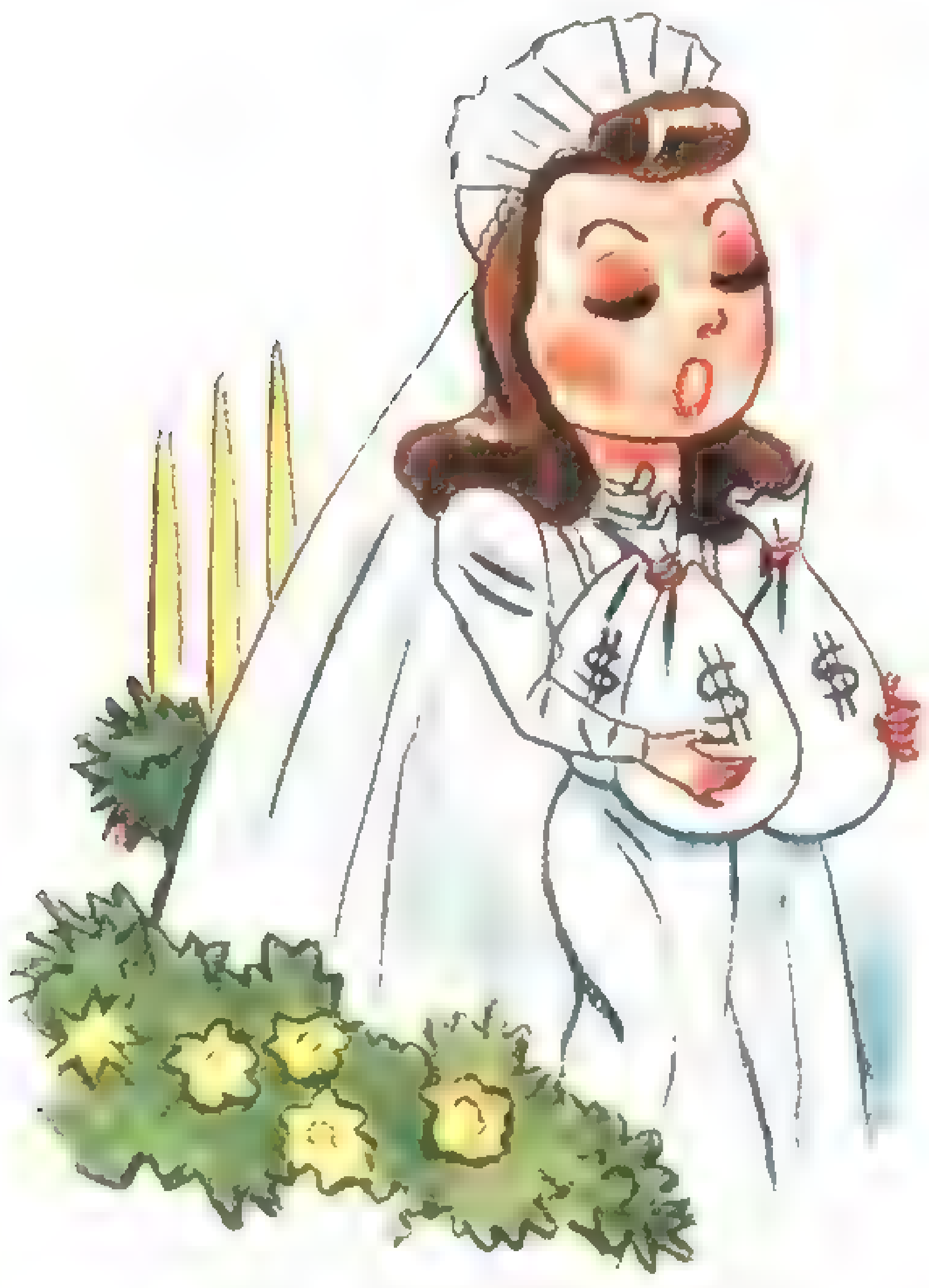

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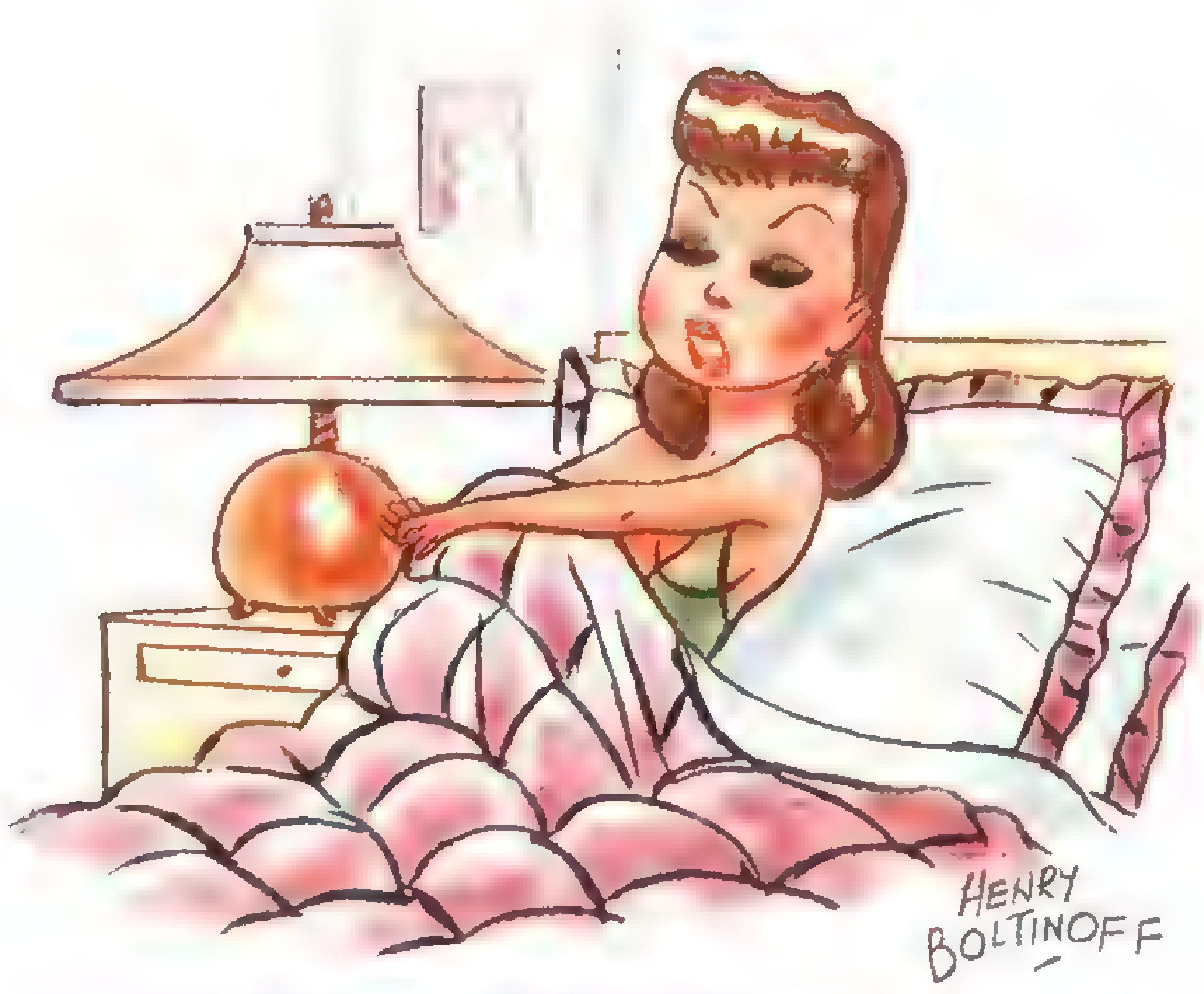

HENRY BOLTINOFF

for er-r . . . dreaming

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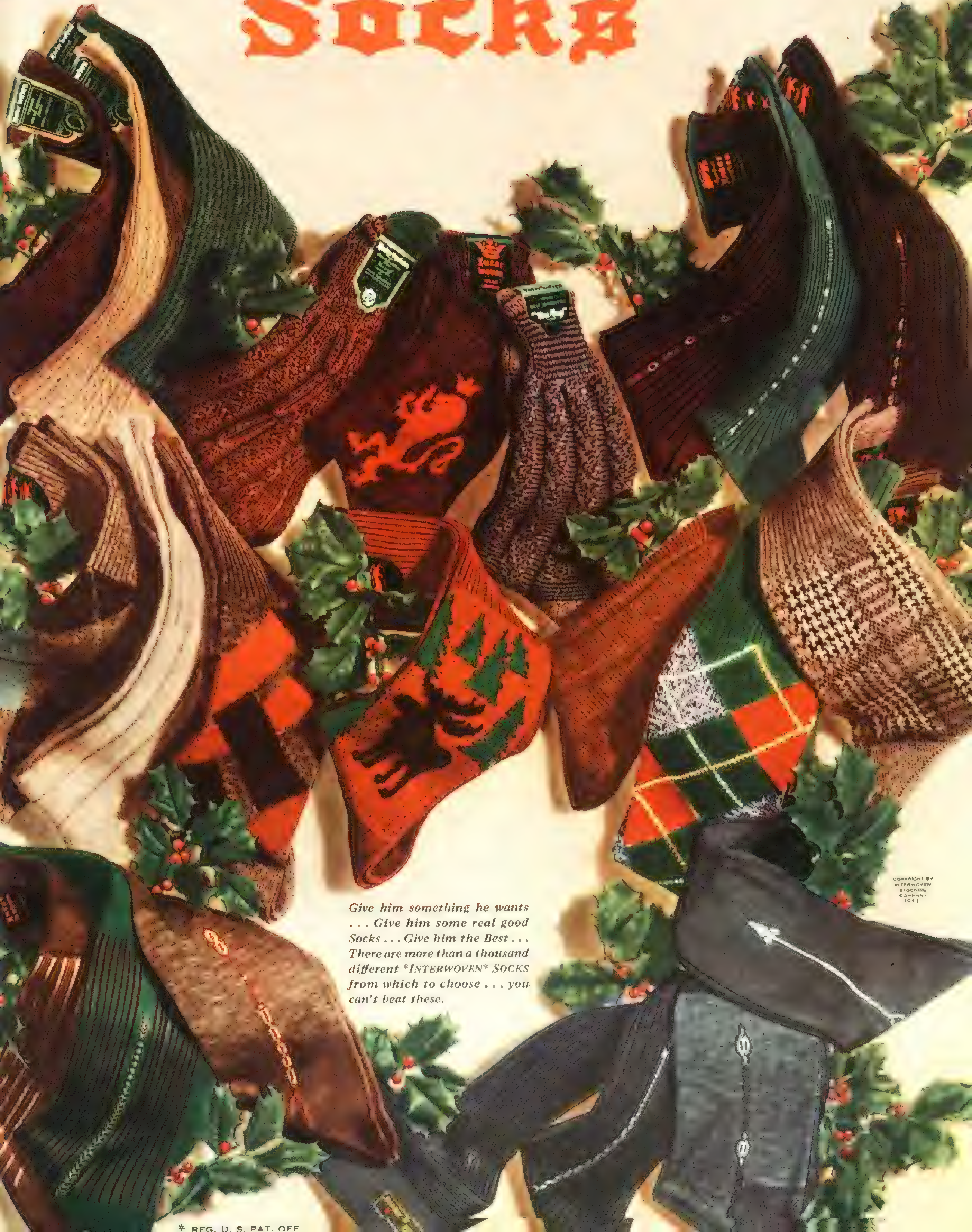

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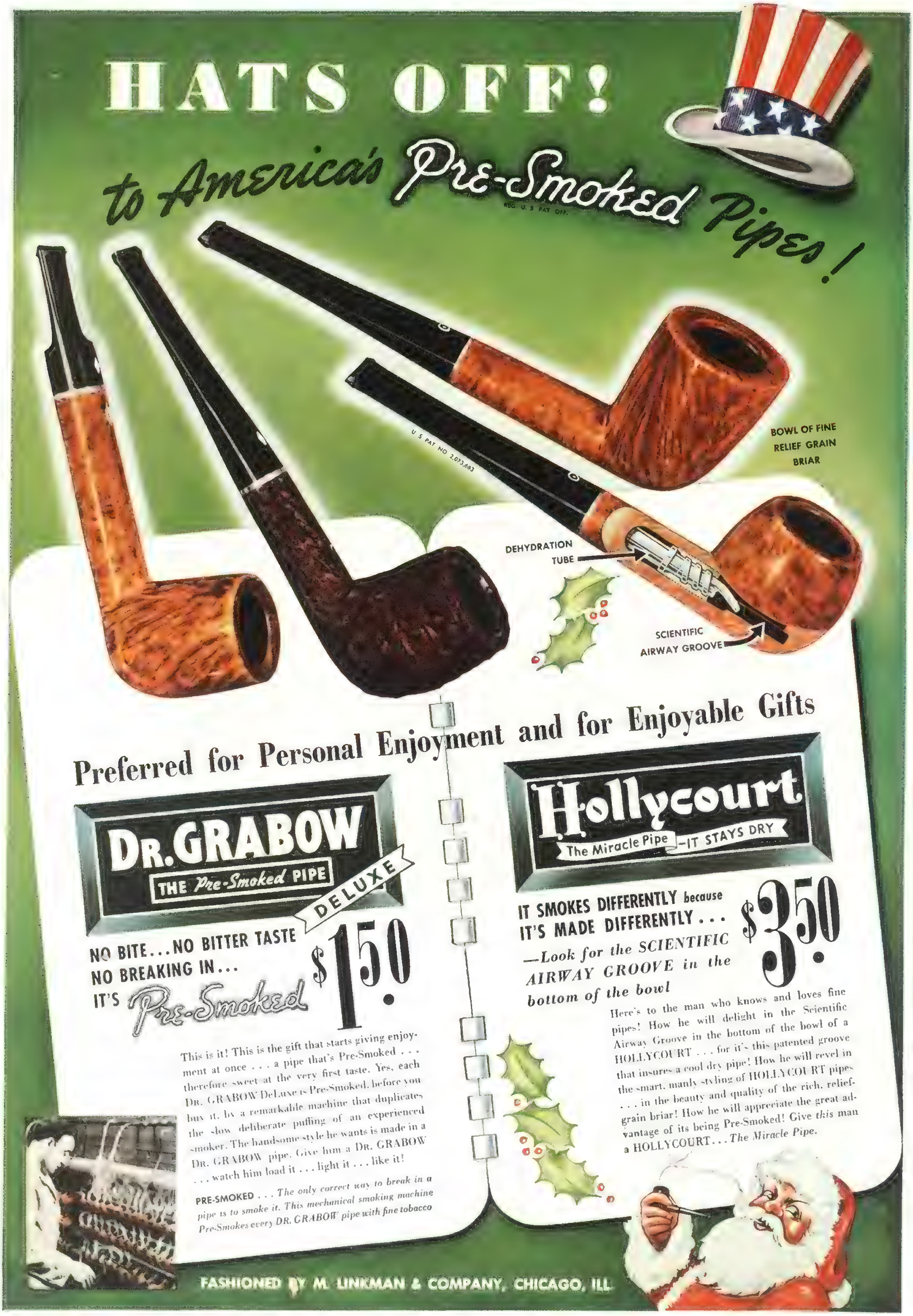

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Dead Men Do Tell Tales

How toxicologists make the dead testify by knife and test-tube as told to Joel Y. Dane

by A. W. FREIREICH, M. D.

▪ ARTICLE ▪

IT IS after dark and you are on your way home from a business meeting. Your headlights brighten a dim tree-bordered road; your motor hums smoothly; you've just set up a profitable deal and you haven't a care in the world.

Suddenly, out of the shadow of the trees, a man weaves into your path. You're not speeding; the car is mechanically perfect, but the brakes that will stop a ton of moving metal in so short a space are yet to be designed. The softness of the bump sickens you. You stop, leap out, and race back toward a huddled heap as other cars pull up and people swarm in the glare of headlights. Someone says: "This man is dead."

A motorcycle whines down the road, the cop dismounts and a dozen volunteers point to you as the cause of the tragedy. "Be sure to smell his breath, Officer," a woman urges.

Fear closes in. You see that they can't know the facts; to them you are just another wild driver who pressed his luck too far. Bitterly you regret the single mild highball you had with the boys as the conference broke up.

The cop sniffs, then his face hardens. "Liquored up, eh, Mister?"

In black panic, you fail to make him understand that you are sober; that your car was under control; that no one could have avoided the man who thrust himself so recklessly in your path.

A phone call brings more police. A photographer. A doctor. The morgue wagon. Your skid marks are measured; your brakes and lights tested. The doctor takes your blood pressure and asks questions; he does not tell you what opinion he forms. You hear the officer in charge mutter: "Take him in and book him. Automobile homicide."

You are facing a trial with its attendant publicity, possibly jail, almost certainly business ruin. You foresee that nothing you say will do any good. Your victim, whose words could help, will never speak again. Apparently there is no hope. But only apparently. It is possible that you still have one chance.

That chance rests entirely upon the medico-legal setup of your community. Before we stop supposing, we will assume that, bad as your position is, you reside in a place where no case of violent or unattended death is accepted at its face value, but where each such demise is carefully investigated not only by the police but by scientific agencies as well.

This accident actually occurred in Nassau County three years ago. A driver had killed a man and, at first glance, there was only his unsupported word to place the responsibility on the deceased. An autopsy was performed, and not until an analysis of the victim's brain was begun by the examining doctors was there any reason to accept the driver's story as true.

A part of the brain was removed from the skull, ground up and distilled with steam. The resultant distillate was then tested for its chemical constituents. It showed an extremely high alcoholic content, a concentration sufficient to establish that the victim was hopelessly drunk when he met his death. This explained the sudden irresponsible lurch into the roadway and checked perfectly with the account the driver had given. It placed the blame where it belonged and saved an innocent man from suffering unjustly.

This business of making the dead testify is the essence of the medical examiner's job. In the course of his work he may discover much or little, but what he does find constitutes irrefutable evidence. When a layman is put on the witness stand, his testimony is subject to a certain discount; he may recall things inaccurately, his original observation may have been at fault, he may even lie. But the impersonal findings of the laboratory test tube and the dissecting knife leave no room for error.

Error is not always easy to avoid; the uninitiated have no conception of how misleading surface appearances may be. There was, for example, an obvious explanation for the scene which a detail of New York state troopers found, a couple of years ago, when they sped down a North-shore byroad in response to an alarm that two dead bodies had been discovered in a small roadhouse called The Green Front Inn.

The troopers walked into a room that was in complete disorder. Smashed glasses and half-empty whiskey bottles were on a table and stains of spilled drinks were still damp on the floor. Broken chairs and overturned furnishings lay scattered around and, in spite of the breeze that came through the window which the first arrivals on the scene had opened, an overpowering reek of illuminating gas hung in the air. The bodies were those of Mr. and Mrs. W. Hermanowski, who owned the Inn and operated it with the occasional help of their son Michael. Mr. Hermanowski's head had been bashed in and both he and his wife obviously had been dead for some time before the bodies were discovered.

The couple had been known to quarrel frequently and violently, and it seemed a reasonable assumption that their deaths had

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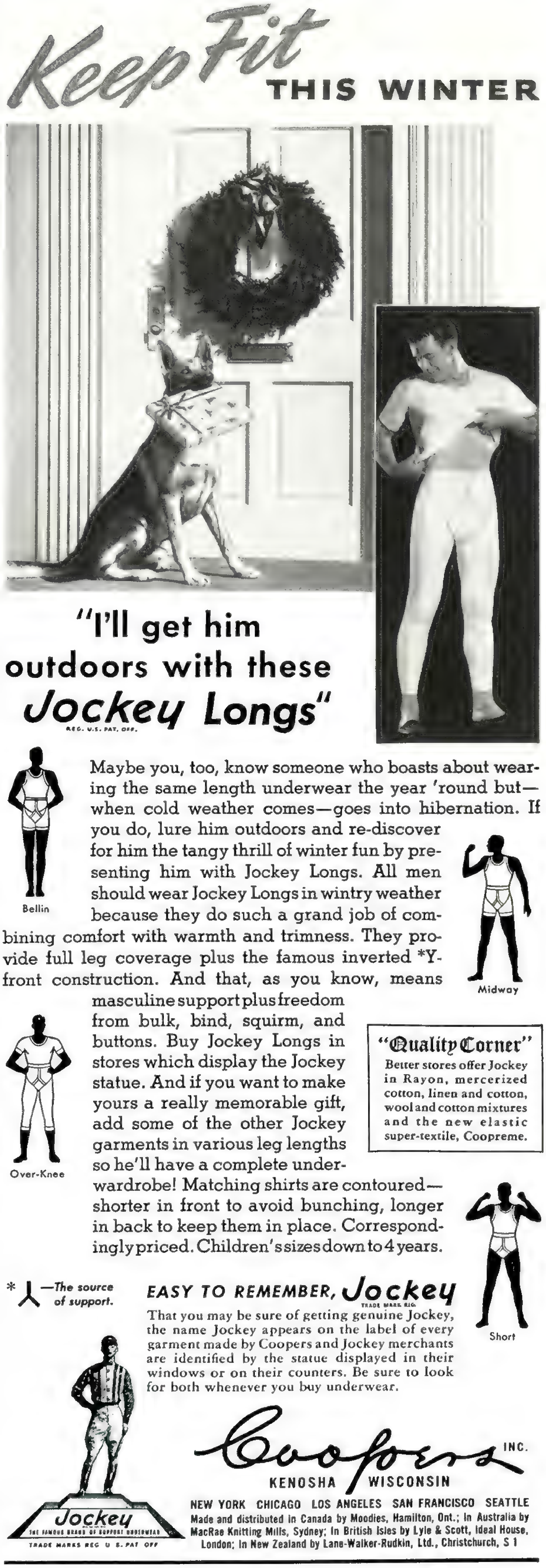

Maybe you, too, know someone who boasts about wearing the same length underwear the year 'round but—when cold weather comes—goes into hibernation. If you do, lure him outdoors and re-discover for him the tangy thrill of winter fun by presenting him with Jockey Longs. All men should wear Jockey Longs in wintry weather because they do such a grand job of combining comfort with warmth and trimness. They provide full leg coverage plus the famous inverted *Y-front construction. And that, as you know, means masculine support plus freedom from bulk, bind, squirm, and buttons. Buy Jockey Longs in stores which display the Jockey statue. And if you want to make yours a really memorable gift, add some of the other Jockey garments in various leg lengths so he'll have a complete underwardrobe! Matching shirts are contoured—shorter in front to avoid bunching, longer in back to keep them in place. Correspondingly priced. Children's sizes down to 4 years.

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PUNGENT PIPE PUTS PA IN PICKLE
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THIS IS THE HARD WAY to enjoy a smoke. Ma forbids pipes in the house, so Pa sneaks over to the fireplace and puffs up the flue. Oops! Here's Ma!

LOOKS LIKE THE FINISH! One wallop and that smelly old briar will be no more. Why hadn't someone told Pa to *clean* his pipe and smoke a *mild* tobacco?

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Dead Men Do Tell Tales

Continued from page 171

come about through murder and suicide in the course of a drunken brawl. Michael, the son, explained to the troopers that he had been away from the Inn all evening in the company of a friend named Steinbrenner, and the friend confirmed this. No one could be located who could testify to having seen anyone approach the Inn that night, so, in the absence of proof to the contrary, it was taken for granted that, after a prolonged drinking bout, a quarrel had arisen between the Hermanowskis, the wife had struck down her husband and then, in a fit of remorse, had turned on the gas.

However, before the burial could take place, the District Attorney of Suffolk County ordered an autopsy performed and had the organs of the dead couple subjected to toxicological examination. As soon as this was accomplished, the case took on a different aspect.

To begin with, a great quantity of alcohol, amounting to a 3-plus concentration, was present in each brain, quite in accord with the quarrel-murder-suicide theory. Also in agreement with it was the absence of carbon monoxide from the man's blood, since this meant that he was dead before the gas was turned on. But a major surprise finding by the toxicologists was that the blood from the woman's heart was also innocent of any carbon monoxide content, and carbon monoxide must have been present if illuminating gas had caused her death. Only part of the original theory held good; the couple had been very drunk but both were dead before the room began to fill with gas.

On the strength of this the burial was held up, and the authorities took possession of the bodies for further investigation. This showed that Mr. Hermanowski had positively died of the effects of a blow upon the head. His skull had been fractured; there were the usual lacerations of the cortex and hemorrhages of the substance of the brain typical of such a wound. Study of the wife's body reinforced the conclusions drawn from the examination for poisons: that asphyxiation by illuminating gas had had nothing to do with her death.

A different type of asphyxia was the true cause. Hemorrhage of the lungs had taken place, the thyroid cartilage was badly fractured, and there were faint but definite marks of throttling fingers on her neck—she had died of the asphyxia of manual strangulation.

With this to go on, the police turned their attention to the son of the dead couple. Michael and his friend Steinbrenner were placed in separate cells and questioned intensively. By cross-checking their replies and then confronting each youth with the discrepancies which soon began to appear, the whole story was brought out. The boys had plotted the death of the elder Hermanowskis in order to collect their life insurance. When the drinking bout offered an opportunity, Michael had set upon his father and crushed his skull with a length of pipe while Steinbrenner carried out his part of the scheme by seizing Mrs. Hermanowski from behind and choking her to death.

Carbon monoxide, the absence of which was such a telling factor in the Green Front Inn case, is extremely commonplace. It is used in cooking; it is present at the average cocktail party when cigarette smoke fills the room; and it pours out of the chimneys of millions of homes. Yet it is interesting to note how frequently the presence or absence of this CO has been the major item in investigations of suspicious deaths. It was of decisive value, for instance, to the Brooklyn police in unraveling a knotty problem not long ago.

On a cold winter night an offensive odor circulating through the heating system of an apartment house in that borough of New York City brought searchers to the cellar. They were horrified to discover that it was caused by burning human flesh; the body of a middle-aged woman had been stuffed head-first into the firebox of the furnace. The corpse had been partly consumed by the flames but, though most of the head and face were gone, there was little difficulty in identifying it as the remains of the wife of the superintendent of the building.

The police took the man into custody and accused him of murdering his wife. He admitted putting the body into the furnace, but he denied the murder charge with considerable cunning. She had died a natural death, he protested. He had decided to burn the body so as to save the cost of an undertaker-conducted funeral, which he could ill afford. There were no witnesses to the crime that the police charged, nor, unless the superintendent was to be believed, to the natural death which he said had occurred.

But the medical examiners' work showed evidence of carbon monoxide in blood taken from the dead woman's heart. The CO, product of the furnace flames, could only have come there while she was still alive and breathing, and its presence wrecked the husband's story that she was already dead when he placed her in the furnace. When the police hurled this at him, he made a full confession, admitting that he had grown tired of his wife and wanted to get rid of her. He had lured her to the cellar and struck her on the head with an axe and then, believing her to be dead, had placed her in the firebox. It is worth pointing out, incidentally, that in this case the autopsy alone would not have proved the crime, since the section of the woman's head struck by the axe had been consumed by the fire. However, the vital CO clue remained in the organs to send the husband to his punishment in the electric chair.

It is debatable whether that old standby of detective fiction, the perfect crime, has ever been committed. I think that two things stand in the way of it, and always will, namely: knowledge and ignorance. I mean the knowledge which the authorities bring to their investigation of a suspicious circumstance, and the criminal's ignorance of the varied resources which the law has at its command. For example:

A man living in a lower New York flat made up his mind, like the superintendent mentioned earlier, that he would be better off if he got rid of his wife. As she slept, he slipped into their bedroom and pressed her face down into the pillows until she suffocated. Then he left the place and went to a nearby saloon, figuring that the body would be discovered by some chance visitor and the crime attributed to someone other than himself.

After several hours the murderer returned and was surprised to find that no one had yet happened on the corpse. Thinking things over, it occurred to him that he could save himself from any danger of punishment by making the death appear to be a suicide. With that end in view, he rolled the body over onto its back and arranged it in a natural position on the bed. Then he opened the gas jet and left the house a second time, not to return until the presence of an ambulance at the curb informed him that the corpse had been discovered.

Entering, he was grabbed by the police who were waiting for him. The cops had been tipped off by the assistant Medical Examiner on the case who, as soon as he entered the flat, had noticed something very peculiar about the body. Although the woman lay on her back in the bed, the customary post-mortem lividity was evident on the front part of the body.

Cyanosis, or post-mortem lividity, is a condition caused by the settling of the blood which is no longer circulating and it naturally settles in those parts of a corpse which are lying lowest. The fact that, in this case, it was found on the uppermost part of the body made it obvious that someone had changed the position of the corpse some time well after death had occurred, and was ample reason for suspicion. Then, when the body was turned face-down, the doctor's examination disclosed bruises, caused by the pressure of fingers, at the base of the neck. The murderer, ignorant of the cyanotic condition that had betrayed him, was unprepared for the volley of police questions, broke down under them and made a full admission of guilt.

It may be difficult to conceive of a situation in which the police were in possession of evidence of a crime, had the criminal in custody, listened to his full confession but still were unable to proceed with the prosecution, yet such an unusual set of circumstances surrounded the death of an infant, a few years ago.

It was the threadbare story of the small-town girl and the visiting man. She lived in a manufacturing town in the East; his home was just across the border of a neighboring state and, shortly after they met, an intimacy developed between them. It followed the time-worn pattern, including the birth of a child and desertion by the man.

The girl's mother was enraged, but her indignation was based on economic rather than moral grounds. So, when the child was a few weeks old, its grandmother wrote to the man, demanding not that he marry her daughter but that he provide money for the child's support.

He made no written reply to the letter. Some days passed, then he appeared without warning at the girl's home, driving a stake-sided delivery truck which he had borrowed from a friend. The girl was off at work at the time, but he talked with her mother. He explained that he was not able to meet her demand for money but that he was willing to take the child away and raise it himself.

To this the woman agreed. She brought the baby from its crib, gave it to the father, and watched him drive off with it in the truck.

Some ten days later the body of the child was dredged up from a river in the neighboring state. The tiny corpse was tied in a burlap sack and, to judge by the degree of decomposition that had set in, death had occurred the day the child was removed from its mother's home.

The local police immediately arrested the father. The circumstantial case against him was airtight and he admitted his guilt with surprising readiness. The child, he said, would have been as great an economic drag on him as on its mother's family and, when he took it away from them he was already prepared to get rid of it. Shortly after leaving the house he had stopped at the roadside, saturated a cloth with chloroform, fastened it across the child's face, and placed the baby in the sack. Then he had continued down the road, crossed the border of the state in which the girl lived, and entered his own state. The baby, he declared, had died en route. Then, well inside the boundary of his own state, he had dropped the sack into the river in which it was subsequently found.

As he was talking, the reason for his readiness to admit his guilt had become apparent. The crime had been committed on a road connecting two states and, unless the authorities could prove in which state the child had died, it would be impossible to prosecute. As it happens, chloroform accomplishes its lethal effect through its gradual absorption into the system until a concentration of it, incompatible with further existence of life, is reached in the brain. Although the anesthetic effect of the drug might have become apparent

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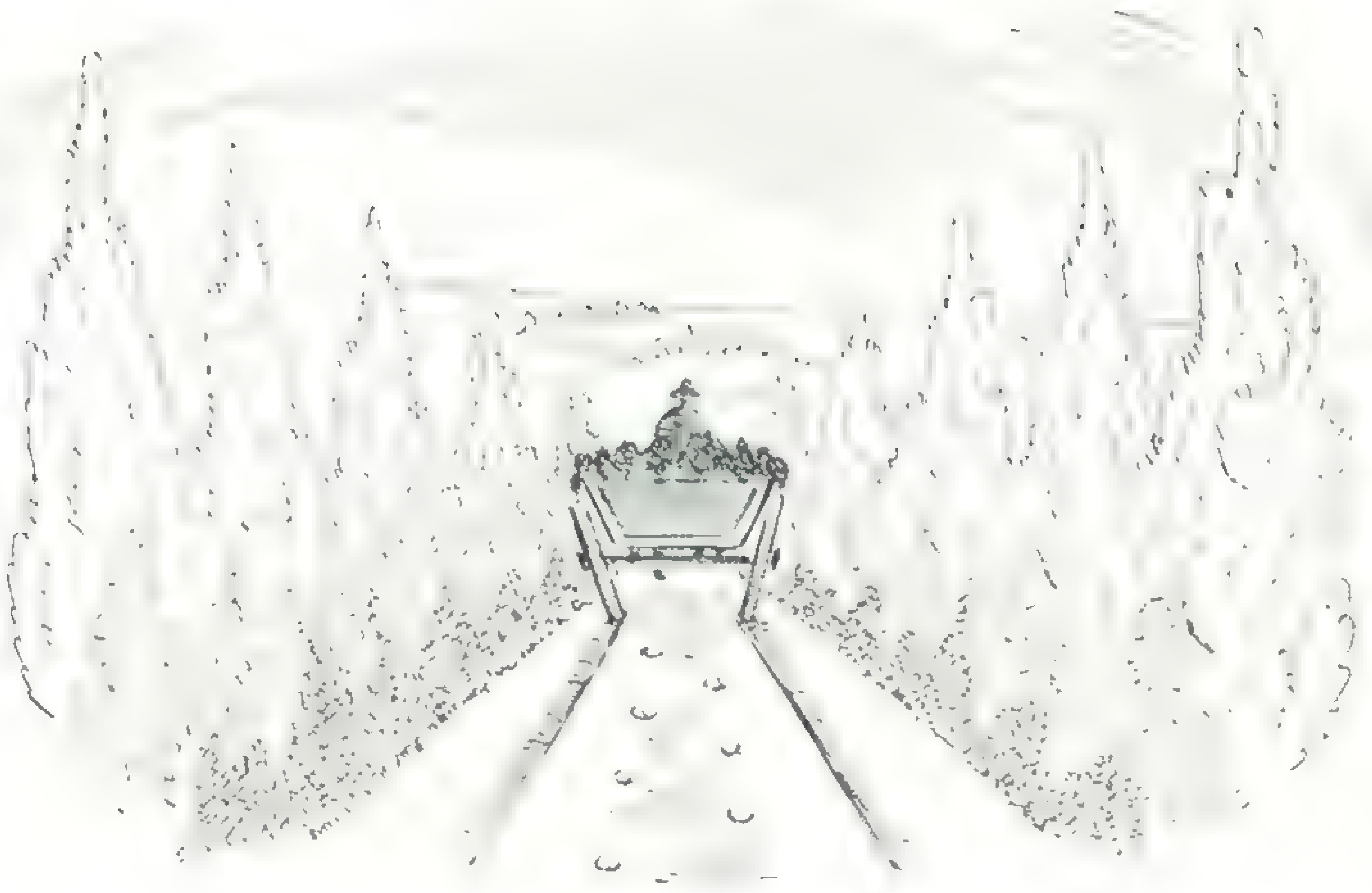
AN ACRE OF FRANCE THAT ESCAPED



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Dead Men Do Tell Tales

Continued from pages 171-173

soon after it was administered, the child would still have been legally alive until the instant that the fatal concentration was reached. There seemed no way of establishing as a legal fact the precise point along the interstate road at which the child's heart stopped beating. And, without this exact knowledge, jurisdiction could not be established, and the authorities of neither state would be able to prosecute.

In this seeming impasse Dr. Alexander Gettler, Toxicologist to the City of New York, was called upon. For many years a consultant to the New York police, Dr. Gettler had vast experience with poisons and their actions, and he had originated a number of authoritative tests for determining the presence of these agencies. His test established that, in spite of the man's confession, there was no chloroform in the child's brain.

Of itself, that was not conclusive. The body had been in the water for some time, decomposition had set in, and it was quite possible that a lethal amount of the drug could at one time have been present and have now disappeared. The murderer still seemed safe from prosecution; apparently jurisdiction could not be established by either state.

But Dr. Gettler had additional technical ammunition in his locker. The baby's body had, after all, been found in water, and Gettler was the originator of a now universally-used method of determining whether a suspicious death has been caused by drowning. He based his test for drowning on the sodium chloride—or common table salt—content of the blood. He had observed that in the average drowned cadaver the salt content in the blood in the right and left chambers of the heart was always equal. He had also observed that in cases where death had come about through drowning in salt water—the sodium chloride content of which is greater than that of human blood—there was always an increase of saline content of the blood of the left side of the heart, causing a difference in the content of the two chambers. This is caused by the fact that in drowning, water enters the lungs and since the blood in its circulation passes from the lungs to the left side of the heart, then through the body and back to the right side of the heart, the salt contained in sea water will diffuse and be absorbed to a greater degree by the blood in the left chamber. Conversely, in cases of fresh-water drowning, there is a lowering of the salt content of the left side, due to dilution by the water, while that of the right side remains the same. Dr. Gettler's test was recognized as infallible.

When he employed it on specimens of blood taken from the heart chambers of the dead child, Gettler found that the salt content of the left ventricle was noticeably lower than that of the right. In spite of the father's intentions the child was alive when placed in the water; death was due to drowning. That being so, jurisdiction was automatically established. Punishment for the crime was assured by putting the murderer on trial in the state through which the river flowed.

Among other laboratory techniques of Dr. Gettler's devising is one that is employed when chloroform is detected in the brain of a deceased, to determine accurately just what effect that amount of the drug would have had upon the person during life. This process was of inestimable value when the police called Gettler in on a case in Brooklyn.

A doctor had telephoned Headquarters to say a woman had just died in his office. For some time the police had been sceptical of this physician's professional ethics, and now their suspicions seemed to be borne out. The medical examiner who answered the call with them stated, after a brief inspection of the body, that the woman had died of the effects of an abortion.

The officers prepared to make the arrest but the doctor had a defense ready. Of course the woman had died of an unlawful operation, he knew that. But he was not to blame; someone else had performed the abortion. He had never seen the woman until the moment, so short a time before, when she walked into his office, desperately ill. He could not refuse to treat her. He had questioned her and she had told of an illegal operation performed elsewhere and had said that when the consequences of it began to be apparent she had sought him as the doctor nearest at hand. Before he had a chance even to inquire the name of the man who had operated on her, she had lapsed into unconsciousness and died. He had thereupon taken the only course open to him by calling the police. He had nothing to fear; his conscience was unspotted, and if the dead woman could speak, he vowed, she would tell the same story.

It was by no means a bad defense. Since it was impossible to find anyone who had seen the woman enter the doctor's office, his claim that she had been there only a few moments before her death could not be refuted. No nurse was present, the time being outside regular office hours. And, no matter what suspicions the police entertained, they were without proof that the doctor had performed the operation. Unless the body of the deceased could be made to yield additional evidence, the doctor would go free.

The autopsy bore out the opinion of the medical examiner, but this added nothing to the knowledge of the police. Then, when the organs were subjected to chemical analysis by Dr. Gettler, he discovered chloroform in the brain. This

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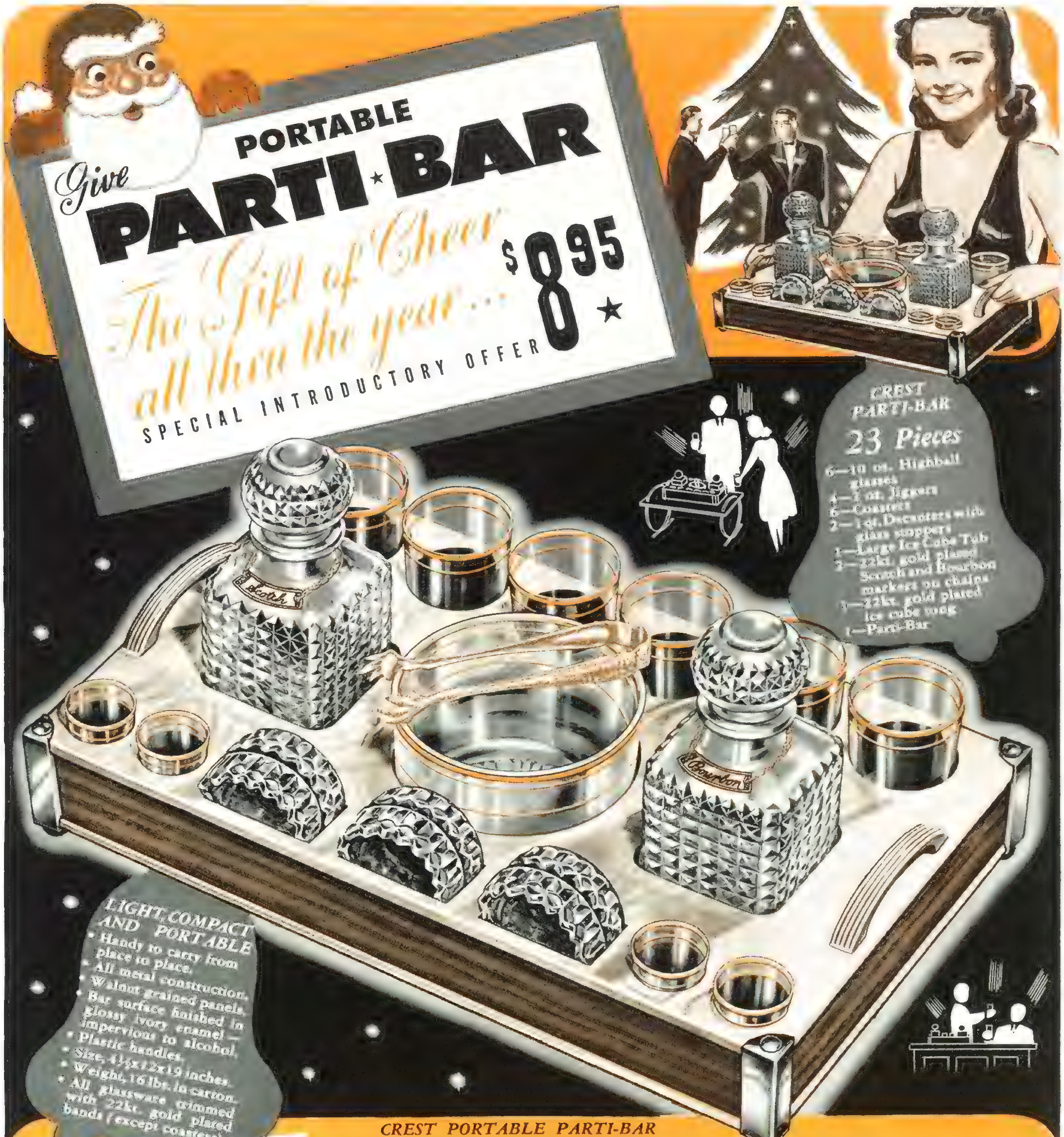
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Dead Men Do Tell Tales

Continued from pages 171-173-174

did not surprise him, nor was the accused man disturbed when apprised of the drug's presence, since the unknown physician whom the woman was supposed to have visited before coming to him would have administered chloroform to her in the course of his illegal work.

The thing that engaged Dr. Gettler's interest was not the mere presence of chloroform but the amount of the drug found. Using the test he had originated, and employing animal experimentation, Dr. Gettler was able to show that the amount of chloroform in the dead woman's brain would, during life, have produced complete unconsciousness. It followed that she must have received the drug in the accused's office, since no one who had absorbed that quantity of chloroform could possibly have walked in under her own power as he had claimed. He had lied from the outset with a degree of cleverness, but not cleverly enough to escape the prison term which the court later meted out.

Early in 1938 our Nassau County police were able to save valuable time in the solution of a murder problem when the results of an autopsy made it clear that, of two figures in the case, each theoretically worth investigating, one could safely be dismissed.

Mrs. Celinda Waite and a friend, Miss Jeanette Schuellain, were found, shot to death in Mrs. Waite's home in Elmont. Mrs. Waite's body was discovered in an upstairs bedroom, about seven o'clock in the evening, by her son George, and the dead girl was found later in an adjoining chamber by the police.

Questioned, George Waite admitted that he had come home from work shortly after five o'clock. And, by a set of circumstances so adventitious that they would seem unbelievable to any reader of detective story magazines, he had been wondering over his mother's whereabouts, and even looking for her, from that time until his cousin Bertha came in shortly before seven. George said he had entered by the back door, occupied himself with several household tasks, shaved, and then driven in his car to the shopping district of nearby Franklin Square and to the homes of two friends to look for Mrs. Waite. On his return he again entered at the back door and then, for the first time, he went to the front door and took in the evening paper. He was surprised to find the door unlocked, but aside from securing the lock, he did nothing about it. He then sat down and read the paper until his cousin came in. All this when, as the cousin pointed out and the police also noted, his mother's hat and coat were hanging in plain view on a rack in the well-lighted living room. It was a strange oversight, bound to draw the attention of the police. Young Waite also, for some reason, picked up a flashlight as he and his cousin started up the stairs to look for Mrs. Waite, although the upper floor of the house was equipped with the customary lighting facilities.

These circumstances might well have caused the police to lose valuable time, and defense counsel for the man later proved guilty would almost certainly have directed courtroom fire at George Waite as a matter of legal tactics, without the evidence the autopsy furnished.

Among the things noted in every well-conducted post-mortem examination is the stomach content of the deceased and the condition of whatever the stomach holds. In Mrs. Waite's case, this was of no particular help, for her stomach was almost empty, but the content of Miss Schuellain's stomach was composed of meat, celery and cider. Now it is known that the human stomach usually empties between three and four hours after food has been taken, and in this case the degree of digestion showed that the mixture of meat, vegetable and fluid had been in the girl's stomach about two hours. Members of her family testified that she had eaten a meal made up of those three items at 11:45 A.M., which meant that death had occurred at about a quarter to two.

As soon as this was known George Waite was automatically freed of all suspicion, for several witnesses had seen him busy on his job as an electrician's helper throughout the afternoon. Waite eliminated, the police gave all their attention to one John Reo, a former boarder in the Waite home. They proved that Reo had murdered the two women because of a grudge he bore Mrs. Waite, and he was sentenced to the electric chair.

It would be a mistake to imply that all the tales dead men tell in the laboratory are concerned with crime. Frequently they are not. For instance, one day in July of '39, our Nassau police were called to a house in the colored section of Freeport where a sudden and apparently unexplainable death had occurred.

There they were told that the deceased, an old and poorly dressed colored man, had come to the back door some time earlier and asked for a handout. The woman of the house replied that she had nothing to give him but the old man, who was in an amiably tipsy state, continued to engage her in conversation. As they talked, a friend of the woman's who went by the minstrel-show nickname of Hambone, began to feel sorry for the old man and decided to go out and buy him a couple of barbecued pork sandwiches. His return with these enabled the woman to break away and resume her household duties. Shortly thereafter, she heard sounds of distress. She rushed to the old man's aid but he was already unconscious. Before a doctor could arrive, he had died.

The arrival of police cars caused a crowd to gather, and rumors be-

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gan to circulate among the excited residents of the district. Foul play was discussed by the outsiders, even though the police saw no reason for such a suspicion.

An autopsy, performed by Doctor Theodore J. Curphey, Chief Medical Examiner of Nassau County, disclosed the cause of the death. A large bolus of food, half-chewed bread and pork, had blocked the hypopharynx, the area just above the division of the gullet and the trachea, and had cut off all breathing. In effect, the old man had been killed by his own hunger. When food at last came within his reach he had taken so huge a mouthful of it that he could not swallow properly.

Occasionally the body of a deceased will tell part of the story of his death, and the materials associated with it will, on examination, fill in the remaining details. In one of the most tragic cases ever to pass through the Nassau County Medical Examiner's office, the primary cause of the death of a brilliant fifteen-year-old boy was easy to determine, but the reason for his death clouded his parents with heart-breaking uncertainty.

Walter Kuck was a highly intelligent youngster, a leader in school and adept in several useful hobbies. He built his own radio, read widely in popular scientific literature, experimented in photography and, in the cellar of his home, he had set up a small chemical laboratory which lacked only one item of being complete. There was no gas outlet in the cellar and, as his parents would not allow him to install one, Walter's experiments that involved the use of heat were carried out in the kitchen. There he would connect rubber tubing to an outlet of the gas stove and set up his Bunsen burner.

Under the admiring gaze of his parents, he would complete work begun in the basement. The parents had little schooling themselves but they planned great things for Walter.

On January 24th of this year Mrs. Kuck came home at 8:00 from her employment as a domestic and found Walter dead in the gas-filled kitchen. A strange-looking apparatus was strapped across his face, and a tube was connected to an open jet of the gas stove.

When our men were called to the house, rigor mortis was complete. The arms of the pajama-clad body were extended and the knees bent in a way that indicated rigor had set in while the body was in a seated position. The corpse was entirely cold. Death had taken place about ten hours previously.

While the gas stove was rigged as for one of the boy's experiments, there was no Bunsen burner to be seen. Instead, several lengths of rubber tubing lay on the floor, and in one of them that was thicker than the rest a roll of paper had been inserted, seemingly to make a tight connection. A blue rubber bathing cap and a pair of diving goggles lay near the hose, and a red rubber hot-water bag was attached to one end of another length of tubing. On a radiator, face-down, lay the book, *Doctor Jekyll and Mister Hyde.*

Close inspection showed an imprint of the rim of the diving goggles on the boy's face, but instead of encircling the head near the eyes, the mark ran under the chin and up along the cheeks, indicating that the piece of equipment had been fixed beneath the jaw and across the top of the head.

Had Walter, emulating Dr. Jekyll, purposely tried the effect of a poison on himself? Or, depressed by the story, had he decided to commit suicide? Or had he been trying an experiment and inhaled the gas accidentally?

This last was in line with the trend of his mind, but it seemed unlikely. Walter was too skilled in chemistry to be unaware of the deadly effects of illuminating gas, and he was too competent a laboratory man to be careless in working with it. Furthermore, what sort of experiment would call for tubing, a bathing cap, diving goggles and a hot-water bag?

In her distraught state the mother could give little help. Her recollection was limited to the facts that the body had been lying on the floor, with the bathing cap held over the face by the diving goggles, and with a hose running from it to the gas stove. She had snatched it off in a useless attempt to give Walter air. It was obvious that to record the death as a suicide would be a source of additional pain, since suicide would inevitably suggest to her and to the father that they had somehow failed to understand their boy and make him happy.

During the investigation an aunt mentioned that Walter had once discussed gas masks with a friend and said he thought he could make one. This suggested an explanation: Might not the bag have held chemicals which Walter thought would render the gas harmless?

After an examination established that Walter's death was due to illuminating gas poison, the bag was brought to our police laboratory and washings of its inner surfaces were taken. On analysis, they yielded an alkaline solution containing copper and chloride.

That discovery solved the problem. Winkler's reagent, a solution of cuprous chloride, is known to have a certain ability to absorb carbon monoxide. Walter evidently was familiar with this, but what he did not know was that illuminating gas contains such a large amount of the poison that tremendous quantities of the solution would have been needed to remove all the noxious qualities from the gas.

It was evident that an error in technique, rather than any morbid inclination, had brought about Walter's death. And this knowledge did at least spare his parents needless self-questioning and reproach. So it was gratifying for our men to know they had made it possible to assure a sorrowing mother and father that their boy had not deliberately taken his own life. ⌗

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The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from page 113

for the house the later decade's crop of heroes took to heart and pocketbook the discovery that in sports one could be a hero today and a bum tomorrow. Peddlers of annuities and not the night club waiters were entrusted with the income of the later-day sports notables.

Nevertheless, the younger generation of sports fans is as warmly infatuated with its heroes as was the youth of the generation previous. Some oldsters lament that today's kids don't know any better for they never saw the real giants.

Eddie Zalenski, sports editor of the *Endicott Bulletin*, Endicott, New York, emphatically took up the cudgel for the moderns when he wrote: "It is rather pitiful the way sports writers of today keep harping on the superiority and greater color of the sports stars of old in comparison to the boys during the past decade. No matter what one of our stars of today does, these self-styled experts always come up with something better that they dug up in the files. I think it's mostly the old boys who were more closely tied up with that era and have drifted away from the stars of today because of the difference in their ages. They don't want to recognize the ability of these new heroes whom they have never seen in action, and don't want to."

Avery Brundage, President of the American Olympic Association and a competitor in the Decathlon in the Olympic Games at Stockholm way back in 1912 voted that the moderns are just as colorful, as did **Lawrence H. Whiting,** another great athlete back in the days when the University of Chicago had football teams. **Harry Kipke,** former University of Michigan coach, and an outstanding All-American himself in the early 1920's, also believes that the boys of today are just as colorful as those of his own competitive days. **Franklin P. Adams** of *Information Please* reputation, who won early fame with his "Tinker to Evers to Chance" poem, also is among those who believe that the athletes of today are just as colorful as those of the past.

QUESTION VI

Has radio broadcasting of sports attendance reduced the times of your own attendance at these events?

The public	No	77.3%
Sports experts	No	77.7%

Sports writers frequently commented that the question did not apply to them directly but did bring up a point they'd often pondered. It is a safe surmise that the 22.2% of sports experts who preferred to listen to the broadcasts rather than attend certain events had valid reasons preventing their attendance.

Among those whose votes indicated that broadcasts had not kept them from eye, ear, and nose appraisal of sports events was **Alfred M. Landon,** of Topeka, Kansas. Voting opposite Mr. Landon on this question was Major **George Fielding Eliot** of press and radio fame as a military analyst.

Larry MacPhail, who brought in radio broadcasting of the ball games at Brooklyn in 1939 when he started the lowly Dodgers on the long, long trail to glory, indicated on his ballot that radio broadcasting has not reduced his attendance at the ball park. Mr. MacPhail is notorious for "taking" some of the tougher moments of his Dodgers in his office via the broadcast. **Dizzy Dean,** another stormy petrel of baseball, also voted that radio broadcasting had not kept him home bright sunny afternoons. Mr. Dean's testimony can be taken literally, since he is a baseball announcer himself now that his arm is gone, frothing for a beer concern in St. Louis.

Senator **Millard E. Tydings** of Maryland also indicated that his attendance at sport events has not been stymied by the radio broadcasts.

QUESTION VII

Do you consider post-season "Bowl" games primarily significant sports events?

The public	No	51%
Sports experts	Yes	55%

Many comments identified the "Bowl" games as a reward for the boys and the coaches. There were suggestions of making the "reward" to the boys more substantial in view of the golden floods that pour through the gates at these games.

Although the midwest's Big Ten long has ruled against its members participating in "Bowl" games, it is interesting to note that one of the Big Ten's founding fathers, Coach **A. A. Stagg** of the College of the Pacific, Stockton, California, considers these post-season "Bowl" games as primarily significant sports events.

On the other hand, the noted Hollywoodian, **Eddie Cantor,** votes against the significance of the "Bowl" games.

QUESTION VIII

At what percentage of honesty would you rate running horse racing at all the nation's tracks?

The public	60.3%
Sports experts	60.4%

This brought a wide range of estimates—from a few 100 per cents down to minus .001 per cent. **Walton C. Harwood,** sports editor of the *Bennington Banner*, Bennington, Vermont, refused to commit himself on this question, commenting: "I don't dare!" while **Bus Ham,** sports editor of the *Oklahoman*, Oklahoma City, Okla., rated the races at: "One per cent, like near beer!"

Ted Lyons, sturdy pitcher of the Chicago White Sox, struck a somewhat less sophisticated note when he wrote: "Would think that any sport would be 100%."

A Watseka, Illinois, voter commented that he knows trainers who insist their horses are always "trying" when the barrier is sprung, but he still estimates that horse racing in honesty ranks above only one other American sport, that sport being professional wrestling. He apologizes for classifying pro wrestling as a sport. Certain tracks, this voter reminds us, are notoriously dishonest, and this year's track scandal in California hasn't boosted the ethical standing of nag running.

Here's where **Joe E. Brown** again votes to show Hollywood's trust in mankind. The man with the grin that eats his ears reckons that the giddyap contests are 99% honest.

Bing Crosby, in commenting on this question, wrote: "Believe 100 per cent honest as far as the management of the good tracks are concerned—but they can't control all individuals. In any race it's pretty much guess and breaks to get a winner—so all have good chance to guess right."

Charles R. Walgreen, came to somewhat the same conclusion when he stated that: "Track officials are probably 100 per cent; horse owners about 50 per cent, which makes the net result 50 per cent."

QUESTION IX

Do you believe the physical demands made by prevailing basketball rules are too severe for college players?

The public.............No 67%
Sports experts..........No 69.2%

With the arrival of the firehouse fast-break basketball displacing the old slow-break stalling game, which Dr. Walter Meanwell of Wisconsin termed a cancer destroying the sport, the new problem of wear and tear of the hoop game has become acute. The game is a killer in anybody's league, even though some voters suggested that it should be handed to the ladies. The public, however, seems to have confidence that the coaches use sufficient judgment in frequent substitutions, and believes that the new whirligig game is good enjoyment from the seats —and not dangerous to the players.

Sec Taylor, sports editor of the *Des Moines Register*, voted yes "unless" as he qualifies, "squads are large and coaches use horse sense in handling men."

Ray Johnson, sports editor of the *Beverly Times*, Beverly, Massachusetts, comments: "I say basketball is too fast—unless a system of frequent substitution similar to that of hockey is employed. The faster game has helped the spectator appeal but it's tough on the 40-minute men."

Wake Bridges, sports editor of the *Hickory Record*, Hickory, North Carolina, writes: "Although basketball games have been speeded up considerably by the removal of the center jump, I do not consider the physical demands too severe. Even if they were, most every coach has substitutes anxious to break into the game and prove their worth, talent, etc."

Ervin Miller, sports editor of *The Bemidji Daily Pioneer*, Bemidji, Minnesota, thinks there should be some differentiation with regard to high school players. "Not for college players," he writes, "but I do think they are being a little steep on the high school boys who haven't fully developed physically."

QUESTION X

Do you believe that newspaper and radio publicity on "spectator" sports has diminished Americans' personal participation in sports?

The public.............No 83.5%
Sports experts..........No 87.2%

Fred Ware, sports editor of the Omaha *World-Herald*, commented pertinently: "Look at golf, tennis, soft ball records of participation." The three sports have flourished with a minimum of publicity as compared with the space and time given "spectator" sports chronicles and promotion.

H. V. Kaltenborn, famed radio commentator, is with the minority group in this question. Mr. Kaltenborn, a keen observer, marks his X to show that he believes the American is inclined to get sports thrills sitting down rather than sports exertion standing up.

Although no definite evidence is available there are competent observers of the sports situation who believe that the per cent of increase in sports participation during the past three years has been greater than the per cent of increase in sports audiences. If so, the trend of the 1923-38 period has been reversed and the sportsmen are arising from their fannies.

In one vigorous sport the participant does not have to rise. That is in the rocking chair championship. This field of strenuous effort has its perennially and comprehensively active **William Allen White** of Emporia, Kansas. The noted newspaperman returned his Esquire Sports Poll Ballot unmarked with the waggish comment: "I haven't seen a ball game in twenty years. When I go to a football game, I do not look at the grid but take in the crowd and visit with old friends. I don't play golf and I never tried tennis. I am the rocking chair champion of the Emporia Country Club, holding all belts, insignia, medals, citations and trophies as the best single-handed general-purpose, catch-as-catch-can loafer in the Neosho Valley. Not one of your questions means anything to me. They might as well be written in Sanskrit."

The Sports Poll queries weren't Sanskrit to **Sidney Strotz,** President of the National Broadcasting Company. Mr. Strotz was on the winning side of every question in the Esquire poll. He guessed the ponies' competition as 80 per cent honest, which was 20.35 per cent more trusting than the average of public and sports experts who recorded their estimates. ⌗

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Okay to Bail Out

Railroad Brakeman Hansen gave his life to develop the parachute for aviators

by VICTOR CROLEY

▪ ARTICLE ▪

In the early days of the last World War, aviation was still in the toddling stage and a battle between opposing enemy pilots was often a comedy of errors. Machine guns and cannon shooting through the nose of the propeller were yet unknown. The war crates were mostly one-man ships and the pilot, when aloft, armed with a rifle leaning beside him in the cockpit. Combats offered extraordinary difficulties. Shooting at an enemy flyer while piloting your own plane was just about comparable to shooting ducks with a rifle from the hurricane deck of a bronco.

But the war-birds were quick to learn. Planes improved rapidly. Machine guns, bombs, and specialized tactics soon made aerial combats deadly affairs. The mortality rate among flyers jumped up with startling rapidity and few pilots survived many months of fighting. Such men as Bishop and Collison of the Canadians, Nungesser and Guynemer of the French, Von Richthofen of the Germans, and our own Eddie Rickenbacker possessed extraordinary skill and ability—far beyond that of average men.

With all the improvement in the fighting efficiency of the war planes, however, little thought or attention was given to the safety of the pilot. Like the captain of sea-going vessels, when difficulties arose beyond the powers to cope with, the plane pilot was expected to go down with his ship. And many of them did. Fighting pilots told many a story of fellow flyers who, when their ships were damaged beyond control, calmly waved their hands in goodbye and went to their deaths.

A story with a happier ending was the miracle adventure of an English flyer. Caught in a burst of anti-aircraft fire, he saw the greater portion of one wing of his ship shot away. Immediately the plane began to fall in crazy spirals. Thousands of feet below, the shell-pitted earth of No-Man's-Land rushed up to meet him. With extraordinary daring and skill, the pilot climbed out on the broken fragment of wing, balanced the plane to an even keel with his body weight and somehow managed to jockey the ship to earth in an easy glide that saved his life.

Then there was the gallant American, Raoul Lufberry, one of the charter members of the Lafayette Escadrille. His ship caught fire thousands of feet in the air. All his efforts to extinguish the flames or set the ship down in time failed. Two thousand feet up, Lufberry calmly stepped out of the blazing furnace into space and fell to his death. A parachute might have saved him.

Parachutes were well known and had been used for many years by balloonists who went up in hot-air bags at county fairs and cut loose with their parachutes. Balloon observers during the war also were taught to jump to safety in parachutes when their bags were set afire or shot to pieces. But these parachutes were already suspended and ready to open. The knack of folding them into a compact package to fit into the small space of a fighting plane and the special mechanism that makes them open when a rip-cord is pulled, had not yet been developed and were not perfected until after the war was over.

But a number of keen minds were considering the problem of life-preserving parachutes for aviators, and among them was the unsung hero of our sketch—Brakeman Hansen of the Northwestern. We don't know much of Hansen's personal story, and after the lapse of twenty years, it would take too much time and patience to dig it up.

Probably he had been in the air service during the war. At any rate, he was braking out of Casper during the boom days of 1919 and 1920. And during his off hours, he was working with Casper's local pioneer pilot, the late Bert Coles.

Hansen thought he had developed a way of folding his parachute and opening it in emergencies so that he could jump from an airplane. Some said that he and Coles were just working up a barnstorming stunt, and perhaps Hansen wasn't solely interested in the advancement of science. Anyway, he went at the job carefully and systematically. As soon as he would come in from his railroad runs, he and Coles would get together and plan parachute jumps.

At first, Hansen would climb out on the plane wing and unfurl his chute until the wind would catch it and pull him off into space. That was easy, and the method worked swell when the plane was on an even keel with the steady hand of a pilot guiding it. Hansen knew he would have to work things out so the pilot himself could jump. In an emergency, the plane might be spinning dizzily. There would be no time to unfurl the chute and wait for the wind to catch it. There would be times when the pilot would have to drop considerable distance before opening his chute in order to keep it from tangling with the falling plane. Other times, the pilot would have to drop out of reach of falling sparks from a burning plane that would set the chute on fire.

Hansen wasn't satisfied until he could jump from a folded parachute and open it when he was clear of the plane. It took terrific courage and cold, emotionless nerve to do it the first time. They were four thousand feet up when he drew a last puff on his cigarette and flipped it over the side. Then he stood up, climbed gingerly over the edge of the cockpit and leaped.

"So long, Bert," he yelled. And Coles shut off his motor and watched over the side of the plane as Hansen dropped. It seemed like eternity until Hansen got his chute loosened somewhat. Then Coles saw it open into a beautiful mushroom and heard Hansen yell and whistle and sing in relief and victory. The parachute settled gently to earth and deposited the pioneer on the top of a soft, cushiony haystack.

Hansen was sure he had the problem solved now and made a number of jumps with folded parachute during the next few days. He had worked out a method whereby the parachute would never fail to open, but now a new worry came up. The hardest part was the moment when the parachute snapped fully open and stopped the fall with a jerk that almost broke a man's back.

Hansen didn't care about the rough treatment and the beating he was taking. Each time that parachute snapped open, it saved his life, and there was no fooling about it. But the stress and strain on the leather harness that held him to the parachute was terrific. He designed a much stronger harness, and sent his specifications off to the factory.

Casper was booming, with three oil refineries running night and day, and every room and shed that could be fitted up for sleeping quarters was occupied. We lived in a sheep wagon pulled onto the railroad right-of-way off behind the freighthouse.

Like many of the other members of the train crews, Hansen's only home was the way-car, and his mailing address was the dispatcher's office.

He didn't talk much about his flying. The nerve strain and tension of his exploits lined his face and made him silent and hollow-eyed. Coles tried to persuade him to postpone further jumps until after his stronger harness had arrived. But after a couple of weeks, Hansen began to get impatient. Maybe he was afraid he would lose his nerve if he waited too long between jumps. Each time he came in from his run, he would hurry over to the dispatcher's office to ask if his harness had come, and each time we told him it hadn't, he would bite his lips with impatience and struggle to quiet his jumping nerves.

Finally one day he got in from his run during the early morning hours. No harness. He had his breakfast and slept until mid-afternoon. Again he asked at the dispatcher's office. No harness. "Aw, the hell with it," he grumbled and hunted up Coles. Coles tried to stall, but Hansen insisted. The old harness was good enough for a few more jumps, and just one more jump would give him the reassurance he craved so badly.

The plane rose higher and higher in the clear air between town and Casper Mountain. Four thousand feet over sand and sagebrush. "Okay!" yelled Coles above the wind and engine's roar. Hansen rose quickly and stepped clear of the plane. "So long, Bert," he called.

Down, down, he dropped. The parachute snapped open and then collapsed again into a fluttering white rag. The parachute had opened perfectly but the jerk had broken Hansen's harness and he was falling free. Coles instantly swooped his plane into a long power dive. And remember, this was years before planes were built to do power dives.

But the quick-witted flyer knew his only desperate chance to save his pal's life was to dive down under him and catch him on the plane's wings. Probably the weight of Hansen's falling body would have smashed the wings and sent the plane and pilot and parachutist all hurtling to death. But it wasn't to be. Coles swooped within an inch of destruction but couldn't get under the falling man.

He brought his plane up just in time to save his own life while Hansen fell to his death.

Silent, and with tears burning in our eyes, we turned and walked down the hill to the railroad yards. Let the curious who didn't know him recover the broken body of Hansen. We preferred to remember him as he last swung off the way-car rumbling into the yards.

That very night as we came on duty the first thing to catch our eye was a large package in one corner of the office where the expressman had dropped it. Of course it was Hansen's special strong harness and it had come in just a few hours after he had fallen to his death.

Hansen didn't die in vain. Other pioneers were working on the problem and within just a few short years a neat, compact parachute was developed and in all parts of the world pilots were saving their lives by parachute when their planes became disabled. Not so many years later, Lindbergh was to save his life on three separate occasions by leaping to safety with a parachute when he could not bring his plane down.

As an anti-climax of tragedy, Bert Coles was to die in an airplane crash here in Denver, unable to profit from the work he had shared with Brakeman Hansen. No one knows just how it happened, but in some manner the wings were torn from the fuselage of his ship and Coles dropped to his death, crashing onto the street pavement in the Capitol Hill residence district.

But war-birds of today have a different story to tell than that of their fathers in the last World War.

Everyone of them wears a parachute as a life preserver and it is commonplace to jump to safety —even the safety of an enemy prison camp—when the plane is damaged or set on fire. ##

Mido
MULTIFORT
SUPER-AUTOMATIC

THE WATCH THAT THINKS FOR YOU... WEAR IT...AND FORGET IT!

SELF WINDING

BOONE
MARQUETTE
KITCHENER

THESE MIDO WATCHES ARE 17 JEWEL

BOONE—Extra strong stainless steel case, $37.50, with radium dial, $42.50 • MARQUETTE—Stainless steel case, large sweep second hand, radium hands and numerals, $57.50 • KITCHENER—Stainless steel case, radium hands and numerals, $47.50 • Willoughby—same as Marquette in yellow rolled gold plate case, $90.00. Other models up to $200.00, Federal tax included. Prices slightly higher in Canada.

The remarkable watch of all time ...self-sufficient...immune to every hazard...astonishing features for precision performance. *Winds itself* and continues to run with the natural motion of your arm • COMPLETELY WATER-PROOF... wear your Mido under the shower, in swimming, skiing, skating • NON-MAGNETIC—a boon to men who work around motors, radios, high-tension machinery • SHOCK-PROOF—withstands jolts and jars; unbreakable crystal and mainspring. Mido is the ideal watch for men whose work and activities make "coddling" a watch impractical. Give a Mido for Christmas—you can't choose a more welcome gift.

Free—Illustrated descriptive folder showing a large selection of Mido watches. Ask your local dealer—or write to Dept. E, Mido • 1225 Empire State Building, New York • 410 St. Peter Street, Montreal, Canada.

Engraved on the back of every Mido watch are its famous guaranteed features. Sold and serviced in 65 countries throughout the world.

Made in the Nation's Ski-land Paradise
Original CHIPPEWA
America's Finest Ski Boots!

When you step into a pair of ski boots bearing the nationally famous ORIGINAL CHIPPEWA label, you're all set for more enjoyment of skiing thrills. Ask the man who owns a pair of ORIGINAL CHIPPEWA boots for skiing, hunting or fishing, and he'll tell you they're the last word in quality and boot-making craftsmanship. ORIGINAL CHIPPEWAS are products of a boot manufacturer with more than 40 years of experience.

Illustrated above is style No. 4442 ...the upper leather is finest quality Brazil Ski Grain...moisture proof...lace in back construction...extra hard box...heavy double soles with back wedge through shank...single rubber lift on heel...low and high ski hitch...quarters are leather and sponge rubber lined...doubled gusset and rubber tongue...leather instep strap...storm welt...super-steel arch support...sewed and pegged soles...sizes 6 to 11 and 12...EE width.

You'll want the finest in ski boots, so get No. 4442 ORIGINAL CHIPPEWAS. *Priced at $18.00.*

MANY OTHER STYLES
FOR MEN & WOMEN
FROM $5.00 AND UP

Look for the
ORIGINAL CHIPPEWA
Label On Every Pair

"ORIGINAL"
CHIPPEWA SHOES
CHIPPEWA SHOE MFG. CO.
CHIPPEWA FALLS, WIS.

See your dealer or write
for illustrated catalog to
CHIPPEWA SHOE
MANUFACTURING
COMPANY
Chippewa Falls
Wis.

Advertising Comes Clean

Federal Trade Commission protects suckers from misleading claims and quack remedies

by HAROLD HARSCHER

▪ARTICLE▪

It used to be, in advertising, that anything went. The "doctor" who concocted a remedy of alleged Indian origin could safely claim that it would cure anything from dandruff to chilblains, from fallen hair to fallen arches. The "discoverer" of an ancient Egyptian panacea could assert with impunity that it was a sovereign remedy for cancer, consumption, jaundice, gallstones, and two-score other ailments. The vendor of a "specific" warranted to cure the most obstinate and depraved husbands of the tobacco or liquor habit was able to place his advertisements in the most respectable of newspapers and magazines: "Let no woman despair. The sure, quick, permanent cure for drunkenness has been found. It has no odor. It has no taste. Just a little is put in the drunkard's cup of coffee or tea, or in his food. He will never notice it. He will be cured and he will never know why he lost his taste for liquor."

Cough medicines and soothing syrups containing narcotics were regularly advertised and sold, though little children often died from their use. Electric belts, trusses, braces and other devices utterly without virtue and positively vicious, were widely ballyhooed, distributed and sold. Worthless "cures" for venereal diseases and "lost manhood" were publicly advertised and surreptitiously bought and used.

Stocks in mining companies owning no mines, in oil companies owning no oil lands, in manufacturing companies owning no factories, in milling companies owning no mills and in automobile companies that never built a car, were advertised and sold to the tune of millions.

Real estate promoters used whole pages in newspapers and magazines to attract the gullible to whom they sold lots in the dessert or under water. Merchants had fire sales of goods that never near a fire, removal sales of goods that went on for years, and "going out of business" sales that were intended to keep them from going out of business. Trade-in pianos were sold as new, shoddy as wool, pewter as silver, and veneer as solid wood.

There was not a single necessity, product, article or commodity with a marketable value that somebody did not try to sell to "suckers" by exaggerated, untruthful and downright fraudulent advertising. For years they got away with it, partly because there was no law except the law against using the mails to defraud, to prevent it, and partly because both law and business were satisfied to abide by the cynical rule, *caveat emptor*, or "Let the buyer beware," and asked for nothing better.

But things are different in this year of Our Lord 1941. Neither the reputable advertiser nor the law any longer countenances the common practices of forty, thirty or even ten years ago. The doctrine of *caveat emptor* is no longer in good repute—either ethically or legally. The reputable advertiser of today disdains chicanery, and the publication of *misleading*—not merely *fraudulent*—advertising is a serious offense.

Barnum was wrong—the American people do not love to be humbugged. They love to be amused, and to be amused they are sometimes willing to be humbugged. Fundamentally, though, they neither want to be humbugged nor to humbug anyone else. They want a system of fair dealing to be possible and to prevail in their affairs with one another. The business man and the advertiser have come to learn that, no less than the man in the street. So has the law. The world has moved.

The change had its feeble beginning about 1860, when the publisher of a farm paper announced that "deceptive advertisements" would be excluded from the pages of his publication. But the idea was not received with marked enthusiasm by other publishers, and twenty years went by before his example was followed by one or two other publishers of similar journals. It took twenty more years to bring farm journals, in general, into line.

By that time—that is, around the beginning of the present century—other publications, particularly some of the leading general magazines, became aroused to the situation and entered upon a militant campaign against fake and fraudulent advertisers, particularly against the medical quacks. Prominent newspapers joined in the fight, and the now awakened public as well as the reputable advertiser demanded action. The time was ripe for a definite clean-up movement in the advertising field.

Individual advertising clubs had existed for some time. In 1904 they formed a national organization and announced one of their purposes to be "to expose fraudulent schemes and their perpetrators." They were only a handful then, but by 1911 there were more than a hundred clubs with a membership running into the thousands. Their convention that year marked the beginning of a new era in advertising—a practical program under practical leadership was at last inaugurated.

At that time only two states had laws forbidding fraudulent advertising, but these laws were

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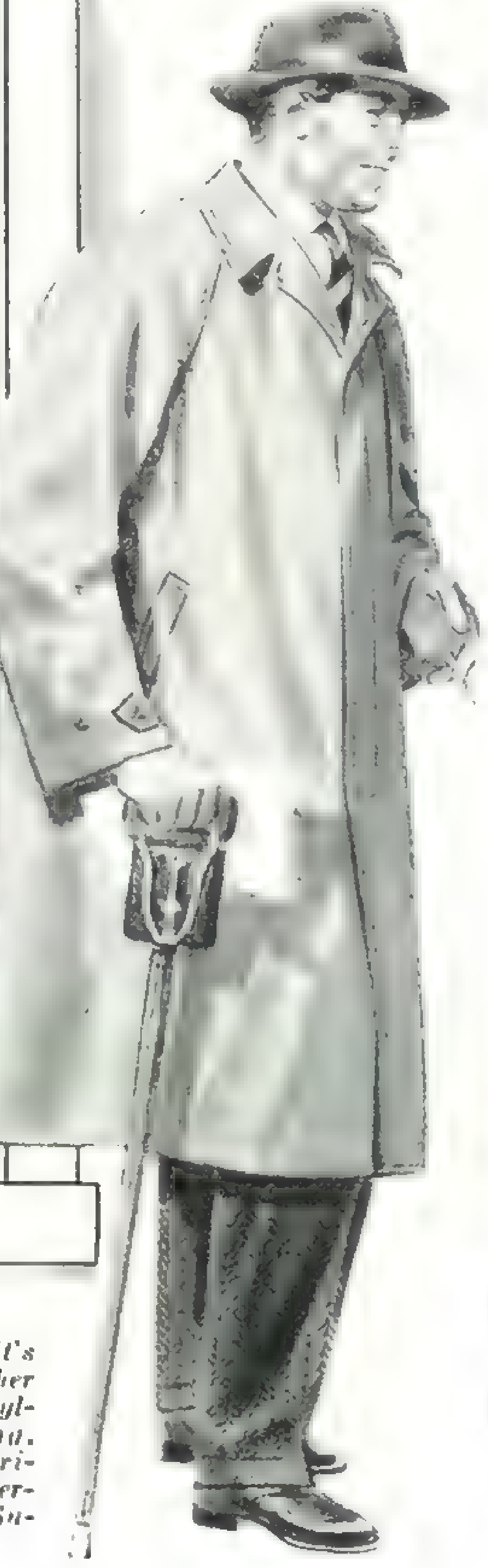
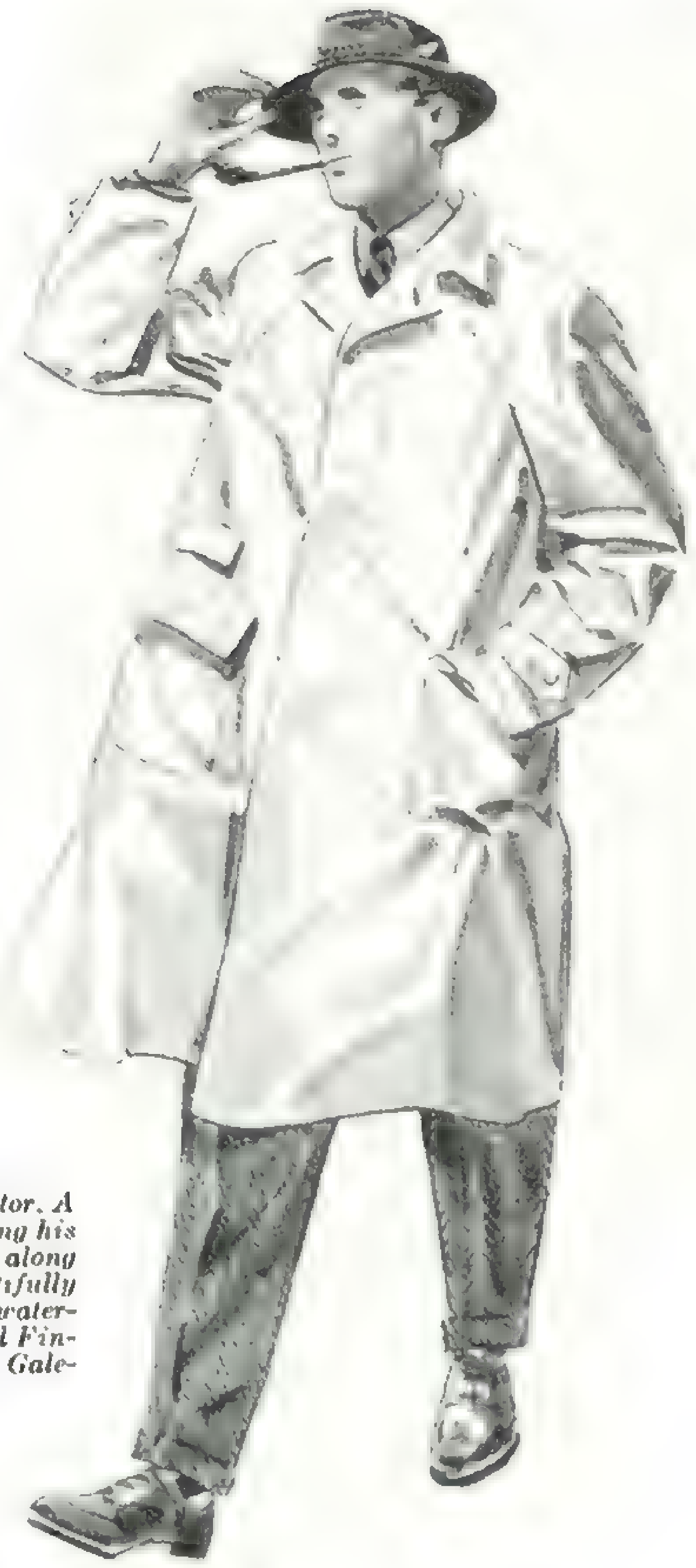
Now there's a gift
I know he'll like!



"GOLD LABEL." It's ultra among all-weather coats. Magnificent styling, superb tailoring, water repellent. A glorious gift, $29.50. Weather-style Cloth, $25.00. Su-rain Cloth, $20.50.



"COACHER," by Alligator. A man has the air of knowing his way about when he strides along in this casual coat. Beautifully styled and tailored in water-repellent Samthur Special Finish Cloth, $14.75. Also in Gale-cloth at $18.50.

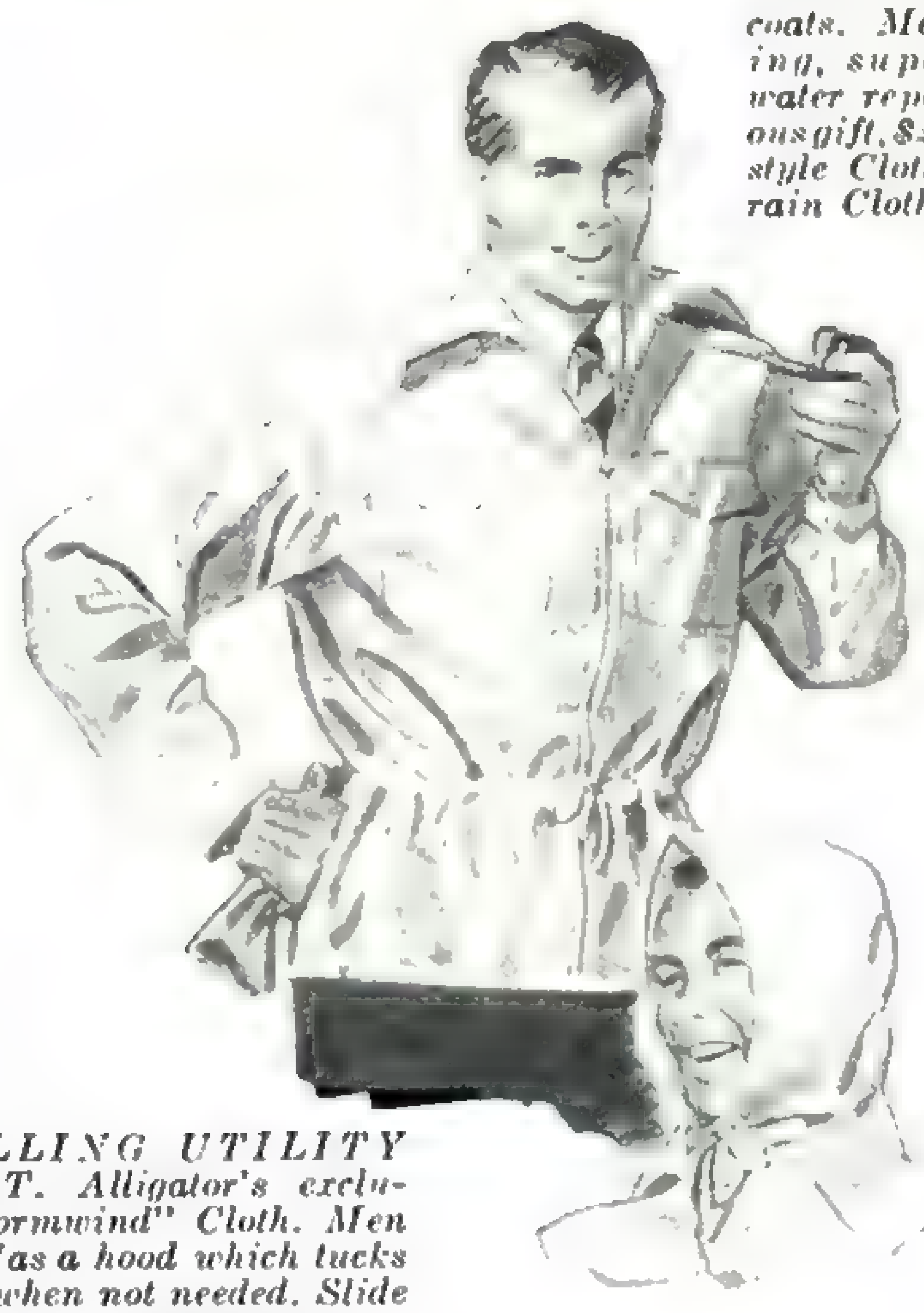
ALLIGATOR

Rainwear is Sure to Please . . . because . . . IT'S SURE TO RAIN

Watch him when he first sees your gift Alligator! Observe the tickled, incredulous look in his eyes as he tries it on and struts proudly back and forth across the room! He'll be completely flabbergasted . . . amazed that even *you* could have the man-understanding to choose so perfect a Christmas gift!

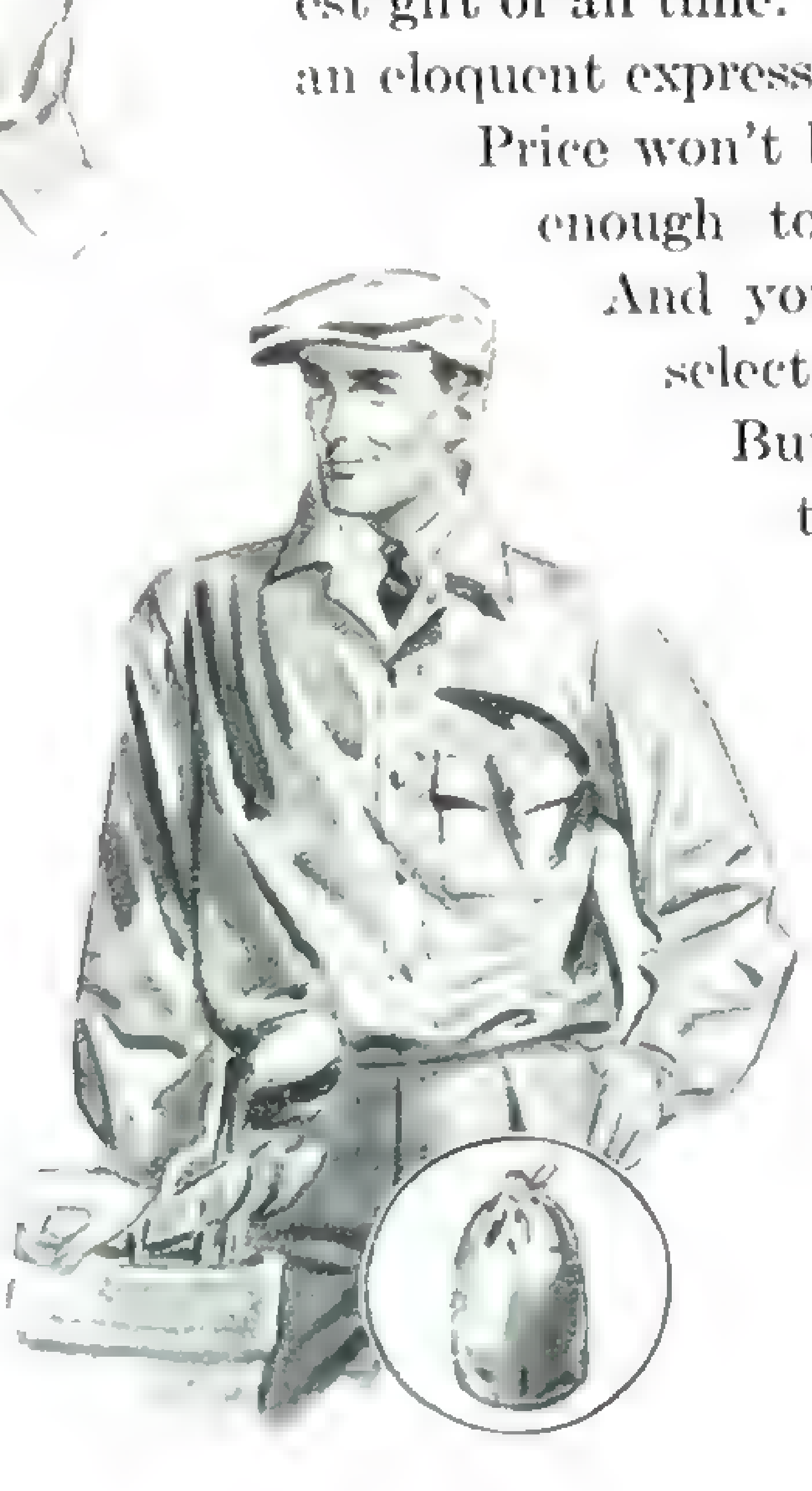
It doesn't make any difference how old a man is . . . or how young . . . he'll rate an Alligator as the smartest gift of all time. Different, handsome, practical . . . an eloquent expression of sincere affection.

Price won't bother you, because there's range enough to accommodate any gift-budget. And your Alligator dealer will help you select the right model for the right man. But be sure you get a *genuine* Alligator. Look inside for the Alligator label—"The best name in rainwear." The Alligator Company, Saint Louis, New York, Los Angeles.

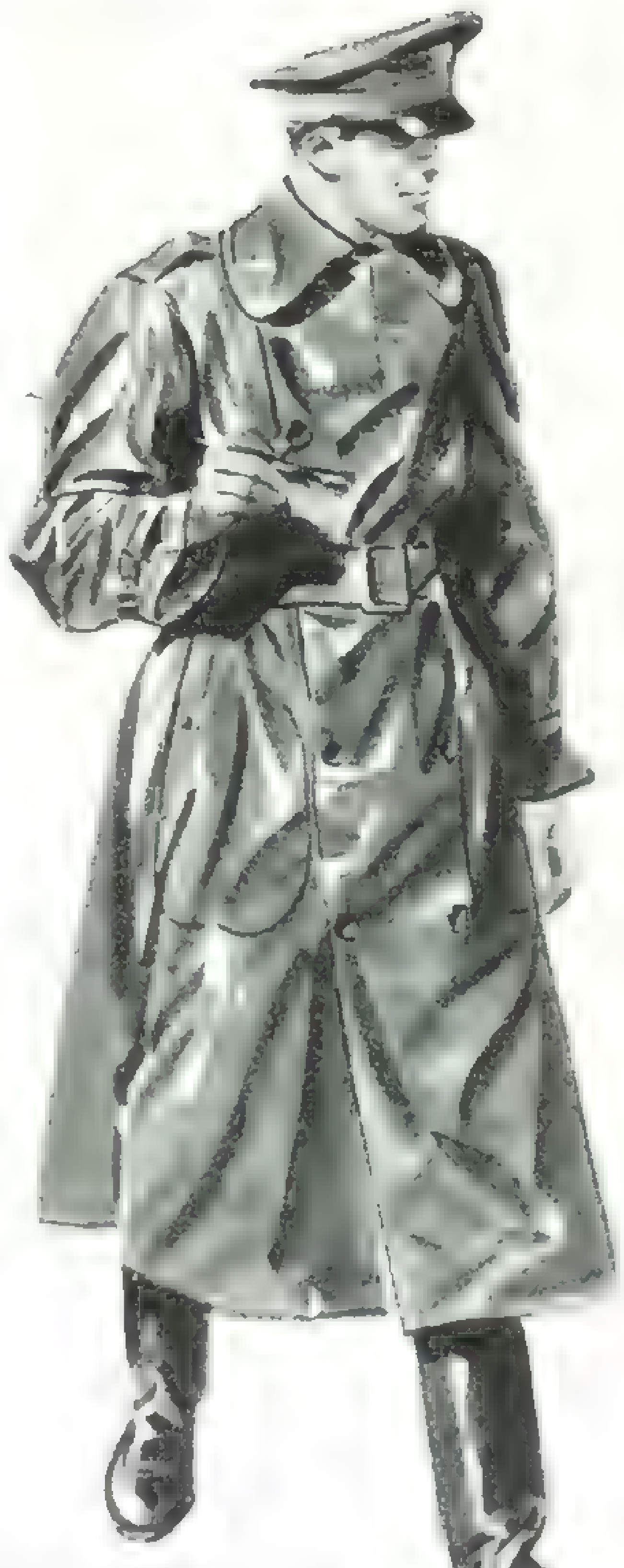


THRILLING UTILITY JACKET. Alligator's exclusive "Stormwind" Cloth. Men love it. Has a hood which tucks in back when not needed. Slide fastener front. Drawstring at waist and hood. Water repellent, $9.50.

Alligator Waterproof and
Water Repellent Rainwear
$5.75 to $29.50
At better dealers everywhere



WATERPROOF GOLF JACKET. Keeps out rain . . . it's absolutely waterproof! Featherweight fabric. Complete arm freedom; no binding. Carrying bag included. Choice of colors, $6.75. Others $5.50 up.



WATERPROOF MILITARY MODEL. This correct officer's coat is worn by many civilians, too. Stays soft and pliant—doesn't crack or deteriorate. $9.75 up. In water repellent fabrics, $12.50 up.

ALLIGATOR
Raincoats · Galecoats · Sportswear
because . . . IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

ONLY REMINGTON
OFFERS THIS CHOICE
OF MULTIPLE HEAD SHAVERS
$12.75
REMINGTON DOUBLE HEADER
2 HEADS
REMINGTON TRIPLE HEAD
3 HEADS
REMINGTON FOURSOME
4 HEADS
NEWEST

REMINGTON DOUBLE-HEADER. Magnetic type. Extraquiet. No radio interference. AC only. $12.75

REMINGTON DUAL. The original 2-headed shaver that amazed the world with 90-second shaves. AC-DC. $15.75

REMINGTON TRIPLE-HEADER. Smashing all sales records! Famous Remington Dual plus a special head for trimming sideburns, mustache, stray hairs on neck. AC-DC. $17.50

REMINGTON FOURSOME. *Three* full-length cutting heads *plus* a special trimming head. Today's most sensational advancement in electric shavers. Handsome deluxe carrying case with a non-breakable mirror. AC-DC. $19.50

HERE ARE SHAVERS that can take off a real beard faster than you can slip out of a set of "Santa Claus" whiskers. They've got *two, three* and even *four* shaving heads—the greatest concentration of shaving power you can get today! No wonder a Remington multiple-head shaver is just about the grandest gift you can give a man. He'll thank you, and his whiskers will thank you, for giving him such cool, clean, fast shaves. So, get down to your dealer and pick *his* gift from the *head*-line of the year. *General Shaver Division of Remington Rand Inc., Bridgeport, Conn. Service stations at Remington Offices in more than 130 cities.*

TIPS TO WIVES AND SWEETHEARTS. Even if he has an old-type single-head shaver, he's probably praying for one of the new, faster, multiple-head Remingtons. Why not get him one today?

REMINGTON RAND

FASTEST SHAVING, FASTEST SELLING ELECTRIC SHAVERS

Advertising Comes Clean

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both inadequate and unenforced. Under the sponsorship of *Printers' Ink*, a model statute was now prepared, that in a few years, on the initiative or with the backing of the advertising clubs, was adopted in twenty-five states. Other states enacted their own or similar statutes, and soon there were few states without some such laws.

But laws do not enforce themselves; and so, to make this new legislation effective, the clubs organized vigilance committees, and, later, Better Business Bureaus, whose function it was to keep a constant watch, to warn violators of the law, and to institute prosecutions against such violators if they persisted in their illegal practices These activities have never ceased, and today there is scarcely a city of any size that does not have its Better Business Bureau always on the job to protect the interests of both the honest advertiser and the consumer. In addition, of course, publishers of standing and business pride will not accept advertisements of shady or doubtful character.

Conjointly with these developments there was another of vast importance in this field. The Federal Trade Commission was established in 1914, with the power to restrain unfair methods of competition, including false advertising.

The trouble with the Act of 1914 was that it operated only where competition was involved. Without the existence of competition the Commission had no power to interfere. It was the interest of competitors and not the interest of the public that gave the Commission jurisdiction in a given case, and many flagrant cases could not be reached at all. To remedy this condition, the law was amended in 1938 by what is known as the Wheeler-Lea Act, first, so as to confer on the Commission power to deal with "unfair and deceptive acts and practices" without regard to the existence of competition; and second, so as to define a false advertisement in the case of foods, drugs, devices or cosmetics as an advertisement misleading in a material respect and declaring it misleading not merely when it contains false statements or misrepresentations, but also when it fails to reveal facts regarding the consequences which may follow from the use of the advertised product under the conditions described in the advertisement or under such conditions as are usual and customary.

As the law under which the Federal Trade Commission is now acting is comparatively new, as its powers are exceedingly broad and its activities so extensive that several hundred thousand advertisements are checked during a single year, and as it is the most potent instrumentality now constraining the advertiser to observe the law and to abide by the code of his own industry as adopted at a conference held under the direction of the Commission, it should prove both interesting and illuminating to study the work of the Commission in this field.

Take first a case of which I have some personal knowledge. Out in the State of Washington there is a lake known as Soap Lake. One of the most pleasant recollections of my life is a swim in that lake at the end of a long, dusty trip across the sagebrush-covered, scab rock and alkali country to the north. One or two kicks and splashes and I was the center of a circle of soapsuds, pretty much as if I had stuck my head up from the bottom of a busy washtub, and it was virtually impossible to sink. With a big steak for dinner, a copious drink of the lake water, a good night's sleep and another swim before breakfast, I left there the next day feeling more completely cleansed, inside and out, than at any other time in a rather varied career.

That was more than thirty years ago. But even then people were coming for hundreds of miles to bathe in that lake and to use its water internally; and the salts were being distilled and sold all over the Northwest. What is more, those who came to the lake and those who used the salts were alike convinced that they were benefitted and cured of various ailments thereby. And so, through newspapers and magazines, and later over the radio, the producers of the salts told the world: "Almost unbelievable but true! The fame of Soap Lake has become nationwide. More than 30,000 visitors last summer! They came with aches and pains—rheumatism, arthritis, neuritis—with skin irritations—eczema, itch, psoriasis, athlete's foot, poison oak, poison ivy, gangrene and lingering infections; with stomach, gall and intestine, kidney, bladder and other functional disorders—and left happy. . . . No longer need you journey far and expensively to prove the virtue of Soap Lake minerals. They are now easily and inexpensively available through your druggist."

But, alas, the Federal Trade Commission doubted all these claims. It filed a complaint, and ordered the manufacturers to cease and desist from representing that its products would cure eczema or similar skin diseases of systemic origin or have any beneficial effect other than temporarily relieving itch and discomfort incidental to such diseases, or that they would cure or prevent any of the other diseases mentioned above. The Commission found that the products advertised not only would not cure or prevent any of these ailments, but on the contrary, under certain conditions were distinctly harmful.

And that shows one of the things that the advertiser is no longer permitted to do—he cannot represent that his product will prevent or cure a certain disease unless he can actually prove that it will do so.

That the attitude of the Com-

SANTA, OLD MAN
MAKE MINE THE
NO. 1 STYLE TIE
THE ORIGINAL
French Panel Ties

They're the snappiest styles in town! Tell all my friends I want fashion's favorite cravat this Christmas.

In smart blues, reds, greens and browns.

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL

THE ORIGINAL French Panel WOVEN IN U.S.A. TRADE MARK

At better department and men's stores
$1.50

Loomed in America by America's Exclusive Cravat Stylists
CARTER & HOLMES
MERCHANDISE MART, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

mission in this regard will be upheld by the courts is interestingly shown by a case decided some time by the Circuit Court of Appeals for the Third Circuit, in which Judge Clark, formerly Dean of the Yale Law School, wrote the opinion. The product involved in the case was one advertised as "the original cure for eczema, psoriasis, ivy poisoning, ringworm, athlete's foot, barber's itch," and claimed to "afford quick and permanent elimination of eczema and other skin disorders."

Judge Clark quoted from a writer who had said: "Some courts seem entirely too content with a commercial standard of truth, piously hoping that the purchaser will not be so gullible as to be deceived by the depicted panaceas."

Then he commented, "We are not pious and we are not content with the advertisements at bar." "Should have known or acted more wisely," he declared further on, was not a defense in the eyes of the court. The ruling of the Commission was sustained.

Even animals are protected under this rule. So when an advertiser asserted that he had a product that "kills mange overnight," he was ordered to cease and desist from making any such claim.

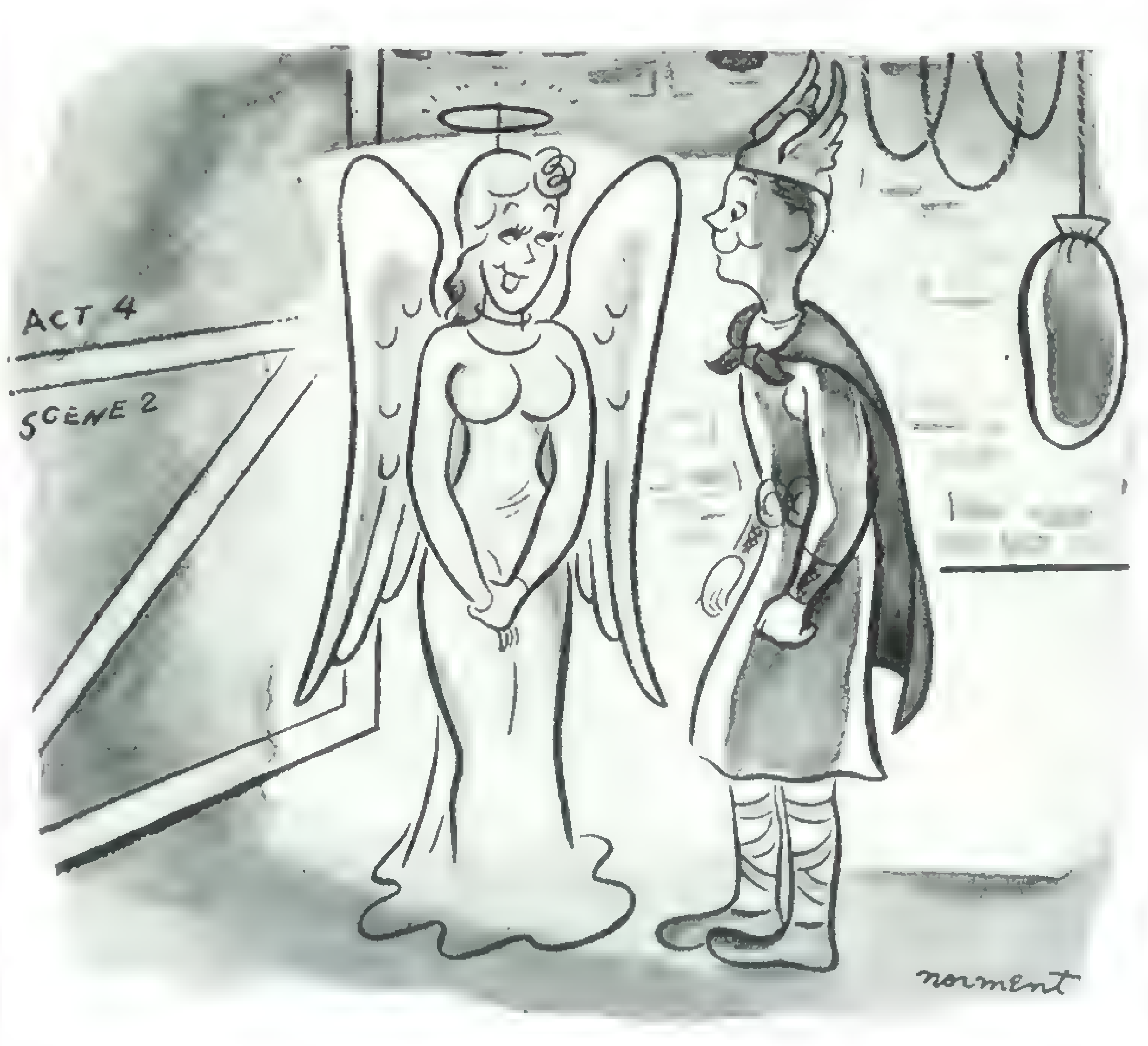
The examples given illustrate misrepresentations as to medicinal or therapeutic qualities, but of course the advertisements now condemned by the law take many other forms. For example, there are misrepresentations as to trade status. Advertisers who do not own any mills use the word as part of their names or purport to sell "direct from the mills to the consumer." Distributors of men's clothes call themselves tailors and represent their suits as "tailor-made" when in fact they are not tailors at all. Wine merchants use the word "vineyards" in their names to indicate that they grow their own grapes and make their own wines when that is not the case. Furniture dealers claim to sell "direct from the factory" when they own no factories. Fur dealers advertise "We raise the animals to lower the price," though actually they don't own even a rabbit. All this is now forbidden by the Federal Trade Commission.

Then there are representations as to composition. Paint with less than 50 per cent of white lead cannot be advertised as White Lead Paint. A soap that does not contain sufficient naphtha to be effective as a cleansing agent cannot be advertised as naphtha soap. It must contain at least 1.25 per cent naphtha. The terms "grape" or "fruit of the vine" may not be used to advertise a product not made from grapes unless preceded by the word "imitation" or something similar. Men's overcoats may not be called "alpaca" or "camel's hair" unless they are wholly made of such material or there are proper qualifying words in conspicuous type. Shirts may not be advertised as "broadcloth" when they are, in fact, made of some other cloth. Fountain pens not made of nor equipped with iridium may not be described in advertisements as "Iridium Pens."

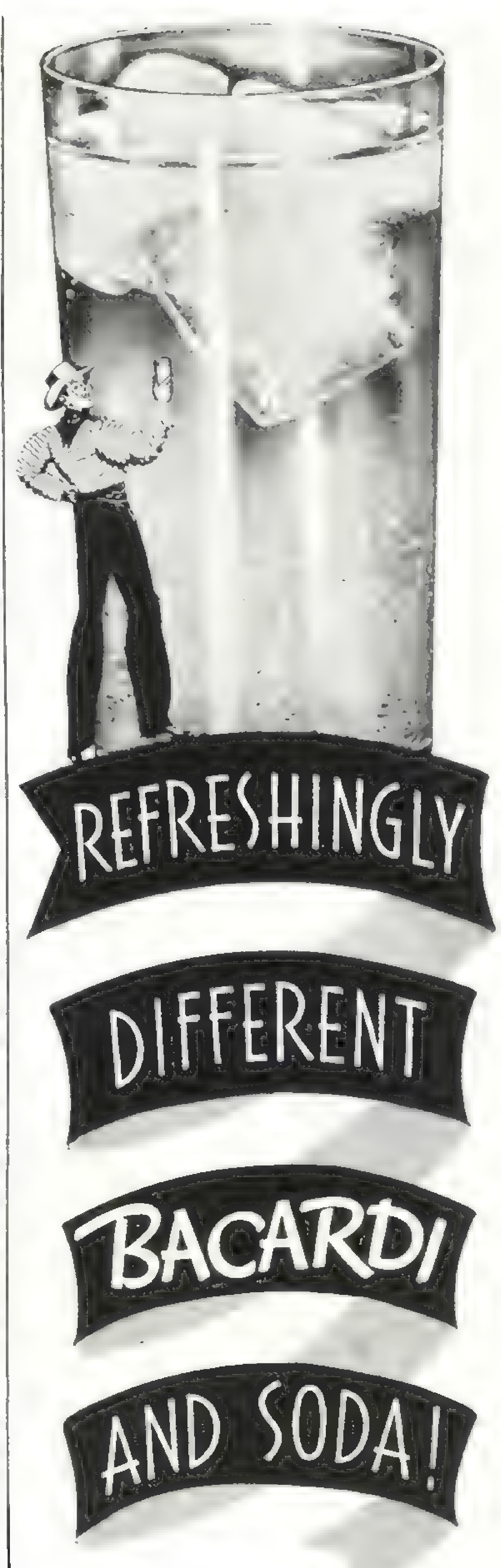
The smoker is protected in that pipes may not be advertised as "imported Briar Root" when made from ground briar root unless that fact is stated; cigars may not be represented as "cured in rum" unless they are really cured that way; and cigars may not be held out as "Havanas" when not made entirely of Cuban tobacco.

In the case of the misuse of the word "Havana" we have a false representation as to the origin of the product. There are many others of similar import that are prohibited. The term *Chateau Yquem*, for example, may not be used in advertising a wine not imported from the district of that name in France; cloth or wearing apparel may not be described as "English" when it does not come from

Continued on page 186



"Flatterer!"


REFRESHINGLY
DIFFERENT
BACARDI
AND SODA!

Make your next tall cool one with BACARDI . . . and taste the wonderful difference.

•

Once you know the distinctive flavor and *liqueur* quality of BACARDI (*Gold or Amber label*) in a Highball, Collins or Cuba Libre—you will never be satisfied with anything less.

THERE'S A
DIFFERENCE
WORTH KNOWING

BACARDI

Rum 89 Proof—Schenley Import Corp., N.Y. Copr. 1941

Discerning men prefer them—
Smart women demand them!
Marlboro
America's Luxury Cigarette
IVORY TIPPED
MARLBORO
CIGARETTES
Philip Morris
PM & CO
THE MILDNESS OF AMERICA'S BEST

IVORY TIPS—PLAIN ENDS—BEAUTY TIPS (red).

Advertising Comes Clean

Continued from pages 182-185

England; "Irish Linen" must actually have its origin in Ireland; "Glasgow Worsted" can only be so called if it comes from Scotland; and coal mined at Pocahontas, Illinois, may not be advertised as merely "Pocahontas Coal"—it must be clearly indicated that such coal comes from Illinois and not from West Virginia.

Another class of prohibited misrepresentations consists of expressions of quality. Such expressions as "puncture-proof" as relating to tires, "non-fattening" and "double brew" as relating to beer, "full-fashioned" as relating to hosiery, and "100 per cent Straight" as relating to whiskey, may not be used unless they express the true facts. In this class also falls the representation of a certain manufacturer of fishing tackle that its use of a secret process gives its rods 25 per cent more tensile strength than other rods. Evidently believing that the fisherman needs protection, the Commission issued a cease and desist order against the further making of such claims.

Other misrepresentations that will not be permitted may relate to quantity, as in the case of the contents of a bottle; to genuineness, as in the case of rugs claimed to be "Wilton," or hats described as "Panama"; to age, as in the case of whiskey, second-hand furniture or renovated hats; and to competitors, as in the case of an advertiser who disparages the products of competitors or asserts that he has made tests to prove his own commodity to be superior to those of others. The results of alleged blindfold tests with cigarettes, whiskey, wine, tea or any other product may not be published in advertisements unless the tests were actually and fairly made and the results are truthfully stated.

It should be clear from what has been said so far that an advertisement may be false within the present meaning of the law in what it fails to say just as much as in what it actually does say. The real question in a given case is "Is this advertisement as a whole calculated to deceive?" Hence, if a product like a laxative or sleeping tablets may be habit-forming or a product like a reducing preparation harmful, due warning must be given. The advertiser must not merely state the truth—he must not conceal anything that the user of his product should know.

The Commission operates against an alleged offender by issuing a cease and desist order following the filing of a complaint and a hearing, although in many cases the proceedings are ended by a stipulation in which the offending party agrees to refrain from the objectionable acts or practices in the future. The respondent, as the party proceeded against is called, if dissatisfied, may take the matter into court. If he fails to do so and also fails to comply with the cease and desist order, the Commission may ask the intervention of the courts, and in that event the offender may find himself required to pay a civil penalty as high as $5,000 for each violation.

In the case of foods, drugs, devices and cosmetics, the penalties are more stringent and anyone guilty of falsely advertising any of these products that may be injurious to health, or of advertising others with intent to defraud, may be found guilty of a misdemeanor and sentenced to pay a fine as high as $5,000, or to go to jail for six months, or both. He may at the same time be ordered to cease and desist from publishing advertisements with the objectionable material in them. The difference is that in the case of commodities not potentially injurious to life, there is no penalty until after the cease and desist order has been entered and violated, while in the case of foods, drugs, devices and cosmetics there may be a cease and desist order by the Federal Trade Commission or a prosecution by the Department of Justice, as in other criminal cases, or both.

The advertiser of today is kept in the straight and narrow path:

(1) By the pressure or voluntary efforts of advertising clubs, Better Business Bureaus, Trade Associations, and similar organizations;

(2) By the provisions of the fair practice agreement of his industry;

(3) By the insistence of reputable publishers that advertisements appearing in their publications must be clean, truthful and reliable;

(4) By state penal statutes;

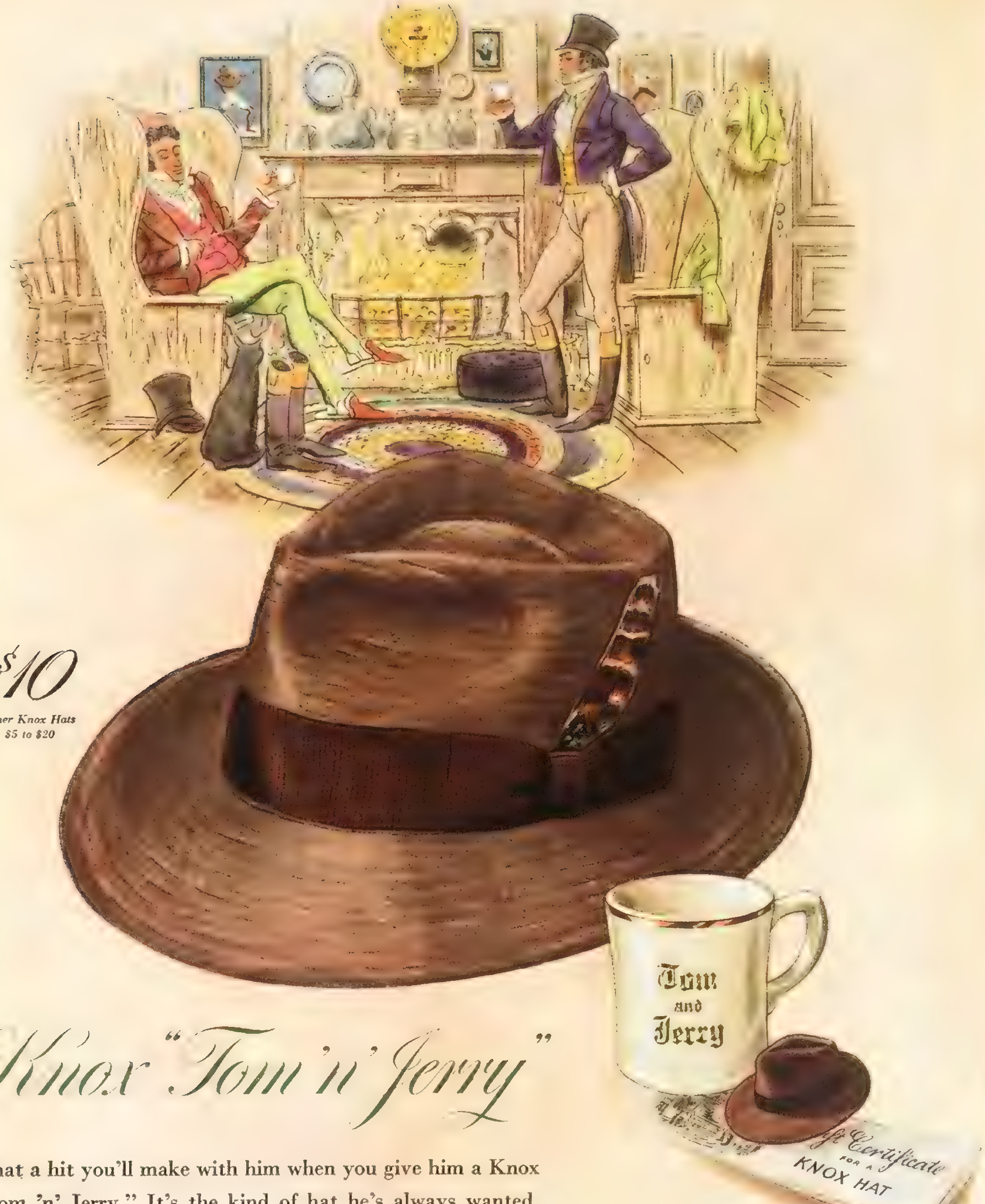
(5) By such laws as the Alcohol Administration Act; the Packers and Stockyards Act; and the Pure Food and Drug Act; and

(6) By the Federal Trade Commission, acting under the Act of 1914 as amended by the Wheeler-Lea Act of 1938.

It is clear from all this that there has been a vast change since the days when advertising was wholly unrestrained. Standards, dimly envisioned only a few decades ago, are now accepted and observed by most advertisers as a matter of course. For those who must be forced to be honest there is the law.

Naturally, there are some who, though they believe thoroughly in an ethics of advertising, believe, nevertheless, that the Federal Trade Commission Act is too stringent in its terms, and that the Commission is too drastic in its enforcement of the Act. But advertisers as a whole are genuinely in sympathy with the Act and with the manner in which it is being administered. Certainly those who long ago dreamed of the day when advertising should be an honored profession and an advertisement should say precisely what it meant and mean what it said, can see in the present situation the fruition of their dreams.

And surely the consumer has reason to be thankful. For the time is at hand when if an advertiser says it, it will be true. #



$10

Other Knox Hats $5 to $20

Knox "Tom 'n' Jerry"

What a hit you'll make with him when you give him a Knox "Tom 'n' Jerry." It's the kind of hat he's always wanted, never indulged in. Soft, mellow, silk-stitched . . . styled by a master maker . . . and marked by the Crest men everywhere respect, the distinguished Seal of Knox.

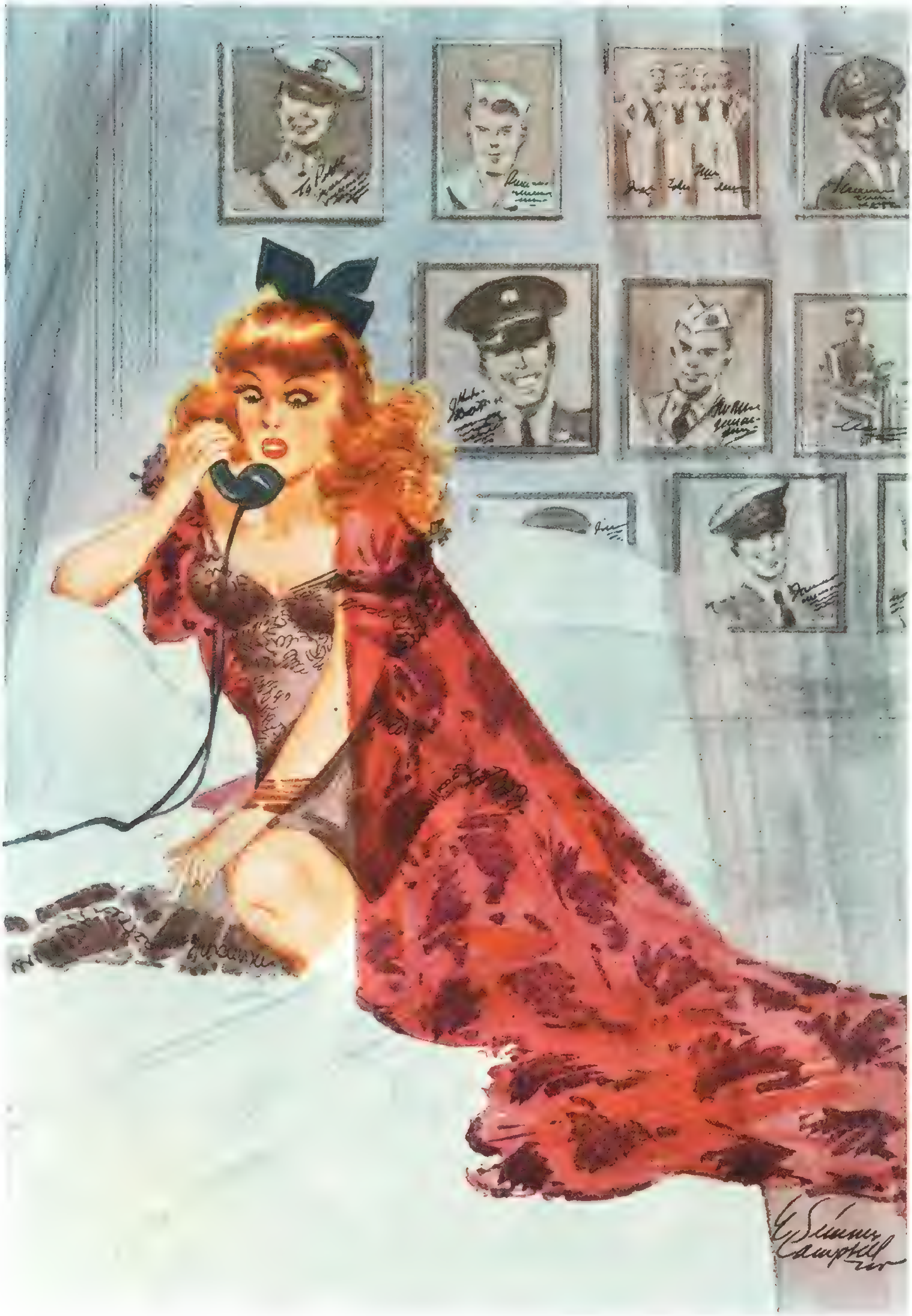
LET HIM CHOOSE

A grand old "Tom 'n' Jerry" mug under the Christmas tree, brings him a jolly little hat, and your Gift Certificate. He picks the hat himself.

KNOX HATS

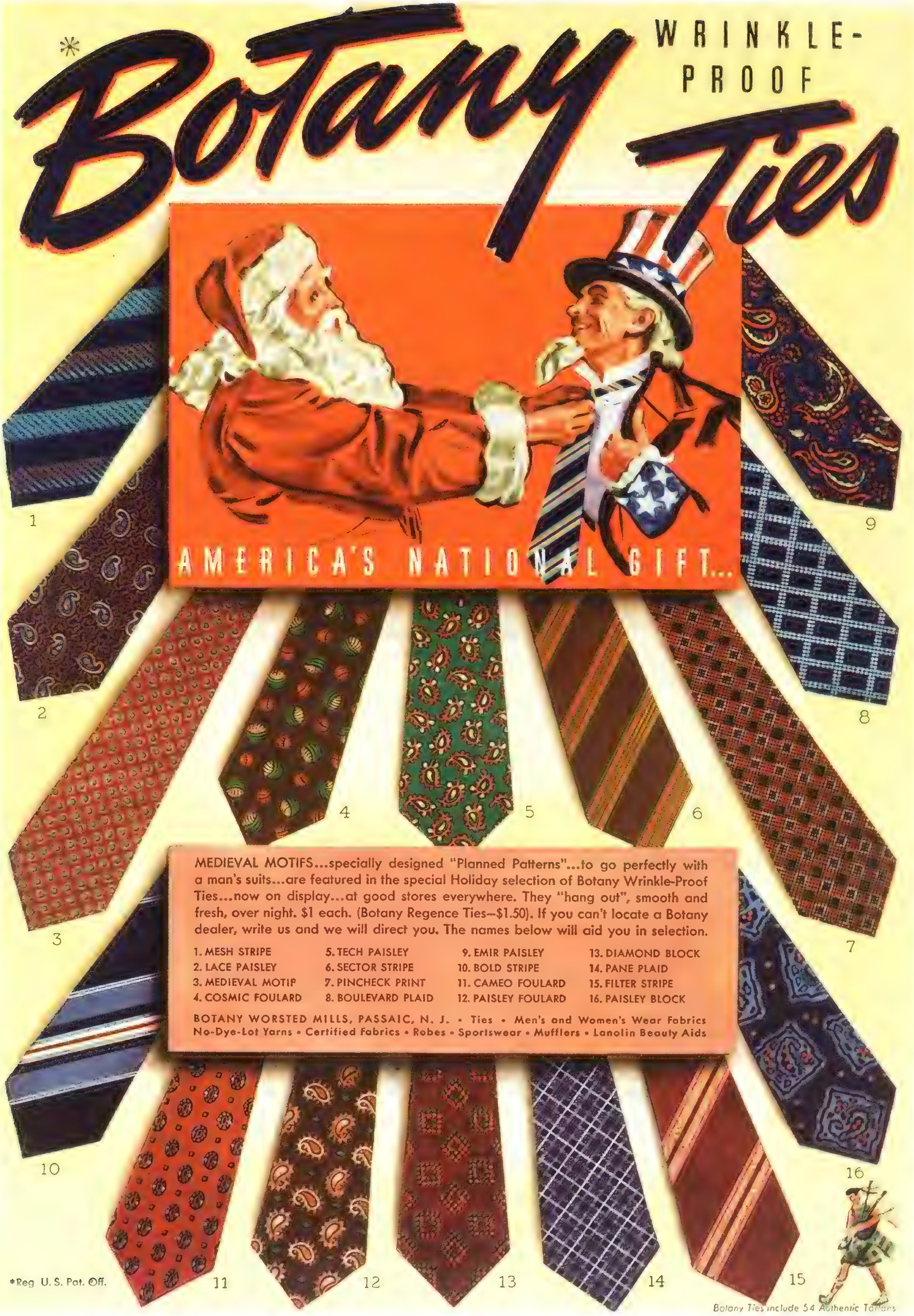
KNOX THE HATTER • 452 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

NOW OFFERED BY THE KNOX DEALER IN YOUR COMMUNITY



"U. S. O. calling—have you made your donation yet?"

*Botany WRINKLE-PROOF Ties



AMERICA'S NATIONAL GIFT...

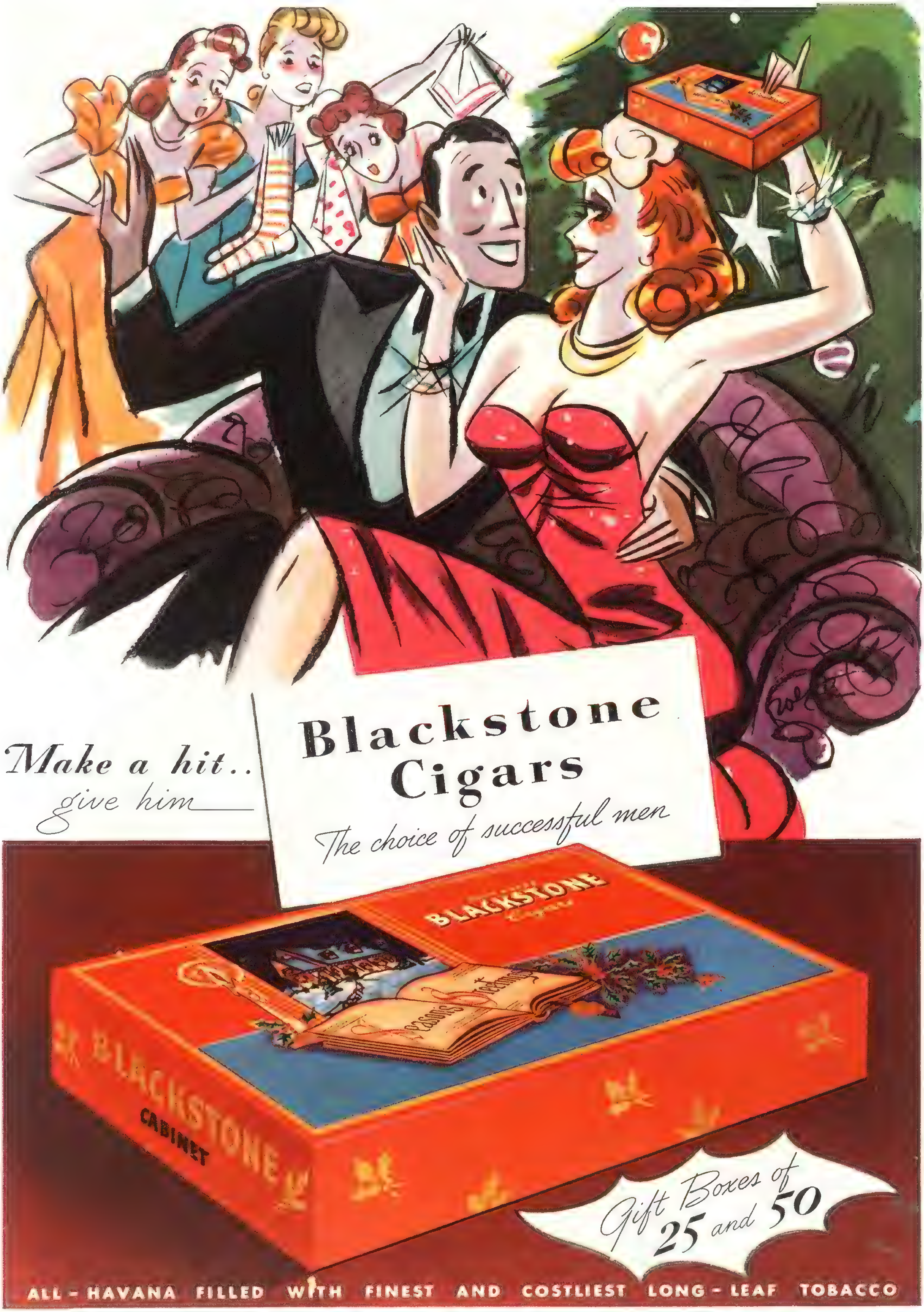
MEDIEVAL MOTIFS...specially designed "Planned Patterns"...to go perfectly with a man's suits...are featured in the special Holiday selection of Botany Wrinkle-Proof Ties...now on display...at good stores everywhere. They "hang out", smooth and fresh, over night. $1 each. (Botany Regence Ties—$1.50). If you can't locate a Botany dealer, write us and we will direct you. The names below will aid you in selection.

1. MESH STRIPE
2. LACE PAISLEY
3. MEDIEVAL MOTIF
4. COSMIC FOULARD
5. TECH PAISLEY
6. SECTOR STRIPE
7. PINCHECK PRINT
8. BOULEVARD PLAID
9. EMIR PAISLEY
10. BOLD STRIPE
11. CAMEO FOULARD
12. PAISLEY FOULARD
13. DIAMOND BLOCK
14. PANE PLAID
15. FILTER STRIPE
16. PAISLEY BLOCK

BOTANY WORSTED MILLS, PASSAIC, N. J. • Ties • Men's and Women's Wear Fabrics
No-Dye-Lot Yarns • Certified Fabrics • Robes • Sportswear • Mufflers • Lanolin Beauty Aids

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Botany Ties include 54 Authentic Tartans


Make a hit.. give him
Blackstone Cigars
The choice of successful men
BLACKSTONE Cigars
Season's Greetings
BLACKSTONE CABINET
Gift Boxes of 25 and 50
ALL-HAVANA FILLED WITH FINEST AND COSTLIEST LONG-LEAF TOBACCO

Third Monday in Kentucky

The horse trading on Jockey Lot is a spectacle you must see to believe

by ALVIN F. HARLOW

• ARTICLE •

THE bell in the courthouse tower at Dumfries, down in the Pennyrile district of Kentucky, clangs a score of times about 9:30 on the morning of the third Monday in each month, and lawyers with books and bags or pockets bulging with papers saunter across the square and into the tobacco-stained portals of the Temple of Justice—for it is County Court day. Dumfries isn't really the town's name and neither are other names correctly reported herein; but we must dissimulate.

To a considerable portion of the population of the county, the legal significance of the day is a minor matter. Many men are seen in town on horseback, and open trucks bearing horses and colts rumble through the streets. From very early times, the farmers who came to town on this day have also done a bit of horse-trading; and this has grown into one or rather two of the day's most important functions. The one is representative of the best that Kentucky has to offer; the other is a serio-comic spectacle so bizarre, so outlandish as to seem almost unbelievable in the description unless one has witnessed such a rumble-bumble. I spent a half hour at one and three hours at the other.

The first you can easily locate on this particular Third Monday by the noise it makes. You follow the trumpeting to a veterinarian's barn on a side street. In the barn and in the fenced lot back of it, more than a hundred of this season's colts and some adult horses are being displayed in hope of sale. Out of every hundred colts, about ninety-eight appear to be mules, and the din of braying is terrific. Men at times have to shout in each other's ears or wait for a lull.

Most of the colts have been broken to the halter and are held in the lot by their owners or hirelings. Some, not yet entirely amenable, bounce around nervously, fretted by the tumult, jostling each other, now and then kicking. When one of them bumps into the stern of a brood mare, she is apt to lash out with one foot; and these young hopefuls must be protected from broken or scarred legs. Between one handsome but particularly fractious youngster and its groom there is a constant tug of war; they go zigzagging about the lot, first one and then the other getting a toehold, bumping into other 1941 jobs, eliciting squeals, plunges and kicks. Dust rises in clouds. Men pick their way gingerly back of the trim, prettily curving young rumps. The horse traders and even some of the farmers who have just dropped in to look things over, all carry canes—sometimes store-bought, sometimes homemade, though well polished; but there must be a cane—it is the mode.

A truck from a stock farm backs up, and three colts just purchased are pulled and shoved into it after a hard struggle and much assistance from bystanders. Many of the non-owners on the lot are just shopping or enjoying the social side of the day. Alibis for not buying are numerous and often specious; "Coupled too short"; "Hind legs a little crooked"; "Neck too long"; "I want a matched team or none at all." There are lines of fence roosters who discuss with each other and with men on the ground many other subjects than horses. Tobacco cutting is just going on.

"Got yer tobaccer all in?" asks a rooster of a groundling.

"Yeh, and it turned out mighty well," says the other. "I got nineteen hundred sticks off an acre and six-tenths. It's the truth!" he adds, warmly, as the questioner jeers at this. "You kin ask Charlie Moppin if it ain't so."

"Hell, I'd believe *you* sooner than Charlie Moppin," retorts the skeptic with a satirical emphasis which brings a thunder of haw-haws from the listeners.

"Eighty dollars, rock bottom price, and a give-away at that," declaims one owner, after the manner of a stump speaker. "He's by the J. W. Bliggins jack, and there ain't any finer stock in Kentucky. Mr. Humby, that big Louisville buyer, told me, standin' right in my own stable yard two weeks ago last Satiddy, about four o'clock in the evenin', that if I took less'n ninety dollars for him, I oughta have my head examined."

"I've seen the time," says an onlooker, "when he'd bring a hundred and fifteen; but them days is past."

But over at the other horse trading center in Dumfries is where the most fun of the day is to be found. Jockey Lot, as it is called here—Jockey Row or Jockey Hill in some other county seats, according to topography—is a tract of vacant land lying back of some tobacco warehouses on the outskirts of town, made irregular in shape by the impingement of the buildings and two or three bedraggled yard and garden enclosures attached to shanty homes. The area is partly covered with grass and weeds, though the trampling which the weeds receive once a month discourages them no end.

Jockey Lot is the—I was about to say second-rate horse mart of the county, but second rate would be a shade too complimentary to many of the animals here bartered and trafficked in. Not a

Continued on page 192

A TALE OF TWO HEMISPHERES

IT WAS OVER a century ago that the fame of a delicious new "aromatic wine" first began to spread through the capitals of Europe.

Since then, the menus upon which the name Cinzano has appeared to greet the eyes of royalty would paper the walls of a palace.

So famous is it, in many countries the word "Cinzano" *means* "vermouth."

Sip one Cinzano-blessed cocktail and see why its flavor has captured five continents.

WHEREVER YOU GO YOU'LL FIND

CINZANO
VERMOUTH
MFRS. SINCE 1816

SWEET
(for aperitif [before meals] or cocktails)
alcohol 15.6% by volume

DRY
(for better cocktails)
alcohol 19% by volume

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y., SOLE IMPORTERS

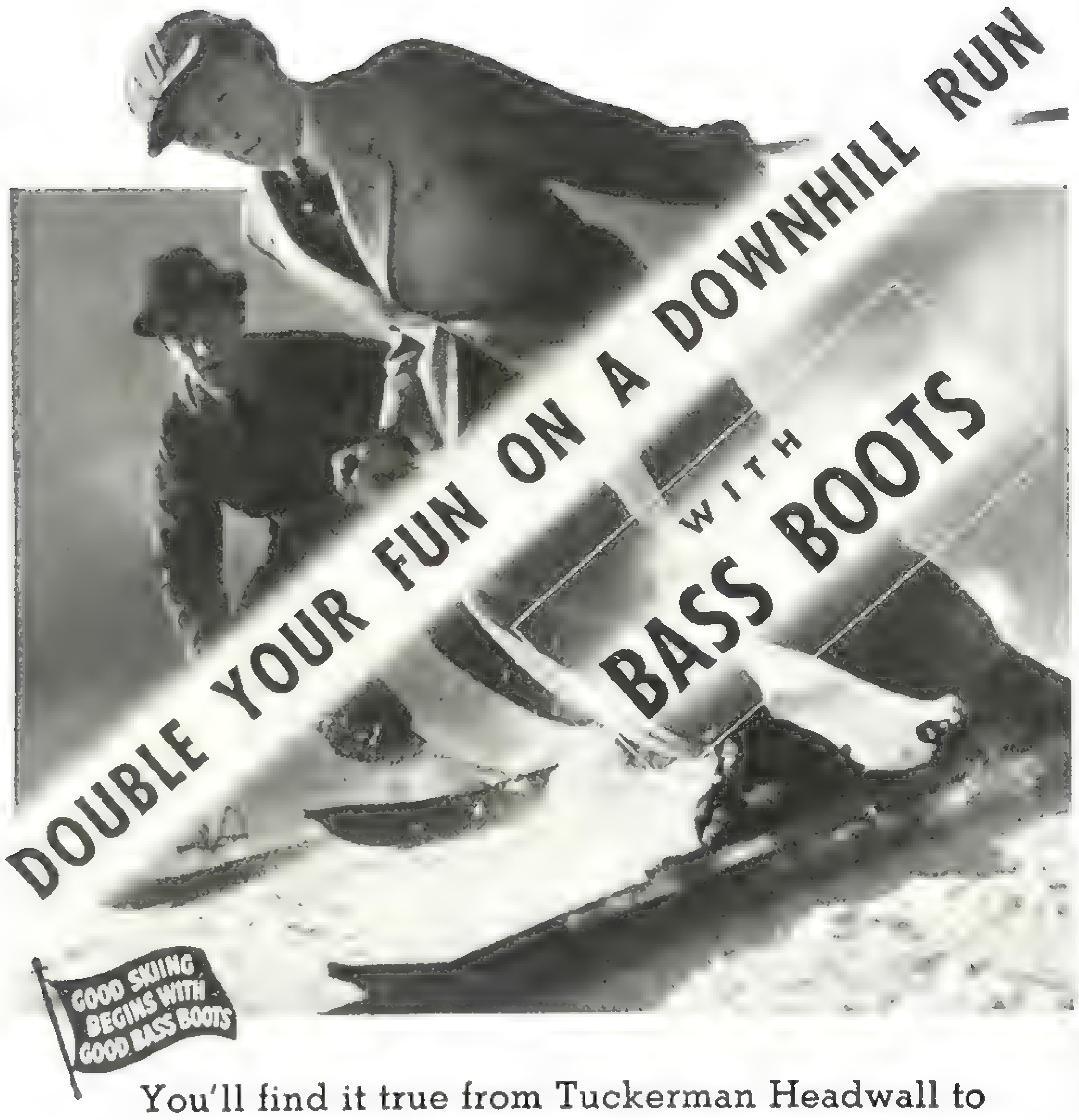
RAWHIDE LUGGAGE HAS NATURE'S
Triumphant Beauty

. . . a beauty of texture, color and markings only nature can impart. Tufraw Rawhide is usually found on luggage with better framework, hardware, fittings and craftsmanship. If you pay a little more for this luggage of distinction, it will cost you less in the end.

At better luggage shops and department stores

GENUINE TUFRAW *Rawhide* by GUTMANN

is made by
Gutmann and Company, Inc., Chicago


DOUBLE YOUR FUN ON A DOWNHILL RUN
WITH
BASS BOOTS
GOOD SKIING BEGINS WITH GOOD BASS BOOTS

You'll find it true from Tuckerman Headwall to Timberline Lodge—skiing is twice the fun if you're equipped with *good* boots—Bass Ski Boots.

They are carefully built of top-grade leathers to assure you first rate control. They fit to perfection, too. Snug on your feet . . . snug in your bindings.

The BASS TEMPO, shown here, has:

● *Foam rubber padded ankles and tongue • Stiff-tanned sole of proper thickness • Hi-Lo hitch and lace-up back • Full leather lining • Waterproof construction • Vorlage cut • Wind-around ankle strap • Made for men and women.*

Give your skiing feet a double treat —get a pair of BASS SKI BOOTS!

WHAT TO GIVE YOURSELF FOR CHRISTMAS?

Weejuns!

AMERICA'S FAVORITE LEISURE FOOTWEAR

Moccasin comfort cradles your feet in complete relaxation when you wear WEEJUNS. Indoors or out, after a hard day's work or play, tired lads or lassies find soothing ease in the style-leading lines of these fine, hand-sewn slippers.

P. S. TO SANTA—Fill your pack with WEEJUNS because you'll find them America's favorite Xmas request.

FREE—Postcard request brings catalog of Bass Ski Boots, Weejuns, Sportocasins for golf, and many other fine models of Bass Outdoor Footwear. G. H. Bass & Co., 512 Main St., Wilton, Maine.

BE SURE IT'S A BASS MOCCASIN

BASS SKI BOOTS WEEJUNS AND OTHER OUTDOOR FOOTWEAR

Third Monday in Kentucky

Continued from page 191

horse appears here that is not more or less affected by age, accident, disease, eccentricity or faulty genealogy; but all this is a dark secret; not one of these defects is admitted by the owner.

You find that in Kentucky the word jockey has two distinct meanings. It is not only the boy who rides a horse in a race, but it may have also its more ancient meaning, the definition of old England in the days of Dryden and Addison; namely, a professional or near-professional horse trader, sharp-witted and as innocent of scruple as a child. Most of the men who frequent Jockey Lot are more or less seasoned swappers—and incidentally, they would rather swap than buy or sell for cash; there's more fun in it. Others who appear here are small farmers who come to get rid of a shabby nag or to pick up a cheap horse for their own use, perhaps by bartering an old or defective animal and giving a little "boot." When they run up against the old hands who work the lot, nine times out of ten they get a trimming. Then some of them set forth, seeking reprisal—and having got a taste of the dust and atmosphere of the Lot, they feel the urge which is in the blood of almost every Kentuckian and go back again on Third Monday for another bit of swapping. Some develop into real jockeys and follow the circuit like judge and lawyers around to other county seats on court day—to Buckford on First Monday, Hicksville Second, Dumfries Third and Claysburg Fourth Mondays.

Most of the really Class A jockeys, however, live in towns. One of these, Dunc Mullens, is found and introduced to me by a friend with instructions to tell me everything. Dunc, a stocky man in his sixties with a hard-bitten face but a ready grin, is startled and a bit reticent at first; still he is aware that the introducer knows just about everything that is to be known about him, so finally decides that he may as well take his hair down and tell—well, very nearly all. He is working the Lot today on foot—with cane, of course. He has no horses to sell at the moment, but will have before the day is over. I find that he has two other small lines of business, and is regarded by the bank as a solid citizen. Horse trading is as much of an avocation as a business with him—which doesn't mean that he doesn't pick up quite a bit of money by it, though he says he isn't as active in it as he used to be.

Nearly everybody is coatless and with two or three exceptions, cheaply or rustically dressed. The stock question is, "How will you swap?" which, being asked a thousand times a day, must necessarily be condensed to simpler form and becomes, "How you swap?" Some horses stand near the barns and the fences, held by their owners, but a considerable number are being ridden to and fro to show their paces, and keep the Lot stirring with action. A white-haired rascal with a crafty face lopes to and fro on a fair-to-middling nag, leading another which he whacks ruthlessly over the withers and croup with, not a switch but a stick as thick as your thumb, meanwhile bawling, "Gether 'round! Gether 'round, men! The finest swap in the State o' Kentucky! Nothin' like it seen sence the year of One! How you swap?"

One rather dapper looking fellow, plainly a town man, with tinted glasses, thread-line mustache and hat rakishly tilted, rides to and fro on a single-footer, not much to look at, but which glides over the earth like a streamlined train. Another horse is a smooth fox-trotter; and we wish these New York equestrians, who ride nothing but teeth-jolting trotting horses, could bestride one of these animals and learn what real horseback riding is.

"That single-footer has a nice motion," I remark.

"Looks good, but she's got one blue eye," replies Dunc, promptly, "and she's old. If you git closer, you kin see the gray hairs on her head. And she's a ridin' hoss. Most of these farmers want work hosses.

"That feller could cure that gray hair if he'd take the trouble," Dunc went on. We stood a little apart, and in a low tone he could reveal some of the trade secrets. "I bought a hoss once that was twenty-six years old. Fine animal; the man had paid 250 dollars for him when he was four. He was still in good shape, a dark bay, but all around the head and neck he was as gray as that hoss yonder," pointing with his stick, "is all over. I bought him for thirty dollars, got some p'manganate of potash and put it on them gray hairs with one of these brushes that folks scrub thur teeth with, and I be durned if he didn't look like a young hoss."

"But his teeth," I objected.

"The teeth quit tellin' you anything about thur age before they're twenty. Of course thur teeth git long, and any expert kin tell the hoss is old, but you can't say *how* old. Well, sir, I swapped that hoss to a doctor in Thomaston for a mare that I sold for 140 dollars."

"Did the doctor ask you how old he was?"

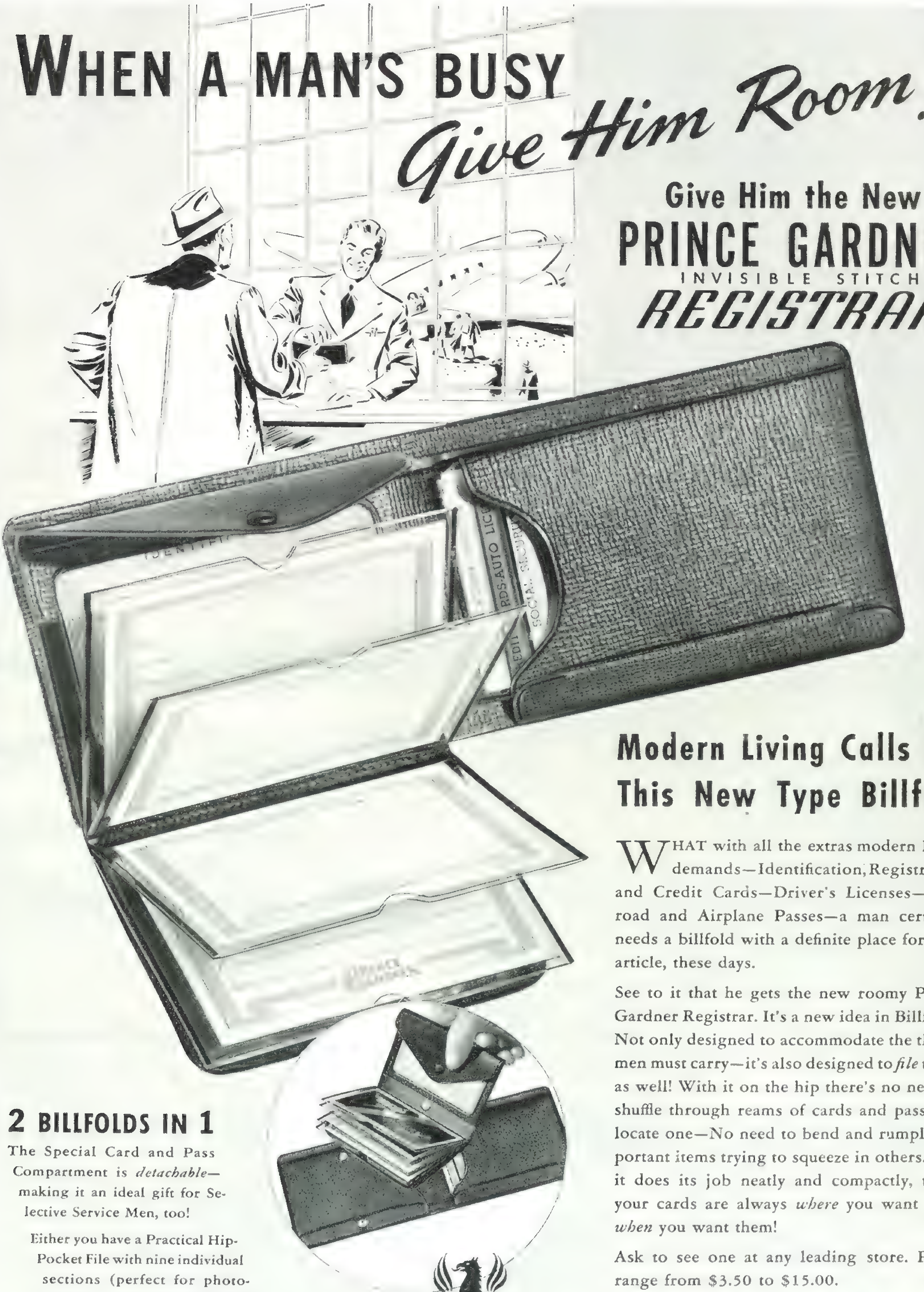
"Yes, and I said I didn't know. 'Look him over for yourself, but you'll have to hurry, for I'm leavin' town in a few minutes for Buckford.' I told him the strick truth. I couldn't git up in court and swear that that hoss was twenty-six years old because I wasn't around when he was foaled, and I didn't have no written records on him. It was all hearsay with me, and hearsay ain't no good in law."

"Do people ever sue you when they get a bad horse?"

"They try it once in a while,"

Continued on page 194

WHEN A MAN'S BUSY *Give Him Room!*



Give Him the New PRINCE GARDNER
INVISIBLE STITCH
REGISTRAR

Modern Living Calls for This New Type Billfold

WHAT with all the extras modern living demands—Identification, Registration and Credit Cards—Driver's Licenses—Railroad and Airplane Passes—a man certainly needs a billfold with a definite place for each article, these days.

See to it that he gets the new roomy Prince Gardner Registrar. It's a new idea in Billfolds! Not only designed to accommodate the things men must carry—it's also designed to *file* them, as well! With it on the hip there's no need to shuffle through reams of cards and passes to locate one—No need to bend and rumple important items trying to squeeze in others. And it does its job neatly and compactly, too—your cards are always *where* you want them *when* you want them!

Ask to see one at any leading store. Prices range from $3.50 to $15.00.

2 BILLFOLDS IN 1

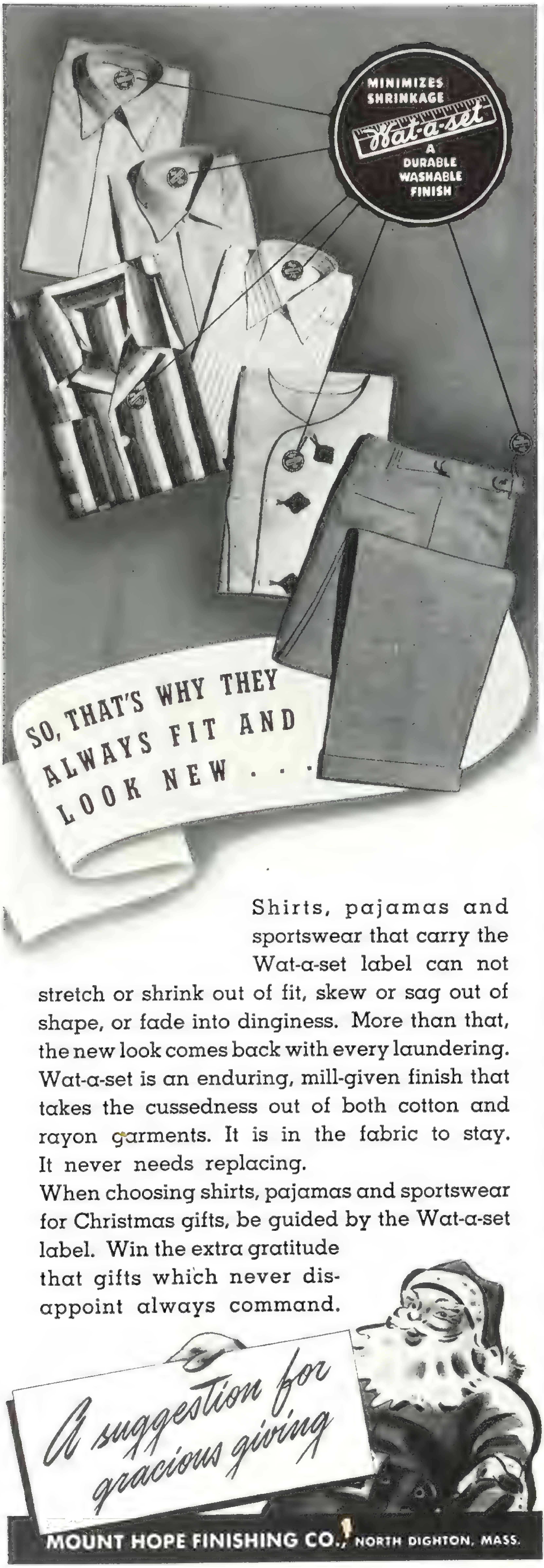
The Special Card and Pass Compartment is *detachable*—making it an ideal gift for Selective Service Men, too!

Either you have a Practical Hip-Pocket File with nine individual sections (perfect for photographs) or you have a Smart, Wafer-Thin Billfold for Dress Wear—whichever the occasion demands.

PRINCE GARDNER

Look for the Crest—You'll find the Best

PRINCE GARDNER
Creators of the Invisible Stitch Billfold
ST. LOUIS • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • TORONTO



MINIMIZES SHRINKAGE
Wat-a-set
A DURABLE WASHABLE FINISH
SO, THAT'S WHY THEY ALWAYS FIT AND LOOK NEW . . .
A suggestion for gracious giving

Shirts, pajamas and sportswear that carry the Wat-a-set label can not stretch or shrink out of fit, skew or sag out of shape, or fade into dinginess. More than that, the new look comes back with every laundering. Wat-a-set is an enduring, mill-given finish that takes the cussedness out of both cotton and rayon garments. It is in the fabric to stay. It never needs replacing.

When choosing shirts, pajamas and sportswear for Christmas gifts, be guided by the Wat-a-set label. Win the extra gratitude that gifts which never disappoint always command.

MOUNT HOPE FINISHING CO., NORTH DIGHTON, MASS.

Third Monday in Kentucky

Continued from pages 191-192

he admitted, cautiously, "but they don't git anywhere with it, because I never lie about a hoss."

The bland, childlike candor with which Dunc made this assertion fairly took my breath away.

"It's a fact," he insisted. "I'm always careful. You take one time when a man and his wife was buyin' a hoss from me, and the man says, 'Will he work?'

" 'It'll jest do you good to see him work!' I says." The unctuous fervor with which Dunc gave this assurance was delightful. "Well, in a little while they come squealin' back to me and says, 'He won't work.'

" 'I didn't say he would,' I says.

" 'You did, too!' the woman hollered.

" 'No, Ma'am,' I says. 'What I said was that it'd do you good to see him work; and it would, wouldn't it?' The woman made a lot of fuss, but the man seen the point right away and gave up."

There are some other pedestrian traders like Dunc, notably Bill Grout, a dead-pan, pot-bellied citizen whose breeches droop from him so precariously that one blushingly fears an embarrassing contretemps at any moment. He wears high shoes, unlaced, with the tongues sticking up outside the pants legs, and carries the regulation cane. Tomorrow morning he will stand barefaced before Dunc and me on the public square and tell us that he made nine trades yistiddy and come out eighty dollars ahead. Dunc knows that it is a lie, and he knows that Dunc knows it, but that does not deter him; it is the regular thing to do.

In the shade of a warehouse a man with a plank across two barrels and a tub of ice water on the ground sells soft drinks and knickknacks. Slowly threading its way through the hippodrome to the lee of a building comes a ramshackle truck loaded with watermelons of all shapes and sizes except large ones, many of them being of football size or smaller. They look like the siftings of a clay hillside patch, and they fit into the picture congruously; you are struck by a remarkable analogy between them and the horses being offered for sale around them. The unshaven person who drives the truck sells one of them now and then for a nickel.

A man with beaming countenance rides lengthwise through the middle of the gathering, chanting, "I don't keer who you are, how you swap? I don't keer who it is, how you swap?" Nobody takes him up. On his return trip he stops alongside a full-bodied man astride a third-rate bay mare, holding the bridle of another mediocrity, and asks pointedly, "How you swap?"

"Take boot," replies the soggy man, not even glancing at the other's horse, and the challenger rides on.

In a minute another pauses and plumps the question.

"Take boot," is the mechanical reply, which, being interpreted, means, "I will require a bonus if I trade with you." But presently another man asks the stock question, and the fleshy person answers, surprisingly enough, "Take five." It appears, however, that by a curious coincidence, five dollars is precisely what the other man had thought of asking as boot, and so an impasse is quickly reached.

A man rides about, guiding his horse with a halter, telling everybody, "I made seven swaps a'ready, and ain't even got a bridle. I even swapped off my bridle. I'll swap my pants if anybody should want 'em."

A smug-faced Negro dashes hither and yon on a somewhat knobby animal, chanting at intervals, for some unaccountable reason, "What a lo—o—ong day!" When he goes southward, where the ground rises and the crowd thins out, he gallops furiously up the slope, the old horse co-operating by hoisting his tail and pretending to be a two-year-old. Fastened behind the saddle are the rider's coat and a rifle, its stock and muzzle sticking out crosswise.

"What's that gun for?" I wondered.

"Goin't to try to use it for boot, maybe, if he has to," surmised Dunc. "There's a feller comes out here name Turner Shade, by the way, that trades in guns. You oughta see a Jockey Day down at Hicksville. It ain't only guns and pistols; they even trade *dogs* for hosses; yes, sir—dogs, banjers, *guit*-tars—you never seen the like of it.

"I've took mighty nigh ever'thing sooner or later. Once up at Buckford a feller shook a little pewter kittle at me and wanted me to take it for five dollars boot.

" 'Not even five cents,' I says. S'e, 'You're crazy! This is a antique; you kin git big money for it!' That kinder woke me up. I knew about these women that're crazy about antiques. We got some of 'em among the Upper Ten right here in Dumfries. I remember Miz A. J. Odlum seen an old chair settin' on the porch of a nigger cabin and she hollered out, 'It's a Sherington!' or somp'n like that. The niggers got wise at that and charged her a dollar for it. I wouldn't 'a' give a dime, the shape it was in. But she took it to old Joe Hankins's shop and had him fix it up until it looked mighty fine, and they say it's worth a right smart.

"So I took a chance on the kittle, and I figgered around until I run into Miz Odlum on the street, and I says, 'Miz Odlum, I picked up a piece of antique pewter the other day that you might be interested in.' She took the bait right away, but I found she was consid'able of a trader herself. I ast her ten dollars, but before I got through, I had to let it go at seven and a half. Made a little

Continued on page 196

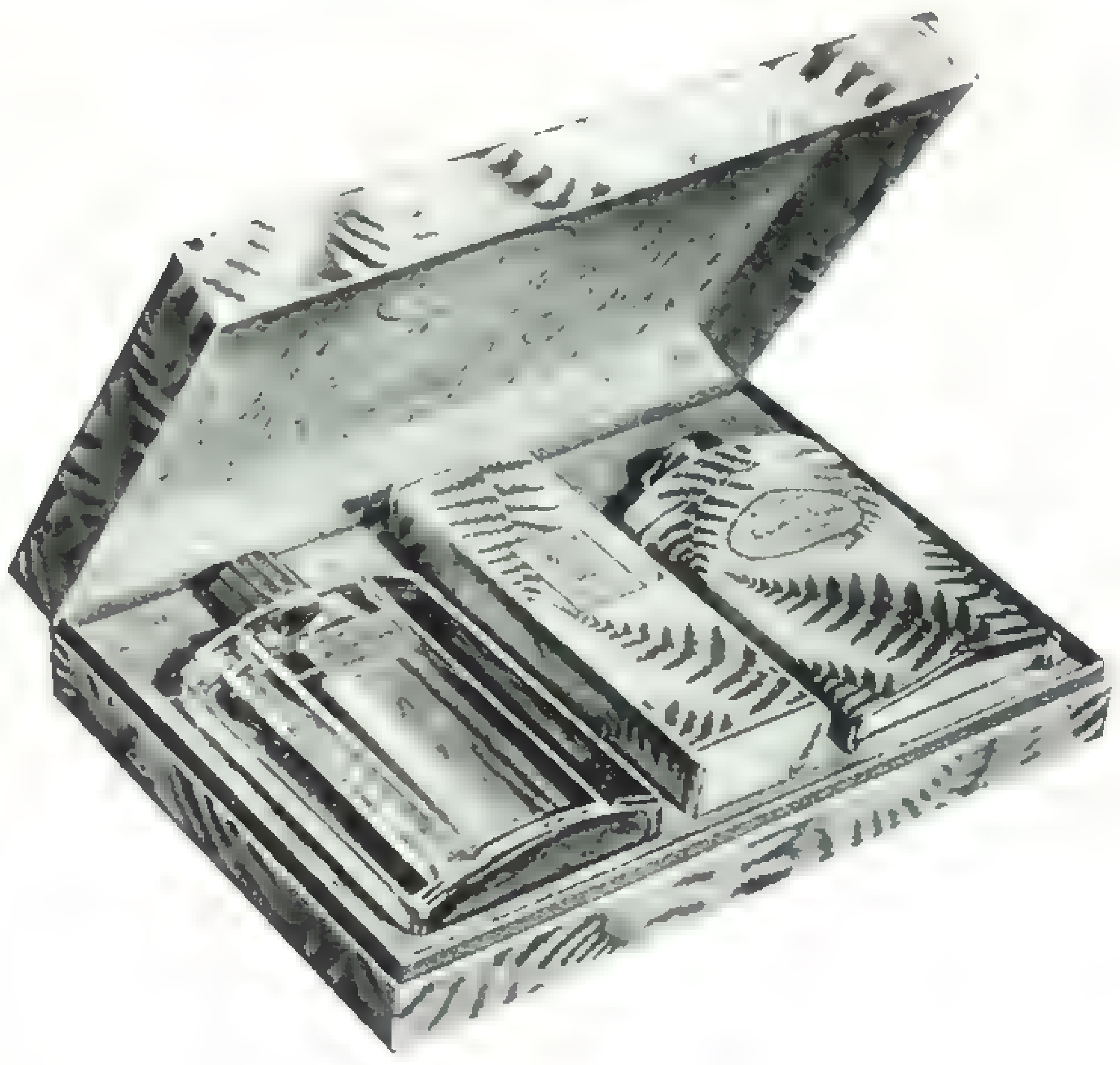
Shop the smartest Christmas windows and you'll give him ______

Fougère Royale

by HOUBIGANT

FOUGERE ROYALE GIFT SET contains the famous After-Shaving Lotion, Shaving Soap in big wooden bowl, After-Shaving Talcum—all with brisk aroma of Royal Fern . . . $2.85

FOUGERE ROYALE GIFT SET contains the famous After-Shaving Lotion and Shaving Soap in big wooden bowl—both with the brisk aroma of Royal Fern $2.00



FOUGERE ROYALE GIFT SET contains the famous After-Shaving Lotion, giant tube of Shaving Cream, After-Shaving Talcum—all with the brisk aroma of Royal Fern . . $2.25

FOUGERE ROYALE GIFT SET contains the famous After-Shaving Lotion and After-Shaving Talcum—both with the brisk aroma of Royal Fern $1.50

FOUGERE ROYALE GIFT SET contains Eau de Cologne, After-Shaving Talcum, After-Shaving Lotion—all with the brisk aroma of Royal Fern $2.95

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Nunn-Bush

Ankle Fashioned Oxfords For the Well Dressed Man

Would you have unusual shoe comfort and smartness the rest of your days? Many extra operations go into Nunn-Bush shoes to earn the lasting loyalty of Nunn-Bush wearers. Ankle-Fashioning—the Nunn-Bush style preserving feature—is itself the product of a whole series of extra operations. Real shoe economy requires satisfactory *style* mileage!

Most Styles $8.95 to $12.50

See your local Nunn-Bush Dealer.

The Coronado
Style 4514
Brownstone Calf
The new Nunn-Bush Brown-Tone

The Brewster
Style 4572
Brownstone Calf
The new Nunn-Bush Brown-Tone

LET'S GO! U.S.A. KEEP 'EM FLYING!

NUNN-BUSH • *Manufacturers* • Milwaukee • New York • San Francisco

Third Monday in Kentucky

Continued from pages 191-192-194

profit at that; but I still think maybe I cheated myself; I orta started it at twenty-five."

The Negro, after a gallop up the slope, rides down in front of a chattering group, halts, and holding up one hand like a chairman demanding silence, proceeds to manhandle Job:

"Hast thou given de hoss stren'th? Has thou clothed his neck wid thundeh? Canst thou make him afeard of a grasshoppeh? No, suh! He ain't afeard of nothin'. He paweth in de valley, but he don't paw in his stall at night. He mocketh at de ahmed men and is not skeered. Neither turneth he back f'm de plow. He saith among de trumpets and de automobile hohns, Ha, ha, ha! He smelleth de battle away off, de shoutin' of de cap'ns and de thundeh. How you swap?"

Two men mounted on more or less discouraged looking animals begin bantering each other profanely. Side by side, their horses head-to-tail so that they face each other, they start far apart, one demanding forty dollars boot, the other thirty dollars. They curse each other fluently, each accusing the other of canine ancestry and of being the worse crook of the two, but apparently it's all a part of the regular procedure.

"Blank-dash you!" says one. "You've swindled me so many times, I ain't a-goin' to let you git me this time. Thirty-five boot, and not a cent less."

"Why, you dash-blanked so-and-so," retorts the other. "I ain't a patchin' on you for swindlin'. I ain't a-goin' to take another sorry swap off'n you. But I'm so easy, I'd give the Devil hisself a chance, so I'll make one more pass at you. Thirty dollars!"

The rejoinder is unprintable. And so it goes until each is demanding only ten dollars boot, and there they stick. Finally one says, "Lemme whisper in your ear." That's a part of the ritual, too. He seizes the other's wrist, they lean over and talk earnestly, their faces not a foot apart; a curious spectacle.

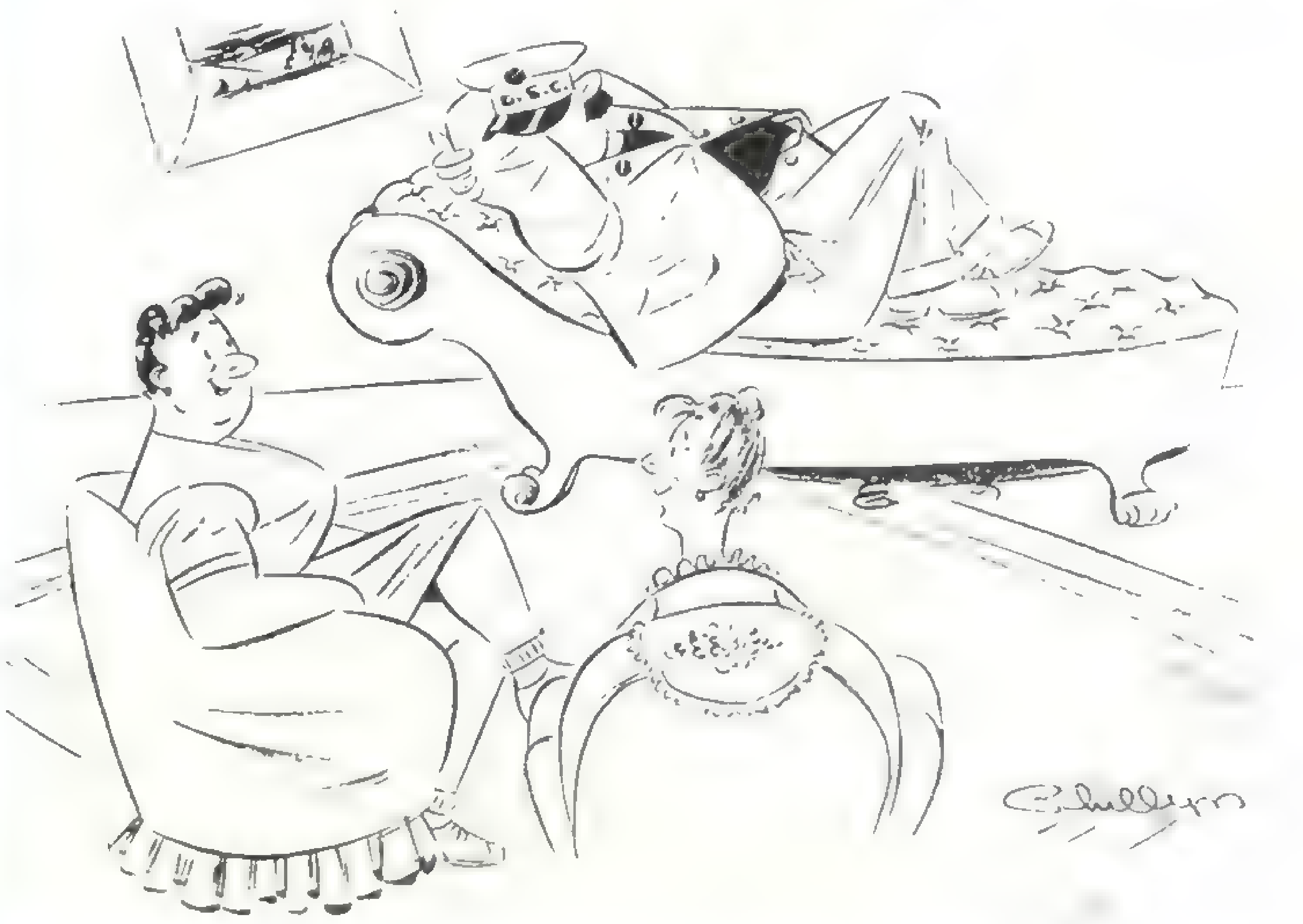
"Both of 'em afraid they'll weaken and make a bad swap," comments Dunc; "and they don't want the rest of us to know it. If they do make a deal, they'll lie like the devil about it, each of 'em claimin' he got twenty or thirty dollars boot.

"That reminds me," he went on, "of one time up at Buckford. A slow rain was fallin' all day on First Monday—that's Court Day up there—and it'd been rainin' all the night before, and the lot was a reg'lar loblolly; ain't got grass on it like this one has; muck over your shoe-tops. It was cold and raw, and Ike Stillins was takin' somep'n to keep off the chill. Settin' on his hoss, ever' few minutes he'd h'ist a bottle towards the sky; and after a while he was weavin' around in his saddle, mighty uncertain. Berry Noe thought he might git a good swap out of Ike while he was half drunk, and he started makin' passes at him. They jawed back and forth a while—Ike was contrarier than the feller thought he'd be—and finally, Berry says, 'Lemme whisper in your ear.' Ike leaned over to listen to him, and he kept right on leanin'—down off his hoss, headfirst into that muck up to his neck. Like to 'a' killed him."

The two men we are watching suddenly turn and gallop along the lot, up the slope until they are outside the madding crowd. Seemingly they want still greater secrecy for the final details of their trade. But Dunc is contemptuous.

"They won't do nothin'," he says. "Jest a coupla ol' jockeys. They're both too tough to swap with each other." He is undoubtedly well aware that he himself is just another tough old jockey, but for the moment we delicately ignore that. But he is right as to the others. After a heated session, during which they even shift saddles and try each other's horses—for it appears that you can't test another man's horse save in your own saddle—after wild gesticulation and probably such cursing as Uncle Toby's army in Flanders never dreamed of, the deal falls

Continued on page 198



"I don't know why I fell for him unless it was his uniform"

JANTZEN GOES WHERE THE FUN IS

. . . even in winter!

Out in snow man's land, where men are men and gorgeous girls are many; they won't move an inch on skis, on skates or on sleds without their Jantzen sweaters. Picard of Sun Valley designed them . . . and Sun Valley made them a fashion. The motifs this year are authentic Indian and Norwegian . . . the colors stunning . . . quality import . . . prices strictly American. Give them to the men on your list for Christmas. Give "matchers" to your favorite women!

LEFT: Caribou 8.95 CENTER: Men's Thunderbird Coat 10.95 (*Women's Matching Coat* 9.95) RIGHT: Caribou 8.95

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS • PORTLAND, OREGON; VANCOUVER, CANADA

AS SEEN AT SUN VALLEY, IDAHO

GIVE JANTZEN SWEATERS for CHRISTMAS

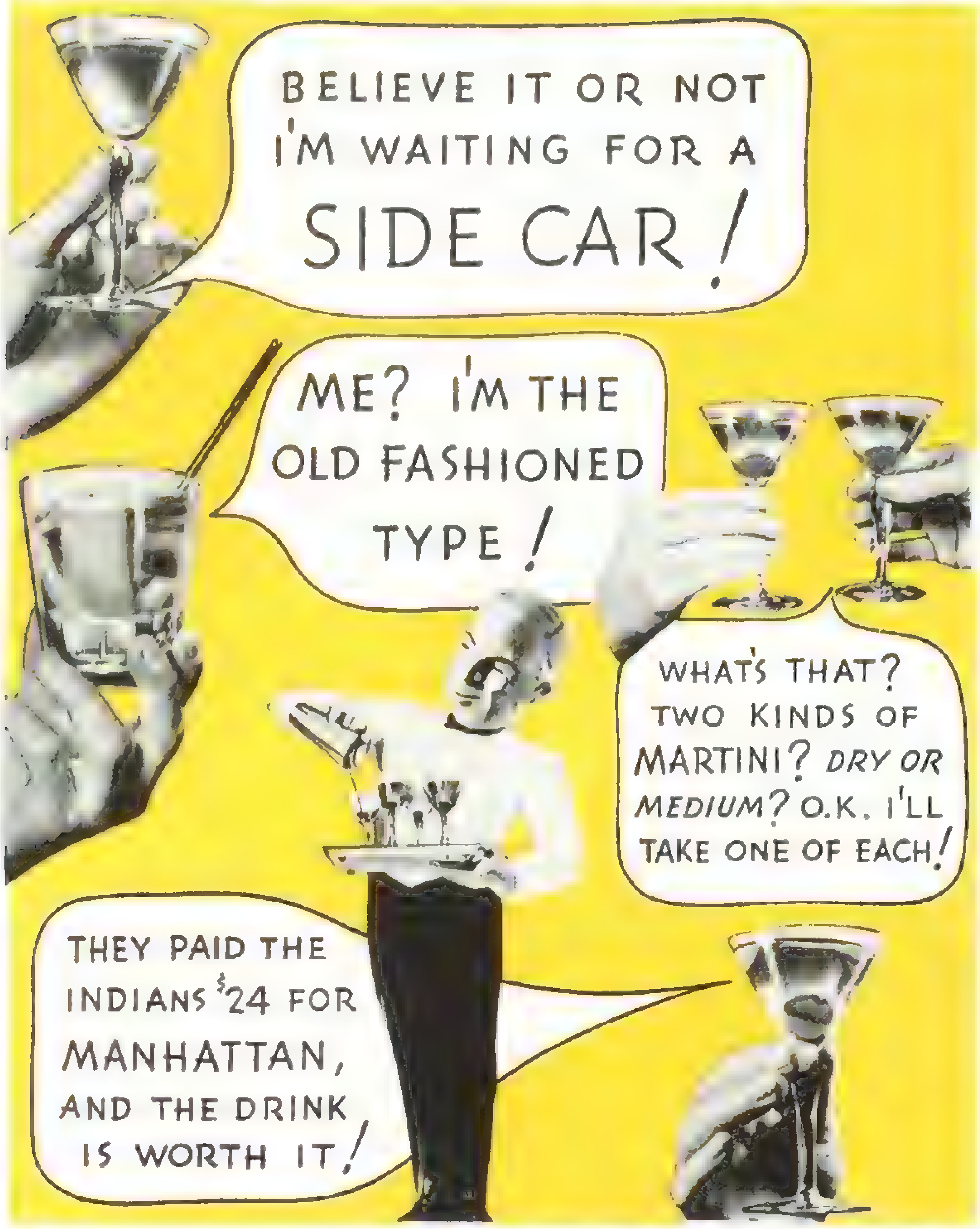
. . . ask for them at your favorite store!

CHEVRON PULLOVER...$5.95
Outstanding in college popularity—selected as one of the "sweaters of the year"—smart chevron design.

SCOTCH-FLEECE COAT...$7.95
Super-soft and luxurious—from fabric to finish it has all the qualities of a fine import.

FEATHER-FLEECE PULLOVER...$4.95
Extremely light and soft—yet amazingly warm. So expertly knitted that it retains its fit permanently.

Cocktail party
BY HEUBLEIN


BELIEVE IT OR NOT I'M WAITING FOR A SIDE CAR!
ME? I'M THE OLD FASHIONED TYPE!
WHAT'S THAT? TWO KINDS OF MARTINI? DRY OR MEDIUM? O.K. I'LL TAKE ONE OF EACH!
THEY PAID THE INDIANS $24 FOR MANHATTAN, AND THE DRINK IS WORTH IT!

WHAT AN ENTERTAINING IDEA! NO WORK—NO MESS NO BOTHER... AND REALLY *PROFESSIONAL* COCKTAILS!

The Smiths like Manhattans... the Browns prefer Martinis... the Robinsons are always waiting for a Side Car! How can you hope to please them all?

SIMPLE! HEUBLEIN'S CLUB COCKTAILS come in six varieties—all ready to ice and serve. Whatever the folks in the front room want, you can give them in a *shake!*

HEUBLEIN'S CLUB COCKTAILS are masterfully mixed and blended from the finest liquors that money can buy. They keep indefinitely even after the bottle is opened. Order an assortment and save yourself the mess and nuisance of home mixing, whether you are entertaining for *two or the town!*

Write for *FREE* Club Cocktail Party Book

Our Party Book tells you the secrets of professional canape-making—gives 42 easy recipes—hints for effortless entertaining! Send a card to G. F. Heublein & Bro., Dept. V, Hartford, Conn.

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Club COCKTAILS
ALWAYS READY—ALWAYS RIGHT

SIX KINDS: *Daiquiri* (70 proof) *Martini* (Med. Sweet) (50 proof) *Dry Martini* (71 proof) *Manhattan* (65 proof) *Old Fashioned* ([illegible]0 proof) *Side Car* (60 proof)

Copr. 1941, G. F. H. & B.

Third Monday in Kentucky

Continued from pages 191-192-194-196

through, saddles are replaced, and they ride back into the melee.

"See that'n?" says Dunc, as a mere rack-o'-bones, head drooping, is led by. "Ash Boling'll git that un for maybe a dollar'n a half."

"Why does anyone sell a horse so cheaply?"

"Well, they cain't work no more—maybe cain't even eat, so what good are they?"

"And who's Ash Boling?"

"Nigger; black as coal."

"What does he want with such a horse?"

"Kills it—for the hide. Never pays more'n a dollar or a dollar'n a half, sometimes gits 'em for less'n a dollar, if he can. Gits two-fifty for the hide, and feeds the meat of the hoss to his hogs. Come this way a coupla steps. There he is, over yonder by the fence. Bought two a'ready; see 'em hitched there? Ain't they turrible lookin'?"

They are indeed just a little worse than some still being demonstrated and traded for on the ground.

"He's got a farm four-five miles outa town," Dunc goes on, "and he'll take 'em out there and kill and skin 'em, maybe before supper. Used to be another nigger that bought hosses for thur hides, but he jest throwed the carcasses into a sinkhole or into the bresh. Why, the buzzards was so thick in the air over his place that they was collidin' with each other. The law finally took and put him in jail for a nuisance, and he had to quit it."

Asher has just bought a third tottering ruin and is leading it up to the fence. It is mere skin and bones, and the hocks or knee joints of its hind legs are swollen nearly as big as mandolins.

"Hey, Ash, is that'n worth skinnin'?" shouts Dunc.

A sardonic grin splits the hard, black countenance. "Yeh, he'd better be makin' his 'rangements wid St. Peter right now," he replies.

"Do any of them ever pass out before he gets them home?" I ask.

"Oncet in a while. When that happens, he jest cuts thur throat and skins 'em right where they lay, and then comes out with his wagon and hauls the carcass home for hog feed. Durin' the World War, business was good in such hosses; sold 'em for four and five dollars, hides brought twelve and fifteen. Gov'ment particularly wanted the manes and tails."

A good looking young quadroon whom someone addresses as Al, and whom one instantly picks as another town man, is on foot, holding the halters of two horses.

"Afraid to ride 'em," Dunc confides. "One of 'em's wind-broke and the other's got the heaves. He's got lemons shoved up that mare's nose right now to hide it. I kin tell. But I know of a better idy than lemons or sponges."

"What's that?" I ask.

"Grind up moth balls and put in thur feed."

"Will that cure them?"

"It will—for a few days," with his sly grin, "until you can git 'em worked off. Then they go bad ag'in."

"You seem to know some of these nags," I remarked. "I suppose you've seen some of them several times."

"Lord, yes! I've owned some of 'em more'n once. Why, that feller there—" pointing with his stick at a gray not far off, "I've owned him five or six times, I reckon; sometimes not more'n half an hour. Some of us have trucks nowadays to haul 'em around in—if we didn't, some of these ol' plugs might die on the road—and there's some hosses so used to bein' took around to these jockey days that you show 'em a hoss truck and they'll walk right up to it and git in. I reckon they must wonder sometimes what it's all about.

"There's a lot of 'em that never do no work, you know. They ain't ekal to it. They're jest swappin' stock. About every second or third deal, one of 'em gits passed off on a farmer. He tries to work him, finds out what's the matter with him and maybe tries to slip him off on somebody else, but usually winds up by sellin' him back to one of us traders for a song. Oncet in a while you git a hoss that's so notor'ous or in such bad shape that you have to take him off to some place whur you ain't so well known, like Thomaston or Winsor, work him off and git outa town before sundown."

Meanwhile, a man is trying to swap a spavined veteran for one of Al's respiratory cases. Al demands ten dollars boot, and the man protests at his recalcitrance.

"Yes, I know," says Al, resignedly. "I'm hard; that's the trouble with me. I'm jest too hard. I cain't help it. Maybe I'll git over it some day, but that's the way it is now. But I'm tryin' all the time to reform, and so I'll make jest one last offer. Eight dollars."

But the other man is hard, too, it seems, and in another five minutes, Al yields, and at five dollars the deal is struck.

"I'll give you a check," says the man, reaching into his pocket. But at this, Al shows signs of demurring. "I got so I don't even trust my own checks," he declares.

"This feller's all right for five dollars," says Dunc, and he being a good reference, Al agrees to accept the paper. The man lays the blank form across the palm of his hand and scrawls on it with a pencil. Looking over his shoulder, I wonder what I would do if I were a teller and that check was presented at my window for payment.

"Now, you take him jest as the hair lays on him," says Al. "If he dies before you git him home, he's yourn, and if yourn dies on my hands, it's my loss."

Dunc explains to me that this is

Continued on page 200

A Casual Column Supporting THE FRIDAY SUN

BACON (the man who didn't write Shakespeare's plays) said that "reading maketh a full man." We can't promise that reading The Friday Sun will make you a full man but it will keep you brightly informed of world news, sports, hobbies, the arts and other worthwhile interests.

This distinctive newspaper has everything that makes The New York Sun a great metropolitan daily—plus dozens of special features. Highlights:

SPORTS. Unexcelled is a word to use sparingly. But it's the right word for The Sun's Sports Pages. They're as notable for their high standard of writing as for their thorough, authoritative coverage of the sports world. Just a few of the topflight writers who cover sports for The Sun are Editor Wilbur Wood, Frank Graham, George Trevor, Grantland Rice and Lawrence Perry.

ART. One art critic whose work is as interesting to neophytes as to connoisseurs is Henry McBride, Art Editor of The Sun. (Frankly, we think there's *only* one.) You may know no more about Art than a house-painter's helper but a little reading of McBride will soon correct that. His articles are never stuffy but invariably imaginative, alive, subtly humorous.

THE STARS OF THE WEEK. James C. Hickey can't put you on a peak in Darien but he can make you feel "like some watcher of the skies when a new planet swims into his ken." He describes the movements of the stars and planets, explains astronomical phenomena understandably and also observes the observatories for amateur star-gazers.

PHOTOGRAPHY. Making pictures is superlative fun—if you know how. And there's no excuse for ignorance if you follow The Sun's Photography Page. Ably edited by Norris Harkness, this feature reviews the latest camera news, techniques and equipment, gives easy-to-follow advice on all phases of picture-making.

A subscription to this lively, wide-ranging newspaper will cost you just 3c a week and a minute's time right now. Try The Friday Sun for eight weeks and you'll acquire a richly rewarding habit!

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Of course I'll try The Friday Sun. Here's 25c for an 8 weeks trial subscription.

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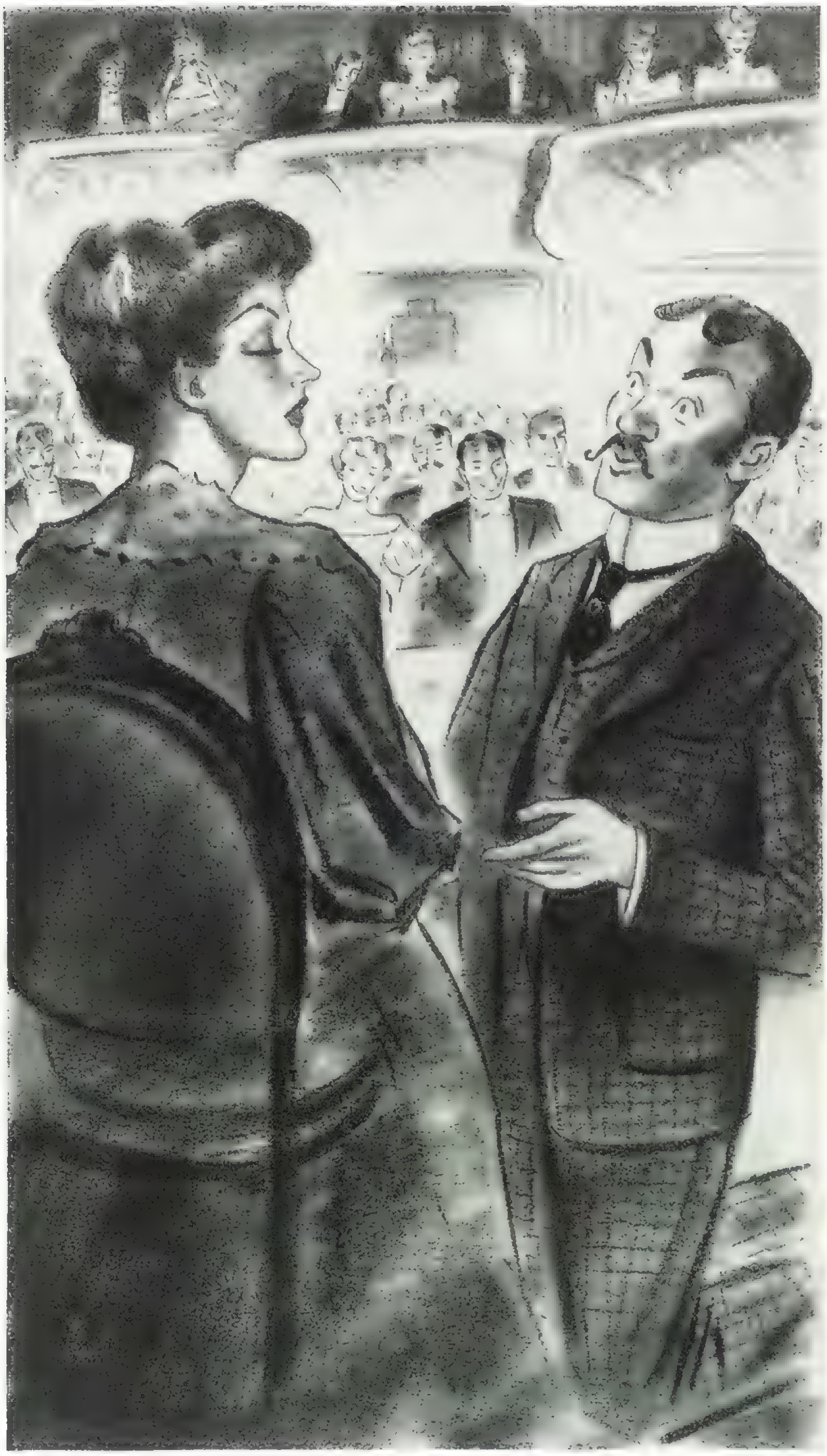
LIFE'S MORE FUN WITH THE FRIDAY SUN



One "NO" is just as strong as a Thousand!

In gay-nineties melodrama anything less than "no, no, a thousand times no" carried little conviction. In everyday life one "no" can be just as strong as a thousand—especially on the subject of family buying.

At least two people must agree before a family makes any sizable purchase. If the wife (or the husband) says "no," there's no sale. That's why even the most compelling advertising cannot be fully effective without family coverage.

Wherever you sell, it pays to concentrate first on the families best able to buy: those with average-and-above incomes. And in New York you can reach them during their leisure hours at home with The Sun. Of all New York weekday newspaper* audiences, The Sun's is the most sought after by display advertisers—and has been for 16 years! To tap New York's bumper Christmas market, tell the family—sell them in

*Standard-size

The Sun
NEW YORK

At Christmastime
IF YOU WOULD SEE YOUR GIFTS
RECEIVED WITH WHOOPS OF GLEE
Give leather things by Rolfs

"Director" billfolds hit the spot
For men you *really* like a lot.

Genuine 8-feature ROLFS *Director* Billfold. Black or Brown. Imported English Morocco, $5. Others, $3.50 to $20.

A "Fitall" kit, so trim and neat
With *automatic* top, complete!

ROLFS *Fitall*, the travel kit with the *Automatic Top*. In Suntan Cowhide Leather, $5. Others, Lock or Zipper closing, $3.50 to $10.

Rolfs Golden Circle billfolds bring
New thrills to men who've "everything."

ROLFS *Golden Circle* Billfold, of black Pin Seal. Double bill compartment, one leather and one silk-lined, $7.50. Others $5 to $15.

This "Snap-It" pouch, we say again,
Is perfect for pipe-minded men.

Patented ROLFS *Snap-It* Tobacco Pouch, of soft Hazel Pigskin, $2.50. Other *Snap-It* pouches, $1 to $7.50.

This Rolfs Key Kaddy, swivel hooked,
The best, however much you've looked.

6-Hook ROLFS *Key Kaddy*, of black or brown Imported English Morocco, $2.50. Others, 50c to $5.

When you start your Christmas shopping, the nicest stores in your city can show you these nicest of all gifts. Remember to give Rolfs to your "Sons of Uncle Sam."

Rolfs offers finer quality for less ...greater value for every dollar spent. Prove it by comparison.

DISTINCTIVE LEATHER ACCESSORIES . BY Rolfs
[illegible] FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY

Third Monday in Kentucky

Continued from pages 191-192-194-196-198

the regulation form among the jockeys for solemnizing a deal. "No real jockey'll ever make a holler or try to go back on a trade when it's made like that. Why, I was ridin' a little hoss—part Western, he was—past the Co't House one day; nice-shaped animal, but blind as a mole. I'd paid seventy-five cents for him. A feller half drunk hollered at me from the Co't House yard, 'What'll you take fur him.' I'd seen the feller before—knew he was a sort of a jockey f'm down on Frog Creek.

" 'Seventy-five dollars,' I says; I didn't even stop.

"S'e, 'You'd take twenty.'

"S'I, 'You'd give fifty.' We hollered back and forth; I stopped, and finally I says, 'Well, bein' as I need some ready money, you kin have him for twenty.' He pulled out a checkbook and wrote a check. Then for the first time, I led the hoss right up to him and he took one look at its eyes.

" 'Blind as hell!' he says, but he took his medicine. He didn't even stop the check."

A man who has been in colloquy with Dunc before comes along again, leading a wilted souvenir of better days, and says, "I'm goin' to give you one last chance at this fine animal."

"I done told you what I'd do," says Dunc. "Three five-dollar bills for him, and here's the money ready right now." He pulls out a flattened roll and slaps his palm with it.

"I been offered twice that," lies the other.

"Well, my advice is, go right back and close the deal," says Dunc. "Always take more'n a thing's worth, if you kin git it."

"Trouble is," explained the man, "I'd a had to take a twenty-five dollar hoss from him and five dollars cash boot. I don't want another hoss. I need cash." After more palaver, he winds up by accepting Dunc's fifteen dollars and handing over the halter.

"You'll have to excuse me," says Dunc to me. "I've got business to attend to." The light of battle is in his eyes, and plainly, he doesn't want me around when he is doing high pressure trading. During the next hour or so, I catch glimpses of him, busy in various parts of the lot. Meanwhile, I note that the Negro Bible student has swapped off his original animal, for he appears riding and touting another one. The rifle has disappeared. But presently I see a huddle of men with heads together, over by the warehouse wall. I step that way and gather that Turner Shade and another man are in the throes of swapping a pistol for a rifle—perhaps the colored man's late property. Pistols being contraband, my approach disturbs the traders, and I considerately sheer off again.

An hour and a half later Dunc shows up again, leading a not-too-bad-looking horse. "I made two swaps since I saw you," he says, "and this is what I got left. If I cain't sell him for at least fifty or sixty dollars, I oughta be put in a old folks' home." But he looks at the purchase slightly puzzled.

"What's wrong with him?" I ask.

"There you got me; I don't know," he replies, frankly. "I never seen him before, as I know of. He's only about seven year old, and I can't find much wrong with him—which makes it certain that somep'n must be wrong. Maybe he's balky, maybe he won't work, maybe he has fits. But he's good tradin' material. If I can't see what's wrong with him, neither can the other feller."

"Would you take on a horse, knowing that he had fits?"

"I've done it more'n once," he grinned. "I ain't no objection to buyin' a defective animal. Bought 'em many a time, knowin' what was the matter with 'em. That's jest a part of the game; mekes it more fun, workin' him off. I picked up a hoss down at Claysburg once that had fits; give a mare thirteen year old and five dollars boot for him. He was a right good-lookin' dark bay, and when Jeff Grindle seen him on the way home, he wanted him right away. I purtended I wasn't anxious to sell and rode on, but Jeff follered me around until we got together, after a lot of dickerin', on a price of seventy dollars.

"Jeff had ast questions, of course. 'Look him over,' I says. 'Look at his eyes and his teeth. Git an expert to do it, if you wanta. He's jest like you see him —sound in wind and limb and gentle as a canary bird.'

" 'How often does he have fits?' Jeff ast, sorter grinnin'; jest projickin', you know. I knew he didn't know nothin' about the hoss.

" 'Oh, only once in a while,' I come back at him, and that was all that was said.

"That was away back, years and years ago, and Jeff was runnin' a hotel then, over on the other side o' the square. In summer time they et out on the back porch, and kep' all the dishes out there. It was right pleasant, excep' for the flies, and a nigger with a peach-tree branch could take care of them.

"Well, Jeff turned the hoss in the back yard after supper, and durin' that night he had a fit. He got in on the back porch, smashed all the tables to kindlin', put one of his own eyes out, throwed the guests into a panic and broke every dish Jeff had.

"I heard about it and sorter kep' outa Jeff's way for a while, but he found me in a coupla days and says, 'Look here, 'Od durn it, you sold me a fitified hoss. He mighty nigh broke me up in housekeepin' the other night.'

" 'Well, I owned up to you that he had fits, didn't I?' I says. 'You ast how often he had a fit, and I says, 'Only once in a while.' Ain't that right?'

" 'Yeh, I know it,' Jeff says, 'but I thought you was jest jokin' when you said that.' Of course he didn't have no comeback.

"Funny how hosses when they have fits will bust into houses and porches and fences. I got another one once—it was when I was livin' jest outside o' town, on the Badger Creek road—and put him overnight in a lot next to where our cow was. Next mornin' jest barely daylight I started down there to git him, and my wife took a coupla buckets and went along to do the milkin'. The hoss was down in a corner of the lot, right next to Jim Rance's yard. Jim wasn't up yet.

"Jest as I laid my hand on the animal, he went into a fit, and started whirlin' like a 'lectric fan, only he moved this way and that. I jest barely got outa the way in time, and my wife throwed away her bucket and run for her life. Well, sir, that hoss busted through Jim's fence and landed on his porch, knocked two posts out of it and made a hell of a clatter—it sounded like the Co't House fallin' down. Jim went out the back door in his shirt tail, and his family was screamin' and hollerin' inside—you never heard the beat! The hoss got over his fit in three or four minutes and was quiet as a lamb. It cost me a coupla dollars to fix Jim's fence and porch, but I swapped that animal off for a nine-year-old mare and two loads of wood and five dollars boot. I done right well with him."

"Aren't you afraid that a horse will have a fit just as you're making a trade?" I asked.

"Of course, there's always a little risk," admitted Dunc, "but you got to pick your time for swappin' 'em. They don't have fits often, and they ain't apt to have 'em only when the moon changes, or when you move 'em from one place to another, change their drinkin' water and so on.

"No, I ain't keen about sellin' him," he turned to reply to one who had stopped to look at his new horse. "If I was to set a price on him, I might say eighty dollars, but I dunno; he's a purty good animal, and I may keep him myself." Despite this delicately spiced bait, the inquirer, after looking the horse over, went on his way.

"Do you ever get stung yourself?" I made bold to ask.

"Mighty seldom," he asserted. "One o' the worst jobs," he grinned at the recollection, "was put up by my father-in-law. He had an old hoss named Barney that I'd known for years. He was still a fair work-hoss when he was on his feet, but they had trouble gittin' him up sometimes when he was down. I dropped in there one day and the old man lit into me to make a trade for Barney. I had a big old silver watch that he wanted, and he offered to swap Barney for it and five dollars boot.

"I laughed at him. I says. 'Is that old critter on his feet yet?'

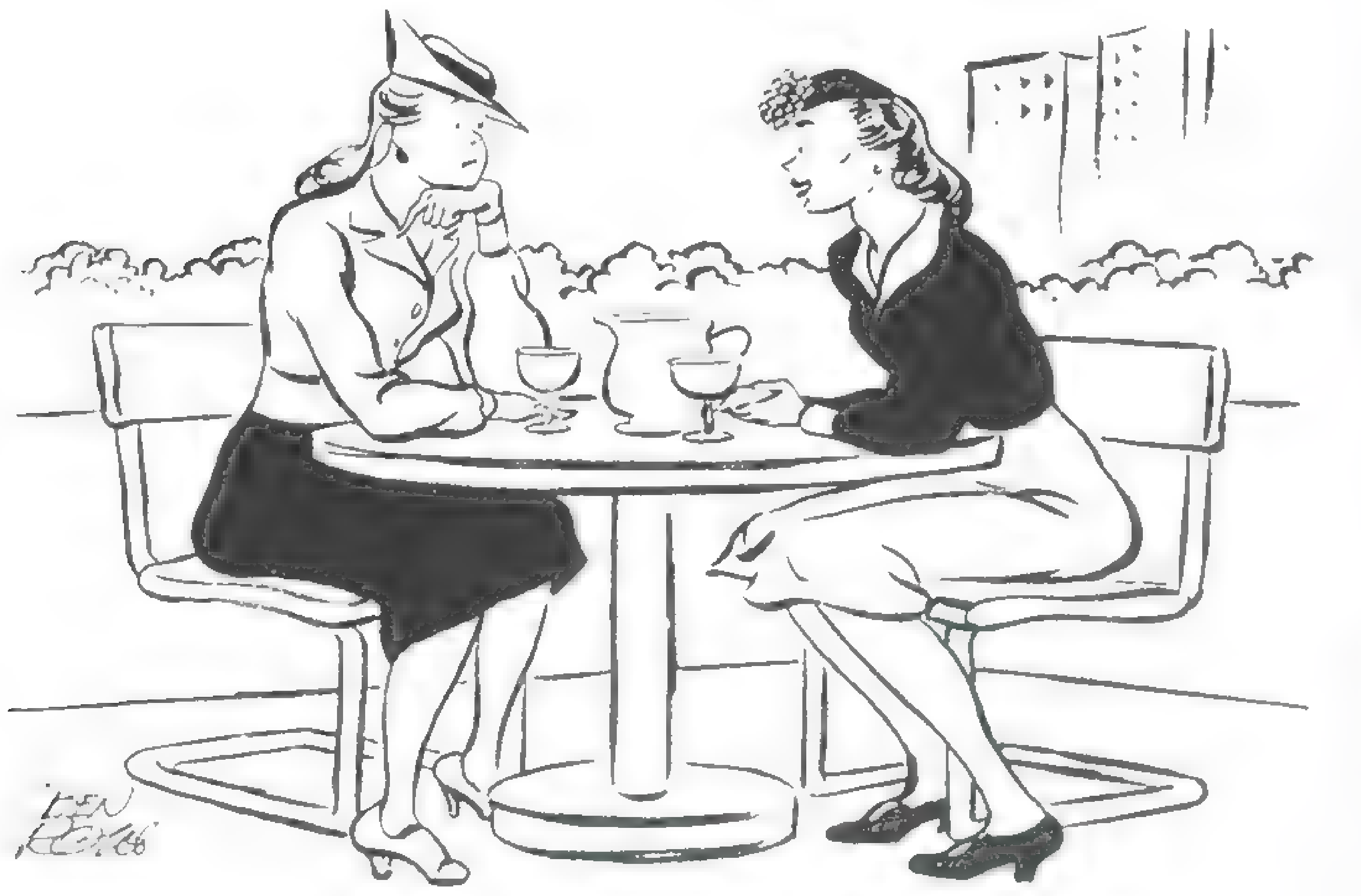
"'He certainly is,' says the old man. 'I can guarantee that he's on his feet and peart as a cricket.' A coupla his boys got up and left the room, but I didn't think nothin' of it. We jowered along for a while, and at last made a swap, me payin' him two dollars boot. I give the old man the watch and went out to the stable to git Barney. He was up, all right—with a door under his belly, each end of it slung by ropes to the timbers overhead, so that the tips of his hoofs was jest touchin' the floor! He'd had a *decline* lately that I didn't know about. When we loosened one of the ropes, he flopped on the floor like a half-full sack o' meal. Only thing to do was to shoot him. The old man never got done crowin' over me about that swap."

It was four o'clock, and the crowd was thinning out. Turner Shade went by in his flapping felt hat, a rifle over one shoulder, a shotgun over the other, the muzzles pointing downward in front of him. Out of a corner of the lot trailed Asher's funereal procession—four doomed victims, walking tandem, the halter of one attached to the tail of another.

"They'll never eat another meal," said Dunc. "Well, I've got to be takin' this hoss home. Startin' with fifteen dollars," he said, "and givin' a little boot, I still figger I've made at least twenty-five dollars today."

"And had a lot of fun," I added.

He beamed down at me through his spectacles. "I'd ruther do this," he declared, "than go to the best circus-show I ever seen." ⵌ



"The book I'm reading has the most marvelous ending. I can hardly wait to start reading the beginning"

Gifts for
Particular Men
by Middleton

Gifts for men represent no problem if you choose something useful and enjoyable. Pipe smokers always appreciate tobacco from the house of John Middleton, where the blending of fine tobacco has been a family tradition for three generations.

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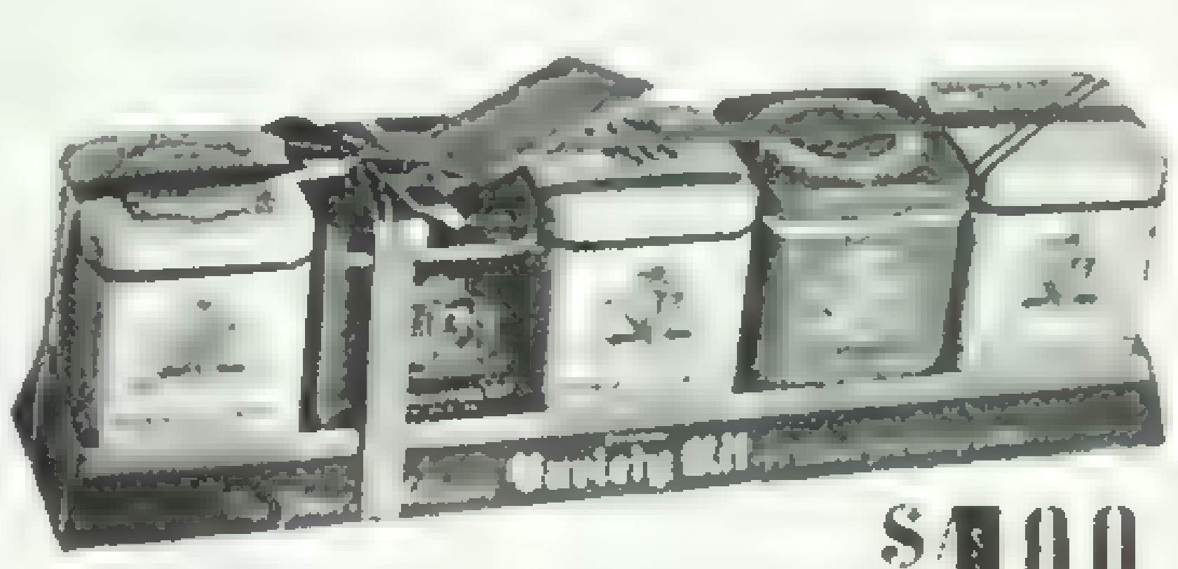

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The Deep Sea Christmas Tree

Continued from page 71

oughta have bust by now."

Upon this, Butch scratched his head and looked out over the sea. His glance came to rest on the old man's silhouette which was outlined on the bridge. Butch caught a faint glittering of the brass instruments there. Suddenly he exclaimed. "I know why them fishes don't bust. They can't."

"And why can't they?" McAdoo asked.

"It's like this," Butch explained. "There's a lot of pressure where them fishes live. They need the pressure in them against that pressure outta them. Now look what I figured out. We got a low pressure tonight; I ain't seen no lower pressure in my life. So what happens? Soon as the pressure up here gets low, them fishes come up. The pressure gets lower, and the fishes come up higher. Then they get to the surface and still they don't bust because the pressure in them is just about the same like the pressure outta them."

"I get you," McAdoo said. "You mean we've got the same pressure up here that they've got in the deep sea."

"That's it," Butch said. "The air is heavy like the deep sea. And about as wet, too. That's what keeps them alive."

As a matter of fact, the strange animals were breathing and swimming quietly through the wet air.

"Wait a minute," O'Connor said. "You're telling us they have high pressure in the deep sea."

"Sure," Butch said.

"And that they come up 'cause we've got high pressure too."

"Sure."

"Now listen. We don't have high pressure. We have low pressure. And them fishes oughta have gone deeper instead of higher where they'll bust."

"But they don't bust," Butch said.

"No, they don't," McAdoo agreed. "Butch is right."

"Let's get some more," O'Connor said.

The men cast the pail and caught a great many luminous animals. They caught glowing sharks and phosphorescent molluscs, shining sea horses, glaring crabs and some kind of illuminated herring. And when the mates had a great many of them, Butch cried out.

"I got an idea," he yelled.

"He's going to fry a red herring," O'Connor said.

"Nope," Butch said. "I'm going to make a Christmas tree."

"What's that?" O'Connor said.

"Aw, you're dumb," the cook said. "I'm going to make a Christmas tree. Let's rig 'em up to the mast!"

There were hundreds of fishes by now, covering the planks and the air above them with an odd pattern of crawling, flapping, swimming bundles of light. McAdoo and O'Connor stuffed their pockets full of them and started to climb the mast. To every piece of rope which dangled from it they attached a green or red or white fish; every yard and pole was adorned with blue and yellow crabs; luminescent worms by the hundred were hung as tinsel on cords and lines; and around the points the mates wrapped fidgeting fiery octopuses which shone in a devilish light. When this was done and McAdoo and O'Connor had come down again, Butch took the largest star fish he could find and having climbed the mast top, attached it there.

The men stepped back. The mast glared in many colors, and on its top there was a brilliant white star. They had a Christmas tree.

"I'll be damned," McAdoo said. "Never saw a finer Christmas tree in my life. Even in Chilliwater."

"Don't swear on Christmas Eve," Butch admonished him.

"Christmas Eve," O'Connor exclaimed. "We've got rum."

They took their bottles on deck and began to celebrate Christmas Eve as they had never done before. High above them the fish flapped in the air, and the sea shone in a million colored lights. Someone started singing, and a rasping Christmas carol rose to the brilliant white starfish on top of the mast. Old man Saunders stood on the bridge and did not stir as he saw the mates empty bottle after bottle. Minkie, too, got a cupful of rum and did several crazy somersaults before she passed out. Christmas peace had come to the *Barracuda.*

Old man Saunders stood on the bridge all night. Once his glance fell on the barometer, and he saw its needle tremble. Imperceptibly the needle moved toward the right side, and when dawn broke, Saunders knew that atmospheric conditions had returned to normal.

The men woke. Their heads droning with hangover, their tongues furry, they looked up to the mast.

The illumination was gone. None of the fish had retained its brilliance, not even its shape. Where there had been glaring fireballs and glittering wheels, there were only small lumps of grey slime.

"I'll be da— I mean where's our Christmas decoration?" McAdoo began.

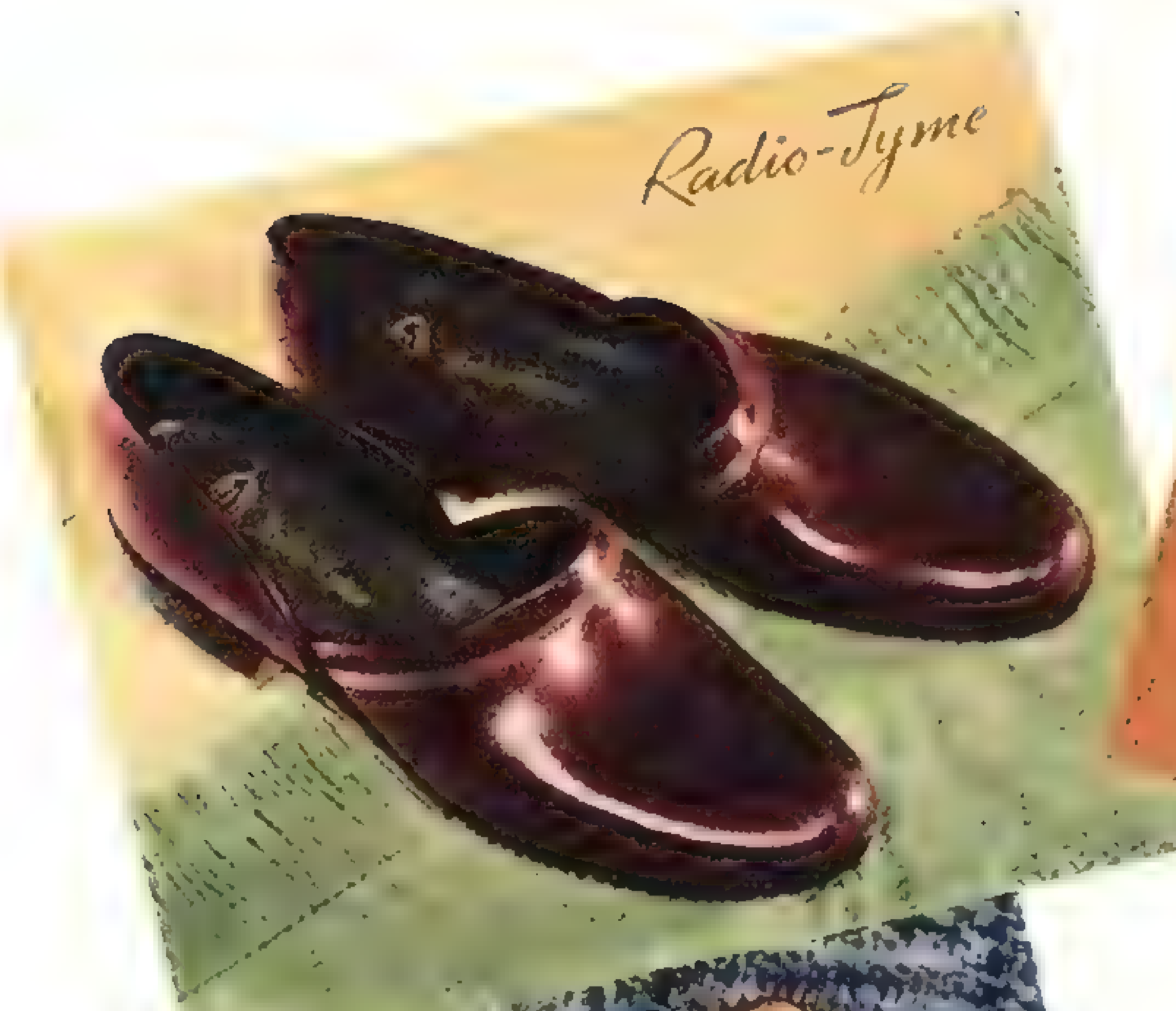
"Bust," Butch said. And after a pause, "When the pressure got low the fishes bust."

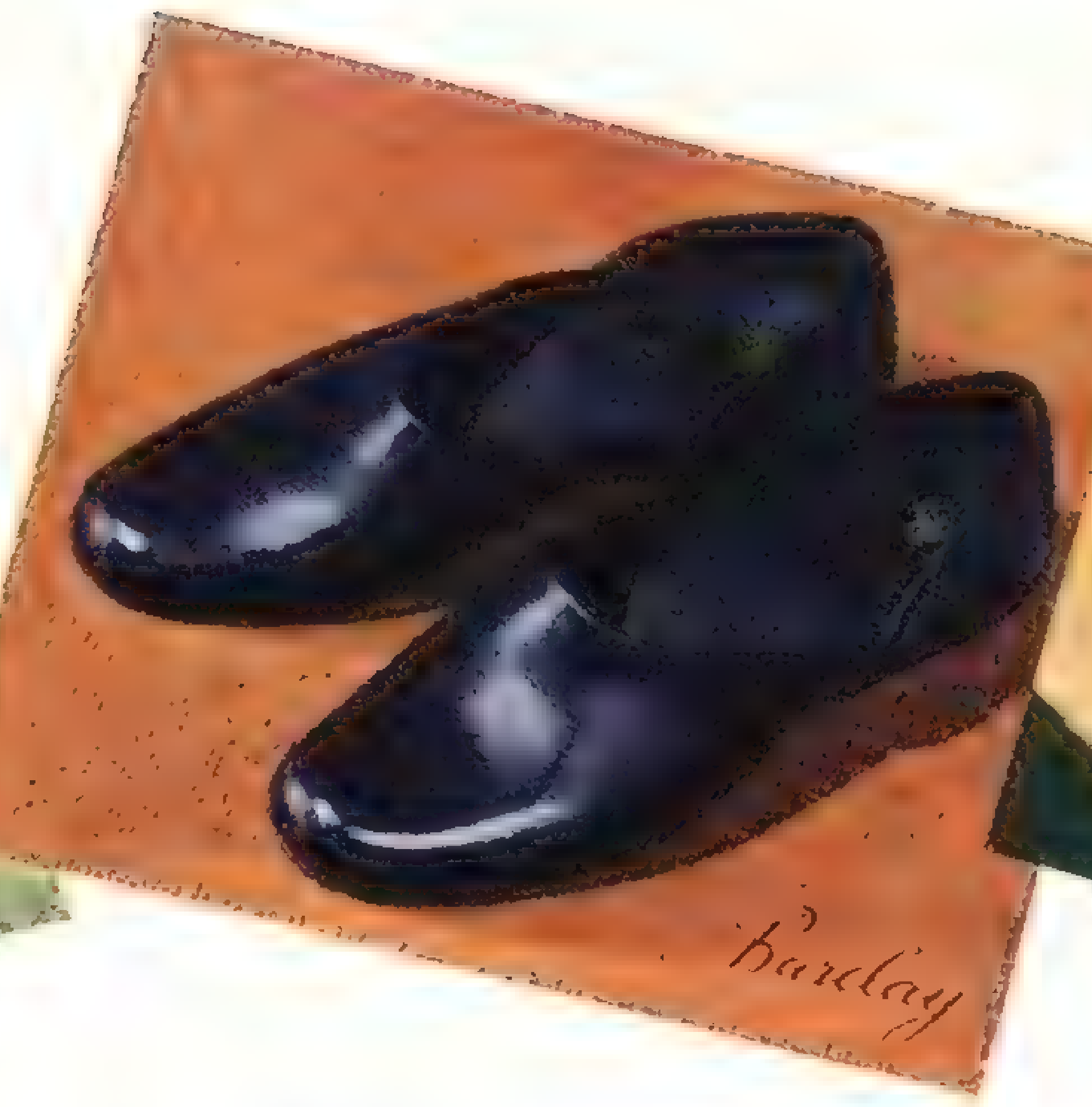
"They oughta come up now 'cause the pressure is high," O'Connor said stubbornly. He stared at the sea but, of course, there was no sign of a luminous fish.

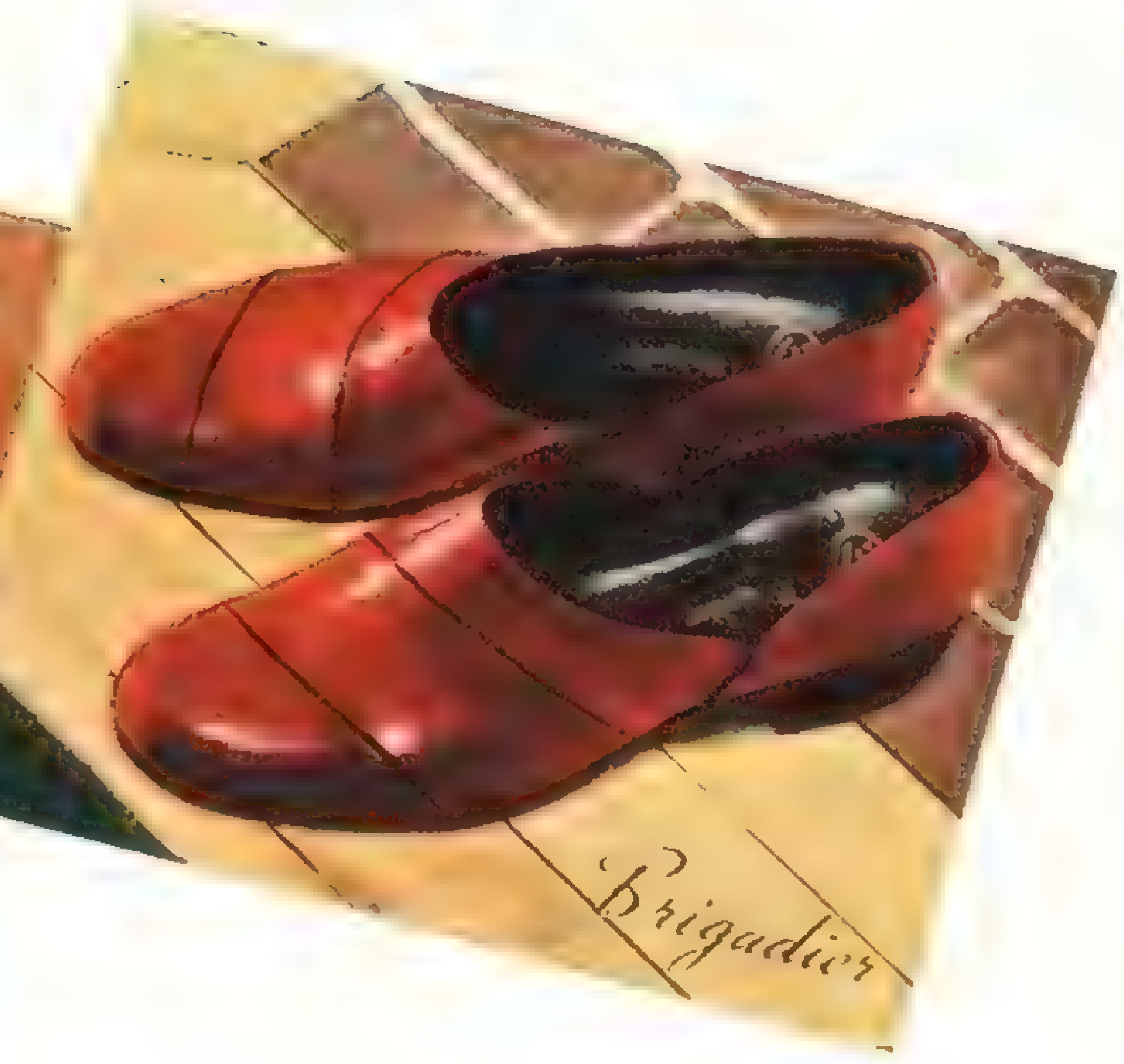
"I'm going to ask the old man about that," Butch said and went straight to the bridge.

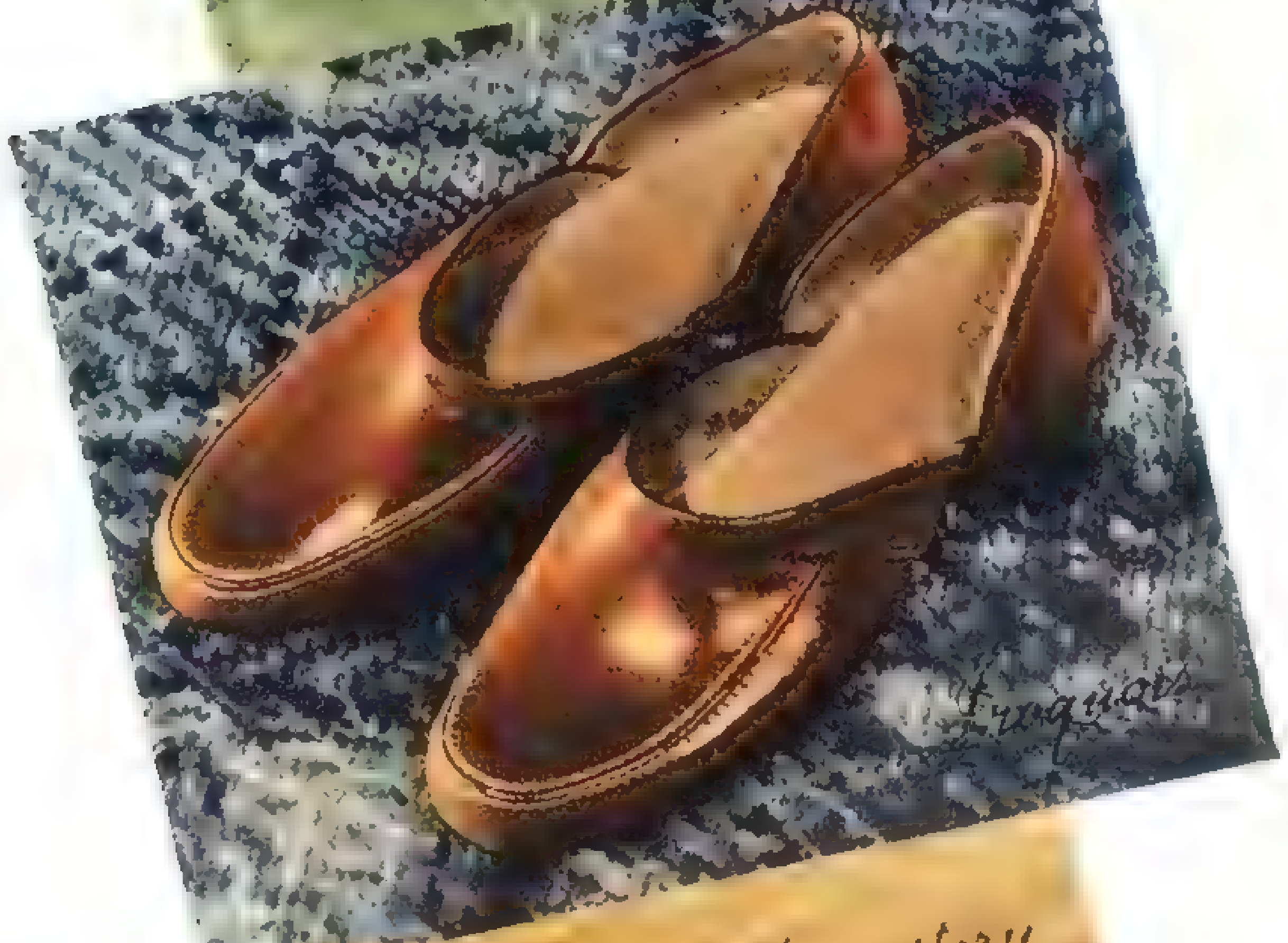
When Butch returned, the others asked him, "Well, what did he say about the pressure?"

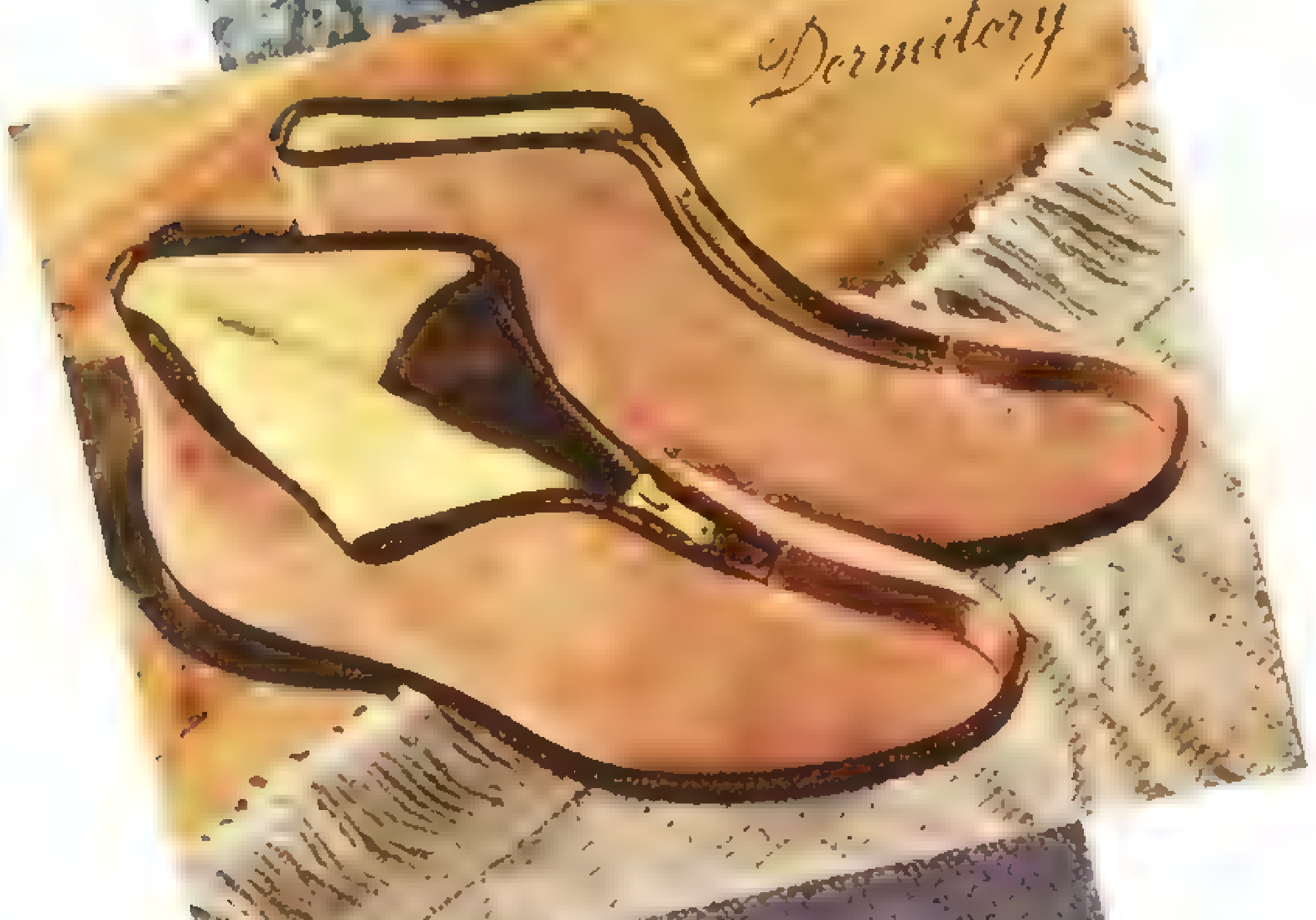
Butch shook his head. "I couldn't figure out. As a matter of fact, he didn't say nothing." ⌗

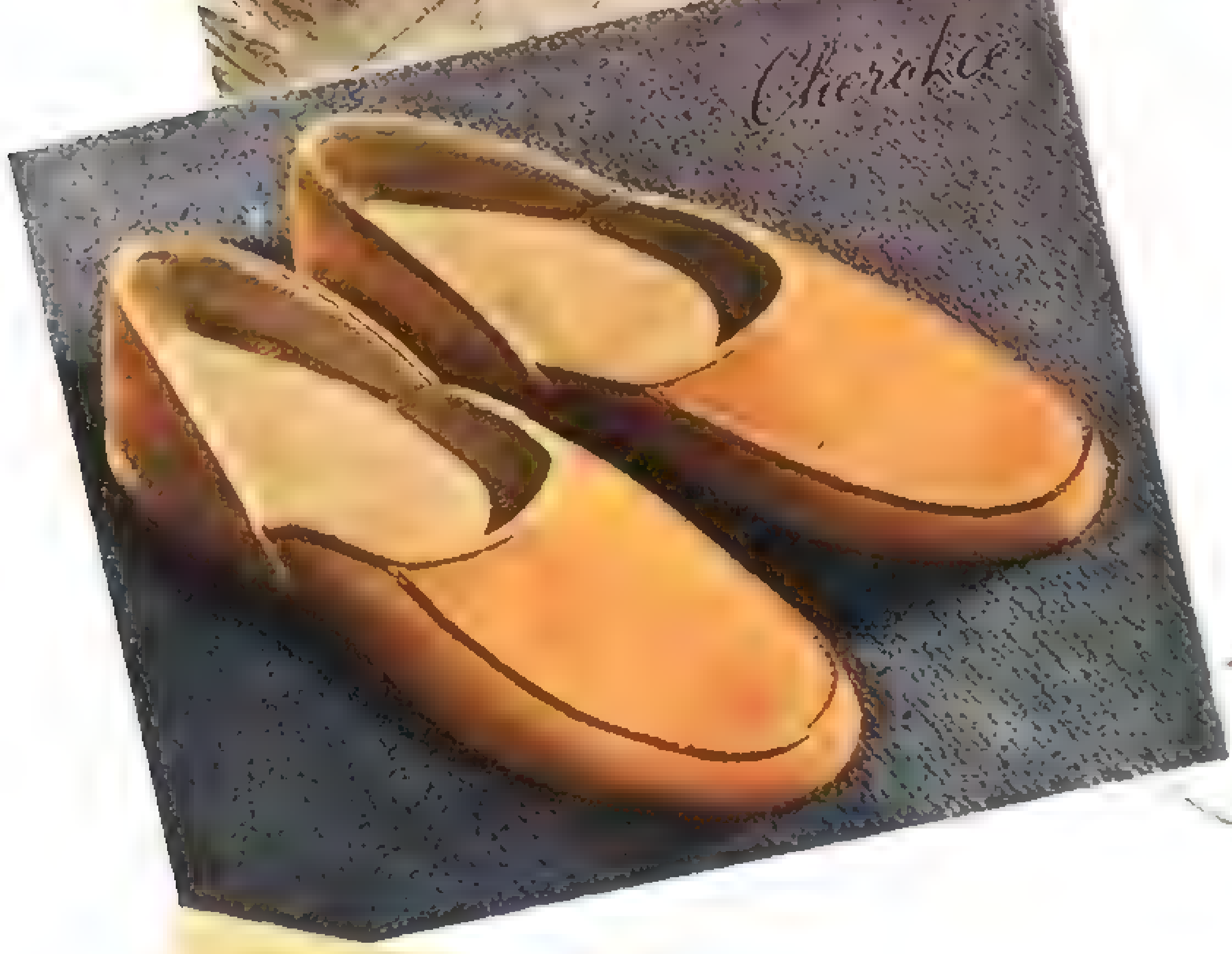


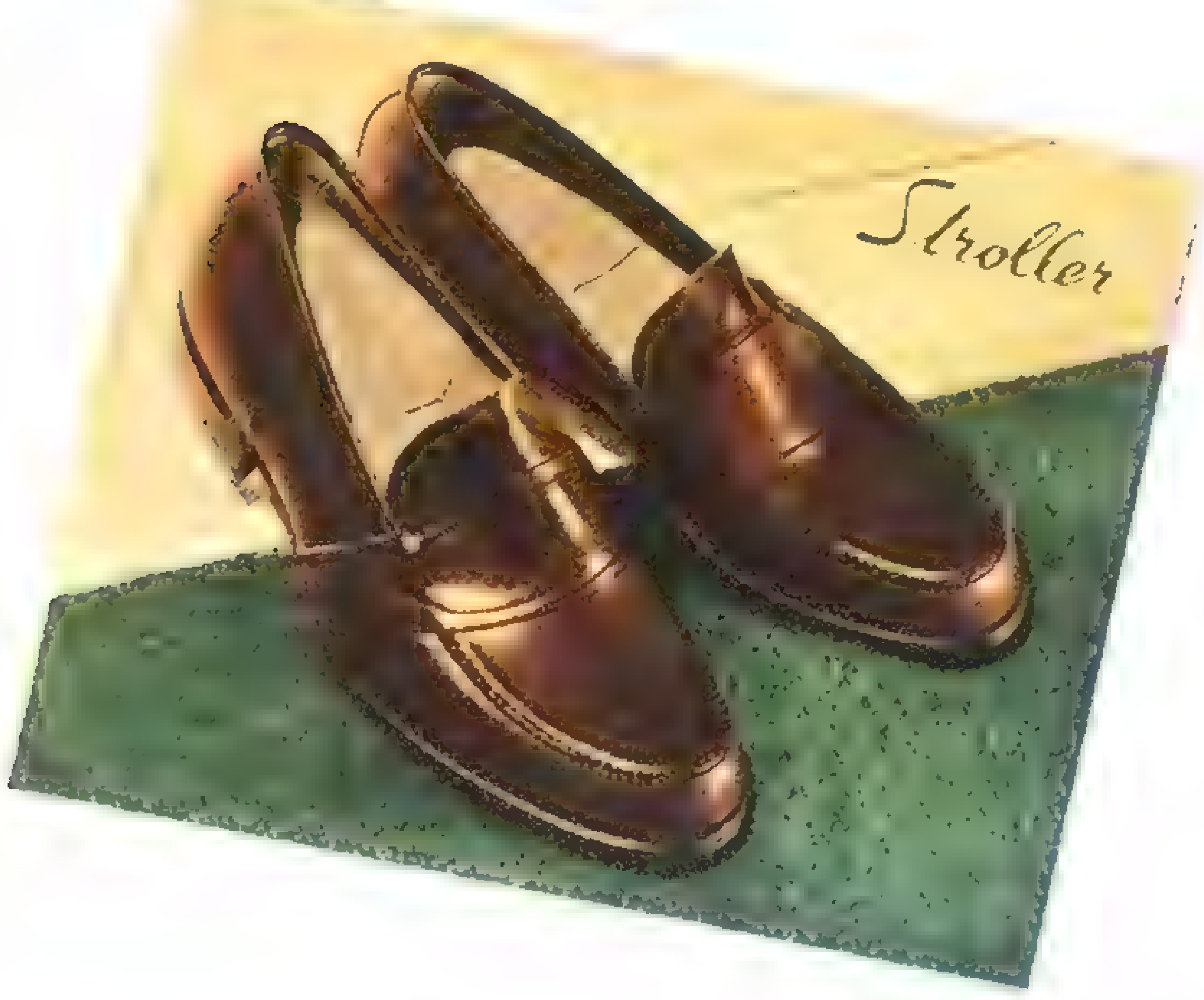












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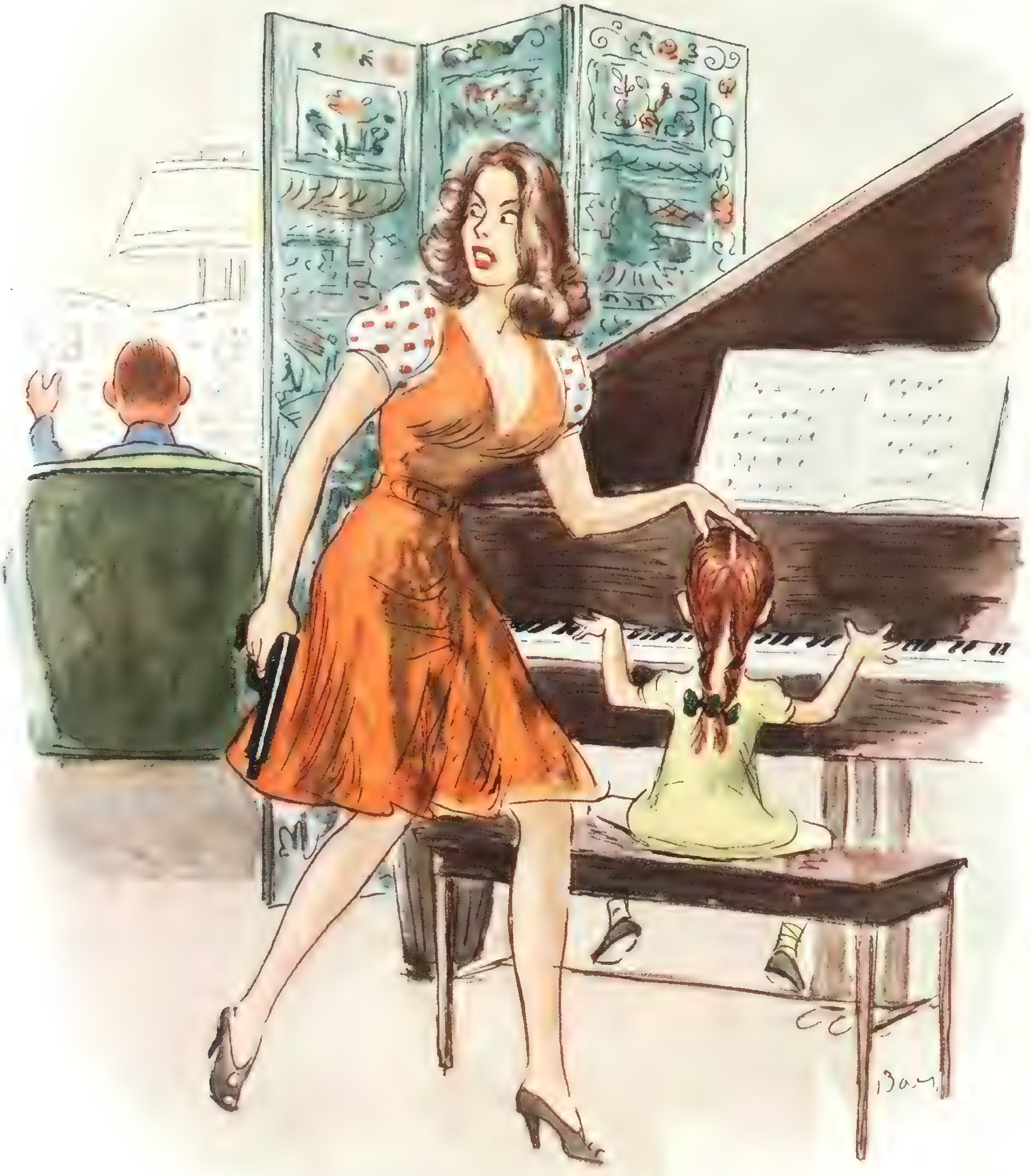
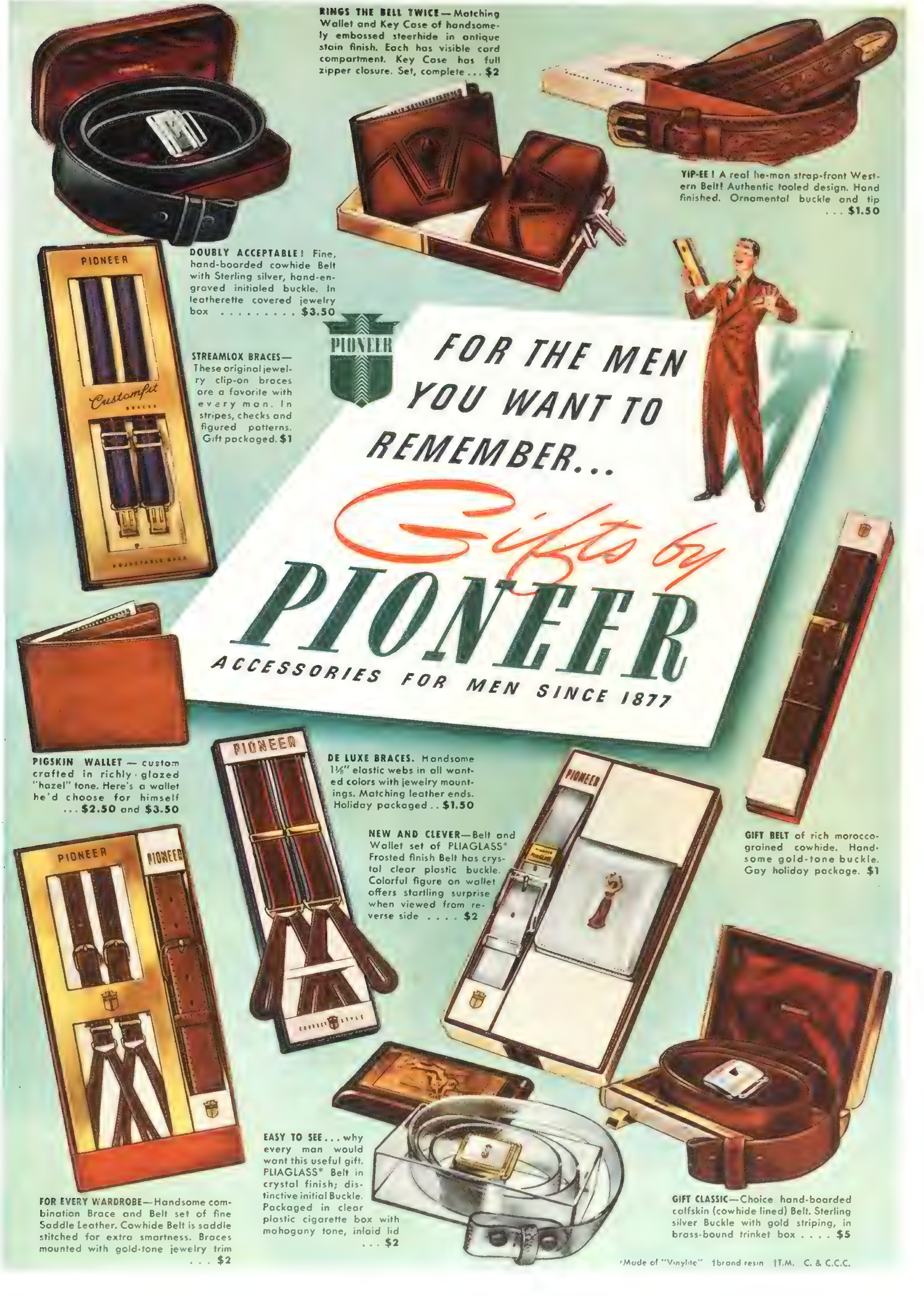


"Practice real loud, dear—Mama is going to collect Daddy's insurance"



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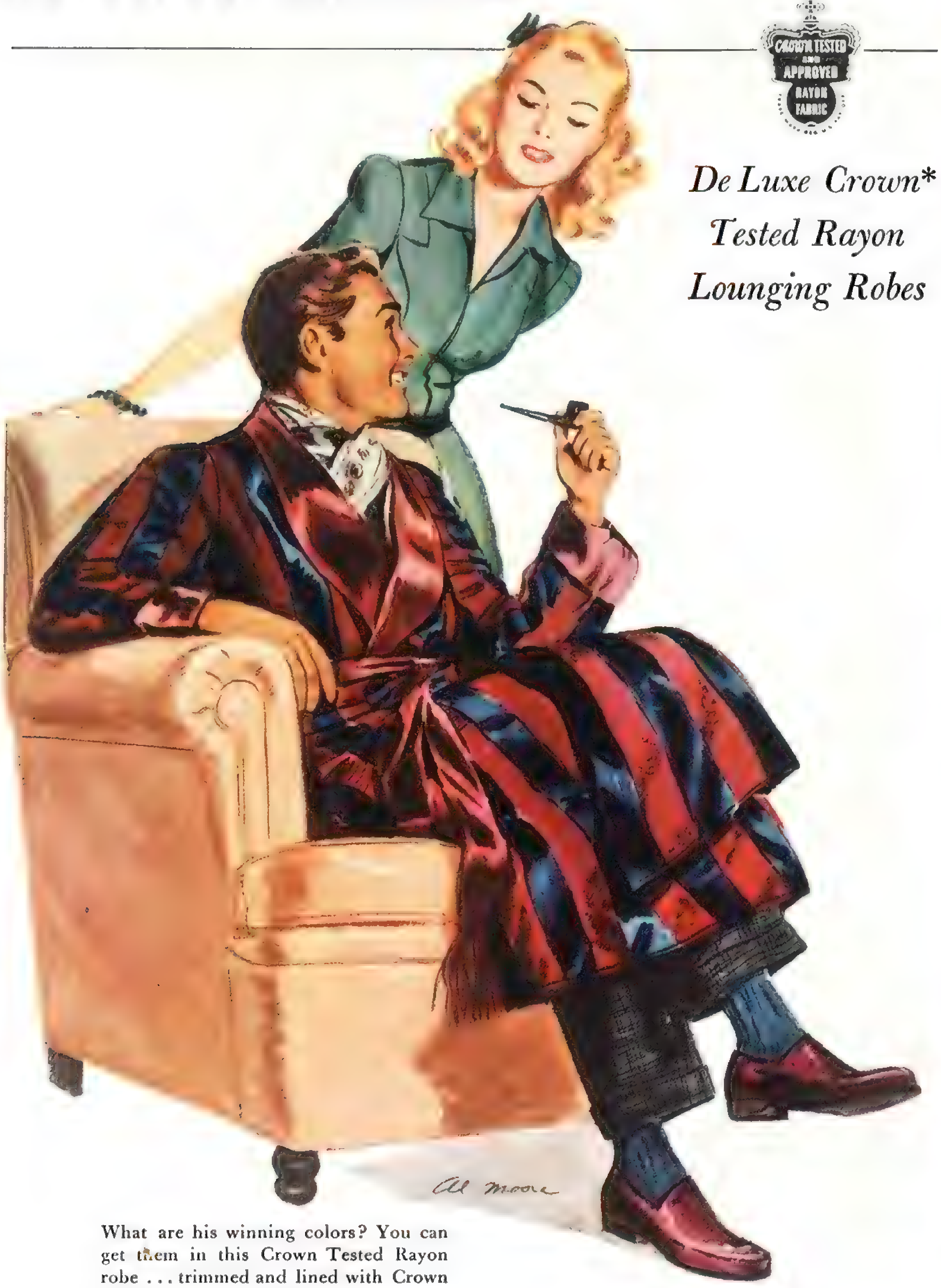
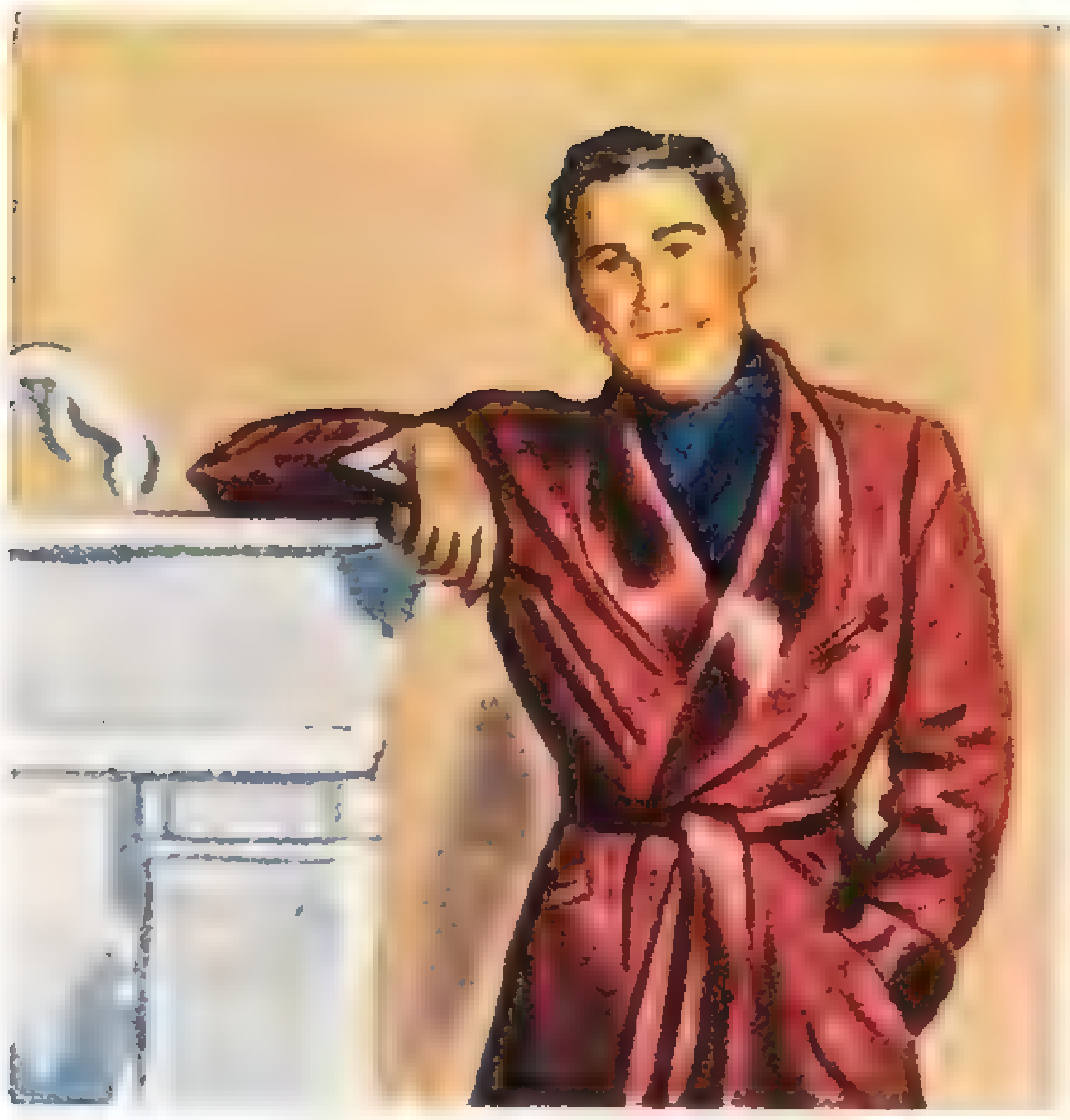
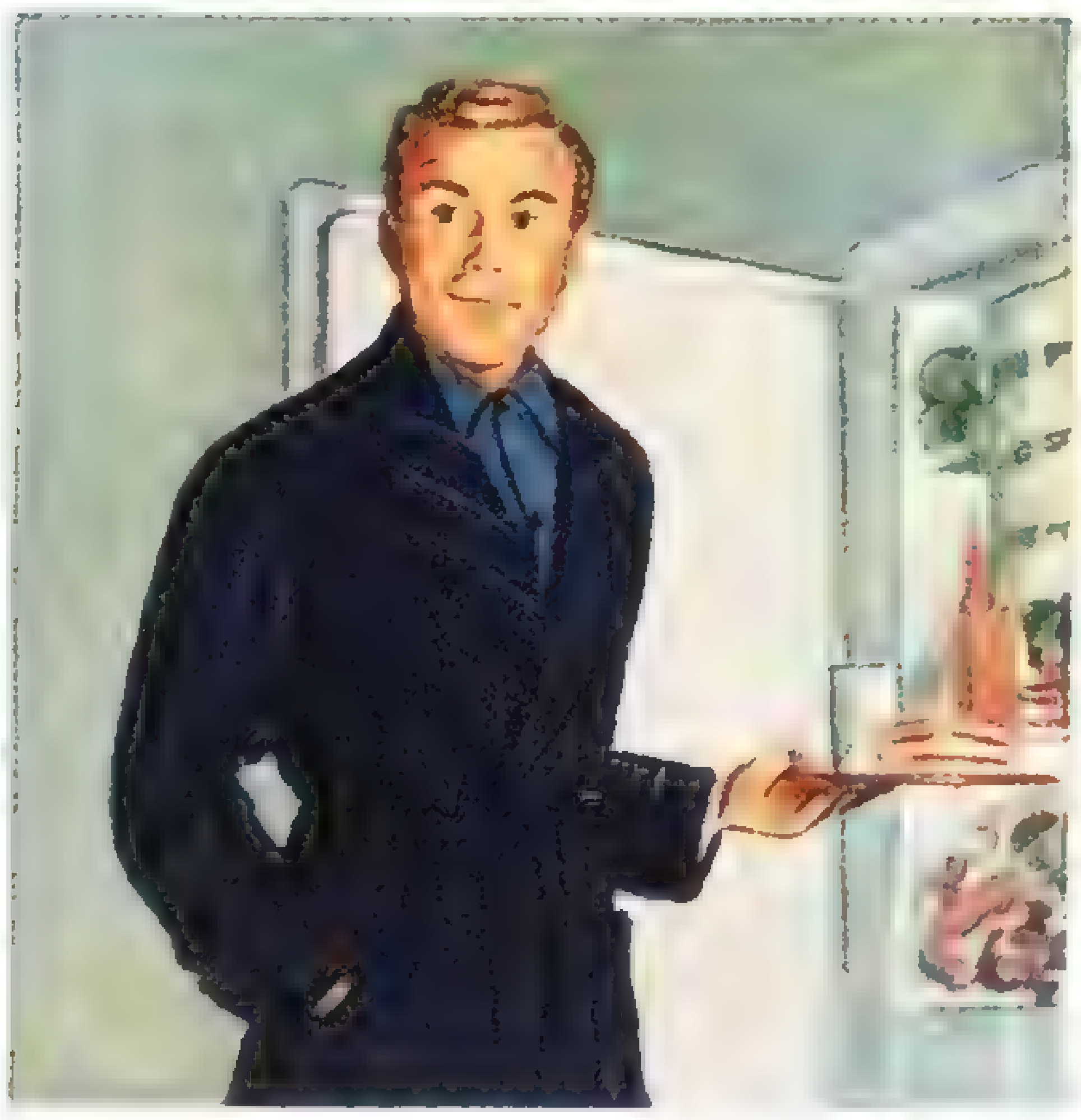
Lounging Robes



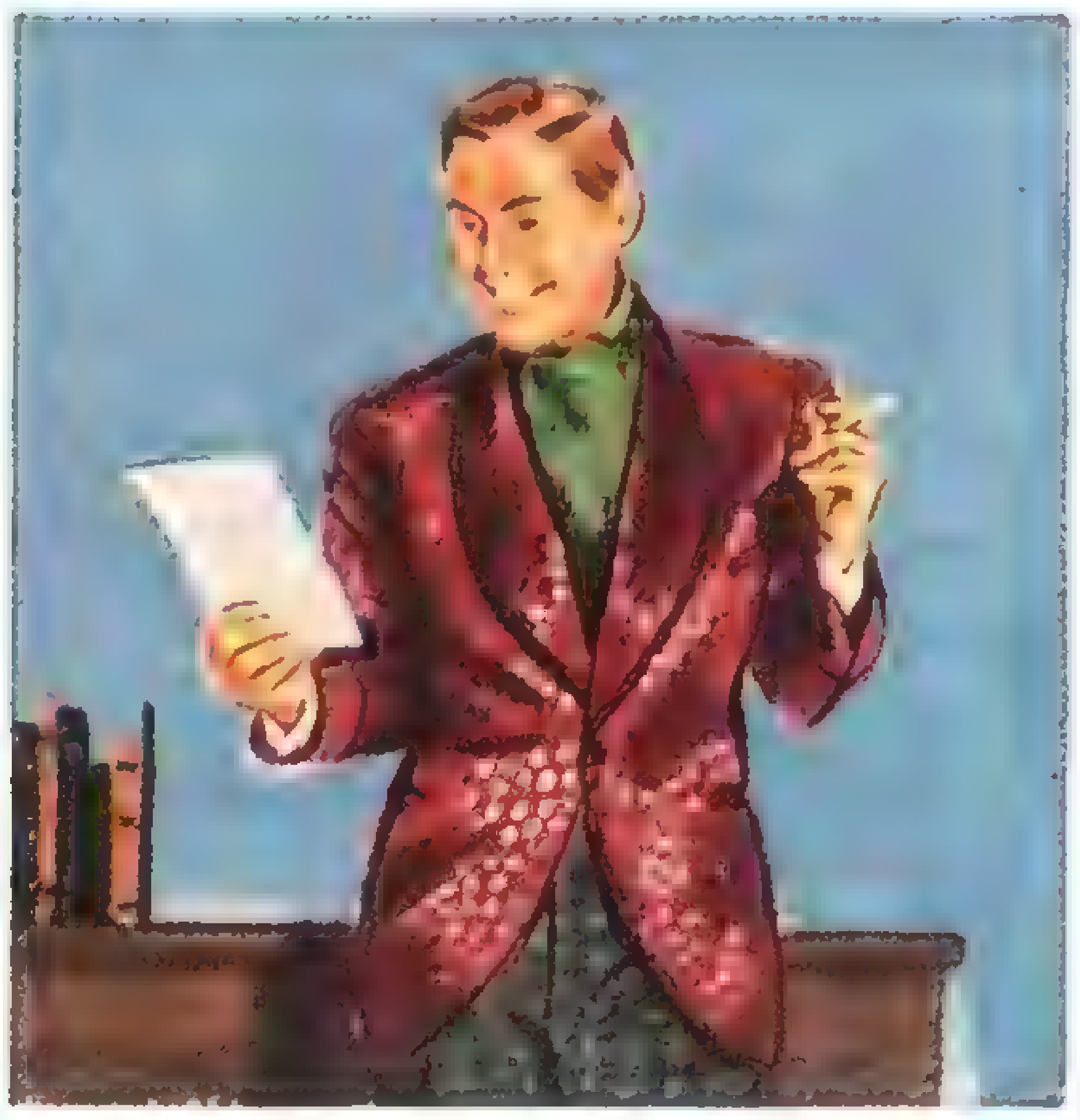
What are his winning colors? You can get them in this Crown Tested Rayon robe . . . trimmed and lined with Crown Tested rayon satin. Wine, navy or green.



A luxurious Crown Tested Jacquard weave... 66% Crown Rayon and 34% cotton brocade. Lined and trimmed with Crown Tested rayon satin. Wine, navy or green.



Tailored Gabardine in stripes!... 60% Crown Spun Rayon, 40% wool. Semi-lined body... fully lined sleeves of Crown Tested rayon twill. Wine, navy or copen.



For his smoking jacket... Jacquard weaves in a 66% Crown Tested Rayon and 34% long-staple cotton fabric. Fully lined with Crown Tested rayon satin. Wine or navy.

P. S. for PRINCESSES: Even if you tossed a coin... you couldn't lose in your choice of *any* of these robes. They are styled with a keen insight as to what a man "goes for" in his robe! But you're more than sartorially safe. Each of these robes carries a Crown Tested* Tag... so you *know* it will wear well and stand up at the cleaner's. And is that a solid comfort when you stop to think how a man gets attached to a *good* robe!

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

WHAT DOES CROWN TESTED MEAN? It means that fabrics containing Crown Rayon and identified as Crown Tested have been constructed and finished according to standards for consumers' satisfaction. Samples of the fabric have been tested and approved by the Better Fabrics Testing Bureau, Inc., official laboratory of the National Retail Dry Goods Association, for fabric strength, seam strength, color fastness, and dry cleanability or washability as the case may be.

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You Can't Lick the Senator

Continued from page 138

doctors clean from Baltimore, and made a regular hospital out of his house (he built that old red brick place out on the river road the year after he got married). They named the baby Lily, too.

Link used to tell how the Senator'd wheel the baby up and down Main Street, showing her off. But a funny thing about the Senator, when he gets to working on a case he'll concentrate on it so hard he just seems to forget everything else. Link said many's the time he seen the Senator pass his own mother on the street and not recognize her (he was always good to the old lady, bought her a little cottage and hired a woman to keep her company). Same way with the baby, Link said. The Senator'd wheel her down the street, then start talking over a new case. He'd forget all about little Lily, leave the kid gurgling and laughing and kicking up her feet in front of a saloon. Pretty soon somebody'd come along and wheel her home.

And Link used to tell, too, how the Senator almost went crazy the winter his wife died. He hired the Widow Bennett to look after the baby and locked himself in that big house (the Bufords own it now). Some nights you couldn't see a light in the whole place. I was just a kid then, and I remember I was afraid to walk out that way after dark.

Then one day he turned up at his office and went back to work. The first thing he did was sell his house, the only time, I guess, he ever took a beating on a property deal.

He threw himself into politics like you'd dive in a creek if your clothes was on fire. He got his mind set on going to Washington and nobody down here ever saw such campaigning. He went way back up in the hills, and when he couldn't go any farther in his buggy he'd climb out and walk. Country people like that, you know. You eat dinner with 'em once and they'll vote for you the rest of their lives. Jack Melvin had been in Congress so long he'd come to think it was a lifetime job. He didn't take the Senator's campaign serious at all. He got beat by nearly ten thousand votes.

After he went to Washington we didn't see much of the Senator or Lily, except in the summer. He sent Lily to a school in Switzerland for a few years, then to a school in Charleston. The Senator's face along about the time he moved into his new house hardened into that expression you see on the campaign posters. Very dignified. Looks like a Senator, looks like a man knows his way around in politics. He looked the same at fifty-five as he did at seventy-five. And he's still pretty lively. He's got a wonderful constitution, the Senator.

Maybe he didn't hear the gossip about Lily, maybe he just didn't care. He must have seen the stories in the papers (especially that one about the goldfish and the bowl of champagne). The winter he was making those speeches about the New England factories the papers announced that Lily had married the Marquis de la something or other. She breezed into town with him one day, the two of 'em sitting across from each other on the back seat of the longest car Rexport ever saw. They stayed in the Senator's house nearly a week (the Senator was in Washington). Nobody saw 'em except Bert Tubbs. Bert delivered some groceries out there one day and he saw, least he claimed he saw, the Marquis sashaying around the lawn with a long, skinny white dog. Bert said the Marquis walked like a lady.

Lily (nobody in Rexport ever got to calling her by that title) was in Paris when the baby was born. She named the girl Sondra, and for the next couple years there was more girls named Sondra in Rexport than in all the one hundred and forty-seven years since they cleared the land to build Main Street. *The Call* run a picture of Lily holding the baby on her lap, while the Senator and the Marquis stood behind her. Looked a little stiff, the Senator and the Marquis did.

Then suddenly one day the Senator and Lily and the baby showed up in Rexport, moved into the big house and spent the whole summer there. Nobody knew what had happened to the Marquis. We'd all forgotten him by the time he popped up in the papers marrying that singer.

The Senator opened his law office, and some days he'd keep the baby there for her afternoon nap. You could see him through the window tip-toeing around, drawing the curtain to keep the sun off the carriage. Then he'd come sit on the stone steps and hold court. You know how folks bother a man like the Senator; they'd stand in line waiting all morning to see him about getting their oldest boy an appointment to Annapolis or getting an adjustment on their back taxes. Lot of folks just wanted somebody to listen to their troubles, some wanted jobs or handouts or advice. Some just wanted to shake hands with the Senator.

About the middle of August Lily left town. *The Call* said she was taking a vacation in the Maine woods. The gossips said she and the Senator hadn't been getting along so good. They were too much alike, some said, sort of stubborn, mule mean. Dr. Manchester saw a picture of Lily in a New York paper a week or so after she left Rexport. She was in one of those night clubs, laughing. And it wasn't a week later that the police called the Senator long distance (Bertha Squires put through the call, so the town got all the details) to tell him Lily'd killed herself, or maybe fallen,

Continued on page 208

"OF THEE I SING!"

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You Can't Lick the Senator

Continued from pages 138-207

nobody'll ever know for sure. It was terrible. Twenty-one stories down to a brick alley.

After the funeral (the whole town shut up shop for the funeral) the Senator took the baby and her nurse on a cruise, then he settled down in Washington, and he never left the city, except maybe overnight for a speech, while she was there. In the summer they'd come back to the big house, and Sondra would keep it filled with young people. The Senator liked that, he even took to going to some of the summer dances, sitting back in a corner swapping stories with Doc Harmon and Ab Sowers and Saul Tucker. Having the young folks around seemed to knock twenty years off the Senator's back (that was the year he got the new gymnasium appropriation for the high school). The summer Sondra was eighteen (get Maggie Adams to tell you about that birthday party, she helped serve) the Senator seemed in better health than he'd been in years. He'd lost some of that stoop from his shoulders and his face wasn't so gray and bony.

That spring, a few months before the August primary, Dave Enright opened up his third campaign against the Senator (Doc started calling Dave "William Jennings Enright"). Those papers up North, of course, were all behind Dave, and they sent a young fellow name of Myers down here to snoop around. You couldn't help laughing at the things Myers did. Went down to the silk factory, for instance, and instead of talking to the company officers he talked to the common help. Then he wrote a story about how the Senator'd kept labor unions out of Rexport (as if that was a crime) and he dug up that old story about the agitator some of the boys tarred and rode out of town a few years ago (it wasn't their fault the dirty Red caught pneumonia and died). Yes, they blamed that on the Senator, too.

Most of us read Myers's stories, had a good laugh and then went on about our business. But we couldn't help hearing the grumbling around town. Some said the Senator'd been away from Rexport so long he'd forgot what the home folks needed. Some even said the Senator was crooked. You know how those stories grow, like sumac. Finally it got to look as though the whole campaign was going to be fought over Skeets Pomeroy's left leg.

Skeets used to work down to the big mill, that is when he worked (the Pomeroys was always trash, look at that oldest girl of Skeets's). Well, one day Skeets let his left leg get in the way of a saw and it got cut off. The mill paid all Skeets's hospital bills and give him a hundred dollars besides. You'd have thought Skeets would be grateful, but what does he do but turn around and sue the mill people for fifty thousand dollars. Imagine the leg of any Pomeroy being worth fifty thousand dollars. The Senator, of course, handled the case for the mill, and Skeets never got a cent, fact is he lost his hundred dollars paying some young lawyer from over in Baxter County.

Myers got hold of old Skeets (you'll find him down at Slattery's any night, fuller'n a tick), and wrote a long story about how the Senator'd wrecked this poor family's life just to save a wicked corporation a few measly dollars. Oh, it was something special, that story, would've made you bust out crying if you didn't know Skeets. Then Dave got to hauling Skeets around over the county and putting him on the platform every time he made a speech. Dave bought him a new suit and got somebody to wash him up a little. To hear Dave talk you'd have thought the Senator'd snuk up behind Skeets one dark night and whacked that leg off with a weed scythe.

And people began to fall for that stuff, smart people even, Dr. Manchester, for instance. Dr. Manchester lost a lot of patients that way, especially after the Senator lent young Dr. Coleman some money to open up an office next door to the old barber shop, the one that burned down. Dave took to calling the Senator "the carpetbaggers' errand boy," and that lost the Senator votes, Dave's making out the Senator was working for Northerners, you understand. Some of the town hoodlums fired bricks through the silk factory windows and they painted dirty words on the mill doors. Some of 'em took white paint and messed up the windows of *The Call* and the Senator's law office. Kid stuff.

We'd had a bad year, no crop (of *course* it was the Senator's fault we didn't get rain when we needed it), and the silk factory was shut down nearly two months. Rexport was in for real suffering that winter, nobody could deny that. But the Senator wasn't to blame. We wouldn't even have had a silk factory to shut down if it hadn't been for him. But when people get hungry and scared they don't think straight, and Dave kept telling 'em about how the Senator lived like a king while they was starving. Dave even got hold of the Senator's grocery bills (guess Maggie Adams stole 'em out of the Senator's kitchen) and he had copies printed and thrown all over the county. Forty-cent butter. That lost votes.

It was a below-the-belt campaign all right. You'd never catch the Senator stooping to tricks like that, stirring up the shiftless white trash against the men'd been smart enough to make a little pile.

By the middle of July it began to look like the Senator was in for a licking, anyways for the

Continued on page 211

Ideas for Christmas in Towle Sterling

CRAFTSMAN
OLD MIRROR
LADY DIANA
OLD COLONIAL
SYMPHONY
LOUIS XIV
SILVER FLUTES
ROYAL WINDSOR
CHIPPENDALE
RAMBLER ROSE
OLD LACE
CANDLELIGHT
CHASED DIANA
LAFAYETTE
GEORGIAN
ARISTOCRAT
VIRGINIA CARVEL
LADY CONSTANCE
CASCADE
OLD BROCADE
MARY CHILTON
D'ORLEANS
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
OLD NEWBURY

MOTHER — who always wants salad forks or butter spreaders to add to the Towle pattern of her choice.

SUE — who's just engaged, and can't wait to start her Towle Sterling set now, so she will have the basic pieces after she is married.

MARY ELLEN — little sister, turning 14 . . . who'd feel all of 21 if she could begin her Sterling set this Christmas!

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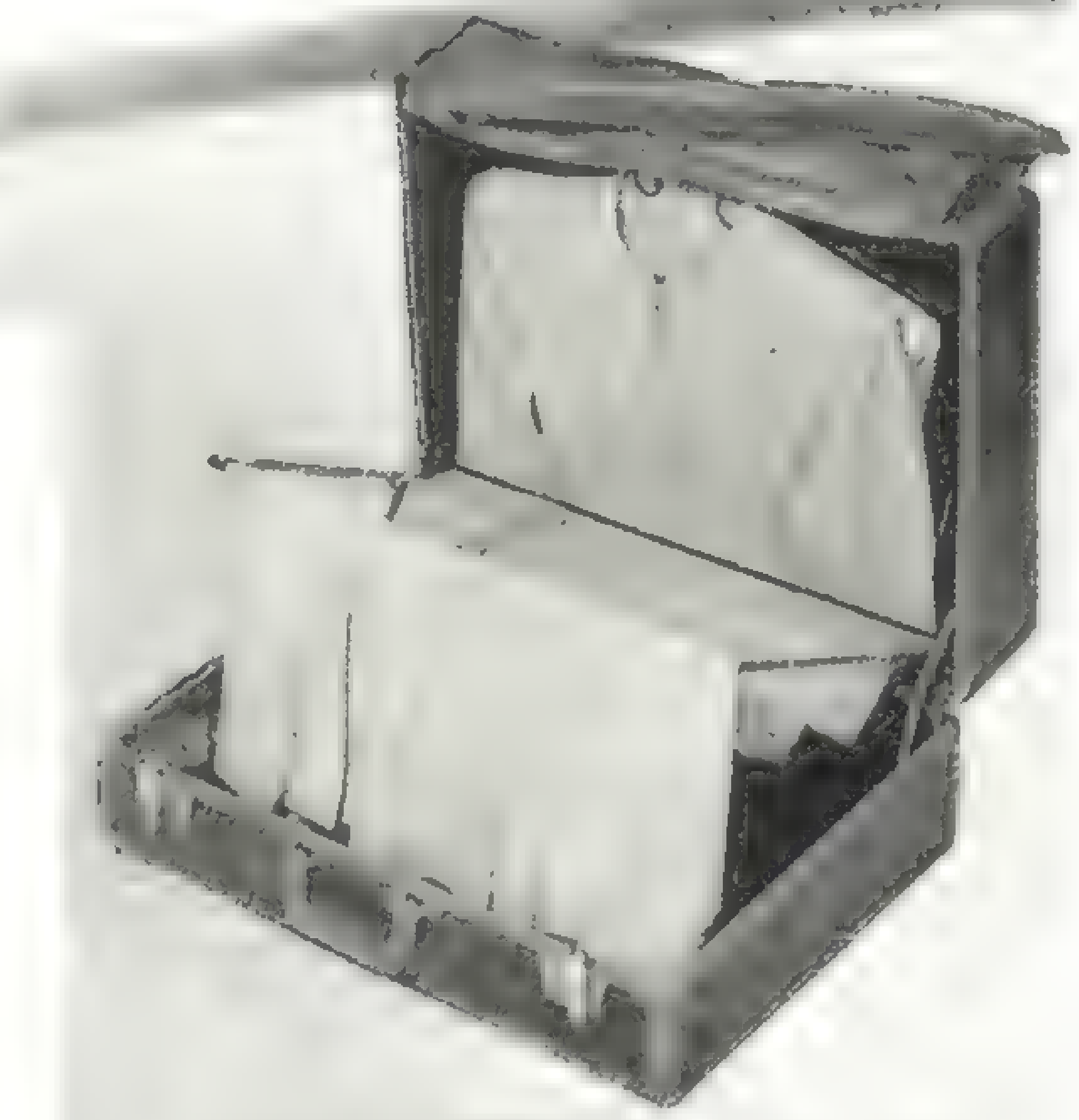

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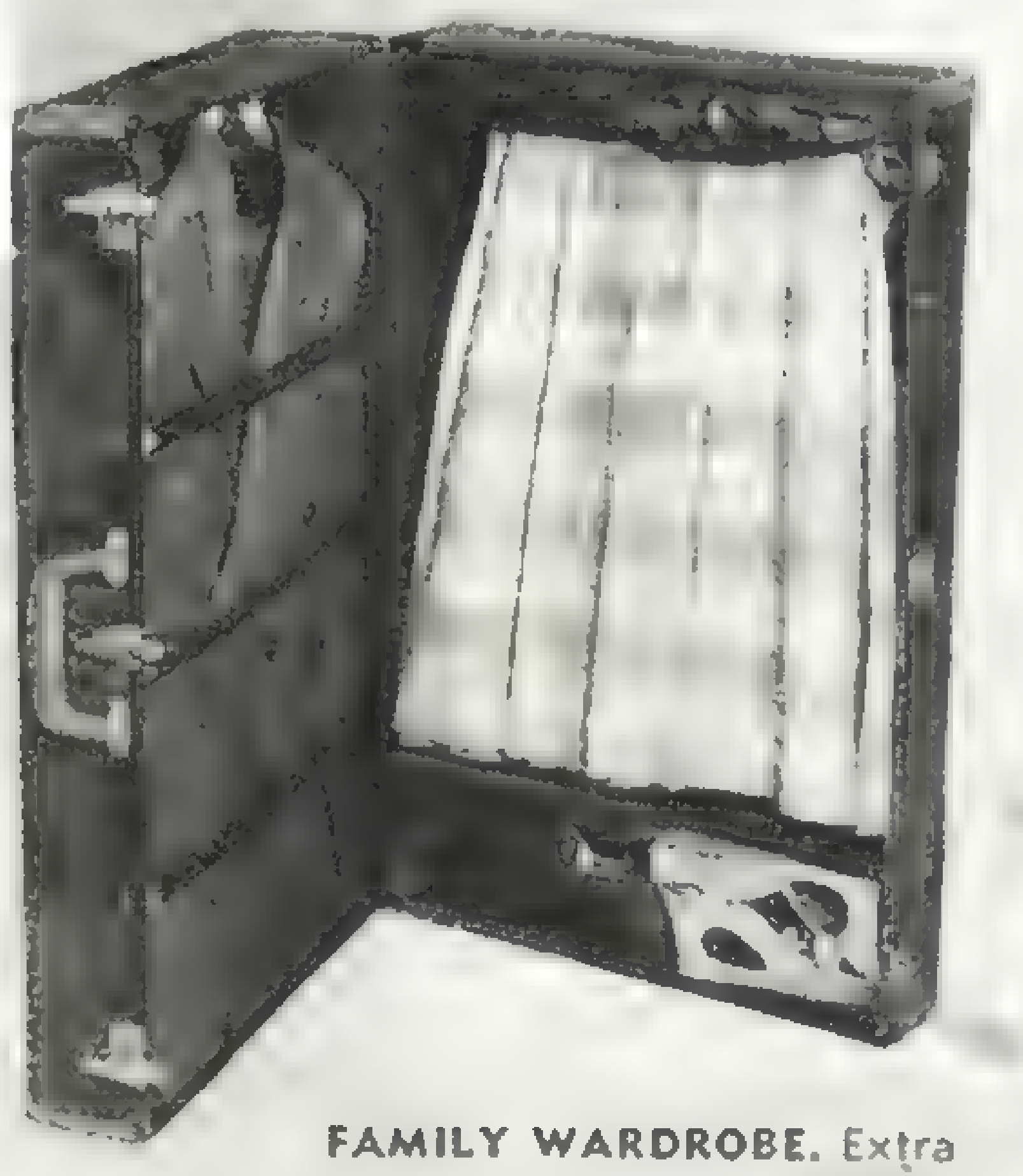

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You Can't Lick the Senator

Continued from pages 138-207-208

hottest fight he'd ever had. Doc Harmon (he didn't want to lose that post office job) and me went up to see the Senator one night. We told him how the folks was taking Dave's speeches. I'd been electioneering out in Hog Hollow and I told him the folks out that way was sure upset. The Senator didn't seem at all worried, he just nodded and sipped hot milk. Finally he got up and said he had a long distance call in for New York. He come back in the room in a few minutes and said he'd been having a little trouble getting just the right orchestra for Sondra's birthday party. Of all the times to pay six thousand dollars for a band you could hear free over the radio. You can imagine how many votes *that* lost.

Week or so before the primary things got rough. Dave and his gang always said the railroad and silk factory hired men off the alleys of New York to come down and break up Dave's barbecues. The rest of Rexport said it was just trash acting up, and the Senator would be the first man in town to stop it if he could. Anyway, there was so many fights every time Dave got up to talk that folks was afraid to go near him. You'd see a couple carloads of hoodlums following Dave from one town to another. Maybe they was hired to do it; maybe they just didn't like Dave Enright.

Well, the Senator just stayed up at the big house not saying a word, spent most of his time talking to the men working on Sondra's swimming pool. (Doc and me begged him to wait till after the primary to start that pool.) Some said he was in his second childhood, some said he just couldn't find enough ways to spend all the money he stole. Finally Doc and me went to the Senator and we just told him straight out he was going to get beat.

Doc had dropped a wine glass on the oak floor and the Senator got to pacing up and down the way he does when he gets mad. He kept grinding that thin glass into the floor, ruining it, and it was a shiny pretty floor. Doc and me stood it long as we could, then Doc said, "Senator, you're walking on the glass." He didn't even look up, just kept on marching back and forth. Doc said it again, and the Senator wheeled around on him and snapped, "I got shoes on."

Before we left that night the Senator got in a better humor. He followed us out to Doc's car and he slapped me on the back and said, "What makes you boys think I'm going to let Dave Enright or anybody else tear down what it's taken me a lifetime to build?"

Going downhill toward town Doc laughed and said, "I'll bet the old fox's got something up his sleeve."

Next day *The Call* come out with a little story on the front page (none of them black headlines like they did up North with the Senator's utilities checks); this was just a little report on a legal action that Miss Myra Higgins of Luwingo was taking against David G. Enright, "prominent Rexport lawyer." It seems this Higgins woman had had a daughter by old Dave during the war (the girl was just a few years older than Sondra) and the Enrights had hushed it up, sent the girl up to Philadelphia for a couple of years, then brought her back to Luwingo as Mrs. Robert Harlan. Now she was suing for a larger allowance.

The daughter (not a bad looking girl, took after the Enrights a little, especially around the eyes) had been working at the silk factory. The morning the story come out she drank a bottle of iodine. Wonder it didn't kill her. Doc and Bert Tubbs and me went over to the hospital to see the girl. Barbara her name was. This Miss Higgins was in the room with Barbara, crying and carrying on something fierce. Sort of pathetic.

"I didn't want to do it," she told us. "I'd rather have died than let Barbara find out, but some man come to the house last week and said Barbara was going to lose her job at the mill and *The Call* was going to print the whole story unless I signed a paper asking Mr. Enright for more money. I didn't want the money. I didn't know what to do. The man told me nobody would ever find out if I signed the paper. I didn't know what to do."

Then she bust out crying some more and the girl woke up and she bust out crying, too. So we left.

Naturally that just about finished Dave far as the primary was concerned. We may kick up our heels a little on Saturday nights, but we're pretty religious, I mean we won't stand for that kind of cutting up. The Senator let Dave squirm, and, believe you me, he squirmed plenty, got to quoting the scriptures about the first stone, and said how nice he'd always treated the woman, giving her money regular every month, and how many men who'd made the same error when they was kids could say the same. The Senator didn't say a word, he let Dave say it all for him.

The night before the primary the Senator made his first and only speech of the campaign. *The Call* that day said the Senator was going to talk over the Luwingo radio station at 8 o'clock. Everybody got a kick out of that, because Dave was putting on his last big rally at 8 o'clock on the courthouse lawn.

Nobody stayed home that night. All the stores was open, they'd rented big radios and they had signs in the windows inviting people in to hear the broadcast. Most of the men, Doc and

Continued on page 212

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You Can't Lick the Senator

Continued from pages 138-207-208-211

Ab and the rest of 'em, was at Trout's drug store. The women went to Beeman's department store. Course there was a big crowd at *The Call*, too. Most of the mill hands went to Slattery's. Skeets was there, the new suit Dave had bought him already as dirty and ragged as the old one. (You can't do anything for that class of people.)

Along about half past seven a few men began to collect in the courthouse square in front of the platform where Dave was to speak. You couldn't help noticing those New York hoodlums hanging around, leaning on the tree trunks, smoking and itching for trouble. A lot of free whisky was flowing from somewheres, opening a lot of mouths that ought to've stayed shut. Men got to arguing and fighting, and you never heard such talk, all about how Dave ought to be run out of town. That was the meanest, fightingest whisky ever was in Rexport.

With the crowd blocking Main Street and all the lights turned on, Rexport was as bright as New York on a Saturday night. The town'd never seen nothing like it, bigger and noisier even than the Armistice. They was all shouting and singing and laughing on the street, and the men was telling a dirty joke somebody'd made up about Dave, and Bert Tubbs had a limerick about "There was a young woman named Higgins." Everybody was excited, and, with all the whisky going around (nobody ever found out where it all came from), the night turned into a real celebration. Everybody had a good time.

Just before 8 o'clock a truck with a big amplifier drove up across from the courthouse and parked in the roped-off area in front of the Afton Hotel. Three or four men on the truck rigged up some wires and made a lot of noisy tests, then strapped old fashioned radio earphones across their heads and waited. Four or five of those New York alley rats stood in front of the truck, just in case.

Then Dr. Manchester and Dave got up on the courthouse platform, and the Doctor made a little introduction, bowed at Dave and sat down. Dave hadn't no more than said, "Good evening ladies and gentlemen," when a roar went up from the truck. Everybody turned around, even Dave stopped talking, and then the Senator's voice come booming all over Main Street.

"Old neighbors, old friends," he said, and a lot of folks can recite it like a school kid getting up to speak "Trees."

Here's the clipping from *The Call.*

"Old neighbors, old friends, I am talking tonight from the Rexport Memorial Hospital, from the room of a young woman who recently tried to end a life which had become intolerable to her. I know that all of you, especially you parents, will understand with a wrench of sympathy the nightmare this unfortunate young woman has lived through. Today I have taken the first legal steps toward the adoption of Barbara Higgins, and I look forward to the pleasant task of making her life from now on a happy contrast to the past.

"I will not speak of politics tonight. I speak only as a grandfather who has lived among you a long time, a grandfather who is old-fashioned enough to believe that the sanctity of the American home is not to be lightly regarded. If I have not gone out among you to campaign this summer it was because I was busy at home, taking care of my granddaughter. I am proud to say that my duty to my home has always been as important to me as my duty to my constituents. If I am chosen to continue serving you, I shall not tamper with those ideals. Good night, and God bless you."

There wasn't any more fighting in Rexport that night; people just turned around and went home, some of the women crying, the men not saying anything. I think they'd have lynched the first person that said anything against the Senator. One of the mill hands told me next day that when the Senator finished his little talk old Skeets Pomeroy went all to pieces at Slattery's, swore the Senator was the best friend he ever had.

Dave's out of politics now. He's working for an insurance company up North. I guess he's better off in the North.

The Senator got Barbara a fine railroad job up in New Jersey. She don't come back to Rexport now she's married. Her mother still lives over at Luwingo, sews paper sacks at home, can't make more'n five, six dollars a week at it, but she won't take a cent from the Senator. He's offered her one of them annuity things, but she won't hear to it. Stubborn, you know. That kind always are.

Of course the papers up North never printed a line about all the Senator did for Barbara, but everybody in Rexport knows about it, and we won't forget it either next time they come down here trying to stir up trouble. They can't hoodwink us, we know the Senator. #

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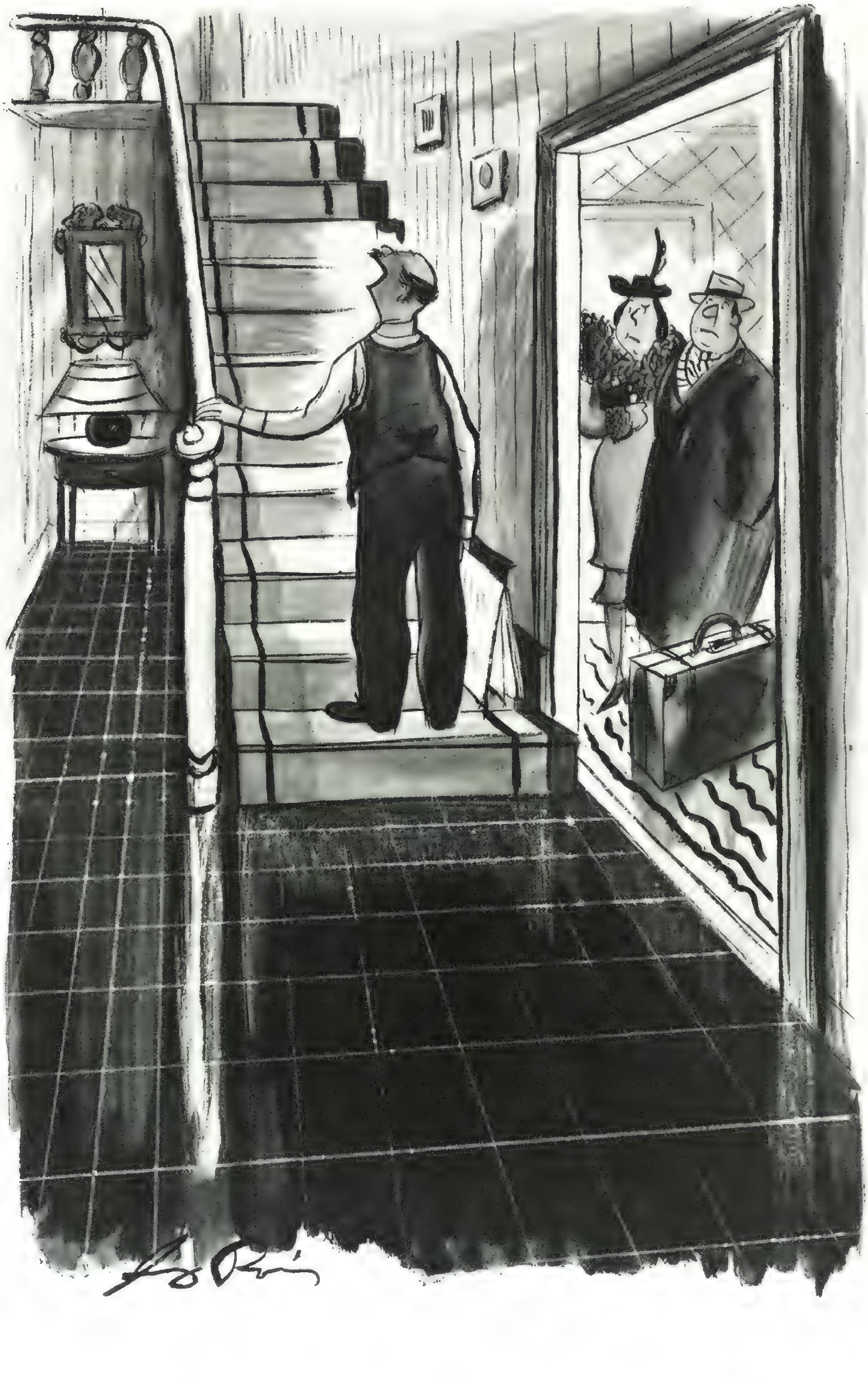

"Darling, your aunt and uncle have come to spend a night with us—
can we put them up for two or three weeks?"

Marionettes' Night Out

Continued from page 83

then Ginny Simms.

"No, but you are really very talented, Alfred."

Alfred shrugged, as though these compliments did not send a certain pleasurable emotion through him. It was early evening, and the lights in the tall buildings were already beginning to flash on. It looked more like a theatrical backdrop than a metropolis of stone and steel. "Pretty, isn't it?" asked Alfred as they strolled down the block. "Pretty, but cruel. Maybe somebody's being murdered this very minute behind one of those mysterious windows."

"What an idea!" exclaimed Bessie.

"The papers are full of murders. They have to happen somewhere."

"I shouldn't at all mind attending a good play," said Bessie. "One does get so tired of Luigi's lowbrow dramas. Let's buy a paper and see what's going on."

Alfred shook his head. "Please allow me to remind you that I'm not in possession of any do-re-mi, ma'am. As marionettes you're quite aware that we don't employ money as a medium of exchange"

"You managed to get us things the last time we left our box."

"Yes, and I almost got us pinched for giving a public performance without a license. Here's a newsstand. I'll see if I can't outwit this slow-thinking merchant. Ah, er, I big your pardon," he addressed the news vendor, "but are you acquainted with Adam Smith's theory on the progress of opulence in different nations? I'll take a *Herald-Telegram*."

The news vendor's eyes brightened. "It's odd that you should ask," he said. "I just happened to be explaining to my fiancée the other evening the problem of diminution of capital in relation to the ratio of industry and idleness. *Herald-Telegram*, you say?"

"Please, before you forget it, my change," said Alfred.

The news vendor handed him change from a dollar bill.

"I'm sorry," said Alfred, "but I gave you a five. I'm sure the mistake was unintentional."

"Oh." The news vendor went through his pockets, confused. "As I was saying, according to Smith the proportion between capital and labor seems everywhere to regulate the proportion between industry and idleness. Wherever capital predominates—"

"And a dollar is five. Thanks. Come, dear," he said, turning to Bessie. "We'll be late. I'd like to go more deeply with you into this matter of opulence, but time hardly permits. Good night, sir."

Bessie, delighted with Alfred's financial coup, thought it proper to protest just a little. "Some day that trick won't work and we'll find ourselves behind bars, with Luigi swearing because he has to put up our bail money."

"Think nothing of it, babe," said Alfred. "Well, let's see here. How about this new show at the Kit Marlowe Theatre, *Madman's Murder*? Alexander Nathan calls it 'A wholly original play about a likable monster driven to crime by a lack of self-control and the inefficient administration in Washington. Chillingly staged by Lolly Willowes. A must see!' That's us."

"But—" Bessie protested, "I thought maybe a nice musical—"

"There aren't any nice musicals any more," said Alfred. "Take my word for it."

"All right," said Bessie. "Let's go to *Madman's Murder* then."

They sat through three scenes. Alfred didn't mind so much, but Bessie had grown faint. "I'm not going back there," she said after Alfred had revived her with ice water in the lobby. "I didn't come here to see a one-man race riot."

"But it's art," Alfred protested. "It's a heartrending study of social injustice."

"I don't care. I want to be entertained, not driven mad. Let's go to a concert. There is nothing so uplifting as good music."

"Well, it's your night out, honey. Carnegie's only a stone's throw from here. Let's go."

They took a cab and told the driver to wait. "I fixed the taxi meter when he wasn't looking so it runs backwards," he whispered. "When we come out he'll owe us eight-forty, plus tip."

"Alfred, you're awful!"

The conductor was just about to begin the major work on the program. Dmitri Szostakowicz's Third Symphony. The program notes described it as a tonal representation of the joys of proletarian dictatorship. Alfred thought there was a part in it where the muted strings sounded exactly like Stalin saying nothing.

"*Shhhh!*" somebody said behind him when he mentioned this to Bessie.

"*Shhhh!* yourself," said Alfred.

"This symphony is over my head," Bessie whispered. "It's full of dialectical materialism. I'd even prefer Mozart's Eighty-Seventh."

"Bourgeois reactionaries!" exclaimed the party behind them.

Again they went out into the night.

"What's the trouble with everybody in the world?" Bessie sighed. "Have they all gone crazy?"

"We live in a dynamic age," Alfred explained. "Wars, revolutions, strikes, race riots, murders,

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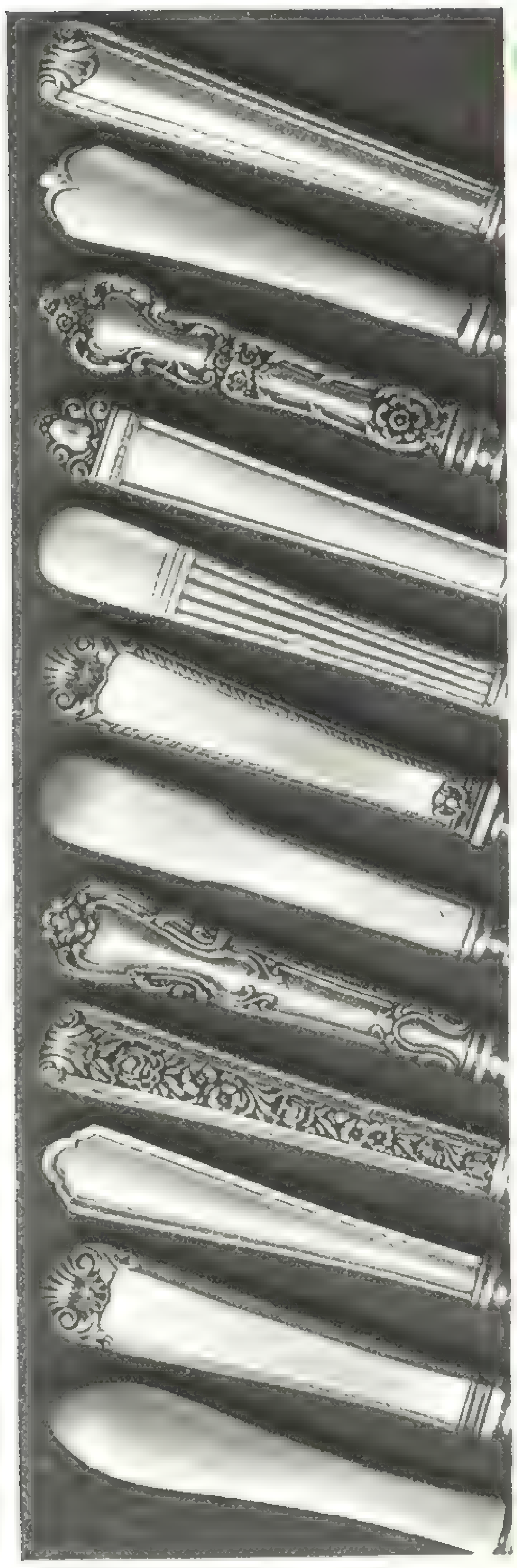

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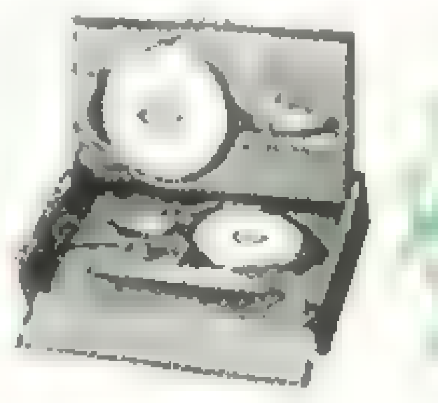

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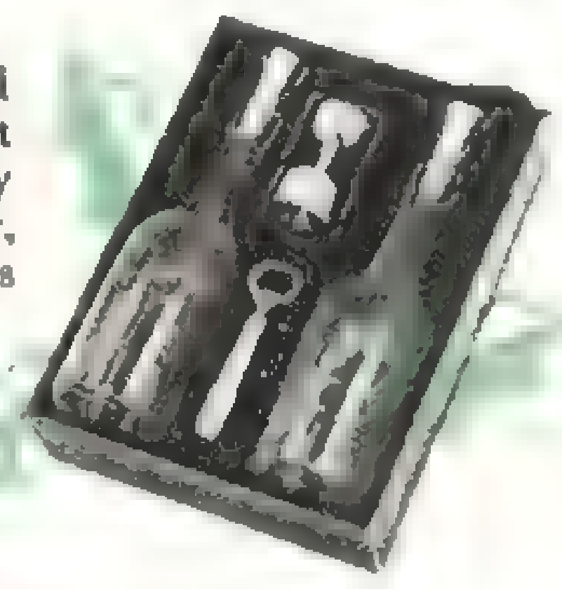

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Watson Sterling

mass violence—such things are bound to contain deep social implications. It's too complicated for a woman."

"All I wanted was a little romance, a little adventure—"

"Let's listen to this fellow on the soap box."

"And I repeat," shouted the man on the soap box, "aid to Britain means sending our boys over to Europe to be unnecessarily slaughtered.

"Listen to war mongers and it means regimentation, dictatorship, the end of democracy. It is the dirty international bankers, the soulless money-grabbing corporations who—"

Bessie and Alfred both at the same moment recognized an acquaintance in the crowd. It was Handsome, the clothing store dummy. "Why, Alfred. And Bessie! Bless me if you folks aren't sights for sore eyes!" The fashionably attired dummy, whose slick manners and smooth tongue had the effect of irritating Alfred somewhat, beamed happily down on Bessie. "You grow more beautiful every day, my dear."

"Thank you," said Bessie demurely.

"How's show business?" asked Handsome.

"Fine," Alfred lied. "The Vice-President and his whole retinue came to see the performance yesterday. Business was never better."

"I thought I read something about Wallace being out on the West Coast," said Handsome. "Well, that's beside the point. Why don't we step down into 23 and crowd ourselves around a bacon sandwich and a glass of Pilsner?"

"Much obliged," said Alfred. "But we're on our way someplace. Nice to have seen you again."

"Well, Lovely," said Handsome, addressing Bessie and winking his eye, "give us a buzz sometime and I'll take you around and show you the spots."

"That fellow has a special kind of genius for making you dislike him," murmured Alfred as they strolled out of the park.

"I think he's rather charming."

"It simply amazes me how consistently women adapt a superficial attitude toward everything with which they come in contact. I don't suppose you were the slightest bit interested in what that chap was saying about the convoy problem."

"I didn't hear Handsome say anything about the convoy problem."

Alfred shook his head. "Skip it."

"I want to go home," said Bessie.

"What?"

"I want to go home."

"Why? It's just the shank of the evening."

"I want to go home. It's all too confusing. I thought there was some place we could go and have a little fun, but— Well, all these social implications have got my head in a whirl. Everybody seems quite mad. The world isn't at all like it used to be."

"Suppose we take in the ice follies. They're just starting."

"I want to go home. The skaters will probably be doing a ballet representing a Panzer division mowing down some helpless civilians. Let's go home, Alfred."

Alfred laughed. He put his arm through Bessie's, and there was a certain tenderness in his gesture. I'm sorry, kid. I did really want you to have a good time. I, ah—"

"Yes?"

"I am fond of you, you know."

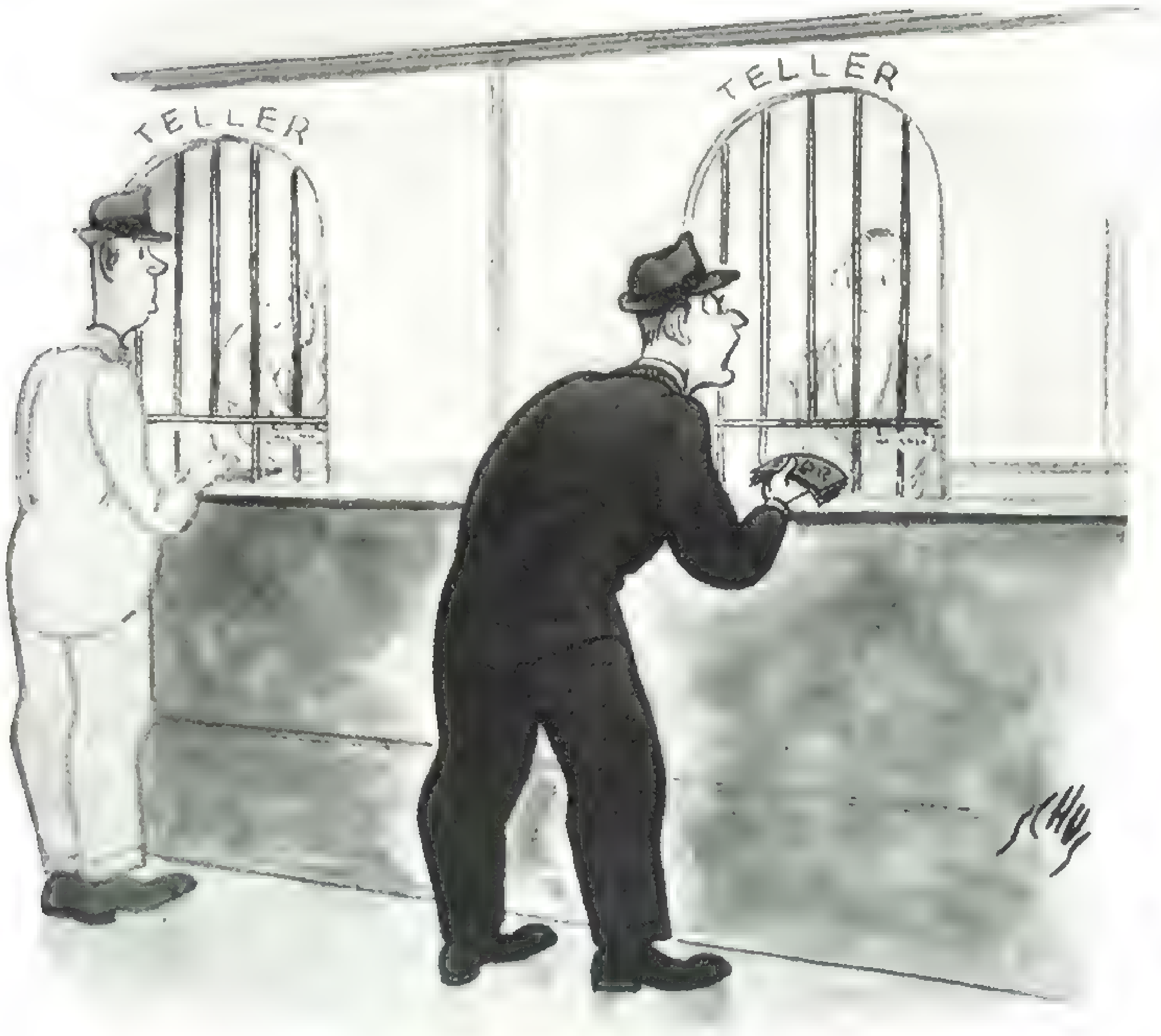
"Alfred."

He looked about him, then leaned over and gave her a hasty peck on the cheek with his lips.

"Alfred, that's the sweetest thing you've ever—"

"Aw, I guess I just got sentimental or something."

"I don't mind at all going home now, Alfred," she said. #



"I want it all in pennies—it's for alimony!"

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The Wily Ringneck Pheasant

Continued from page 116

eludes them and tricks them and lives to breed new flocks when spring comes round again! Did the wild turkey ever see the day when he could do as well?

One thing the pheasant seems to know above all else. Until he is seen he cannot be shot. Wherefore, he devotes a major share of his talents to remaining unseen. Hiding is his first line of defense, and he does not permit himself the luxury of being stampeded into flight every time a man or dog passes within gun range of him.

In the early days of the season—or at least in the early hours—the pheasant isn't especially hard to find. His wariness has been lulled by months of security. Between him and his human neighbors there has been a long period of truce.

He has all but forgotten, in the limitations of his avian brain, the alarms and escapes, the harrying, the terror, the need for sharp wits in that time of sudden death a year ago.

Last January men tramped through the marshes and willow swales where he was holding out against the deep snow and bitter winds, but no dogs came with them and they did no shooting. After they were gone there was grain scattered under the brush tangles, and he learned it was safe to feed while the men looked on from the hillside beyond the swamp. When he could no longer appease his hunger from the ice-coated heads of the burdocks he ventured boldly into the farmyard to scratch for odd grain on the sunny side of the strawstack, and no harm befell him.

In May he attended the ladies of his harem while they made ready to nest in the weedy fencerows and clover fields, and no one molested him. He boasted brazenly of these affairs, proclaiming each conquest with lusty crowing from fence corner or grassy ditchbank, and no harm came of it. He has forgotten, for the minute, his enemies. He has come to think of himself as lord of creation.

Now it's October, his lush season. His broods are grown. Ragweed and foxtail are ripe, scattered grain is abundant in the stubble fields. The cover is at its best. The tall weeds, the frosted goldenrod, the dry corn make it easy to hide.

For eleven months he has known peace and protection. He has no calendar to warn him that opening day is at hand. He has forgotten the lessons of last autumn. The gunning army, afield in the frosty dawn of that first day, finds him easy to locate, easy to flush and easy to kill. On more than one opening morning, over a good dog, I have killed my limit of two cock pheasants and been home for breakfast an hour after sunup, and the men hunting with me have done as well.

But by the second morning the story is different. The pheasant is quick to learn, else he could not survive. One day of shooting is enough to awaken his wits. One morning in which an endless barrage of gunfire rolls across the weedy fields revives all his wariness and craft. The hunters still in the field on the afternoon of opening day find far less easy shooting than they had just after sunrise. And as the season goes along the ringneck grows more canny by the hour.

Day by day the hunting gets tougher. By the second week end it's much tougher. At the end of two or three weeks of gunning it's hardly worthwhile to take the field so far as pheasant shooting is concerned.

There is still an adequate breeding stock of cock pheasants hiding out somewhere in the swales and weedy thickets. Otherwise next spring would see a ringneck crop failure. They're still there, but try to find 'em! The dimwits have all died off by the end of the first week. Those that are left know how to keep out of trouble.

If there's any rule for pheasant hunting after the first day it's to look for birds where you don't expect to find 'em.

You try the alfalfa fields. There is no better pheasant cover than October alfalfa, the last cutting of the year, thick and green from the autumn rains. But there are no birds in the alfalfa. You turn to the wheat stubble, overgrown now with a crop of short, heavy ragweed. It looks ideal and you found birds galore there the first day. But now you draw a blank. Try the hedgerows and weedy ditchbanks next. They too are empty of birds.

Off in one corner of a pastured woodlot you come onto a patch of thistles and grass no bigger than a living room rug. Not big enough to shelter a quail decently—but the dog dives in, and out of that teaspoonful of cover two cock pheasants thrash up with a clatter of wings. You walk past a tangle of low briars, as wide as your desk and twice as long, in an open fencerow beside a plowed field. You pass it and never even give it a glance as bird cover—but there's a sudden commotion behind you and a cock and two hens go rocketing out. You tramp across an open meadow behind the barn and there's a little weedy garden at the end of the field. You don't bother to turn that way. It's too close to the buildings. But the Springer disagrees, and vindicates himself when he sends a lone cock pheasant scurrying out of the weeds.

That's pheasant hunting in the latter days of the season. There is safer haven in those out-of-the-way, Tom Thumb pieces of cover than in the conventional bird hangouts and the pheasants know it. Hunters comb all the good places. There's a chance they'll overlook the vest-pocket briar patches. On that chance the ringneck stakes his hopes of living through the season.

If the weather turns bad, however, he changes his strategy. Let blue-hazed October days give way to cold rain or unseasonable snow and he moves pronto into big cover, willing to risk hunters in return for better shelter, for a decent place to hole up while the storm lasts. The big marshes and brushy swales, the sweet clover fields and ungrazed woodlots hold a strong appeal for him in bad weather. It's there you are likely to find him if you can find him at all on cold mornings of October rain.

Finding birds is the hunter's first problem, of course, but it's only half of pheasant hunting. Finding and seeing don't always go together where the ringneck is concerned. Even when he's driven out he won't expose himself if he can help it.

He is possessed of uncanny judgment as to the range at which pheasant anatomy is invulnerable to shotgun fire. He's reluctant to break cover short of that range, and a fair share of the time he contrives to have things his way.

The hunter who harbors any doubt as to the pheasant's ability to skulk and stay unseen has only to go out a few times without dogs. Plenty do, if it comes to that, all across the ringneck country each fall, but their kill stays light.

The pheasant can hide in cover incredibly open and short, considering his size. His long legs can carry him down a fencerow at a speed no hunter on foot can hope to match. But he has no false pride, no scruples against bending those same long legs under him and lying as flat to the ground as a flounder. Study the patchwork pattern of his plumage some time. His rainbow hues are all on the underside. Over his back, from forehead to the tip of his long streaming tail, is spread a mantle the color of dead grass and frosted ground foliage. Brown and dun his topside, to serve him perfectly in October covers when the need is dire.

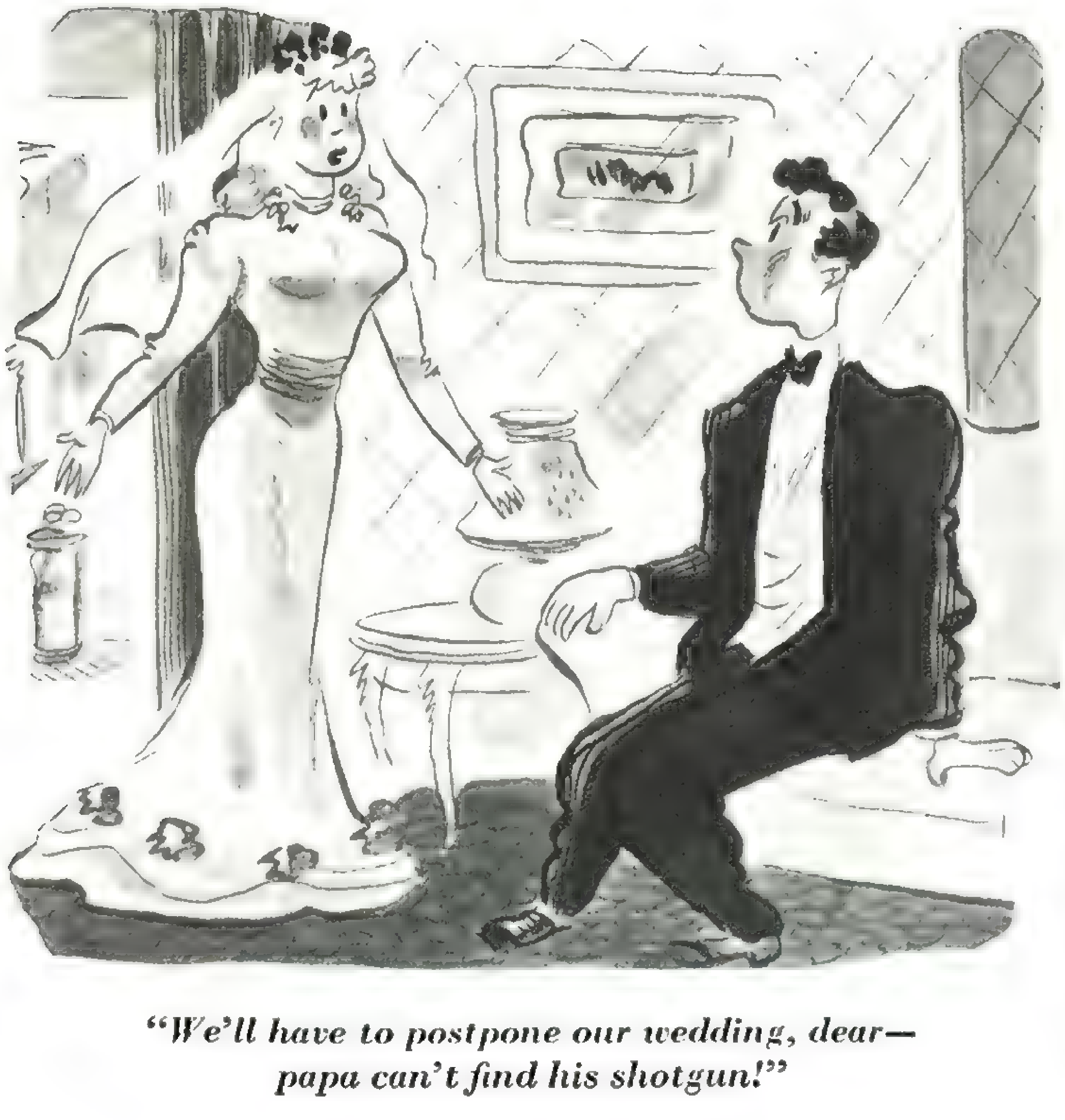
He can flatten in a patch of ragweed and stay unseen while you walk past so close that if he flushes his wing will brush your boot. He can sneak off across a field of fresh cut stubble half his own height, and your eyes are not sharp enough to catch a hint of color or motion as he goes. The road to safety lies close to the ground and he knows it.

Even in territory where ringnecks are plentiful it's next to impossible to find and flush them without dogs after the first few hours of gunning. A good dog will find birds if they are there, of course, but even a good dog can't always flush them within gun range.

Your springers make game in a weedy corner below an open orchard and you brace yourself for shooting. This time you're sure there'll be no shenanigans. Behind you lies an open field of winter wheat. Beyond the fence is the orchard, with a carpet of short sparse cover through which not even a pheasant can find an avenue of escape. To either side the fencerow tapers off into clean crop land. There is no place for the bird to run to. He's cornered and he'll have to take to his wings to get away.

But the dogs go through the fence and into the orchard, zigzagging on the track, working fast and sure, and suddenly you understand that under your very nose the pheasant has slipped off

Continued on page 218



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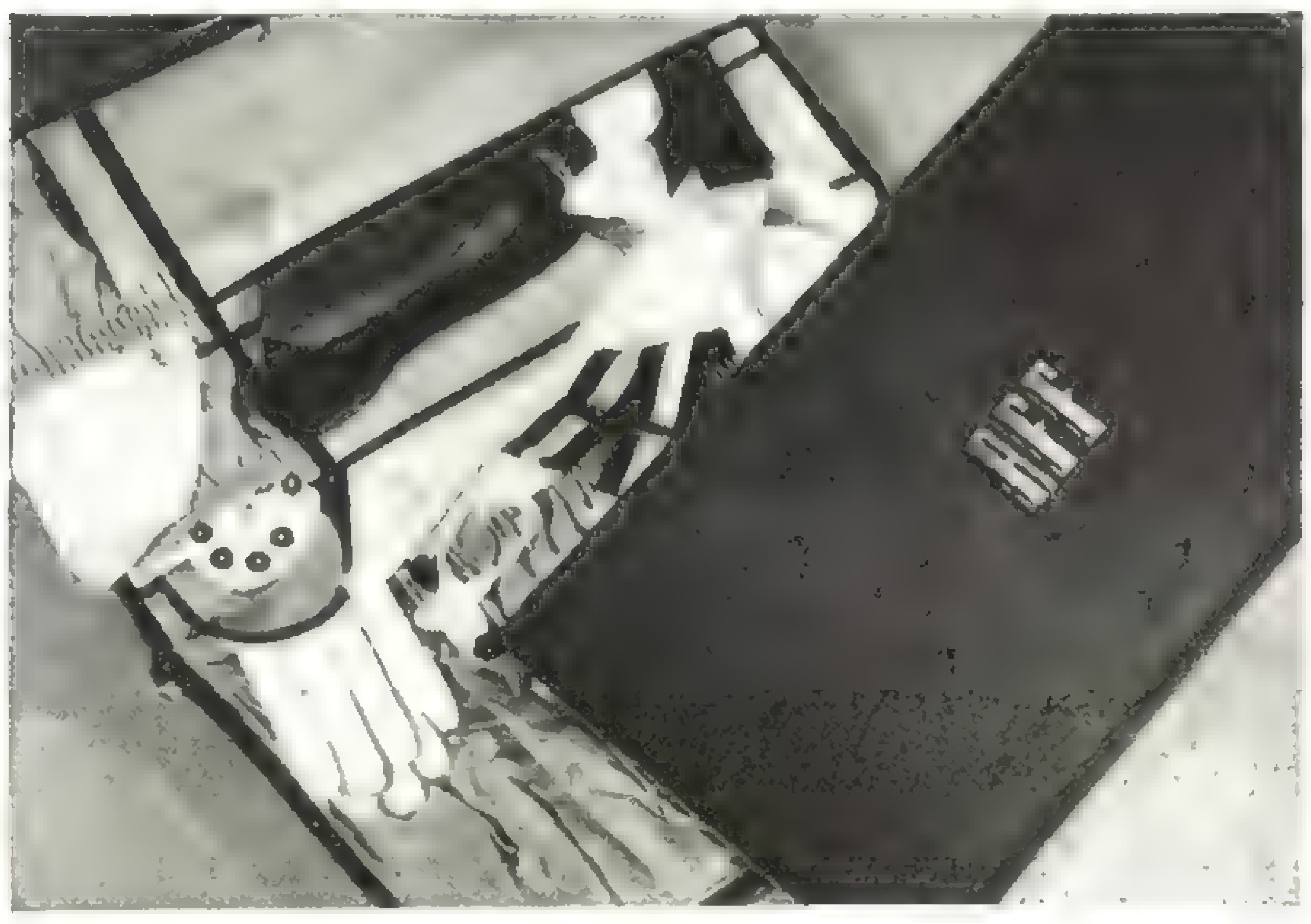

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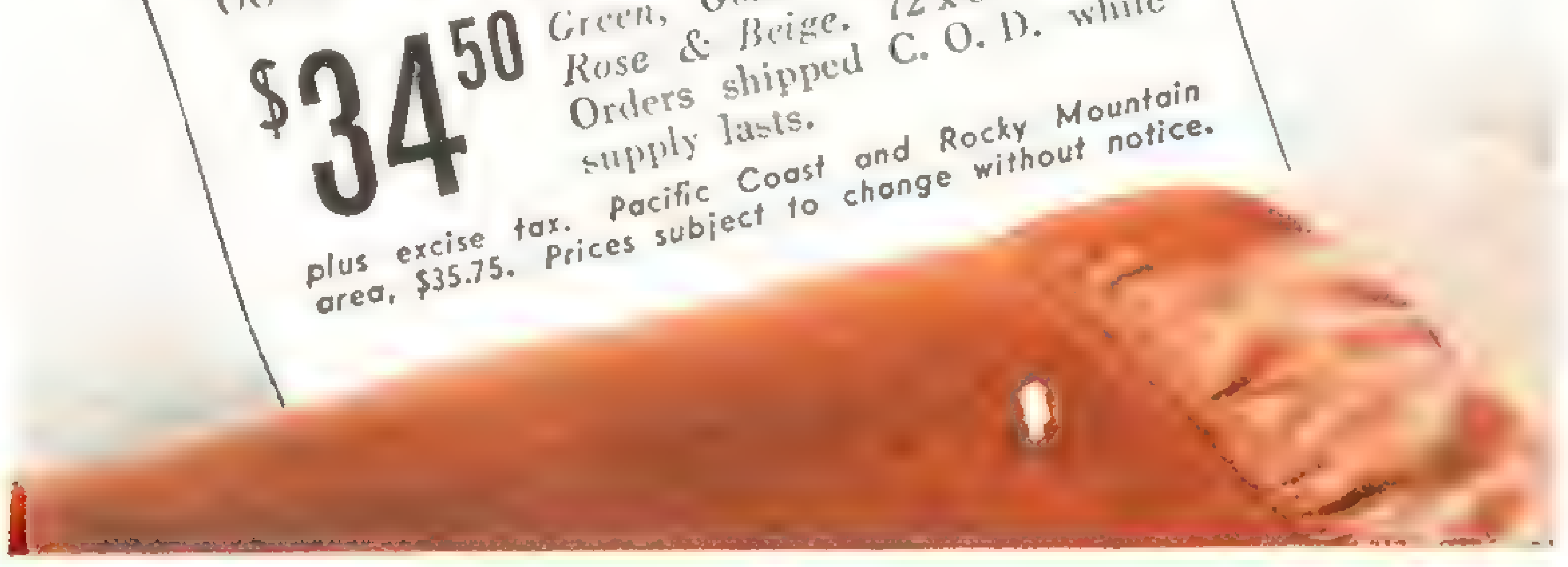

The Wily Ringneck Pheasant

Continued from pages 116-217

through that short cover and is heading for better going in the next field.

You scramble over the fence and follow the dogs. It's almost a sight chase, with bird tracks smoking in their noses. They turn and swing with the trail and you see how the bird took advantage of a strip of tall grass, a handful of goldenrod in an old plow furrow.

They're across the orchard and the pace is faster. The dogs are crowding him now and you're running to stay on their heels. They go through the orchard fence and into the weedy stubble beyond. They'll overtake him there. You go bounding into the stubble, and then the dogs swing abruptly back toward the orchard and a hundred yards away down the fencerow the bird hurtles out of the grass.

No other game bird has wits enough to trick the dogs in that fashion, to stay ahead of them on the ground until he has put a safe margin of distance between himself and the guns. The pheasant does it whenever he has the chance.

My own advice is never to put a good grouse or quail dog down on pheasants. No bird can make a dog forget so quickly all he has been taught of staunchness.

Every man is entitled to his own opinion, but for me the springer is the ideal ringneck dog. This spaniel matches the pheasant as the beagle hound matches the cottontail rabbit. He has the staying power, the willingness to face heavy cover, the bird sense and best of all, the right technique. For generations he's been trained in pheasant lore. He knows the ringneck follows no set rules and so he plays the game as he finds it. Let the bird run if he wants to. There's nothing the dog likes better than running on his heels. Sooner or later he'll close the gap and force the issue. If the pheasant prefers to take his medicine where he is the springer will give you just enough notice with a frantic wigwag of his tail, and then smash in and send the bird skyrocketing without any delay or foolishness.

For grouse or quail or chickens I want setters or pointers, as a matter of course. But for pheasants I'll take springers—and get more shooting over them in an hour if they're good dogs than the average owner of the high-falutin' breeds gets in a day! If you haven't shot ringnecks over springers you've missed some of the best teamwork between bird and dog that you will ever get to see.

Now and then, of course, a setter or pointer learns by half a lifetime of bitter experience how to handle pheasants. Duke did. Duke was old and wise on grouse, and what was more important, smart enough to know that the brainiest grouse would be a moron in pheasant company.

When he came in on a ringneck he nailed the bird fast and hard if he could. Fairly often he spiked 'em down where they were and made 'em like it. But when he encountered one as smart as he was, one that wouldn't lie to his best approach, he didn't waste any time pussy-footing along a yard at a time while the bird beat it into the next township. Not Duke!

When the bird broke Duke broke too, prompt and decisive, swinging off in a fast circle to right or left. Fifty feet, a hundred feet ahead—where his bird-wise setter brain told him he would make contact—he came in again, fast and sure. Eight times out of ten he met the pheasant head-on, both moving in high gear.

And eight times out of ten the bird surrendered. He was baffled, beaten at his own game and he seemed to know it. He'd left the dog behind, back there somewhere in the weeds. This was a new dog. The pheasant was hemmed in, front and rear. He'd flatten in the grass and brace his legs for the jump and accept the inevitable.

Duke would slam into a stand and wait for orders, and almost unfailingly he'd hold the bird until we came up. If we did our part he'd get the word to fetch and he'd be almost grinning in honest self-satisfaction when he come back.

Not many setters or pointers ever learn that trick. If you own one and live in pheasant country he's beyond price. But if you want a dog that's staunch on grouse or quail better keep him on the job he's cut out for, especially if he's young, and buy yourself a springer for your pheasant shooting.

Whatever your choice of breed, don't hunt ringnecks without a dog. They're too smart for a man single-handed. You'll get little shooting after the first morning of the season and your loss of cripples will break your heart.

Few men can put every pheasant down stone dead. The ringneck is a carrier of lead, as tough as he is canny, and no bird outranks him for guts. Dropped with a broken wing, he takes to his legs as if nothing had happened. Sent spinning to the ground with both legs shattered, he'll spring into the air again and make it across the fence into the next field.

No man can find his cripples without a dog in pheasant hunting. It's a waste of time to try. A wounded ringneck can hide in cover insufficient for a sparrow, and he'll stay there while you walk around him and over him and on him if he's hurt too bad for further flight. For that reason, if for no other, don't go dogless to the pheasant fields.

You're going up against the canniest, toughest game bird that flies on two wings. So go prepared. ⌗

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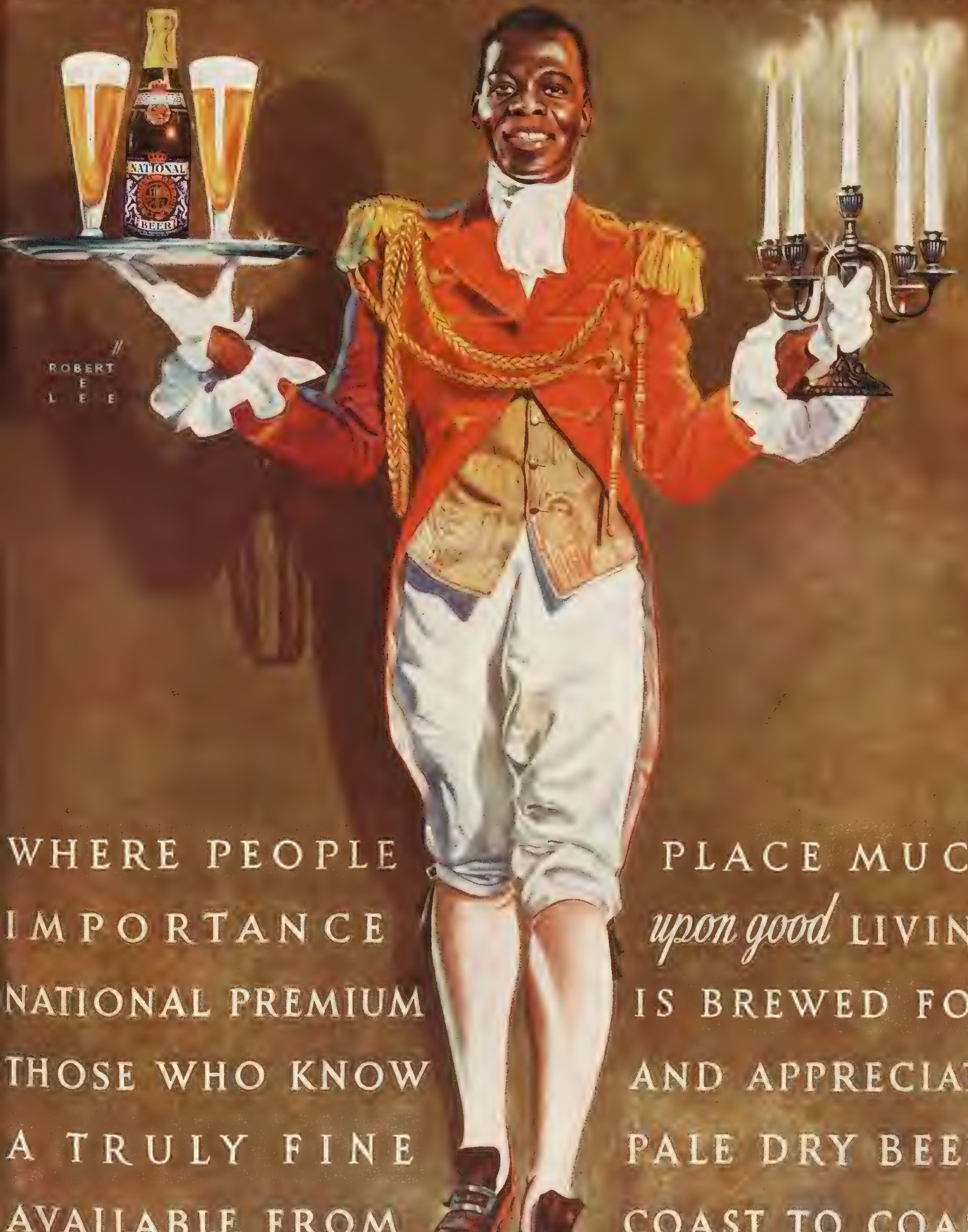

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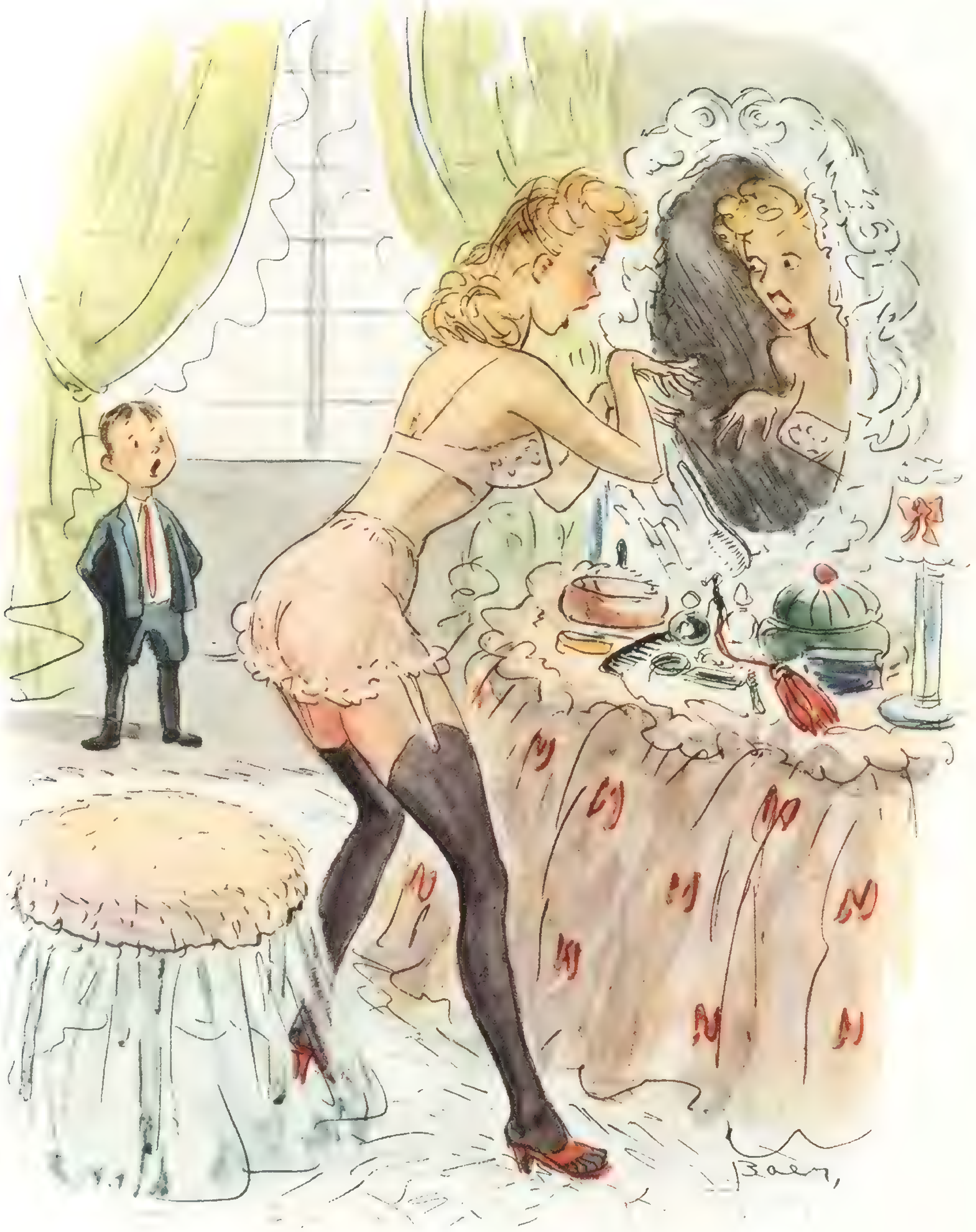

"Gee, Aunt Bessie, you certainly know how to wear clothes"

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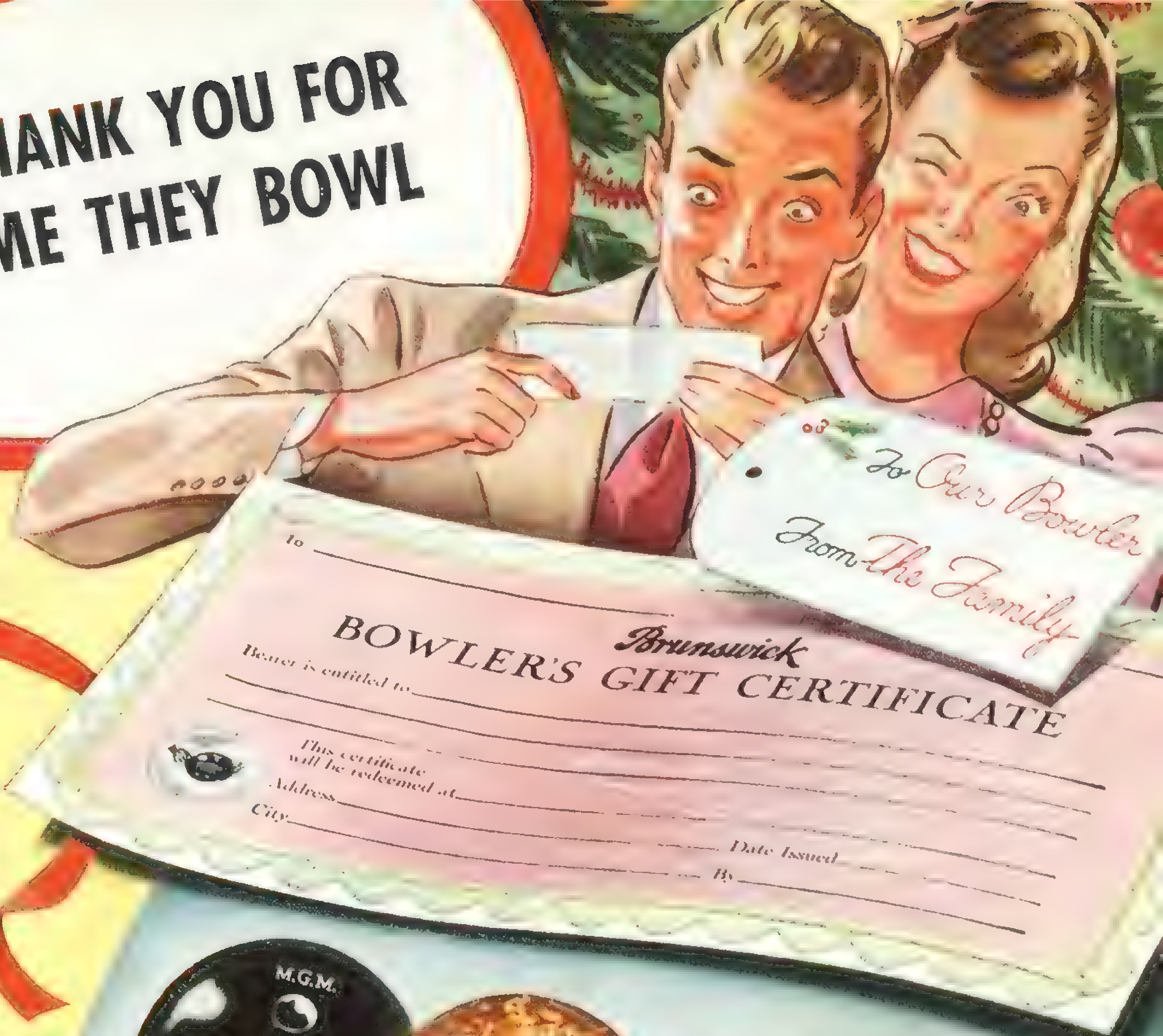

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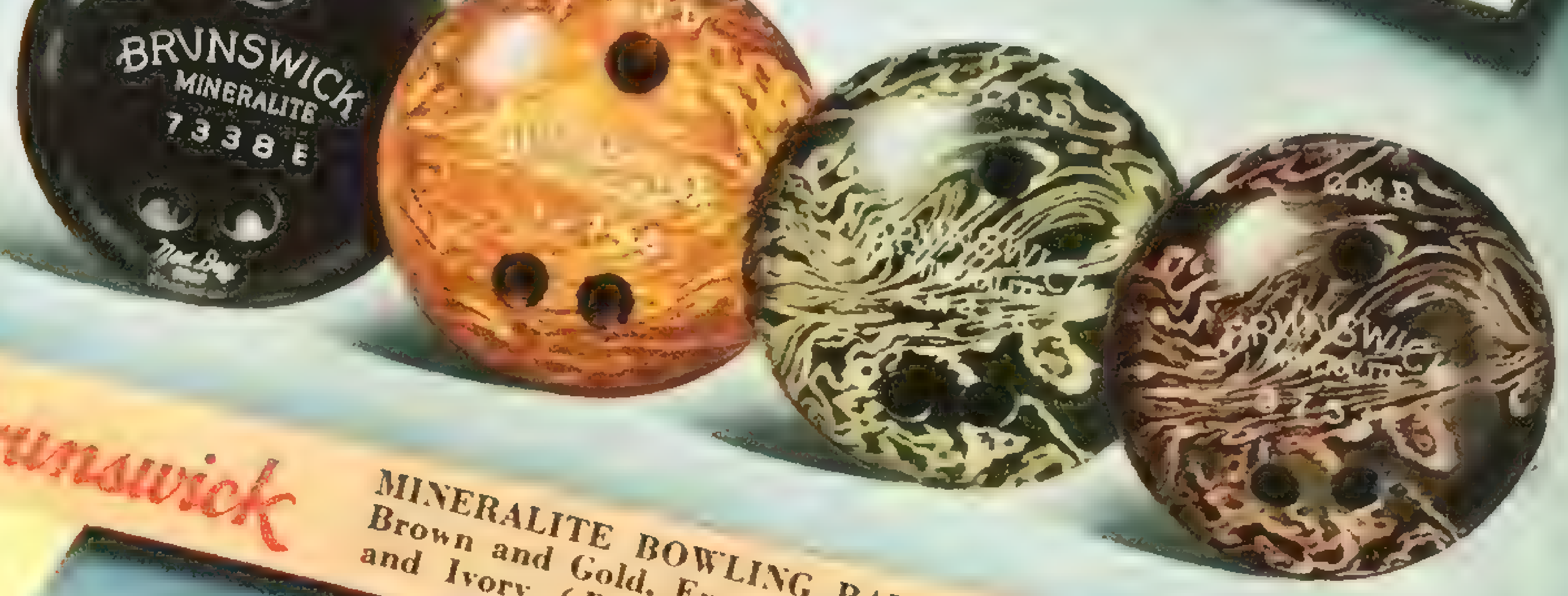

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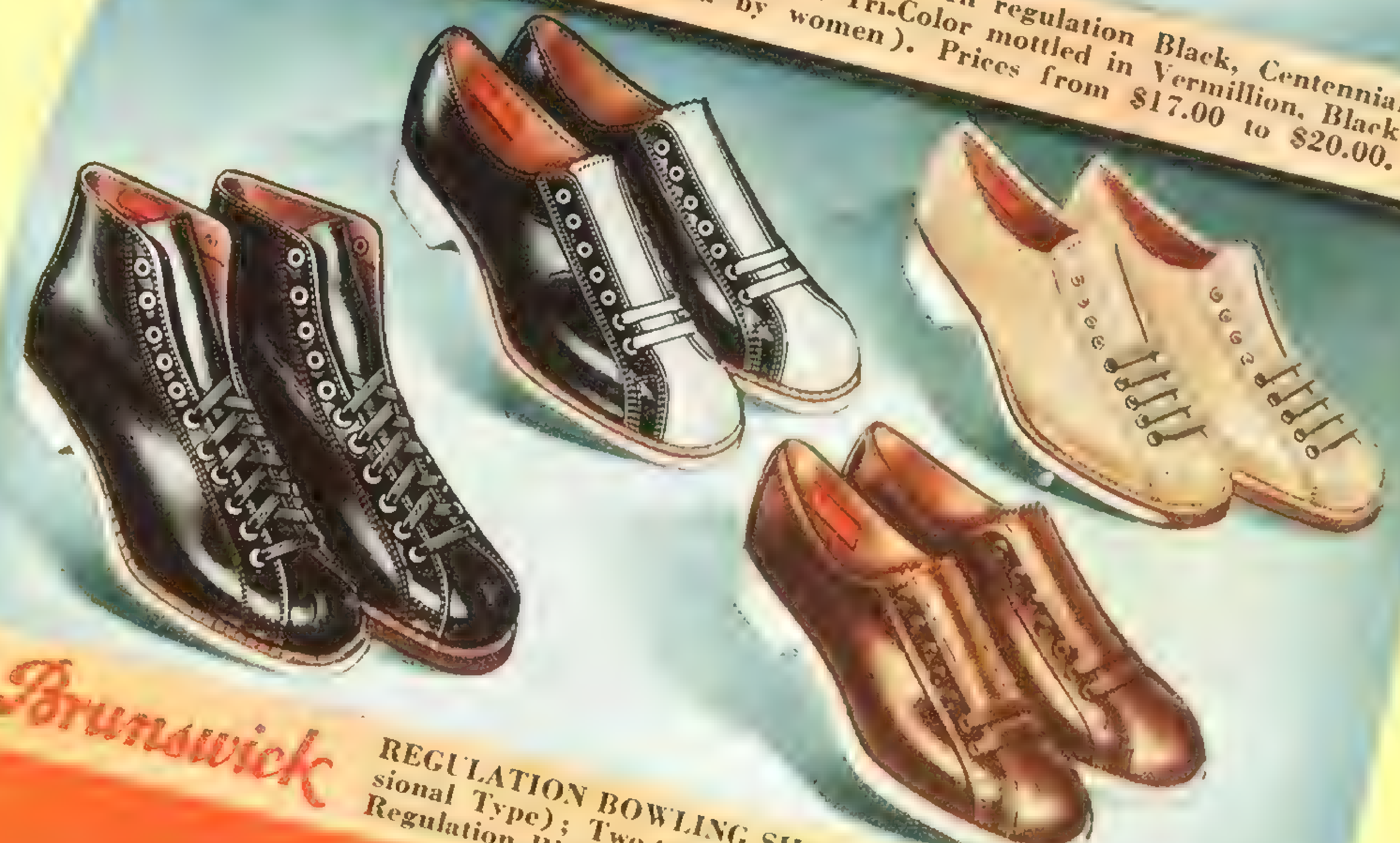

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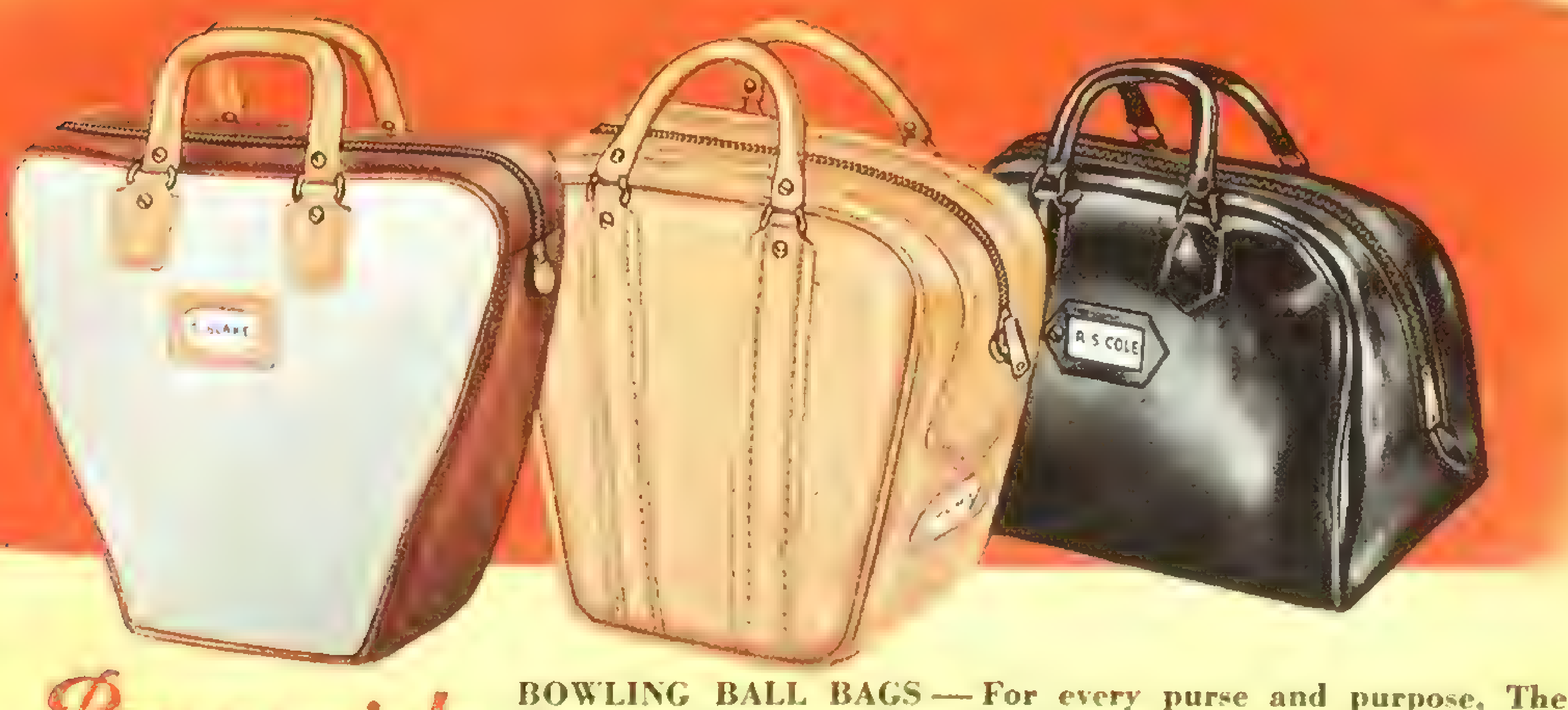

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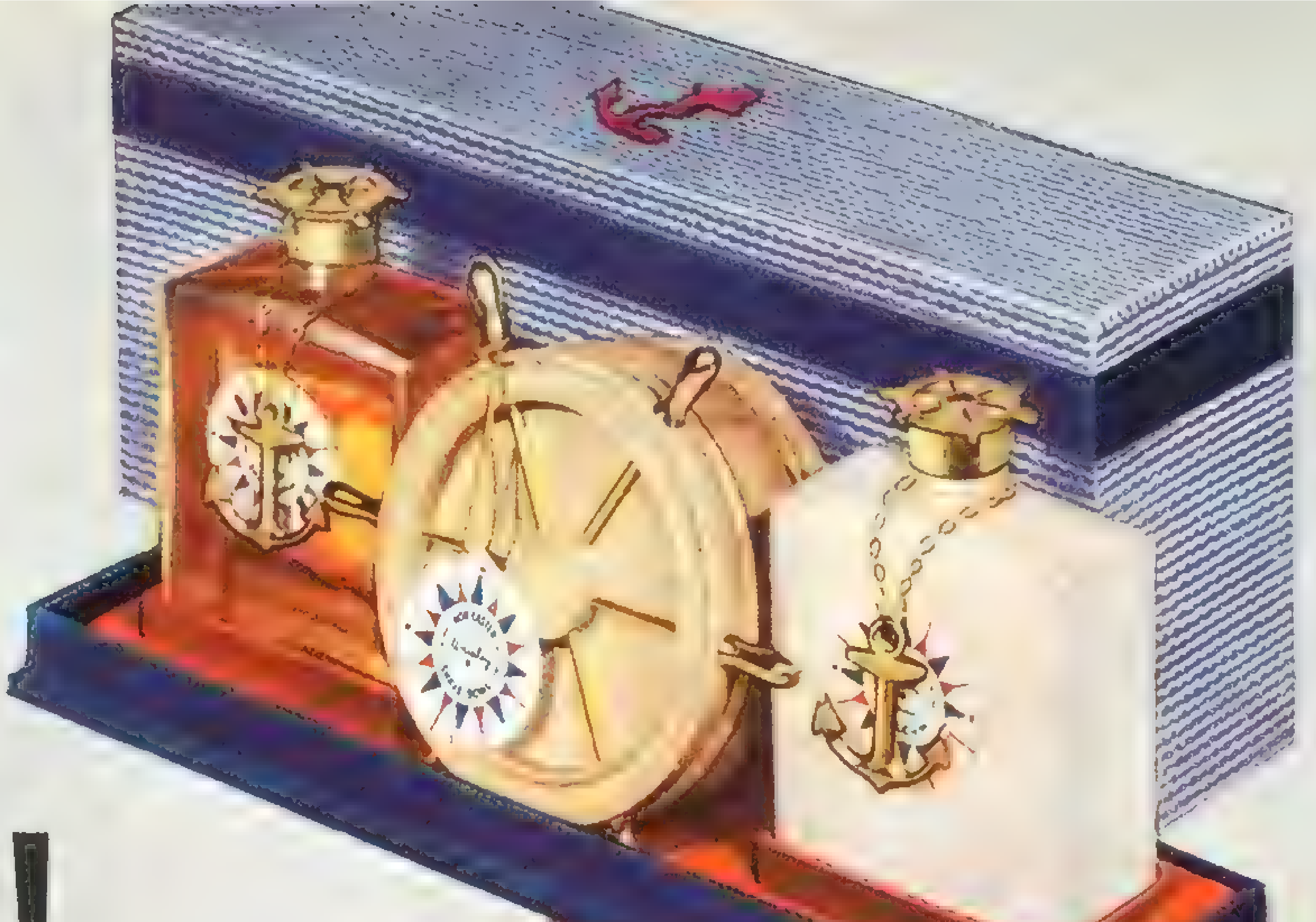

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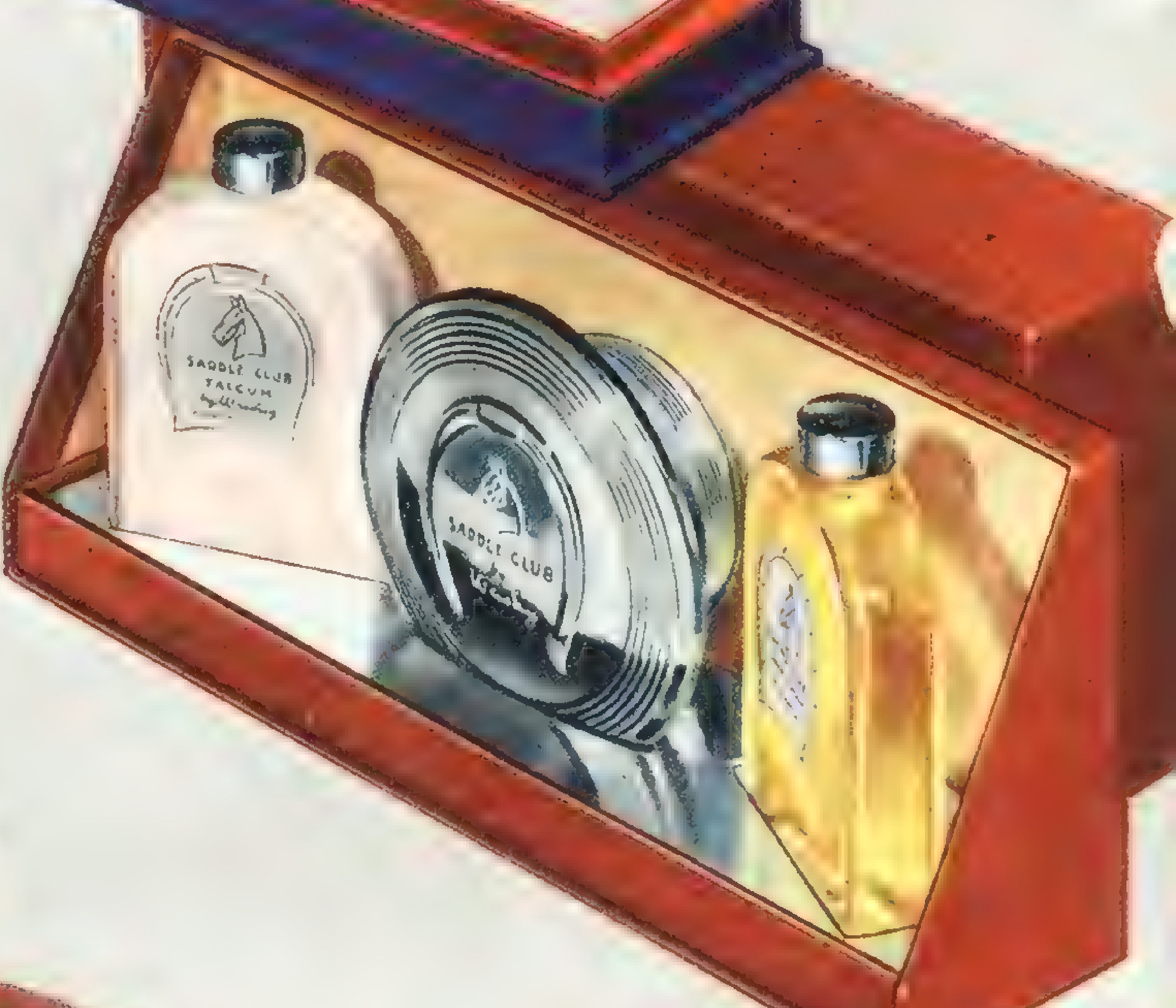

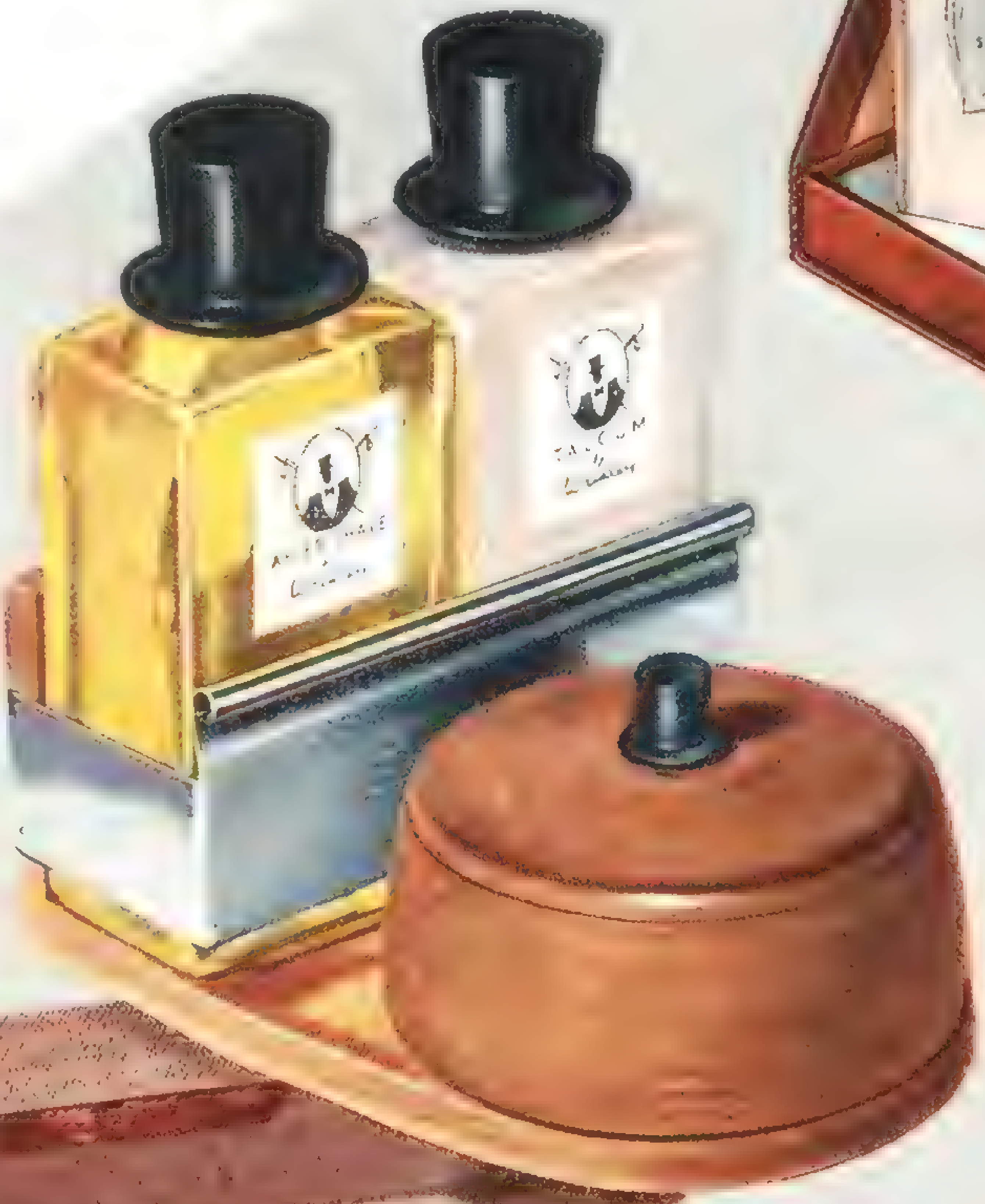

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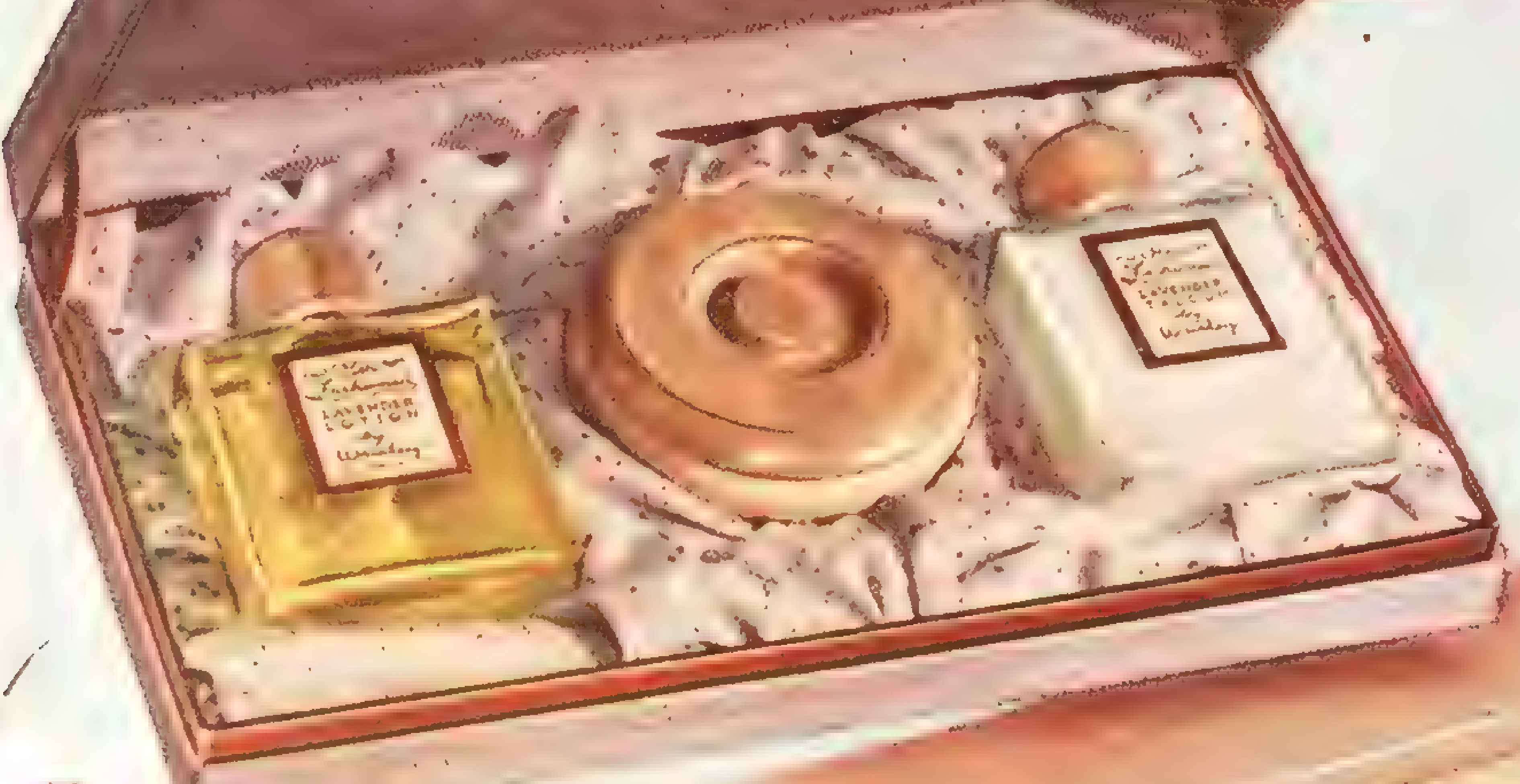

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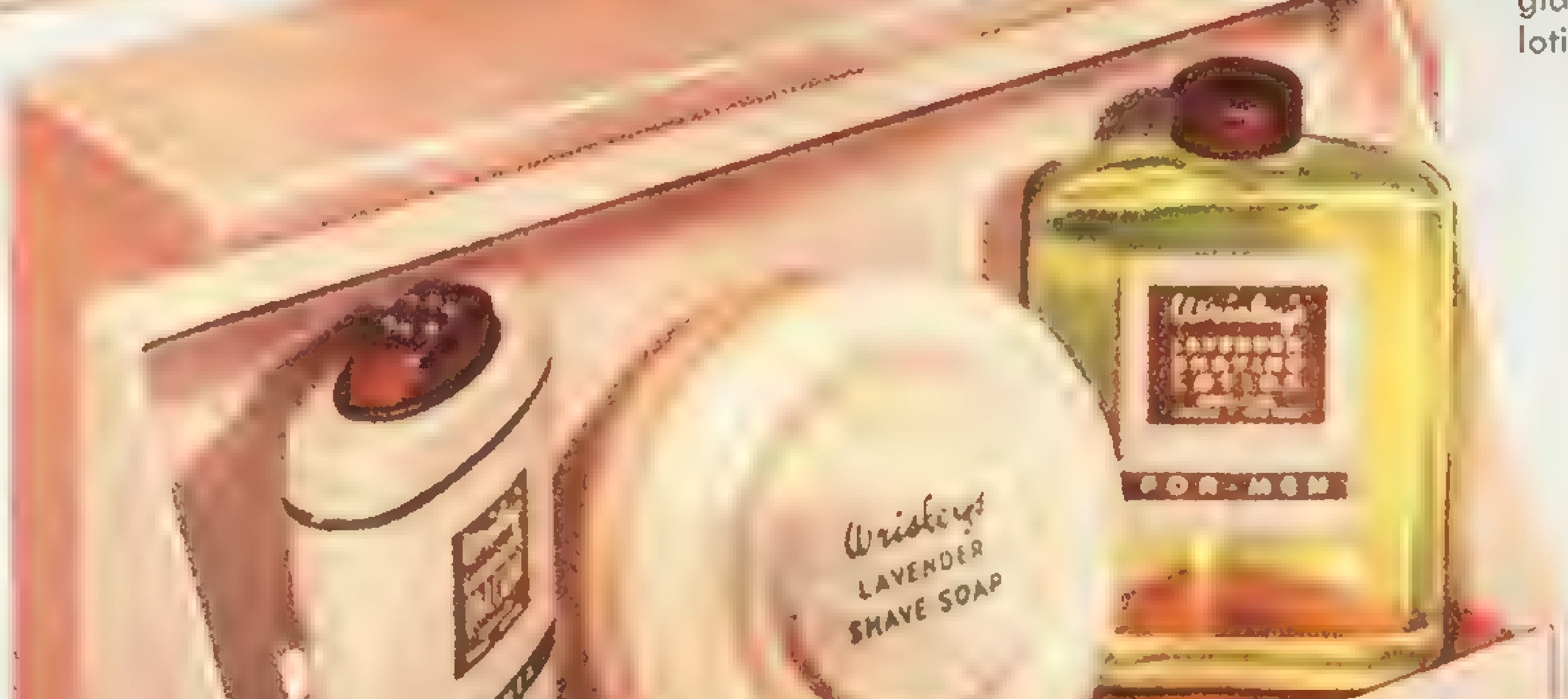

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Wrisley

ON CHRISTMAS COUNTERS EVERYW

Eddie and the Piano

Continued from page 86

and she took high-priced lessons. She was a pretty girl in a spoiled sort of way, hair always waved, mouth tempting with that touch of latent meanness. She never walked but she flounced. Just as a sideline, you might say, she played Eddie's piano for the girls' gym class, for the marching exercises.

Somebody must have told her about Eddie and us fellows. She went to the superintendent and told him, anyway. She objected to the keys being dirty. School discipline was preserved. Wagner got his orders.

The next day when Eddie came down, Wagner told him it was against the rules to play this worthless old piano, the only one Eddie could find to play.

For a few minutes, Eddie just looked at Wagner, like he couldn't understand, his eyes asking a hundred questions.

"It wasn't us, Eddie," Wagner said. "We like you down here. We like you to be playing."

"Yes, suh."

"But it's against the rules."

"Why?" Eddie asked.

"Well, Eddie, the piano is for gym classes, that's all. It shouldn't be played after school hours."

"I see. Sure, I understand, Mr. Wagner," Eddie said. He tried to smile, like it didn't matter, but he couldn't. All of us fellows were watching. We felt funny inside, like we had hurt a little dog or something. Eddie stared around at us and then he ran up the stairs. He stopped on the second step.

"Thank you, boys, thank you, Mr. Wagner," he yelled and his voice broke and we knew he was crying.

We felt bad for Eddie. We were damned sore about the whole thing. We even considered getting up a petition but Grace gave one of the fellows a date and he convinced us it wouldn't be the best thing. After a while, we became accustomed to not having Eddie around.

He quit school and went into the factory and he had three fingers cut off working in the wareroom five or six years later.

Grace Wilson still plays. She plays in church on Sundays. And she plays lousy as hell. She stinks. ###

We Never Noticed Carcassonne

Continued from page 85

Jimmy were endless. His wits were like Masefield wanted the wind to be.

He spoke French like a Frenchman, English like an Englishman, and German like a German. His own brothers had been in Germany in the army in the last war while Jimmy was there as a spy for the British.

One day in Monte Carlo a boy that talked soprano asked him to have a drink. Jimmy told him to go to hell; he didn't want to be seen talking to him, and the fellow leaned over and said: ". . . but I know a place where they don't know either of us; up an alley."

And Jimmy said: "That's where my friends go."

A young American who had left the navy after a submarine accident a few years before used to come and play chess.

The dollar had dropped and the cost of living had gone up till the poor lieutenant was going around in need of a haircut and a new pair of shoes, living on tinned salmon and sandwiches.

He sat in the corner of Monsieur Gay's Cave, looking like a blond beach-comber among those Monègasques, and played chess with anyone who wanted a game, and if you stood there and watched them, sort of concentrating your eyes on their two hands, the chess men and the board, and not looking at their faces, it gave you an impression of the incongruous.

The board and chessmen were cheap, worn smooth, and the hand on one side was slender and white and had an Annapolis, '22 ring on it, while the other was brown and scraggly like trees along the Var. The rough hand smelled of fish or horses or a taxi, and a chess board was all it had in common with the white one; it was their only means of conversation but they marched months away at it.

The young American had lost his hearing when the sub went down, so he did the talking, and when he found anyone to listen he took a paper out of his pocket, a picture of a Brixham trawler.

He was eating his heart out to go back to sea. Every month he was going to buy that boat next month and fit it up and live on it, and every time you went to the bistro you could see him in a corner showing someone how he was going to make a saloon out of the fish-hold, but every month he got thinner and a bit more seedy and further from his trawler.

One day the Annapolis midshipman cruise put in at Villefranche, just up the coast, and the Principality was full of boys in uniform. Everyone in the bistro thought of the "Jeune Americain" and what a fine time he would have talking to them, but no one seemed to know where he was.

After a couple of days he met some of the midshipmen and told them about Tom. We went up to his room to surprise him and when we got there we were sorry we had come.

He had the look of a man who had been through a siege, and "middies" were the last people on earth he wanted to see. The boat they were from was one he had been on, and their officers had been classmates of his. Now he wasn't one of them any more; he was "on the beach."

They dragged him aboard for a

Continued on page 224

You Travel First Class IN WEYENBERG Shoes
$5.50 to $8.50

Enjoy the smart streamlined luxury of Weyenberg Shoes . . . at no "extra fare." Their finer leathers assure longer wear and easier miles with every pair. See the Weyenberg Dealer near you.

WEYENBERG SHOE MFG. CO., Milwaukee, Wis.

Men's Quality Shoes for 40 years

Model 153 SHEFFIELD Genuine Mahogany Shell Cordovan

"Path of luxury" between Chicago and the Twin Cities—The HIAWATHA, of the Milwaukee Road.

Model 133 SHEFFIELD Imported Brown Heather Grain

First Class Comfort reigns in The SUPER CHIEF, gleaming streamliner of the Santa Fe System Lines.

Model 6854-1 ARISTOCRAT Brown, Antiqued

Smartness distinguishes the ROYAL BLUE, de luxe B&O streamliner between New York and Washington.

RIGHT... for style color and comfort

Be sure that your gloves are
. . . related to your clothes
. . . suited to the weather
. . . styled for the occasion

CHATWOOD *Hand-sewn Brogue stitching, custom thumb, square sides. Deerskin or Pigskin. Shown in the new saddle tan Deerskin.* $7.00

You *are* sure with HANSEN GLOVES . . . for business, sports, dress and driving. Rugged, imported leathers . . . the newest in comfort-styling . . . masculine details and new features add distinction to your attire. The gift for *him!* At men's wear and department stores.

PUNTER (below) *New swagger stitching, double sewn. Sturdy Capeskin with side and finger panels of Pigskin or Capeskin.* $4.00

THOROBRED (above) *Square side model of Pigskin or Deerskin, Brogue stitched, double sewn. Hand-sewn back. Pictured in cork Pigskin.* $6.00

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NEW YORK • MILWAUKEE • CHICAGO

You'll enjoy selecting Hansen Gloves this new way
Look for the new Hansen Glove Display Counter. Its modern daylight-lighting aids you in making your selection more easily and quickly, from a wide choice of styles and colors.

We Never Noticed Carcassonne

Continued from pages 85-223

meal and he saw where he used to sleep, and the place where he kept a pet duck once. He talked about Honolulu and the China coast with men he used to sail with, and two days later when the ships sailed away he watched till he couldn't see them any more. Then he came back to the bistro and gave Monsieur Gay a carton of Camels a "middy" named Osborne had given him, and Gay gave Tommy a drink.

Two Corsicans sat in a corner talking about the battle of Austerlitz as though it were yesterday, drawing Goldbrook and Pratzen on the back of a Havas news bulletin.

They knew all of Napoleon's campaigns by heart and could tell you what he should have done and why he didn't, and when they were blue they also cheered themselves up with: "Up to Grenoble I was an adventurer; after Grenoble I was Emperor." Things might be all right tomorrow.

Black Harry stood at the bar and said good-bye, in case he didn't get back again, because he was going away in a week, and everyone asked him to have a last drink for the road. Harry had been going away next week for the past ten years. It was just like the young American's trawler.

Outside our "Cave" the same round of gossip went on. An old countess with a failing for young men set one up in a bar but she wouldn't let him give us credit towards the end of the month, so on principle we stuck to Gay's when we had money.

One night he called for his hat, gloves, and stick and ran away with one of her friends, and we were delighted.

Alphonso, of Spain, walked in the Café de Paris and looked around for someone to talk to.

A pretty demi-mondaine sat alone near the door and the Englishman who was keeping her walked in without a bow or a sign of recognition as he passed, but Alphonso nodded to her and said: "Bon soir, Juliette! Toujours ici?" Then, as he pulled a chair out to sit down and have a coffee with her he said: "May I have the honor?"

He was a great man!

Pirelli, the Italian tire king, ordered to bring his capital back to Italy, threw big chips on the tables for a week before he got rid of the four million francs he was trying to throw away.

Lady M............, she who had once torn thousand-franc notes in two and sent half-notes to gigolos with a card saying the other half would be under her pillow at ten-thirty, led her five "pekes" through the gardens and told stories of the old days to whoever would listen.

Tommy, the American, couldn't afford cinemas so he sat in Monsieur Gay's and played chess or amused himself by making the old sea-dog angry. Neither of them had anyone else to talk to, and when they talked they fought about their respective navies. What made it worse was that Tommy was so deaf the old skipper couldn't fight back. Frustration drove him crazy.

French warships put in for a few days, officers drank with us and then quietly sailed away, but when the Italian fleet put in they turned on the ballyhoo, twined olive branches around their guns and invited all the peasants in the country-side to come aboard for a drink. They gave a ball at the casino, in all their gold braid and ribbons, and threw a fireworks display for the people back on the mountain.

Anyone with an eye to politics would say Mussolini was cocking an eye on the Côte d'Azur, but our bunch up at Gay's was too carefree to bother about it.

The influx of people who ate regularly sort of changed the lives of everyone in that bar; it wasn't only a hands-across-the-seas gesture, it spanned a number of other gulfs as well. Before we knew it men came out of the Casino and didn't want the carriage by the steps but looked around for the driver they had had a drink with the night before in Gay's.

All the insolvent foreigners who had been putting their drinks on Monsieur Gay's cuff showed up at a cocktail party one day, invited by a lady someone had brought to the bistro, and at her home they met a lot of new people who invited them to more parties, and the first thing they knew they were going some place for tea almost every day, and that served as breakfast. They rifled the card-tray as they left.

After tea they dropped in some place else for a cocktail and ate all the almonds; that was luncheon, and if they couldn't go anyplace else for dinner they could always go back to Monsieur Gay's, dropping a handful of titled cards in an American widow's mail box as they passed. She said these foreigners were always chasing her.

There were newspapers to read in Gay's place, and every time they said anything about a new war or a revolution, a young shopkeeper's son who belonged to "L'Action Française," the French Royalist party, with me, and I, would write a letter to one side, and sometimes both, on Monsieur Gay's stationery to see if we could get into it. Then we tried to talk Nino, the gigolo, into going along while waiting for an answer.

One day we read where Ibn Saud had swooped down on Yemen, and for some reason the name appealed to me. Ibn Saud had landed at Hodeidah and was preparing to march on Sana, where the Imam Yaya, the toothless, the holy one, was sitting in an empty throne room underneath a scimitar and I wrote and asked if he had a place in his service for the

Continued on page 226

Give Him

THE RAZOR HE WOULD LIKE TO GIVE HIMSELF

The New STAHLY STROKE SAVER

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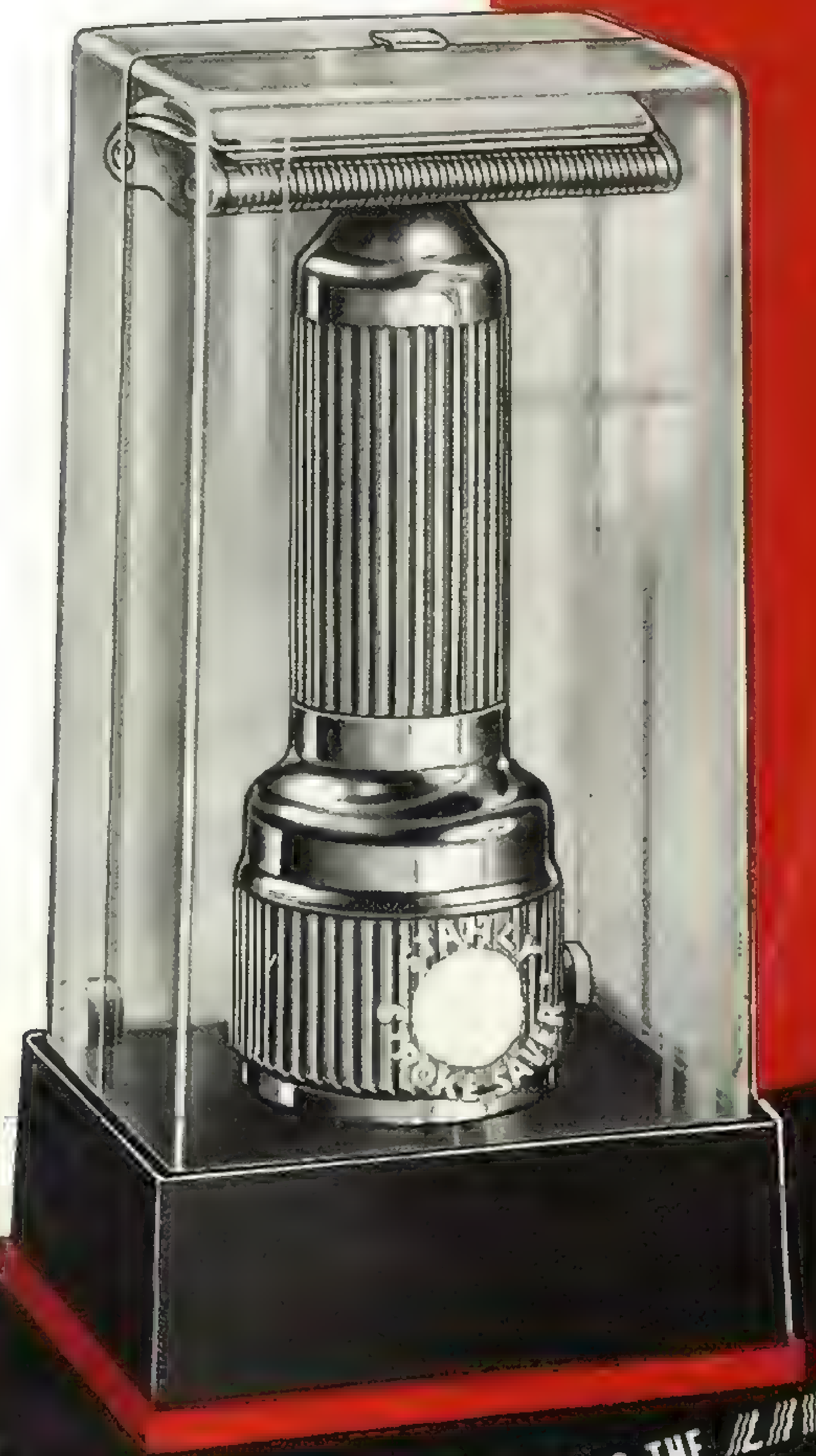

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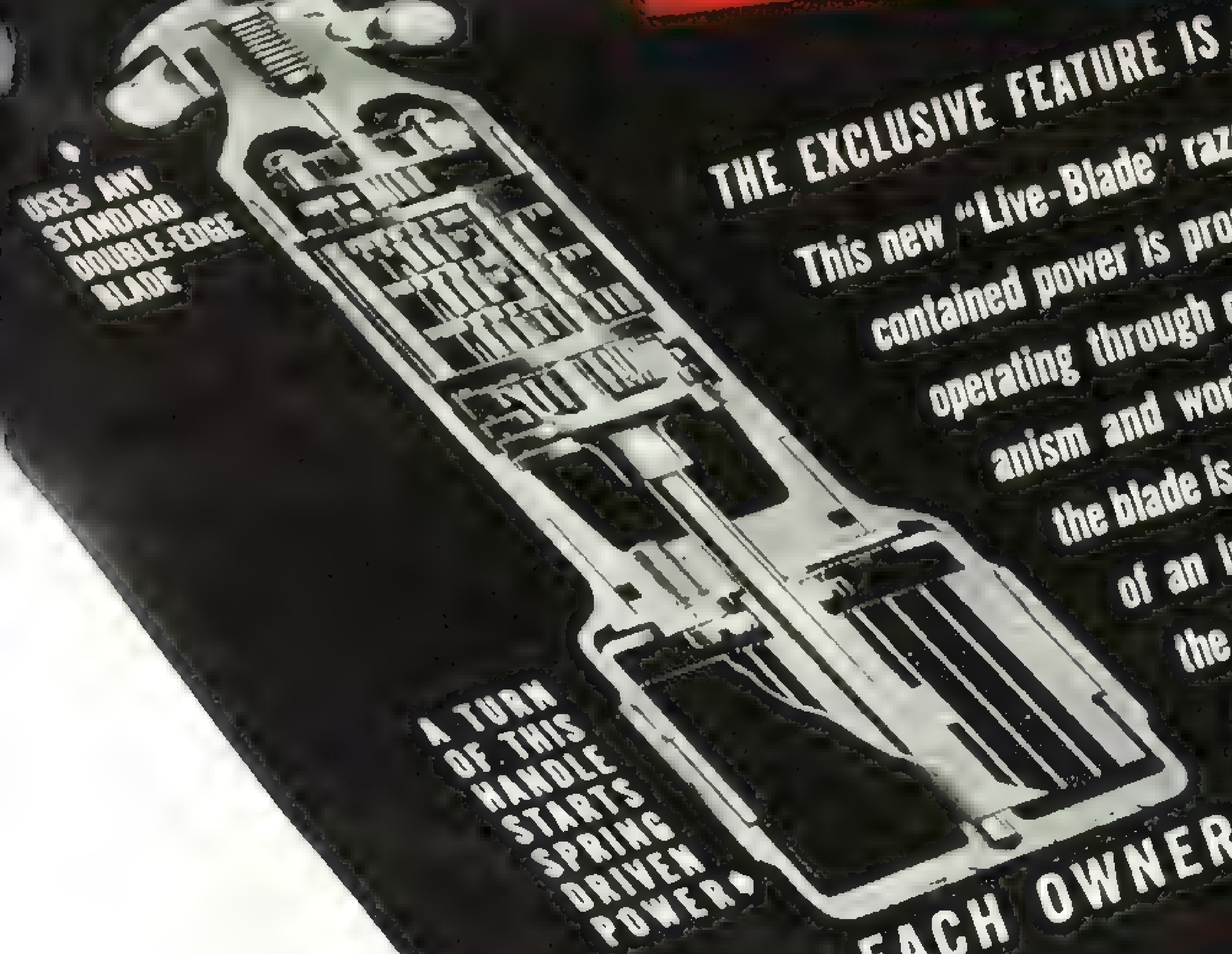
Weight 6 ounces . . . . comes encased in handsome crystal clear modern plastic box


USES ANY STANDARD DOUBLE-EDGE BLADE
A TURN OF THIS HANDLE STARTS SPRING DRIVEN POWER

THE EXCLUSIVE FEATURE IS THE LIVE-BLADE

This new "Live-Blade" razor is a precision-built instrument. Its self-contained power is produced by a governor-controlled driving spring operating through cut steel gears in the handle. Watchmaker mechanism and workmanship throughout. A few turns of the handle and the blade is caused to move back-and-forth on a floating carriage 8/1000 of an inch. An even flow of 3000 gentle side strokes per minute is the result — clean cutting each whisker at the skin line. Its mechanism is factory sealed . . . water tight . . . in a reservoir of oil.

EACH OWNER WILL RECEIVE A REGISTERED WARRANTY

REMEMBER YOUR MAN IN THE SERVICE — HE WILL ENJOY THIS NEW SHAVE

A real surprise for the "hard-to-give-to" man who has everything . . . or the fellow who has tried "every kind" of razor. The new Stahly is radically *different.* He'll thrill to the massage-like action of the "LIVE-BLADE" oscillating stroke . . . enjoy unusual comfort after shaving . . . find his skin improving with its daily use. This new, *scientific* shave truly refreshes. Completely automatic, the new Stahly "LIVE-BLADE" is powered by a self-contained, precision-built mechanism that operates anywhere . . . airplane, hotel, pullman, office or camp . . . it's always ready and trouble free.

NO ELECTRIC MOTOR • NO WIRES • NO BATTERIES

Nothing to adjust, lubricate, or renew (except the blade, which lasts far longer than in "dead-blade" razors; "live" action prolongs blade life). No more scraping or pulling . . . The STAHLY "LIVE-BLADE" SHAVE is *velvety*-smooth. Faster, cleaner, easier . . . more pleasant in every way . . . thanks to the development contributions of more than a thousand men. The Stahly Stroke Saver is a *perfected* shaving machine!

SHAVING WITH THIS RAZOR IS A DAILY PLEASURE

This deluxe razor is now available to a limited number of men. Limited because extensive production . . . and wide retail distribution . . . are impossible now, due to material shortages. BUT YOU CAN ORDER DIRECT . . . if you do it NOW! Christmas distribution will be made directly from our laboratories . . . and from a few leading Pacific coast stores. Mail orders will be filled in rotation as received for a limited number of deluxe models now available so don't put it off. Please send check or money-order. The price . . . $17.50 delivered, in crystal case, handsomely packaged.

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We Never Noticed Carcassonne

Continued from pages 85-223-224

first-born son of the God of Luck.

As I went down through the gardens to mail the letter, thinking of troops and market places and bazaars and coffee houses at night when a victorious army is smashing things and singing, words went across my mind in an endless chain like the electric news bulletin across the side of a building in Montparnasse, starting on one side and falling off the other and never stopping.

"Gloire Militaire," and a bronze statue of Marshal Ney, at the foot of Boulevard de l'Observatoire, in Paris, swinging a sword and calling over his shoulder to shadows somewhere behind to follow, Napoleon's statue looking down on the cour d'honneur and saying: "I am the little Corsican boy who opened shop with nothing and came to deal in empires."

Up ahead, in the gardens an old man with a miserable face sat wrapped in blankets, waiting for McDermott, his secretary, to help him into a black Rolls Royce with Z.Z. on the door. It was old Zaharoff, but I didn't stop to look at him, I was off to mail a letter that might get us on to the train that goes where la gloire is . . . aventure militaire, not money.

Nino was the only likeable gigolo on the Riviera, from a man's point of view. His sister was a famous singer, and sometimes Monsieur Gay would loan him ten francs to get his stiff shirts out of the laundry.

He was just lazy; a conscientious objector against work, with a feeling that dancing was next to blacksmithing, and women were pains in the neck. None of that getting them drunk and drawing up a will or a marriage contract for him; all he wanted was enough room rent and meals, with something left over to buy his share of drinks in the daytime.

If some widow asked him what he would have to drink, he usually said a steak, and if he made enough early in the evening, he knocked off work and went out to spend it. Dancing was like pushing a plow to him.

Understanding misunderstood women for a living is the hardest job on earth. It had taught him to say "yes" in ten languages, but that was about all it had given him, and I remember the night the *Petit Nicois* came out with a small item down in the corner about a skirmish at a well someplace in Abyssinia; the Frenchman and I were sitting at the bar of Jacques Ferrero's Perroquet in Beausoleil, hoping to God there would be a war; Nino said it couldn't be worse than Monte Carlo.

Prudence Van Tyne-Whitfield and her fiancé, a young Italian Marquis, who couldn't marry her because she was American, sat next to us and didn't say anything.

The Frenchman and I got up and went to charge another drink at Monsieur Gay's while we wrote a letter.

Gay loaned us a stamp to mail it to the Ethiopian Legation in Paris. "To be a soldier is a noble thing," he said.

His most prized possession was a suitcase some colonel, who had committed suicide after a bad night in the casino, left in lieu of three thousand francs Monsieur Gay had loaned him. Telling us about it he held his palms up: "Le pauvre homme didn't have money so he paid with his life; and he left me his suitcase. Oh! that man was a soldier!"

But he didn't have any use for writers. Frank Harris and Michael Arlen were nobodies, and Blasco Ibanez had ruined Mentone as far as he was concerned. Phillips Oppenheim was a blight on the Riviera; they were people who stole the things others did and put them on paper and got paid for it.

"Writers never do anything themselves; they are leeches," he said.

The coachmen and waiters and valets-de-chambre that frequented Cave Flora had a story on everyone because they worked in hotels that the paths of people with stories all lead to sooner or later. They knew why Nancy Miller and her Maharajah didn't speak to Lord and Lady Reading when they passed on the terrace.

Indore was just another homeless wanderer, going from one glittering resort to another and frantically putting coins in slot machines in the Hotel de Paris.

Someone said he would make a good story but Monsieur Gay said: "Bah!"

When Her Serene Highness, the Princesse Hereditaire went up before the little parliament on the rocher and asked for a divorce and permission to renounce her prerogatives as Princesse de Monaco and Duchesse de Valentinois to marry a man she loved, the bistro was full of gossip.

She said she had recognized her obligations to her dynasty and country by marrying a man she had no love for, and such debt as she owed her dynasty she had repaid by giving two heirs to the old throne of Grimaldi; now she asked to be freed from that obligation and allowed to marry a commoner and live in a villa just over the frontier, but they refused her.

Stormy scenes followed. Some sided with the princess and some

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B1. "Chanute" Belt, with ribbed center in Crystal clear, Sun-Tan or Gray—clear transparent edges, solid Sterling Silver Rolls buckle . . . . $2.
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against her. They take their politics seriously, and listening to them you would think an Empire was at stake instead of a little space of sea-front where an old order still lingered, a little niche of Europe that wanted peace and quiet and a Prince to shout to.

There was a lot of courage and pathos in Princesse Charlotte's story, but we didn't see poetry in it then.

A debate raged on the rocher over the naturalization of boats, and a Monègasque patriot leaped to his feet with a speech on Monègasque waters for Monègasque ships.

He brought the house down, and listeners imagined great liners and yachts trying to escape taxation were at stake, but no. He was referring to row-boats that fish along the coast.

These were momentous matters to them. Not stories men with weak chins cook up in an armchair.

There was a red-haired woman in a villa at the top of Boulevard de l'Observatoire. She wasn't young and she wasn't beautiful, but there was something fine about that woman.

No one ever referred to her as Madame A——. Everyone called her "la maitresse du Prince"; sort of like a title, and petty people who would have snubbed her in New York and London, soaked up her kindness like blotters.

Her house was always open for a spot of tea or a cocktail and you might meet anyone from the King of Sweden to Sid Chaplin there. The exiled Prince Andrew of Greece and the Laird of Castle Cary used to come.

I went up for a last cocktail and a "good-bye" before I went away.

Harney Read, the nice old American with a soft voice and grey hair, was looking out over the Mediterranean.

Off in the direction of Corsica, just visible on the horizon, was a sail, and Harney stood looking at it with a cocktail half-way to his lips.

He said: "That poor little boat. It's been hovering out there all day, trying to get away from here, and I love them for it."

Agnes Chilton invited me over to Cannes for a last fling at the Casino. Maurice Burke leaned over and said: "There is Madame D........ You know she used to be the world's best-dressed woman. Remarkably beautiful for one that's been bed-ridden for fifteen years. N'est ce pas?" But it didn't seem amusing then. It was the first part of September, 1935.

The Prince of Wales sat at a table, fumbling nervously with a faded blue polka-dot scarf around his neck and talking to an American woman named Mrs. Simpson.

The Prince had on a wrinkled pair of beach trousers and an old sweater, and Georges Carpentier, the prize-fighter, looking like a Prince, strolled by in evening clothes, nodded to him as he passed.

Winston Churchill, chewing on a black cigar, sat at a baccarat table, and didn't greet the Prince.

It seems there is a ruling that members of the Royal Family, travelling abroad are considered incognito, and are not to be greeted unless they nod first.

A Spanish Marquise, one of the richest women in Spain, went by with a gigolo and the wild look of cocaine in her eyes.

If you had looked for tragedy or the mark of greatness on any of them you would probably have picked Carpentier.

I met Charlie Perrin, out for a walk with the countess' dog, the morning I went away, and he took my Toledo blades over and borrowed a hundred francs from the countess for me. Pawning swords for money to go to war on seems paradoxical, and leaving France when one didn't have to seems foolish now, but youth does not think of things like that.

Somehow I never got to send

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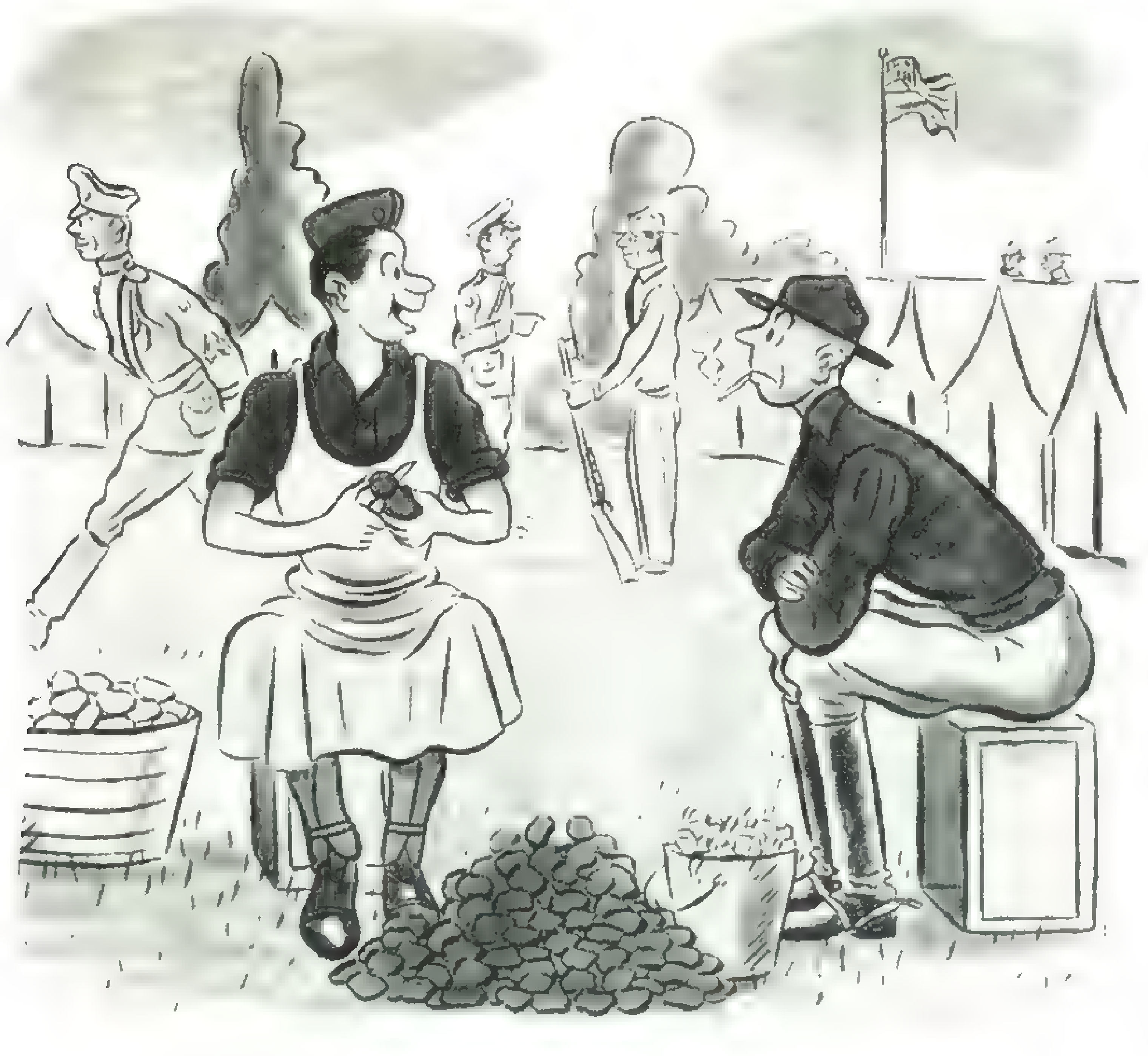

"Frankly, I got in the army to avoid marriage!"

Hint for harassed hosts

Don Q Rum is so versatile . . . it's almost a complete bar in itself. There's a host of delicious tall drinks and cocktails that can be produced quickly. The superb smoothness and rich aromatic flavour of Don Q will add a touch your guests will enjoy. For cocktails, use *White* Label . . . for tall drinks, *Gold* Label.

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For Him
Scotty Kote
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Watch him grin as he snuggles into his new Scotty. Just what he wants. Through months of active wear he'll bless the giver for its complete comfort—protection without weight or bulk.

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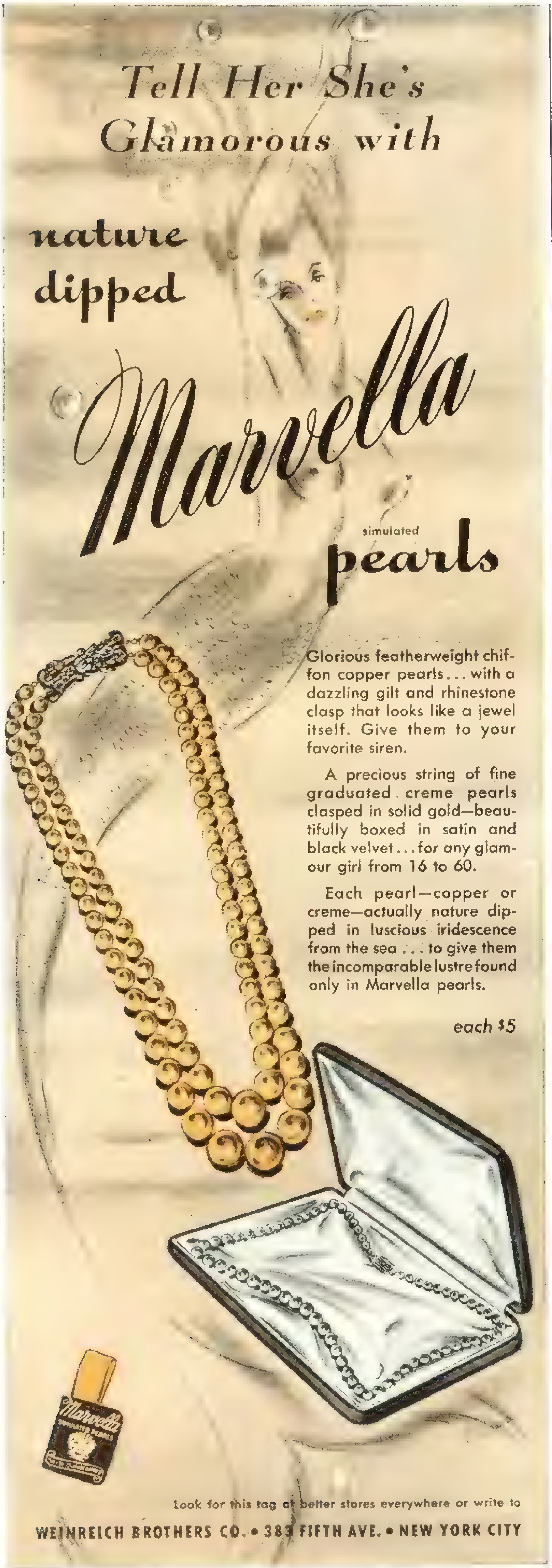

Glorious featherweight chiffon copper pearls . . . with a dazzling gilt and rhinestone clasp that looks like a jewel itself. Give them to your favorite siren.

A precious string of fine graduated creme pearls clasped in solid gold—beautifully boxed in satin and black velvet . . . for any glamour girl from 16 to 60.

Each pearl—copper or creme—actually nature dipped in luscious iridescence from the sea . . . to give them the incomparable lustre found only in Marvella pearls.

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We Never Noticed Carcassonne

Continued from pages 85-223-224-227

Monsieur Gay a check from Addis Ababa, and when the Italians took the bank I couldn't.

When I had money I put it off and when I was broke I grinned to myself and pictured Monsieur Gay telling about the colonel and the opera singer and me now, and I wondered if I ought to write him a letter.

Eventually I got back to Monte Carlo but it wasn't the same. Nino, the gigolo, never came back. He had been killed in Badoglio's advance, they said, and his compatriots who hadn't gone to war seemed to hold me responsible for it.

The Italian owner of the Knickerbocker night club chucked me out, and since he was a sort of test case before calling on Monsieur Gay I was afraid to call. It would hurt if he cut me and Fascists would hurt him if he didn't.

Black Harry, reading a paper in the atrium of the casino, said he was getting ready to go away in a week or two.

Monsieur la Motte wanted some Abyssinian stamps and Albert, the Italian barman, asked if I had operated on any of his countrymen. He said nothing had happened around there.

"Le Petit Capitaine" had left after a bad week at the tables, and the young American naval officer was gone. He had talked about his Brixham trawler at tea and cocktail parties till some women got together and gave him money to go to England and get it.

No one had heard of him since.

The coachmen shook their heads and envied him, down in the South Seas some place with his trawler, and Monsieur Gay took his bar bill down from where it was stuck in the corner of the mirror behind the bar and put it away with the others, they told me.

Up on the cliffs toward Mentone I could see Roquebrune and the little house I had my heart set on buying someday. I'd try another fling at the big world and then come back and get it.

There is an old château in Roquebrune that the Saracens built with narrow, winding streets around it; the old building where General Bonaparte slept and a square with a fountain in it.

Doorways have little shrines over them, and at night you can walk along the ramparts where the guards of the Count of Roquebrune used to walk and look down on Monaco and the sea.

In winter it is warm there up on the side of the mountain, and in the summer it is cool. Life is all red tiled roofs and blue sea and green palms and a lot of time for dreaming. France is to the right and Monaco below and over to the left is Italy. The Alps are behind, and on a clear day you can see Corsica rising out of the Mediterranean a hundred and thirty miles away.

That town was a lovely little place that tourists hadn't found yet, and I was coming back to it some day.

I went back to the Hotel de Paris to pack my bags, and when I came down to go to the station I passed an American pianist that an old lady had left a villa to.

You would think he would stop working and play awhile; follow wars and go where boats go now that he is rich, but he seems to have forgotten how. He was going around with another old woman, and looking at him I didn't feel sorry for Nino any more; he was well out of it.

The years passed, out of one trouble spot and into another, and I never sent Gay that check or made enough to go back to Roquebrune.

On a tawdry street in Shanghai the voice of Carol Alcott, the newscaster, droned from a radio, describing the last days of the France we used to know, and I wiped a tear out of my eye.

There is no boat to take us back now, passports have *limitations* stamped in them. If we want to go back to France we must go back fighting and the longer we wait the further it will drift from being the place we knew and want to live in again.

When I look back at those old days and faces and years, tossed to the winds like scraps of torn paper, I wonder:

What ever happened to old man Gay when the debacle came? Did the men he had been feeding all those years get him out with them when they fled? I wonder if my bar bill is still stuck on the mirror behind the comptoir.

I wonder who was right: Nino, who wouldn't try, or the American boy who cleared out while he had a boat, or old Zaharoff, sitting in the garden and letting those go to war who wanted to.

He didn't make us write that letter . . .

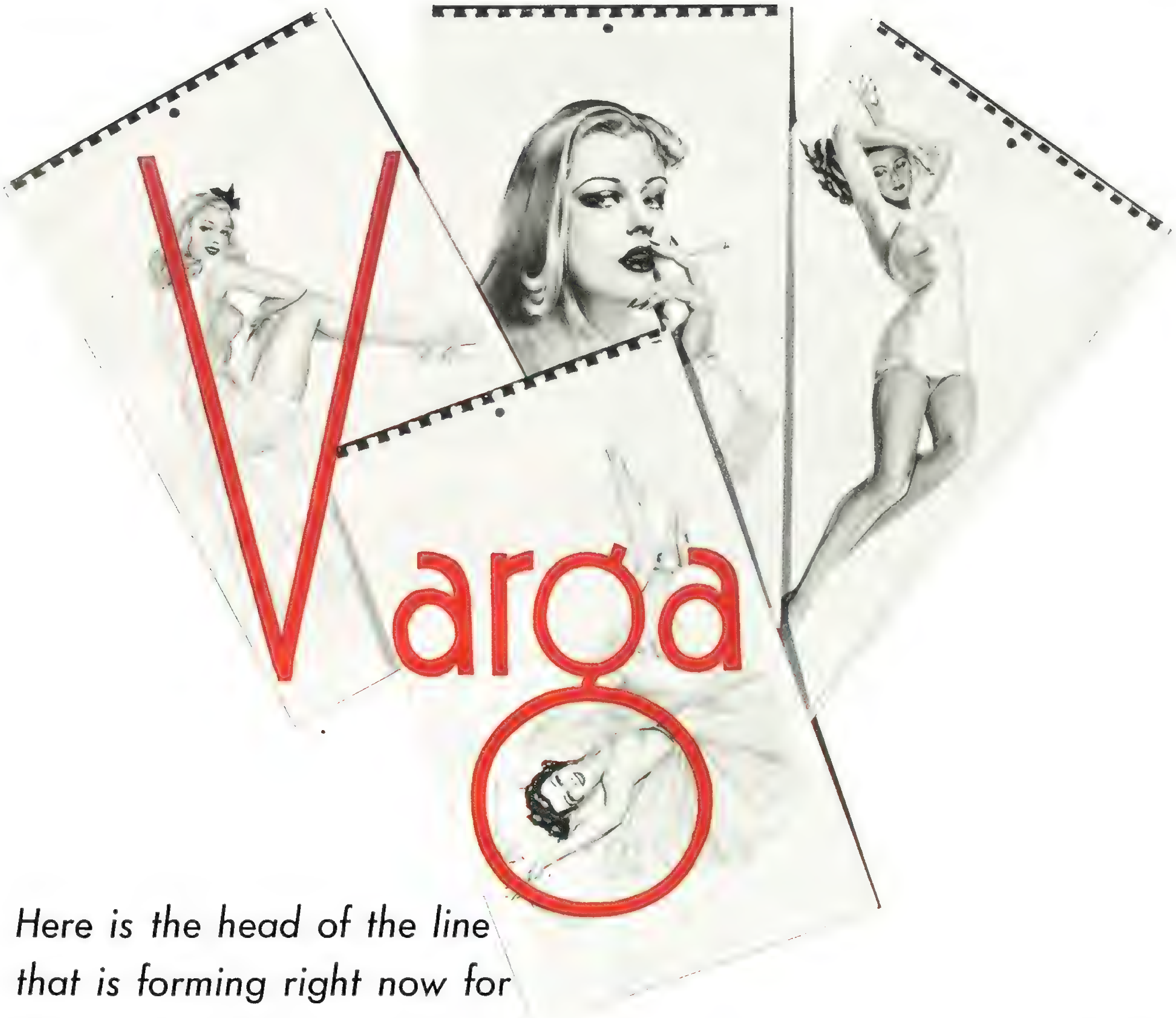
The French boy who wanted to go away with me, at the last minute changed his mind. He had a little bit of land and some olive trees. He wanted to see far places too, but when he thought of Marseilles and Notre Dame de La Garde and the land falling away behind him it was too much for him. He couldn't go.

The rich American women went home where wars couldn't touch them, and I bought a ticket for the place I thought I would find one.

The sad part of it is, when I look back now, we were all like Prince Danillo.

The towers of Carcassonne were right there, but we never bothered to see them. Now all of us are exiles.

The only one I feel sorry for is good old Gay. If all the men he fed and was never paid by were to want to go back, together they would make General de Gaulle a fine foreign legion. ⧺



Here is the head of the line that is forming right now for the new year's Varga Calendar —in twelve full color pages for 25¢

It is a pleasant thing, to ring the changes of the days, as they pass—with shimmering girls beside you. This is something Solomon knew, as did Kublai Khan, Jahangir, Shah Jahan, Lord Byron, and Akbar the great mogul.

Such girls are an exotic, enviable galaxy, tricked out in curious tissues; they divert you, by and by, when the day's work is dispatched, and when strange musics commingle with sweetly solemn thoughts.

Their perverse whims, their curious jollities, their teasing airs, their piquant moods provide a perpetual pageant as varied as the tales Scheherazade told. Their unique idiosyncrasies, ever the same, yet evanescent and ever-fresh, perpetually pose new delights to garnish the platters of your contemplation.

And in this purple tradition, we offer you another year's surcease from the thralldom of a four-square existence: we offer you a twelve-month's *durbar* of the most shining bright girls who have ever spiced the savoring of *Le fin gourmet*, or activated the arteries of an anointed king.

The new Varga Calendar—which contains more marvels of serpentine loveliness and docile purrings than was promised in the Prophet's Paradise-to-Come—is being readied on the press—in testimony whereof we present, on pages 133 and 134 in this issue, two lush, languorous samples. And these, we warn you, are no more than scouts—girl scouts, if you will, of a most special nature.

The 1942 Varga Calendar will again dedicate a precisely-formed miss to every month, committing her to your care, your possession, and your *savoir vivre*. Each girl will bring you the nonchalance of kismet. Each is a perfect pearl in the crown of the avid nympholept, each a wholly realized and flawless ideal of the votary of beauty.

But one word of warning: *order now!* List your needs, list your obligations, and act quickly. Give the new Varga Calendars as Christmas reminders, as New Year's bagatelles. Send them to the shy, the sick, and the succinct. But, whatever your plans . . . clip the "enabling" coupon, now! More than 319,000 Varga Calendars went, last year, at the drop of a hat. Printers collapsed, presses staggered—and late coupon-clippers were left waiting in line for weeks . . .

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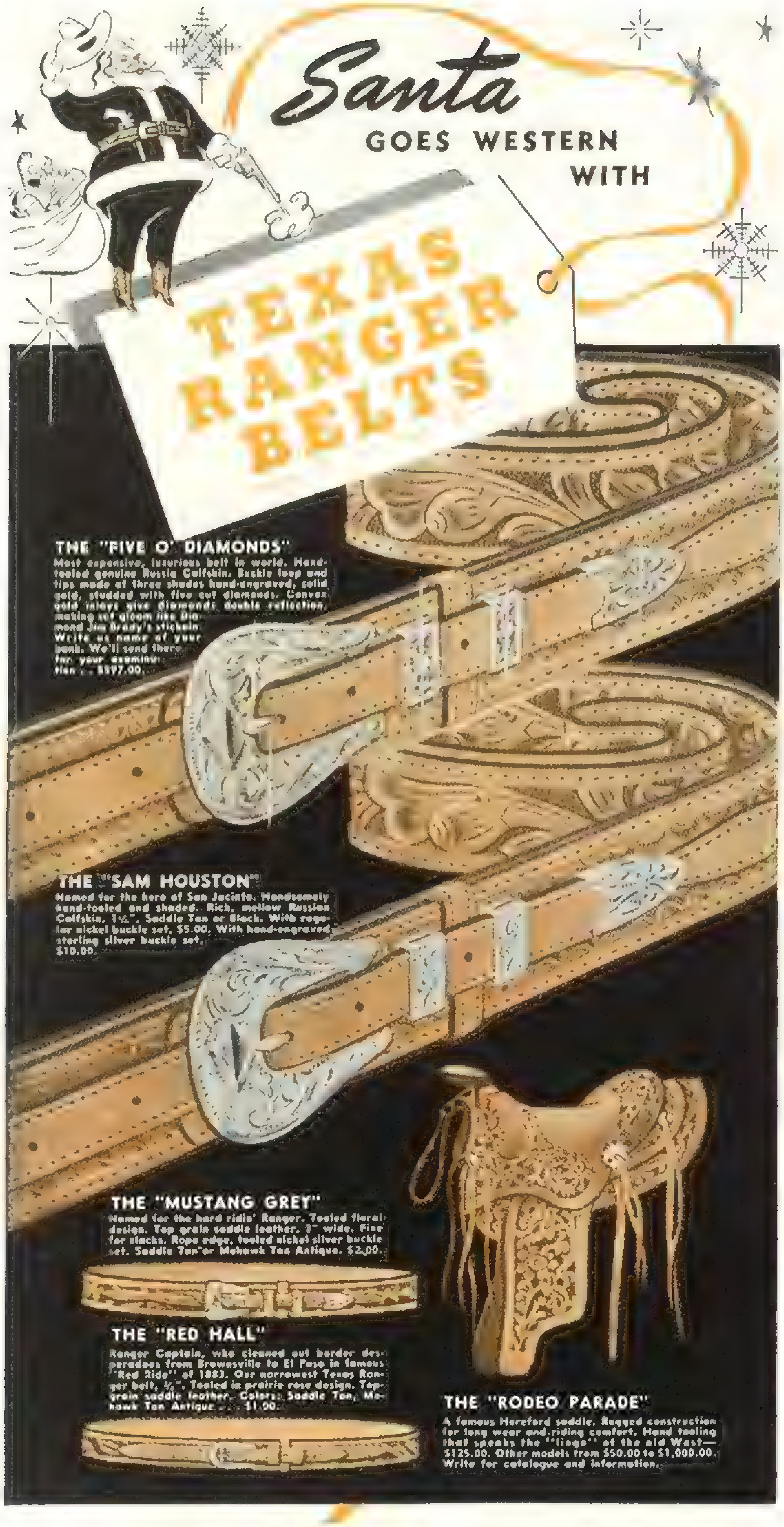

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THE "RODEO PARADE" A famous Hereford saddle. Rugged construction for long wear and riding comfort. Hand tooling that speaks the "lingo" of the old West—$125.00. Other models from $50.00 to $1,000.00. Write for catalogue and information.

. . . And bein' the world's biggest buyer, Santa is sharp as a Texas horse trader. He *knows* quality . . . *and he doesn't like imitations.* That's why genuine Texas Ranger Belts already are headin' up thousands of Christmas gift lists. Texas Ranger Belts make an ideal gift for that pal who already has all the *usual* things. Texas Ranger Belts are *different* . . . different because they are tooled by Texas leather craftsmen . . . who have the feel of the range. In bold symbolism, each design tells a thrilling story of the hell roarin' era when a good shootin' iron was more important than money in the bank. Texas Ranger Belts have a Western dash and swagger that has become high style everywhere. They are extra comfortable, too, because the outer billet strap makes the inside smooth like the tongue of a shoe. Texas Rangers are made of Western leather. When you twist 'em, they squeak like a new saddle. Be sure you're not getting a maverick . . . look on the inside of the belt. If it's genuine, it will be stamped *Texas Ranger.*

THE "RANGE PASS" Matched billfold and key case. Genuine calfskin. Hand-laced. Zipper opening. Hand-tooled design of range riding cowboy waving Western Howdy to East-bound plane soaring above a mountain pass. Handsomely hand-stained in Golden Sunset Tan. Packed in picturesque Western gift box, $5.00.

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Errant Knight of Capri

Continued from page 74

frontier, getting by just ahead of the secret police. (There would doubtless have been a "regrettable accident" if they'd caught him.) At Berlin a telegram in utterly incomprehensible language was brought him to the train. As he couldn't make head or tail of the message—which was from St. Petersburg—he naturally couldn't do anything about it. Thirty years later, having kept the telegram all those years, he discovered it was in Siamese. He hasn't yet had the courage to get it read, he says. It might cause regrets.

The most valuable thing Douglas got out of all this was a diplomatic passport signed by Queen Victoria and decorated with an imposing seal. This has more than once been useful, especially when some busybody denounced him as a spy in Italy during the World War. Having nothing else to do, he married and went to live near Naples. Here he made his headquarters for years until he grew weary of Neapolitans and their ways and shifted to Capri, where in the course of time he bought and sold three villas in succession—always seeking the perfect one.

It is not hard to identify the Nepenthe of *South Wind* as Capri, although Douglas has mixed it with a bit of Monte Carlo and a lot of imagination. The Capri of Douglas' time must have been both amusing and pleasant. I was lucky enough to see the last of it in 1913, when I spent six weeks in Anacapri. Since then the place has been trampled over by legions of moronic trippers, and its peculiar, remote charm has gone forever. When Douglas first visited it in the eighteen-nineties, it must have been a small earthly paradise. He has a photograph he took in those days, and but for the unmistakable shape of the land I shouldn't have recognized it, so greatly has it been built over in half a century.

Most people have forgotten, if they ever knew, that Douglas was assistant editor of *The English Review* when Ford Madox Ford made it the best literary periodical of its time. But *The English Review* passed to other editorship, and then war came, bringing severe financial losses. I have never ventured to ask him how he got through those dismal disastrous years. From his book, *Alone*, it is evident that he wandered about the French and Italian Rivieras in poverty and loneliness. Later, he lived by giving French lessons to American officers in Paris, and is proud of the fact that at the end of the war they wrote him a letter of thanks.

You get some idea of Douglas' strength of mind when you realize that *South Wind*, which is so full of laughter and sunlight, was written in those depressing circumstances. There is no whining or self-pity in that book or any book of his. I once asked him how long it took to write *South Wind*, and he said: "Ten years." By this he must have meant the time spent in gathering the material. My own impression is that *South Wind* was written as a pot-boiler, and that Douglas woke up one morning not only to find himself famous but to discover that he had written a classic. It is the only first novel I know of which so roused the enthusiasm of the *London Times* that the book was reviewed in a leading article by the *Literary Supplement*. This will seem small potatoes in America, but literary England was awed and began buying the book in impressive quantities and has gone on doing so. It must be a rare event for a man of scholarly interests and severe classical taste to restore his fortunes (to some extent) by a single book.

Douglas has always been a wanderer, not only in Europe but in Africa, India and Asia Minor. But since the World War and until a couple of years ago, he made his headquarters in Florence, where I first met him in 1930. His fine apartment was on the top floor of a house looking across the Arno to San Miniato. On a lower floor of the same apartment, lived the Florentine bookseller and publisher, G. Orioli, who has issued signed limited editions of Douglas' later works. Apropos of that apartment I remember Orioli telling me an example of Douglas' loyalty and generosity to old friends.

It appears that Orioli had wanted that place for a long time, and that finally it came up for sale by auction. Orioli bid for it, and then to his dismay found that the opposing bids were forcing him to a price he felt he oughtn't to afford. As he hesitated Douglas whispered: "Go on, Pino, go on. I've got five hundred pounds in my pocket. Go on." Orioli got his apartment.

It would be unwise to deduce from this that Douglas is anything but hard-boiled about money. He learned his lesson in a harsh school, and I've known him turn down a would-be borrower pretty smartly. "See you damned first."

I spent two winters in Florence during the early '30's, and on each occasion lunched or dined with Douglas or Orioli or both nearly every day. We also made excursions to towns and villages outside Florence in my car.

Those were happy days, although the qualifications for making one of the party were not unexacting. Douglas will not tolerate anyone who bores him or anyone who is contaminated by middle-class conventions. On such occasions you suddenly hear a whisper: "I'm going to evaporate, my dear fellow." And before you can turn your head, Douglas has gone. I soon learned to be very careful about introducing any stranger to our feasts. There was, I remember, a certain poet of distinctly highbrow tendencies, who

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received inexorable judgment from Douglas in one terse unprintable word.

And there were other conditions. Douglas will not stand any restraint on his conversation or on the length of time he sits at table or on his freedom of going into a restaurant kitchen, choosing his own food and instructing the cook. Also, the wine had to be dry and very light. And there had to be nobody who understood English in the place. This limited us to five places, although Florence abounds in small restaurants. Douglas has unorthodox tastes in food, owing to his Austrian upbringing. He likes meat dishes smothered in paprika and can even enjoy those horrible white truffles of Italy which to me taste of acetylene gas. And, as I discovered later in France with him, he prefers spaghetti and a bottle of *vin ordinaire* to all the subtle science of the French kitchen and the vintage wines which go with it. But I shall never forget those many evenings of good fellowship and unflagging talk about pretty well everything in the universe. No doubt everybody's maiden aunt would have been shocked by the freedom of the comments, but it was an experience I would not have missed for anything. I can only say that here I have heard better, more pungent, more fundamental criticisms of men and ideas and life than were ever uttered by Count Caloveglia and Mr. Keith.

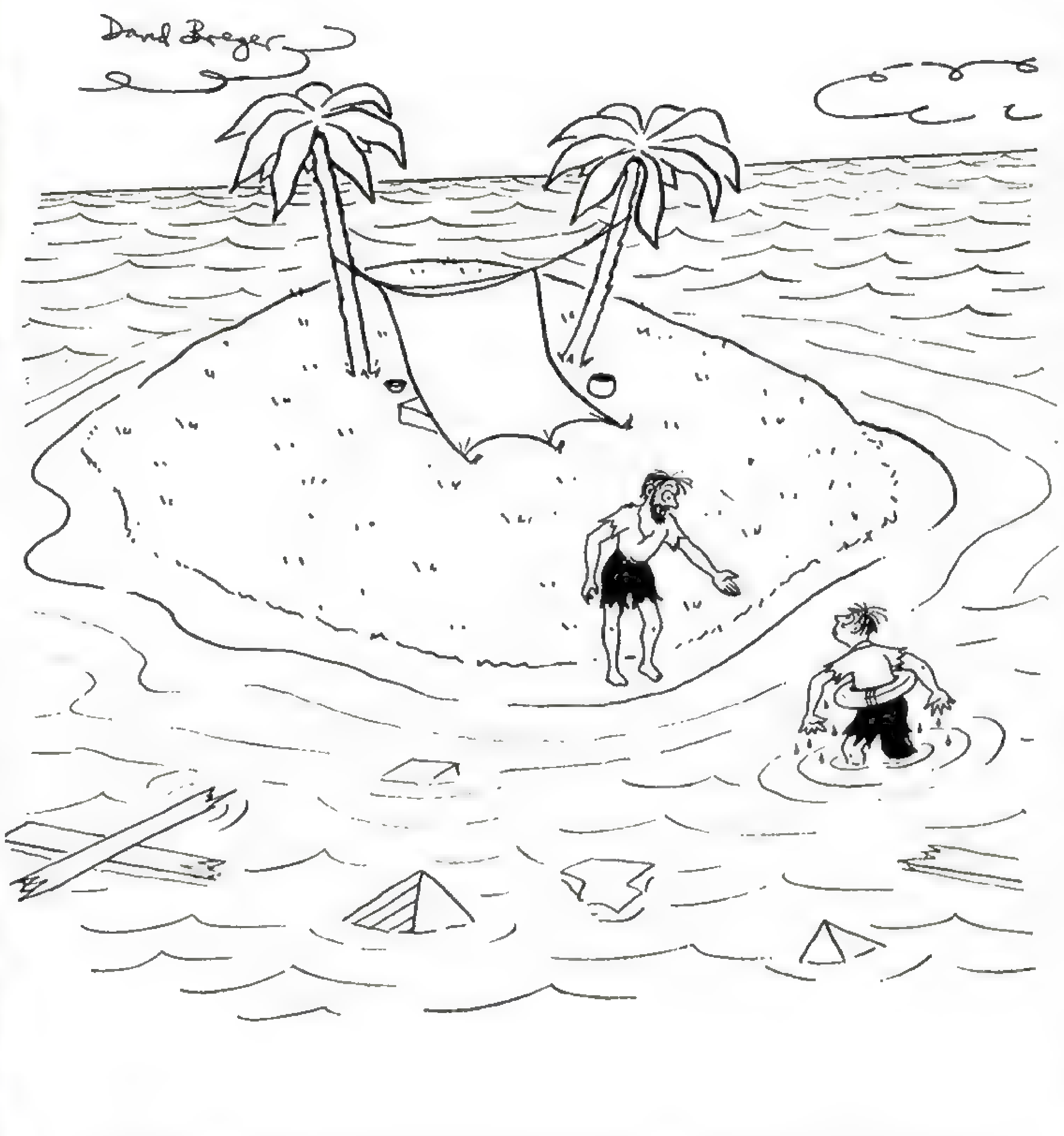
Norman Douglas is now over seventy, erect, vigorous and not in the least weary of existence, though he has dropped many of his old studies and swears he won't write another book "for the wealth of Croesus." Knowing that I read a certain amount of biological research publications, he never fails to impress on me the necessity of communicating to him at once any scientific discovery for the prolongation of life. At sixty-nine he complained bitterly that his doctor had forbidden him to climb any more mountains, and had limited his daily stroll to six or eight miles on the level.

The last time I saw him was at Cannes, almost three years ago. He was living at Venice with his son, Archie Douglas, and I was about a hundred miles further along the coast, near Toulon. One morning I got a melancholy letter. The pestilential doctor, it appeared, had not only forbidden mountaineering but all drinking. Douglas was on the water wagon.

This news struck me as so alarming that I made a lunch appointment by telegram and drove over to Cannes. We met at the Café de Paris, and it struck me that Douglas was looking pretty chipper. I congratulated him on the success of the water wagon, but he didn't seem to hear me, and ordered a carafe of wine. Then he explained that being on the water wagon meant not drinking Scotch, a severe handicap for a Scotsman.

Well, we had a pretty good lunch and I couldn't see that Douglas' appetite had anything wrong with it. And we sat over a second carafe of wine—or perhaps it was a third—until I had to leave around four in the afternoon. We had been sitting beside an open window, and to get to my car I had to pass it. As I went by I caught a last glimpse of my venerable friend who was saying something to the waiter. He said:

"Bring me a double Scotch and soda, quick." ⌗



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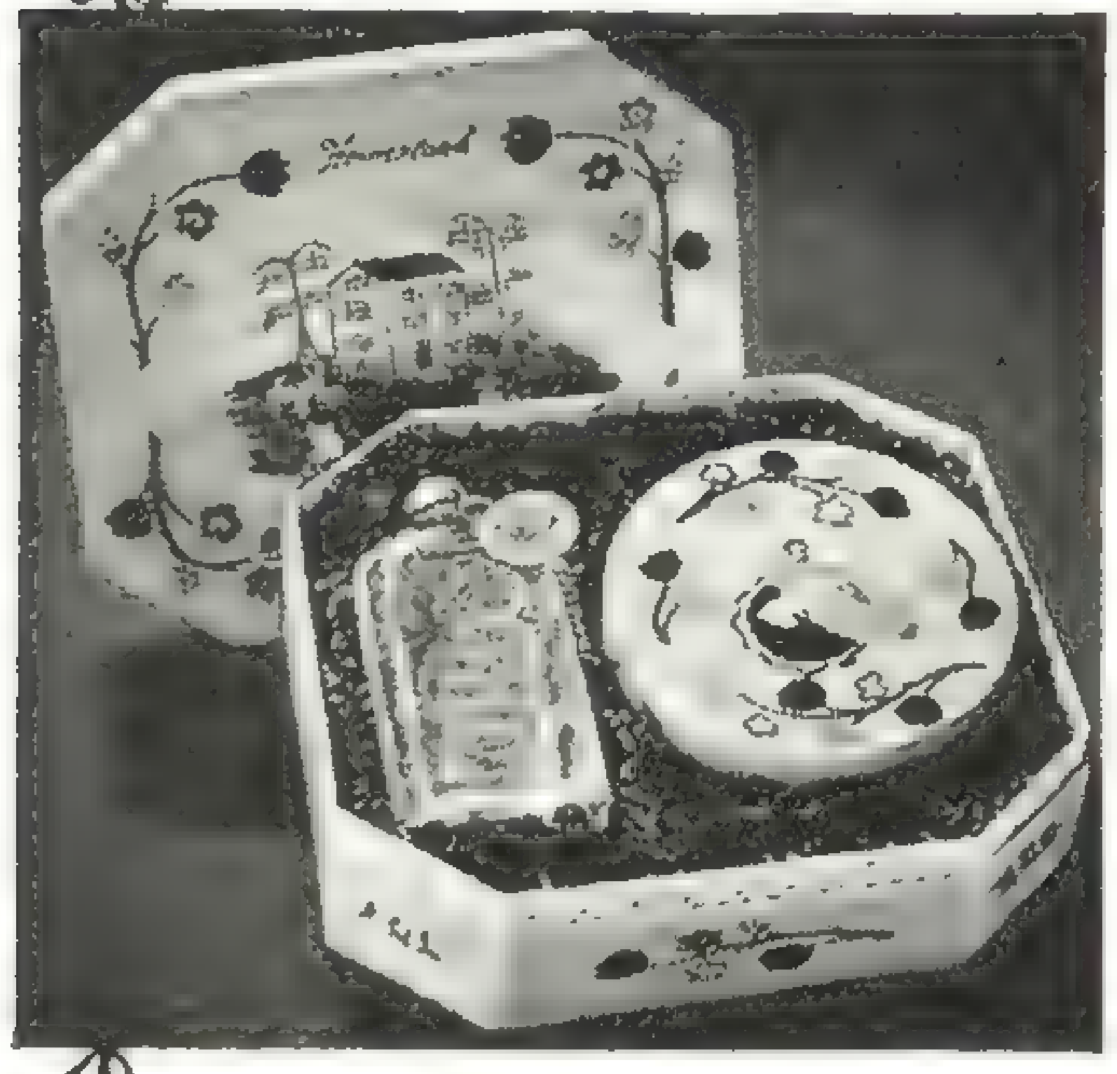

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Honesty Is the Worst Policy

Continued from page 95

consent to a return match with O'Mahoney and, for God's sake, lose! If not, the trust wasn't interested in him any more and he could go climb a tree, title or no title. Such business arrangements were the usual thing in wrestling, Mr. Shikat testified. And nobody in or out of the courtroom seemed to be astonished at such revelations. With the possible exception of the judge, who often interrupted the testimony because he thought he hadn't heard right.

Two years later, in the Spring of 1939, there were other revelations under oath that something was rotten in the mat business. The California Legislature appointed a three-man investigating committee to find out what was going on in wrestling (and in boxing, too). There were sessions over a period of many weeks in Sacramento.

The findings concerned only the State of California, but it was quite enough, thank you.

It seemed that wrestling tournaments, or wrestling bouts, for that matter, were run strictly on a totalitarian basis. Only one man decided who was going to win and when he was going to win: the promoter. The wrestlers had to take orders, or else. It turned out that Los Angeles wrestling promoters had paid some $30,000 within a year to the local sports press and the politicians; that one retired member of the State Athletic Commission, who still had very useful connections, had received $32,000 within thirteen months; that a San Francisco promoter had paid, for "public relations," $25,000 within a year.

Big money, indeed. But then, wrestling had been a big industry for many years. The New York promoter, the late Jack Curley, for instance, during a lifetime which he by no means devoted entirely to wrestling, organized more than twenty-five thousand bouts. The famous Strangler Lewis alone wrestled in more than five thousand bouts; he covered more than a million miles by airplane, which he was fond of using, to travel from one triumph to the next.

Big business, indeed. No other industry in this country could have been run on similar ethical principles. No district attorney, not even the local police commissioner, would have stood for it. That they stood for so much in wrestling has, of course, nothing to do with their love of sport. It is safe to say that neither they nor those who ran the industry gave a damn about the sport. Wrestling was show business. Maybe it wasn't always a good show, but it probably was just the show the public wanted.

If the promoters had tried to run wrestling as a sport, they could have done so for their personal pleasure. There certainly would not have been any paying guests around, and for one very good reason.

Wrestling is boring. It is too slow; it is outmoded; it just doesn't belong in our times—all this by way of explanation of the fact that it is unutterably tedious.

Heywood Broun once wrote a story about two wrestlers who were performing in one-night stands in all the little burgs of the Middle West. They had a definite schedule, drawn up by their manager back in New York, as to who was supposed to win in each town. Then, in one town, they fell in love with the same waitress and asked her to come to the bout. Each was eager to win on this particular night. And since neither wanted to give in, they decided to wrestle straight. The bout was never finished. For hours they stood in the ring without even touching the floor, groaning, sweating, trying to get hold of each other. The public fled in disgust.

Aside from the love interest, there is nothing unlikely about this little story. A New York wrestling promoter, horrified by Colonel Kilpatrick's plans, only the other day confided to a sports writer what Honest Wrestling would be like. He admitted that once in his career he had smuggled an honest bout into his card, just for the experience. It was dreadful. After a few minutes, both wrestlers went to the mat and stayed there, and the customers made bets as to whether they were dead or fast asleep.

No, wrestling has to be run like a show, like a real show, with the script prepared beforehand, with a director or a stage manager, and with at least one, preferably two, rehearsals.

There are two schools of fake as far as wrestling is concerned. The first school went in for imitation. Its purpose was to fake wrestling in such a way that the customers would think they were seeing a straight bout. This school dominated in the early part of this century. Some people still remember the good old days. One witness before the committee in Sacramento sighed, "In our times, bouts were at least faked so that the best man won."

This couldn't go on for ever. Because one of the fundamental characteristics of every sport is that sport cannot be played realistically. It simply can't be, not even by the most seasoned actors (for example, sports events in movie epics). The promoters found that out, too. So, in the early twenties, they passed from the school of imitation to the school of clowning.

In the school of clowning, wrestling as such is incidental. It doesn't matter which of the two wrestlers is the stronger. Or, if by any chance, he knows anything about wrestling at all. The human relations alone matter. There must be a sympathetic character and an unsympathetic character. The hero must win. The villain must always lose. Ironically enough, it so happens that with few exceptions all the good wrestlers in the business look like villains and therefore can never win. Dan Shikat is one of them; Hans Steinke is another.

Occasionally, the hero-villain pattern was deserted for the sake of comic relief. Man Mountain Dean is an example of this genre in wrestling. Man Mountain Dean, weighing several hundred pounds, is, of course, never in any condition to survive more than a few minutes. His wind wouldn't last any longer. Anybody who just ran away from him for a few moments would score a victory because the Colossus would collapse. That, however, has never happened because Man Mountain Dean, though not exactly a hero, is always a sympathetic character.

In Los Angeles, anything is possible. Once I saw a bout in which the hero had the villain in a dangerous hold. But it was still too early; therefore, the villain had to get free. He did it, and made himself still more unsympathetic by producing a box of matches from his trunks and setting the hero's trunks on fire. A week later the same pair wrestled in San Francisco. There was a slight change in their routine. This time the villain did not use matches, but he produced a container of pepper from his trunks and proceeded to throw it into the eyes of the hero.

It is understandable that the promoters, busy as they were with producing a good show, lost track more and more of the original sports angle of their business. They became careless. They never seemed to know who exactly was World Champion and therefore lots of wrestlers went around claiming that they were. At one time there were more than twenty such champions hanging around. It was all very confusing.

But though wrestling was sometimes a good show, it was never the quality of the show that made it such a vast business. Wrestling grew out of certain conditions. It was just one accompaniment to the roaring twenties. Everybody had a job. Everybody made money on the stock exchange. Everybody wanted to spend money. Everybody drank bad or poisonous liquor. It was the era of dance-marathons, six-day bike races, flag-pole sitting, and, naturally, of wrestling.

It was the general conditions that made wrestling. And it was one man: Promoter Jack Curley. He was a really remarkable and altogether unique personality. Since his eighteenth year he had gone in for managing and promoting. He managed Enrico Caruso and Rudolph Valentino, Georges Carpentier and Big Bill Tilden, Jack Johnson and Jess Willard.

He promoted six-day bike races, marathon-dance tournaments, and twenty-five thousand wrestling bouts.

He was interested in a thousand things. There was only one thing he could never get excited about. And that was whether people thought his wrestling bouts were faked or on the level. During the suit against Mr. Dan Shikat, which smeared the whole wrestling business, he once smilingly confided that with each bit of detrimental testimony, the advance sale for his next wrestling show had gone up by leaps and bounds. It didn't astonish him, either, because he knew his public.

A few years ago, I went to a wrestling match in Los Angeles with the movie actor, Peter Lorre, who was a wrestling addict. Mr. Lorre, who almost always played either a detective or a criminal and who had a good eye for clues, came for one single purpose. He wanted to see a fake bout. On this particular evening, the bout did not develop along the usual rapid lines. Mr. Lorre was disgusted. "Phooey," he said, and got up. "Sport!"

Mr. Lorre will be grieved to learn that he is nothing but the average wrestling patron. The average paying customer has always come not to see an honest wrestling bout, but to see a fake bout and act wise about it.

Jack Curley knew this very well. And the relations between him and his public were something like those between cat and mouse. The public came and paid and lamented that it was all phony. Curley never did anything to discredit this belief. Of course, he had to cover himself when it came to investigations by the Athletic Commission. But he never went further than to say that to his knowledge everything was on the level.

He made money—and all wrestling promoters made money—not because you could fool the people so easily, but because you couldn't fool them. The wrestling public were suckers all right, but inverted suckers. There was only one thing that worried them: the awful possibility that a bout might be on the level.

Why could wrestling get away with all this fake stuff, when no other sport would have survived it? Just because of its strangely demented public. Wrestling became the sport of the wise guys. The people who didn't give a damn what went on before their eyes, who only wanted to know what was going on behind the scenes. The people with the backstage urge.

Well, boys, it's all over now. A show can't run for ever. Even a sport, a real sport, can only live so long. Wrestling as we knew it belonged to a certain era. It belonged so much to that era that moral indignation about it would be beside the point. Every era has the sport it deserves. But that doesn't mean we should have Honest Wrestling now. We don't deserve that kind of punishment yet. #

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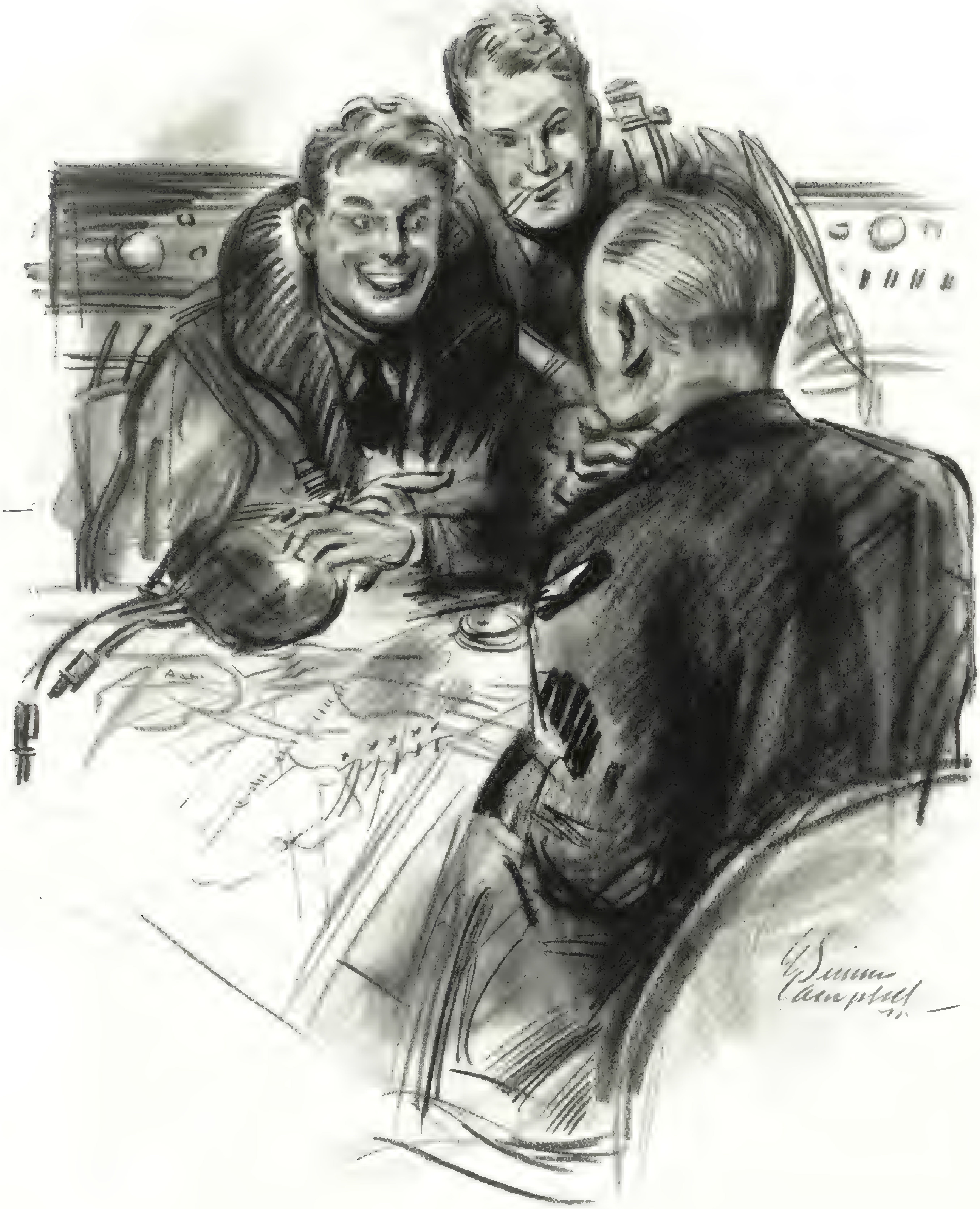
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The Fortunes of War

Continued from page 114

going is the Hun destroyer that raked our beach encampment before the fog closed in. However, I'll figure out the workings of the empty one while you steer the boat. Did you ever see a compass before?"

"Yes, sir," said Peter, proudly. "Not having had the advantages of an army education, I've been steward on a motor cruiser, and I might say, sir, that this is like going home."

"Going home will be all in good time," said Bevin, giving over the steering wheel. "First I'd like a shot at the destroyer."

He puttered with the breach of the starboard tube until he felt that he understood its mechanism and again relieved the wheel.

"Peter, my boy," said he, "we also have a whopping big swastika on our forward deck that would make us feel uncomfortable if we were sighted by an R.A.F. bomber. Fetch a blanket and stow it under that there seat. And isn't this a white British ensign in the flag locker? The Germans are a wonderful people, thinking of everything. Bend the ensign to the flag halliards so we could swap the German one for it if we had to."

"As the Yanks say, sir," said Peter, carrying out his instructions, "this is a bloody wacky war."

The next ten minutes were as lively as any ever experienced by two recent converts to the naval life. But they were as nothing to what followed after. The fog, thinning and shutting in again repeatedly, brought strange apparitions to the straining eyes of Bevin. Each, whether it was friend or foe, destroyer, trawler, high-speed motor boat, or overladen troop transport, emerged from nothingness with a sting in its tail, and the air was lively with the zing of ricocheting bullets or the hollow echoed plop of pom-poms. Each faded into emptiness again without bringing injury to Captain Bevin or to Chief Officer Diaper, who, his inconsiderable tasks completed, remarked,

"Begging your pardon, sir, but it seems like we haven't a friend in the world, and I'm wondering what will happen when we bring this what-you-might-call Trojan seahorse into Dover, sir."

"If that's all that's worrying you, Peter," replied Bevin, brushing sparklets of mist from his super-eyebrows, "don't. We're up now to where the Hun destroyer ought to be, and if she suspects our inimical intentions we'll be going farther west than Dover."

At high speed, and without warning a German torpedo motor boat shot eastward across the *Condor's* bow. Words of command were shouted in the German tongue. Accompanying them, a gesture which was more readily understood by Captain Bevin indicated that the *Condor* was to change course and fall in line. The resourceful captain, confronted with an unexpected situation, spoke his thoughts aloud.

"It seems, Peter, we were slightly off our course. The target is over here where the other boat's going." He gave his boat right rudder, opened the throttles wide and followed in the wake of what he judged to be the *Condor's* squadron leader. From astern, almost over-running them before they gathered full headway, appeared the knifelike bow of another sister ship, evoking from the loquacious Diaper the first words since his apprehensive thought of Dover.

"If the R.A.F. should strafe us now, Captain, I hope they pick odd numbers. After all, sir, we're their blood and kin, and what's more, if you don't mind me saying so, the meat of this particular sandwich."

"Silence," said Bevin. "What's that I see abeam to port?"

Diaper trained his red-rimmed eyes in the indicated direction. "It's a—well, it's gone now, sir, but it was a bloody big U-boat, going full bore on the surface for one of our hospital ships."

"Did you see the hospital ship?"

"No, but what else would it go for, with men on deck shooting off its forward gun?"

"Hold hard," cried Bevin, disregarding Peter's pleasantry. "We will swap the destroyer for the U-boat."

With a violent shift of course to port the *Condor* reeled and trembled to her vitals. Across her stern, before they were wrapped in fog, shot three of her gray-black counterparts. Bevin spoke not, but it occurred to him that if these boats of the Condor class were returning for more torpedoes it was as well that he was not running into the Hook of Holland with only one tube emptied. There were also other cogent reasons for not wishing to take a German boat, minus her rightful crew, into a German stronghold.

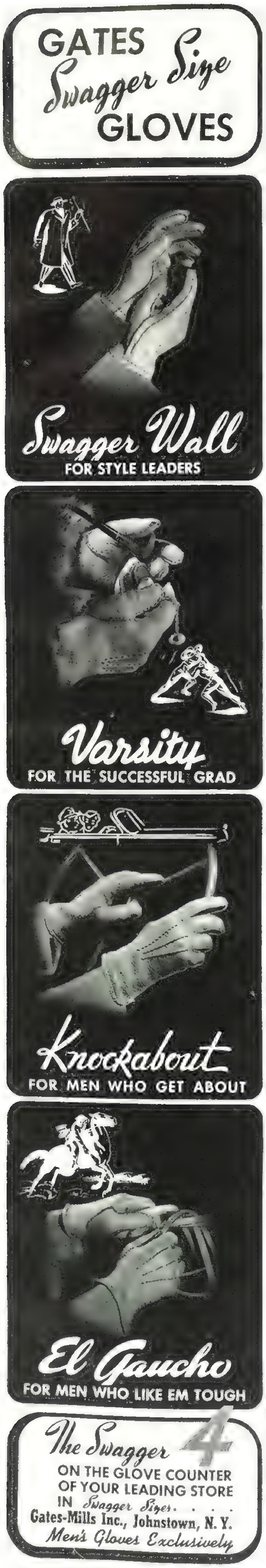
He drew back on his engines' throttles, and as the boat slowed down squinted along the center line of her bow, as if sighting on a target. A deck obstruction blocked a clear view, and for the first time he realized the significance of a crossed circle etched on the windshield, offset from the centerline. It was a rear sight, which, used in conjunction with a slender knobbed staff equally offset on the forward deck aimed boat and torpedo for the kill.

Off the starboard bow the U-boat re-emerged from fog, belching black Diesel smoke on its voyage of destruction. Quickly Bevin swung his bow to starboard and steadied on, the sights in line.

"The battle flag," said Bevin. "Break it out so they'll know what hit 'em."

"Yes, sir," said Peter, yet delayed his execution of the order. "Wouldn't you rather have the Jerries think it was a fifth column that backfired on them?"

"Do as I say," roared Bevin. "We



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Down came the black-swastikaed German ensign and from its staff fluttered the mingled crosses of Britain's saints on their flag of rippling white. Bevin swung a lever and turned a valve. As the *Condor* jerked in the shock of expulsion its torpedo struck the water, whistling its sigh of death. The range was short, the aim was true, and the explosion which followed brought destruction to the submarine.

Bevin swung the wheel again to port, opened his throttles wide and went away from there, shaking his head remorsefully. "If they hadn't been caught, as you say, Peter, shelling our hospital ships I'd have stood by to save survivors."

"As it is, sir," said the devoted Peter, "some of the other boats like us don't fancy the cut of our jib and are streaking after us."

"Do you see them?" asked Bevin, thrilling, despite his hardened trooper's heart, to the joy of accomplishment.

"No, sir, but I feel them." He held up a bleeding hand for his chief's inspection. "If you could zigzag like, sir, they wouldn't be hitting us when they shot up our wake."

"Right," said Bevin. "I hope you aren't hard hit."

"Just a finger tip, sir. Nothing to bother an able seaman, like. Should I be learning how to work our own machine gun, sir?"

Bevin snatched a glance away from his steering compass for a view astern. At first nothing, and then what seemed like a swarm of evil spirits speeding to his destruction—if, that is, evil spirits mount machine guns and throw spray a dozen yards on either bow. All of the *Condor's* flotilla and many more besides were swooping down in response to the stricken U-boat's radioed demand for vengeance. The fog closed in again, and only by the grace of heaven avoided bringing destruction of another sort. Along the high side of a light gray ship, so close that water from its circulating pumps splashed her deck, rushed the *Condor*.

"British, by God," shouted Bevin. "I could smell her. And here's another like her. And another. If we miss them all and they don't pot us with shrapnel we'll make it into Dover."

"Thank God, sir, for Britain's floating fortresses, if you'll forgive the poesy," said Peter. "What I mean, sir, they're mixing it up with the German motor boats."

So began the final—and most fantastic—ten minutes of Bevin's and Diaper's naval career. They learned afterward that the fog lay only twenty feet or so above sea level and that, viewed from above, a 40-mile motor boat sucked swirling eddies in its tufted surface. So its course could be crossed and its flight ended by keen-eyed airmen.

The first bomb, a small one, struck the water several yards away and did no more than remind Bevin of the new form of peril on the deep. "Douse the white ensign," he ordered. "Somebody tried to drop a Mickey Mouse on us."

Peter did as he was bid. He did more. He wrapped its blue, red and white folds over his devoted head as the air screamed with sound and fury. A hole as big as all outdoors in the water nearly gulped the *Condor* to her doom.

"That, sir," he shouted, thrown off balance by the violent contortions of the *Condor*, "was one of the R.A.F. I never heard the Jerry *dukas* sound like that or hit so close."

"Then cover the swastika on deck with the blanket, you light-headed idiot," yelled Bevin, cutting his switches and jumping to the speedboat's after deck. He looked overhead and saw a patch of pale blue sky and what looked like an eagle, poised for the kill.

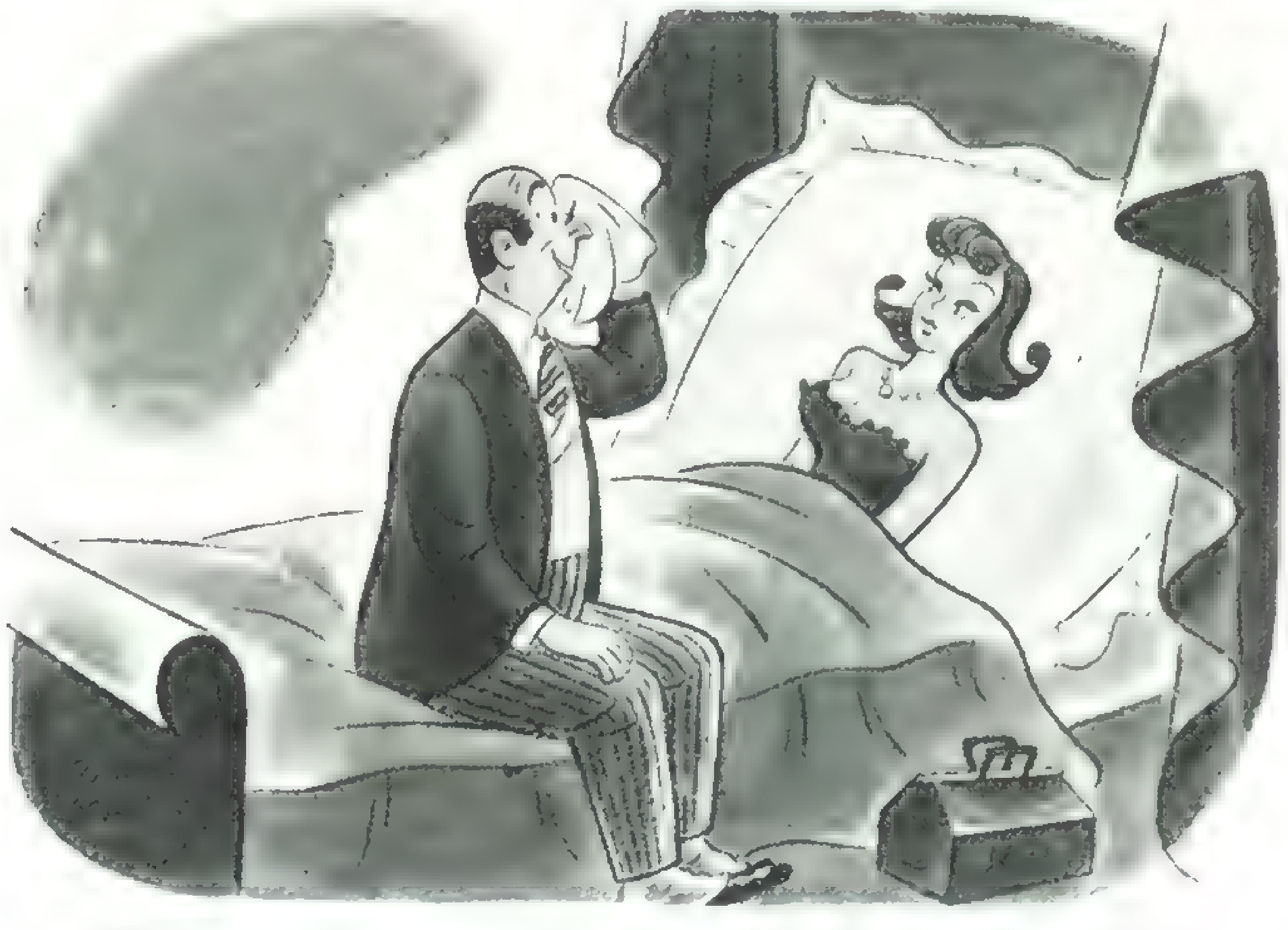
"As you were," he amended, his voice sounding loud in the sudden silence of the dead motors. "Where's your life preserver?"

"Here, sir. But that won't cover it."

"It'll cover you," said Bevin, adjusting his own cork jacket to his mighty torso. "We're acting on a new idea. Follow me."

Into the water he jumped, the devoted Peter almost on his shoulders. They had put a hundred yards of madly flailed water between them and the abandoned *Condor* before either paused for words. Even when the heavens

Continued at top of page 238



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The Fortunes of War

Continued from pages 114-237

had opened again and the scream of a million eagles had preceded the flaming thunder of their motor boat they had more to do than speak. But at last the blazing gasoline which had almost enveloped them burned out, and into their restricted range of vision came a flying boat.

It was then Peter's turn to advance a new idea. Puffing and blowing he declared, "If he strafes us, it's a Jerry, and I got the ensign down too late. If he doesn't come back and shoot us, it's the R.A.F. and a damned good shot with a heavy bomb."

"If he doesn't come back at all," said Bevin, "we're where we came in half an hour back, up to our necks in the briny, and a damn long swim to Blighty."

They ducked involuntarily and ineffectually as the pontoons of the flying boat almost brushed their heads before settling to the sea in a flying welter of foam. The plane taxied back, this way and that, one motor or the other spurting spasmodically, and at length came upon the doughty soldiers. Bevin again held in hand the Mauser with which he had begun his marine adventures, withholding his fire for the sufficient reason that its magazine was empty.

A half door in the plane's cockpit drew back and a helmeted head emerged. "Drop that silly thing, old fellow," said a voice, young, but unmistakably English, "and we'll haul you from the drink. England does not harm her prisoners."

"Prisoners!" shouted Sergeant (one-time Captain) Thomas Bevin. "I'm as English as you are, you infant so-and-so, and I'll thank you to set us down in front of a roast beef and boiled potatoes."

* * *

It is a pity that the identification disks of the *Condor's* German crew could not have been exchanged for a Victoria Cross for Sergeant Bevin and a D.S.O. for the devoted Private Diaper. Unfortunately, in the excitement of plunging overboard, Peter left behind the disks and all that they signified in the way of identification and verification of a highly improbable yarn.

Military honors aside, this was the more the pity for another reason. Neither Bevin nor the more voluble Diaper could ever satisfactorily explain why, at 7:45 of the morning of May 29, 1940, they were left in the water 200 yards off the Belgian coast, and at 8:15 were picked up by the Royal Air Force fifteen miles from shore, both of them fresh as daisies despite their record-breaking and heroic cross-Channel swim. #

The Prophets of Doom

Continued from page 111

gether during February of that year, and announced the End would occur by flood.

Professor Stoeffler was a respected citizen, and his opinion carried weight. Thousands of followers prepared for the next world. Doctor Auriol, a Toulouse clergyman, decided to emulate Noah, and constructed an ark large enough for his family and his friends. A wealthy Paris banker purchased an immense raft, and on it stored food for six months. A German village, seventy miles from the sea, devoted its entire administration funds to acquiring a ship.

At seven o'clock in the morning of that final day during February of 1524, Professor Stoeffler preached his last sermon, presenting twenty-two arguments, all infallible proof that Armageddon hovered. The sermon was ended. The clock bonged the all important hour.

"Lo! It comes! It comes!" wailed the prophet.

The audience waited tensely. It came not.

Professor Stoeffler hustled to the church door and squinted. In the distance he saw a dark cloud. He turned upon his flock, shouting ecstatically, "Behold, it cometh from the clouds!"

Once again it came not.

The audience could stand a good thing only so much. Their leader had two strikes on him already. That was enough. Awe and fear changed slowly to anger. The crowd closed in on Stoeffler, dragged him to a nearby duck pond, and gave him a thorough soaking.

Doctor Auriol's ark, the Parisian's raft, the village vessel—they all stood high and useless in the driest February Europe had seen in centuries.

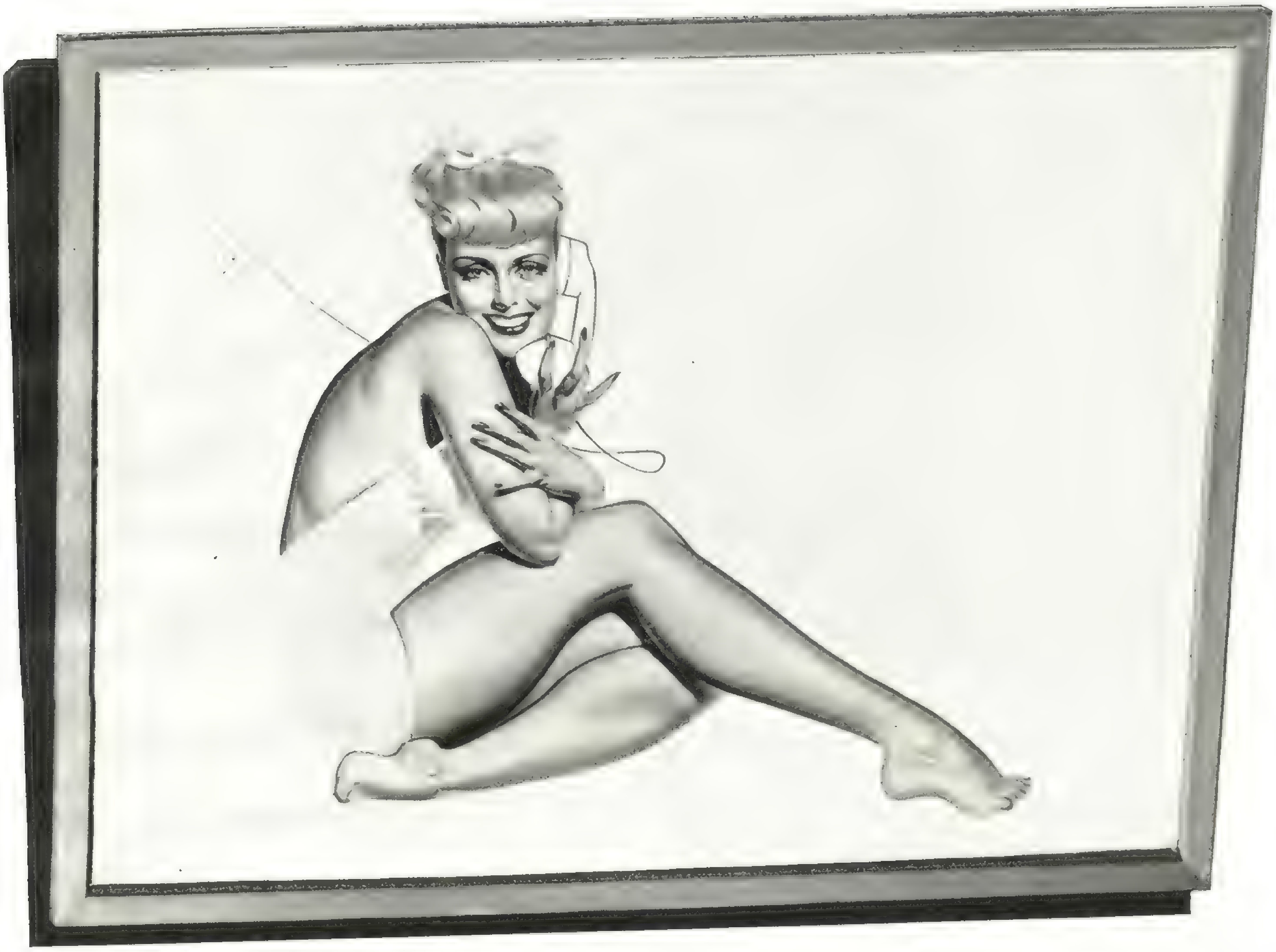
The only persons to profit by Stoeffler's folly were cynical real estate agents, who bought up the seaside property of believers at a song, and now sold at a profit. Four years later, Professor Stoeffler emerged from his observatory with another prediction—but there were no souls to heed him, and he retired to obscurity, while life went on, as always.

The greatest annihilationist, William Miller, a veteran of the Canadian War, left the security of his Pittsfield, Massachusetts farm in 1831 to spread the gospel of fear.

Miller was sincere. He wasn't interested in money and he wasn't interested in power. He wished only to inform others of his breathtaking discovery. An ardent student of the Holy Book, an admirer of Daniel, he calculated in his fiftieth year that the world would end on midnight of March 21st in 1843.

At the outset he kept his discovery to himself, then, one day reading of a Mr. Joseph Woolf of Jerusalem, who predicted the debacle for 1847, Miller determined

Continued on page 240



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The Prophets of Doom

Continued from pages 111-238

to correct this and other false predictions and give a sinning world the Truth. He had twelve years to sell the public his story, twelve years before the End.

Miller went at his work with fervor. He spoke everywhere, in meadows, in meeting halls and in rural schools. His outdoor lectures were disturbed by mocking firecrackers and practical jokes; his appearance in Newburyport drew a hail of rotten eggs. But he fought on—delivering 3,200 public speeches in all.

Using Boston as a base, he spread his hymn of horror, of the "burning day," when all the world would go up in flame. Carefully he explained how he had chosen 1843 as the fatal year. He quoted from Leviticus—"The house of Israel are to be punished yet seven times for their sins"—and the seven times meant only seven years of 360 days each, or a total of 2,520 days. From this figure, Miller subtracted the date of the initial captivity in Babylon, 677 B. C.—and the result was the number, 1843.

Gradually he drew about him followers who called themselves Second Adventists or Millerites. He acquired a certain Joshua V. Hines for his right-hand man. Hines put organization and color into the campaign. Meetings became awesome carnivals.

At Easton, New Hampshire, John Greenleaf Whittier was among those in the audience, and that night the poet penned this impression of the Millerites in his diary:

"The white circle of tents; the dim wood arches; the upturned earnest faces; the loud voices of the speakers, burdened with the awful symbolic language of the Bible. The smoke from the fires, rising like incense from forest altars, and suspended from the front of the rude pulpit a canvas sheet whereon were depicted the wonders of the Apocalyptic vision—the beasts, the dragons, the scarlet woman seen by the seer of Patmos—Oriental types and figures and mystic symbols, translated into staring Yankee realities, and exhibited like beasts of a traveling menagerie."

As the Day approached, the famous comet of that year miraculously appeared—"the most terrible and triumphant of modern times, three hundred million miles long, a svelte sword straight and unwavering, cutting the night-sky in two"—and this God-send cinched the Millerite movement. Thousands upon thousands of new believers enlisted.

In New York's Bowery, muslin was sold for ascension robes, while in Boston, Joshua V. Hines peddled these white garments at an excellent profit.

But by now there were enemies, jealous clerics who pointed out that the new Miller Tabernacle would not be completed until eight weeks after the time the world was supposed to end—to which Miller feebly replied that the world might not end exactly on March 21st, that he should be allowed "a margin of error," that the only thing certain was the year. Skeptics then wished to know what good it was to insure the Tabernacle for seven years, if the end was so near—to which Miller indirectly replied that he was sincere, that he had given away all his possessions (which he had), that farms and orchards of his followers were being sold.

Finally—March 21st.

An army of chanting humans followed Miller into the countryside near Boston. Hundreds of others followed to observe the event. At last the sun set. The stars came out. The fanatics punctuated their prayers with "Hallelujah!"

Finally—Midnight! Pandemonium! The End!

But no. Nothing. Nothing happened—except that one Millerite tied turkey wings to his shoulders, tried to fly to heaven, landed on his dandruff and fractured an arm.

The whole thing was a gigantic fizzle. But William Miller wasn't through. He had miscalculated. The end would occur in October. "The Lord will certainly leave the mercy-seat on the 13th and appear visibly in the clouds of heaven on the 22nd."

Again failure. The prophet still believed. The believers didn't. In five years the old man was dead—of a broken heart, the doctors said.

After William Miller, all prediction became only anticlimax.

There was Lee T. Spangler, who at the age of twelve went into a trance and saw a vision of the earth going up in fire and smoke during October of 1908. Spangler waited until maturity, then left his York, Pennsylvania grocery store and his plump wife, and set out to inform an indifferent civilization of the impending disaster. Along the way he picked up a shapely lass who became his chief priestess.

Spangler established headquarters in Nyack, New York, and the night before the cataclysm, he bade his priestess a manly goodbye, *explaining that he had a date* with the Lord. Then he left.

The priestess decked out her followers (mostly male) in white cloaks and conducted last services in the local graveyard. She shrilly presented proofs of Spangler's pro-

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phetic ability. She told of his successful prediction of Teddy Roosevelt's ride up San Juan Hill, which was referred to in the second verse of the sixth chapter of Revelations. "Our brother will be correct again!" she harangued.

All through that night and into the dawn of a new day, the populace waited for the fire and the smoke, and got in its place only a chilling drizzle. The rain quenched their ardor. The populace dispersed. Lee T. Spangler was found, the following afternoon, not with the Lord, but with Mrs. Spangler, selling vegetables as of old in his grocery store.

The Prophetical Society, with offices in Dallas, Texas, took a stab at 1931 as the year of Doom. They had great influence throughout the Bible Belt and in rural England—but the obstinate old globe whirled merrily into 1932 without the ultimate catastrophe, and the Society threw in the towel.

Robert Reidt, of Freeport, Long Island, picked up the towel, dusted off the Bible, and quoted without a credit line from Saint Peter's Second Epistle, to wit—"Before the year is out, the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also, and the works that are therein shall be burned up."

Mr. Reidt named October 10th, 1932, as the day Gabriel's horn would blast civilization out of existence. The only thing that happened in October of 1932 was that the Yankees hammered the Chicago Cubs four straight in the World Series.

Well, none of the prophets have ever pulled a winning number out of the bag. But that is no evidence they aren't on the right track, because they are. Science is more than ready to affirm the possibility of a doomsday. But in the cool certain laboratories of Science are no chief priestesses, no Scriptures, no arks—only digits with endless naughts.

There are five means through which the flame of life might be snuffed out—Cold, Drought, Heat, Collision and Flood. Which of these is most likely to turn the trick?

The answer is Cold. There is an 80 per cent chance that when the End takes place it will occur because of a relentless dropping temperature. It is a certainty that ages ago the world was much warmer, only to cool considerably after each successive ice period. Proofs are many—such as the fact that tropical shells are even today found in London bomb craters, revealing that England must have at one time been as pleasant as Tahiti. And the day shall come, long centuries in the future, when the thermometer will drop seventy degrees, and the earth will be a frozen crust, the last human stretched lifeless on an expanse of ice at the equator.

Science awards Drought a 15 per cent chance of doing the damage. The globe is constantly drying at the snail-rate of eleven square miles a year. Eventually the Seven Seas and the Rivers and the Lakes will be absorbed, eleven square miles annually—and when there is no more water, there will be no more life.

Heat is given a 2 per cent chance to create the catastrophe. Astronomer R. A. Procter put it lucidly when he stated: "A change in our own sun such as affected the star in the Northern Crown would unquestionably destroy every living creature on the face of this earth. The star in the Northern Crown shone out with more than eight hundred times its former lustre . . . Now if our sun were to increase tenfold in brightness, all the higher forms of animal life, and nearly all vegetable life, would inevitably be destroyed on this earth. A few stubborn animalcules might survive, and, possibly a few of the lowest forms of vegetation, but naught else. If the sun increased a hundredfold in lustre, its heat would doubtless sterilize the whole earth."

The hackneyed favorite of sensational magazine sections, Collision, is given only a 2 per cent chance to commit the *coup de grace*. A spiraling comet might smash this planet, absorb it as a gaseous satellite and move away. A huge star, on its heavenly journey, might ram us into nothingness. But the likelihood of this is small. There is as much chance of the globe being smacked by another planet as there is of a small balloon, released from Los Angeles, colliding with another toy balloon, released from New York.

Finally, that most dramatic of calamities, Flood, which is assigned a meager 1 per cent chance of wiping out the race. Geoffrey Dennis, formerly with the Translators' Bureau in Geneva and an authority on Doom, pointed out the possibility of Flood: "Gradually, through long ages, the continents will become level. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low. Then, there being more water than land—enough of the former to cover the latter all over and have two inches to spare—the land must finally vanish. We shall drown."

But—

There is really nothing to fear for the present. While many select 1998 as the End, because Christ was crucified in the 1998th week of his human life, and while medieval Saint Vincent Ferrier named the year 2537, the Doom is probably not so close at hand, because Science is willing to bet its last microscope that life will last as long as it has taken to evolve, which would be one hundred and eighty million years, while this rugged earth should survive, roughly, a million million years more.

In brief, you can pull that ice pack off your head, and stop worrying. You'll probably be plucking pitchforks out of your hair when the excitement starts. ###

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HIS..Off-white, Drab, Polar Blue, Grey-Green, Navy Blue. Sizes 36 to 46 $\$8^{95}$
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TROU..All Wool WHITE STAG Gabardine Downhill Style. Navy Blue, Gunmetal, Tan, Dartm'th Green, Patrol Blue.
HIS..Waist 28 to 42, Length S-M-L. $\$11^{95}$
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Some People Are Fools

Continued from page 97

down with suddenness and force.

"Get the hell off my fish!" Von Bruggen shouted at me.

I sat up and looked around. A large fish covered nearly the whole floor. It had staring eyes and a long beak. It startled me. I was sitting on it.

"It's sure to win first or second prize," Mr. Botlop said.

I decided this thing had gone far enough. I said, "Mr. Botlop, in the matter of equipment and supplies for the new hotel, I represent—"

"There's Margaret," said Mr. Botlop. We looked toward the pier. Sure enough, there she was, lovelier than ever. My heart began to pound. I had never realized that love could be like this. The Lascar landed the boat, and my companions jumped off.

"Come here," the Lascar said to me, "and give me a hand with this fish." I took a long look at Margaret, standing there all in white against the green of the palms, and turned reluctantly to the fish. We had to get the thing out of the boat and onto some kind of pulley arrangement and haul it up on a crossbar. When we had finished, my clothes were in poor condition. So I had to sit alone in the back seat of the car, while the others sat in the front seat. We drove home. I felt bitter.

When we got out of the car I said firmly to my host, "Mr. Botlop, I would like to go to a store and buy some Florida clothes of my own."

"That's silly," he said. "Just a waste of good money."

I said, "I don't mind the expense. I have nearly four hundred dollars with me, and I hope I can afford a pair of pants."

Mr. Botlop looked pensive. He said, "All right, jump in." We got back into the car and started, but we did not go toward town. My host said, "On the way, I want to show you a few of the high spots of the finest, fastest growing town in Florida."

He began to point out places of interest. I began to grow drowsy. I came to when the car stopped and Mr. Botlop said, "Well, here we are. Let's get out."

I got out. All I could see was grass and some palm trees, and a swamp in the background. Mr. Botlop placed his hands on his hips and took a very deep breath and exhaled slowly. He said, "The invigorating, perfumed air of Florida. Nothing like it in the world. Some people, Coe, are fools. They shiver and freeze amidst snow and slush and chilling winds. Here in Florida, gentle zephyrs fan the cheek already flushed from a happy, carefree day in the outdoors and tanned by the soft caress of the sub-tropical sun. Health. happiness, freedom, joy —the lingering whisper of palm leaf against palm." He held up a hand. "Listen, Coe, to the gentle murmur of Florida."

I listened. The distant roar of motor traffic floated on the air. I said, "Where are we?"

"This," Mr. Botlop said, "is one of my lots."

When we returned, Margaret was sitting on the porch. She looked entrancing. There no longer was any doubt in my mind—she was the woman of my choice.

Mr. Botlop said, "Margaret, you see before you the luckiest young man in Florida. If he keeps on picking up bargains like he did just now, he'll be a millionaire in three years."

Margaret looked at her father. She said, "Do you mean, Daddy dear, that you have sold another lot?"

"Lot 44, Block seven," he said. "At a slight loss."

I said, "Mr. Botlop, I wouldn't want you to lose on it." I felt uncomfortable. He slapped me on the shoulder. "Coe," he said, "I want you to be the one to have it."

The truth was I had picked up a thousand dollar lot for four hundred dollars, a hundred and fifty down and the balance on easy terms, out of income. I thanked Mr. Botlop again for his courtesy in the matter, and went upstairs to bed.

When I woke up in the morning I dressed quickly and went downstairs. It was still very early; nobody was up. I sat on the porch in a position from which I could command the stairway and grab Mr. Botlop the minute he appeared.

Within half an hour he came down the stairs, singing softly to himself. I got up and confronted him.

"Coe!" he said. "Well, I'm glad to see you up early, enjoying as much as you can of this beautiful day. Every time I wake up, I thank God I have awakened in Florida. Some people are fools. They live up north and freeze, and the chill winds—"

"Mr. Botlop," I said firmly, "I would like to speak with you for a few minutes on a matter of vital concern to—you." I heard Von Bruggen moving around upstairs. My mind worked swiftly. I grabbed my host by the arm and said, "It has been my desire for years to see this wonderful ocean of yours in the early morning light. Suppose we hop in your car and run down to your ocean."

Mr. Botlop promptly agreed. We got into his car and drove rapidly away. Gently, without setting up any antagonism, I told him of the history and background of Pettibone & Company, in terms of what this company meant to—him. He listened with interest to all I said. He nodded his head when I pounded home convincing points. I could see that he was impressed, not only with the service my company could render, but with my own sincerity.

"Pardon me for interrupting," he said, "but I want to look at the new boat. I bought it last night."

I looked up. We had pulled up

Continued on page 244

RAINFAIR
Quality Coats
pictured on opposite page
ON SALE AT THESE AND OTHER LEADING STORES

ALABAMA
Birmingham—Louis Pizitz Dry Goods Co.
Odum, Bowers & White
Florence—Kreisman's
Montgomery—Goodform Clothing Shop
Selma—Lilienthals
Tuscaloosa—Louis Wiesel, Inc.
ARKANSAS
Fayetteville—Campbell & Bell Dry Goods Co.
CALIFORNIA
Berkeley—House of Harris
Beverly Hills—Jerry Rothschild
Long Beach—Columbia Outfitting Co.
Los Angeles—Bullock's
J. W. Robinson
Oakland—Schwartz & Grodin
Pasadena—Harry Fitzgerald
Sacramento—Capital Clo. Co
San Francisco—The Emporium
COLORADO
Denver—Gano-Downs Co.
The May Co.
FLORIDA
Jacksonville—Cohen Bros.
Rosenblum's
Tampa—Wolf Brothers
GEORGIA
Albany—Cohen's
Columbus—Chancellor Co.
Hoflin Greentree
Savannah—The Jones Co.
ILLINOIS
Alton—Hartmann's
Aurora—Alshuler Bros. Co.
Bloomington—Moberly & Klenner
Champaign—Jos. Kuhn & Co.
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.
The Fair Store
Danville—Deutsch Bros.
Decatur—Blakeney & Plum
Elgin—Chas. M. Danner Co.
Galesburg—The Continental
Jacksonville—Myers Bros.
Joliet—Dinet & Co.
Kankakee—Vanderwater Clo. Co.
Peoria—Schradzki's
Rockford—Mason's
Springfield—Myers Bros.
Waukegan—Durkin & Durkin
INDIANA
Anderson—Hoyt Wright Co.
Bloomington—Kahn Clo. Co.
Evansville—Strouse & Bros.
Fort Wayne—Wolf & Dessauer
Kokomo—Galbraith & Stewart
LaPorte—Droege & Blankschein
Michigan City—Fred Stern
Richmond—J. P. Conniff
South Bend—Max Adler
Terre Haute—Carl Wolf, Clothier
Valparaiso—J. Lowenstine & Sons
IOWA
Ames—Jameson's
Cedar Rapids—Armstrong Clo. Co.
Clinton—Martin Morris
Council Bluffs—Iowa Clothes Shop
Davenport—Simon & Landauer
The Hub
Des Moines—New Utica
Dubuque—Ed Graham
Iowa City—Grimm's
Waterloo—Palace Clothiers
KANSAS
Lawrence—Carl's
Topeka—Ray Beers
KENTUCKY
Louisville—Lewis & Hastings
LOUISIANA
Baton Rouge—The Varsity Shop
New Orleans—Porter's, Inc.
Shreveport—M. Levy Co.
MICHIGAN
Ann Arbor—Wagner & Co.
Detroit—Hickey's
J. L. Hudson Co.
Hughes & Hatcher
Flint—Buckingham's
Grand Rapids—Martin Stores
Jackson—Bozin's
Kalamazoo—G. W. Taylor Co.
Lansing—Brooks Clothes
Saginaw—Heavenrich & Co.
Wyandotte—Armstrong & Co.
MINNESOTA
Duluth—The Big Duluth
Fairbault—Bachrach Clo. Co.
Minneapolis—The Dayton Co.
Carr, Dolan and Hahn
Rochester—M. C. Lawler
St. Paul—McCluskey Bros.
Winona—The Continental
MISSOURI
Columbia—Barth Clothing Co.
Kansas City—Palace Clo. Co.
St. Louis—Famous Barr Co.
MONTANA
Great Falls—Andrew Thisted—The Hub
NEBRASKA
Lincoln—Ben Simon & Co.
Omaha—Nebraska Clo. Co.
NEW JERSEY
Newark—The Larkey Co.
NEW YORK
Brooklyn—Abraham & Straus, Inc.
Frederick Loeser & Co.
Buffalo—Martin Jacobi
Kingston—Flanagan's
New York City—Saks at 34th
Poughkeepsie—M. Shwartz & Co.
Rochester—Goodyear House of Coats
Syracuse—E. W. Edwards & Son
NORTH CAROLINA
Chapel Hill—Carolina Men's Shop
Charlotte—Tate-Brown Co.
Durham—Young Men's Shop
Greensboro—Wright's Clo. Co.
High Point—Wright's Clo. Co.
Raleigh—Wright's Clo. Co.
Wilmington—Foy, Roe & Co.
OHIO
Akron—M. O'Neil Co.
Canton—C. N. Vicary
Cincinnati—John Shillito Co.
Cleveland—Wm. Taylor Co.
Columbus—F. & R. Lazarus
Dayton—Metropolitan Clo. Co.
Sandusky—Manhattan Clo. Co.
Toledo—B. R. Baker
OKLAHOMA
Norman—Garner's Men's Shop
Stillwater—McBrides
Tulsa—Clarke's
OREGON
Eugene—Hart Larsen
Portland—Fatures & Green
PENNSYLVANIA
Butler—Benson Stores
Erie—P. A. Meyer Co.
Homestead—Ray Friedman
Indiana—Moorhead's
Johnstown—Penn Traffic Co.
Lancaster—Frank F. Filling
McKeesport—Henry B. Klein
New Kensington—Alex Sloan
Philadelphia—Strawbridge & Clothier
Pittsburgh—Jos. Horne Co.
State College—Charles Fellow Shop
Uniontown—Benson's
Washington—Jack Hart
Wilkes-Barre—The Hub
SOUTH CAROLINA
Anderson—Murchison's
Charleston—Max's Men's Store
TENNESSEE
Bristol—H. P. King Co.
Chattanooga—Koblentz Dept. Store
Loveman's
Johnson City—Thomas Cash Store
Kingsport—Johnson & Co., Inc.
Knoxville—S. H. George & Sons
Morristown—Rogers & Co.
Nashville—Petway Reavis
TEXAS
Abilene—Minter D. G. Co.
Amarillo—Killough & Davis
Austin—The Toggery
Beaumont—White House D. G. Co.
Brownwood—Garner Alvis Co.
Corpus Christi—Lichtenstein & Sons
Houston—Shudde Bros.
Orange—Abes, Inc.
Port Arthur—Bluestein's
San Antonio—Hutchins Bros.
Texarkana—Templeton Morgan Clo. Co.
Tyler—Caldwell-Hughes-Delay & Allen
Waco—Wood Bros.
Wichita Falls—Barnard & Montgomery, Inc.
UTAH
Ogden—Fred Nye Co.
Salt Lake City—Hibbs Clo. Co.
VIRGINIA
Alexandria—Cohen's Quality Shop
Arlington—The Quality Shop
Charlottesville—Kaufman Sons, Inc.
Lexington—Ed Deaver & Sons
Lynchburg—Knight & Snead
Newport News—Mirmelstein's
Norfolk—Shulman & Co.
Portsmouth—Barney Boys' Shop
Richmond—Miller & Rhoads
Roanoke—Glenn Minnich Co.
Staunton—Blackburn's
WASHINGTON
Seattle—The Emporium
Spokane—Thomas & Gassman
Tacoma—Phil Brodsky
WEST VIRGINIA
Charleston—A. W. Cox Dept. Store
Clarksburg—Will Melet Co.
Fairmont—J. M. Hartley & Son
Huntington—Oxley-Betz-McPherson
WISCONSIN
Appleton—Wm. Peterson Clo. Store
Beloit—Reitler Clothing Co.
Fond du Lac—T. E. Ahern
Ft. Atkinson—Jensen & Jones
Green Bay—Stiefel's
Kenosha—Isermann Bros.
LaCrosse—Peter Newburg Clo. Co.
Madison—F. W. Karstens Co.
Manitowoc—Schuette Bros. Co.
Marinette—Lauerman Bros. Co.
Menasha—Bevers & Schmalz
Milwaukee—Boston Store
Ed Schuster & Co.
Chas. Stumpf & Sons
Oshkosh—Oshkosh Continental
Sheboygan—H. C. Prange
Wausau—Helling & Groff

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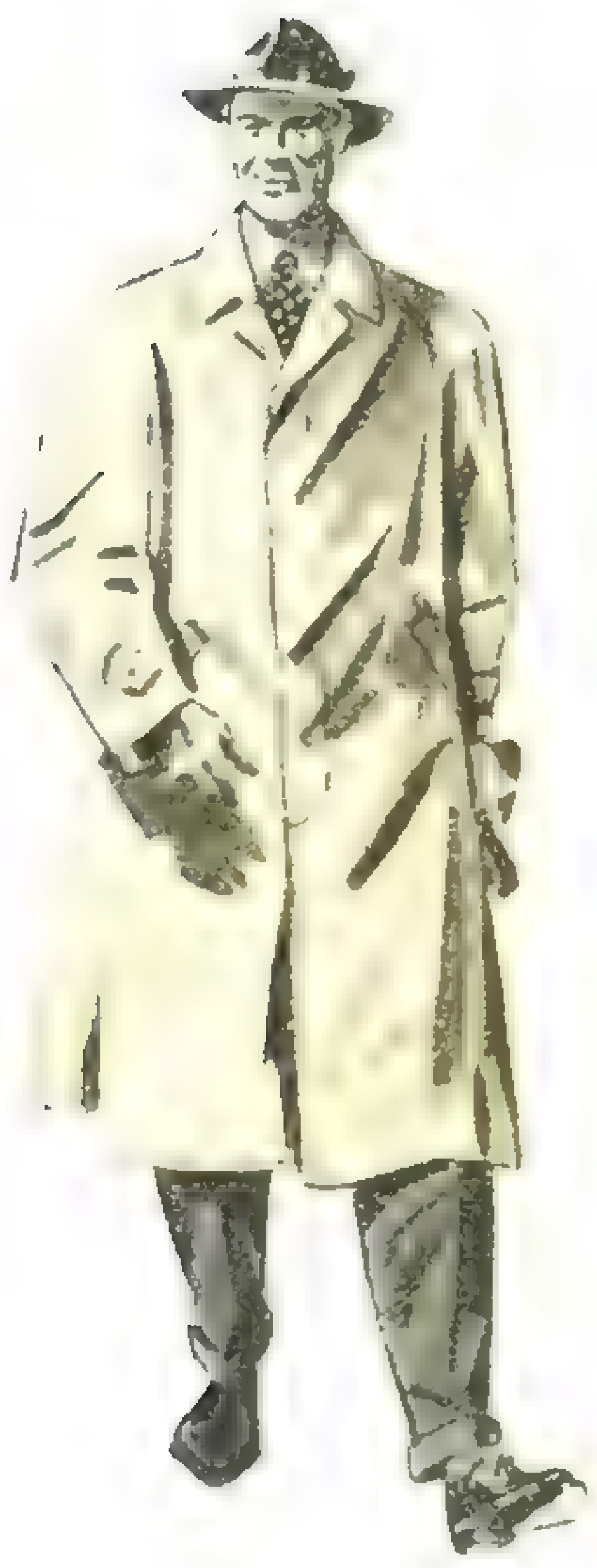
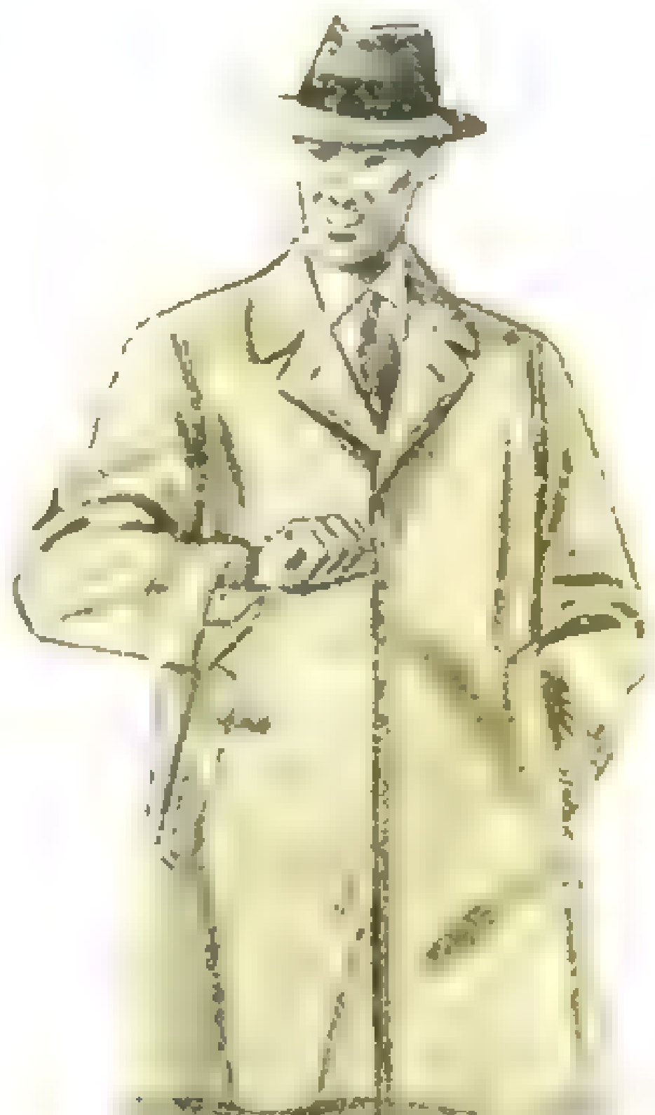


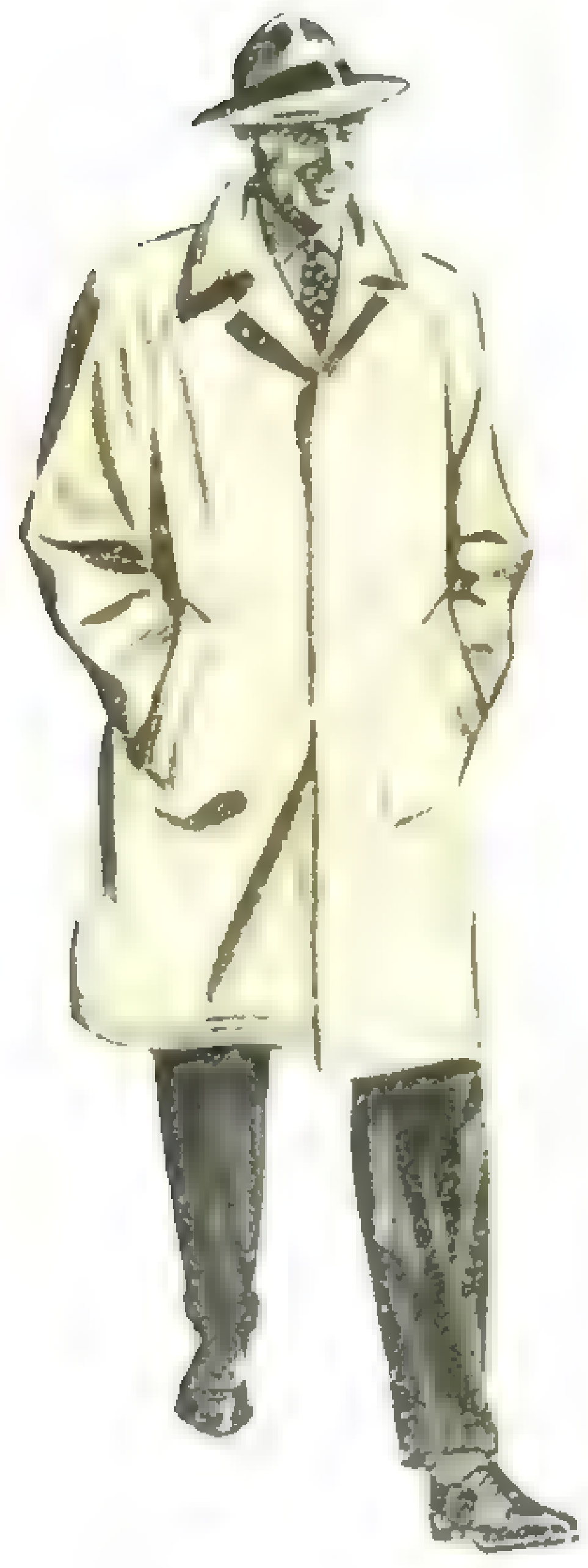
GRAFTON

Showerproofed by Cravenette Balmacaan style coat with fly front. Made of top-quality gabardine, expertly tailored. The Grafton is one of Rainfair's most popular Storm Coats with men of all ages! Deep yoke and sleeve lining of lustrous long-life rayon. Fawn, light olive, taupe, or green in sizes 34 to 46. Regulars, longs, and shorts. An unusual value at.................. $10.50



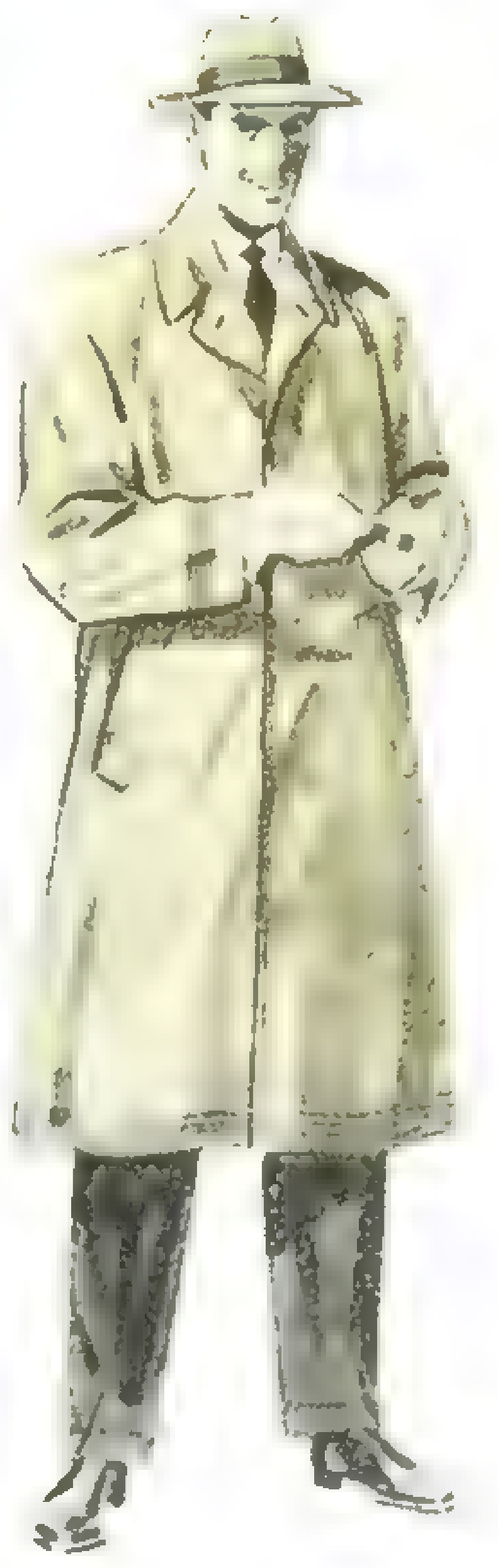
COVERT UNIVERSITY

Reversible! Nothing like it! On one side, covert cloth, sensational fabric of fine finish and soft texture. On the other, bleached bone gabardine. Both sides showerproofed by Cravenette. Finger-tip length, covert-faced lapels, fly-front, set-in sleeves, slash pockets, railroad stitching. Sizes 32 to 44. Regulars or longs.......... $15.75



TACKLE TWILL

Tackle Twill can take it! Used last year by leading college and professional teams for football pants—made water repellent by the famous Long-Life Cravenette process—styled by Rainfair into a knee length Storm Coat that's in a class by itself. Raglan shoulders. Railroad stitching on cuffs and bottom. Deep yoke and sleeve linings of lustrous rayon. In eggshell or tan. Sizes 32 to 44. Regulars or longs...................... $15.75



COVERT REVERSIBLE

In appearance, an expensive topcoat—last word in reversibles! On one side, the soft elegance of covert cloth. On the other, fine quality olive-shade gabardine. Both sides showerproofed by Cravenette. Railroad stitching on sleeves and bottom. Fly front on the covert side. Raglan shoulders. Sizes 32 to 44. Regulars, longs, shorts...................... $19.50

ZIPRAIN $12.50

The nonchalance that comes with precise tailoring is evident in this English knee-length, top-quality gabardine, showerproofed by Cravenette. Talon fastener on fly front. Slash-through pockets. Railroad stitching on cuffs and bottom. Full iridescent lining. Bleached bone or light olive in sizes 32 to 44. Regulars or longs.

COVERT ZIPRAIN Ziprain high style in finely finished, soft-texture covert cloth, showerproofed by Cravenette. Knee-length, bal-collar. Talon fastener on fly front. Slash pockets. Set-in sleeves. Railroad stitching on cuffs and bottom. Full iridescent lining. Sizes 32 to 44. Regulars or longs... $16.75

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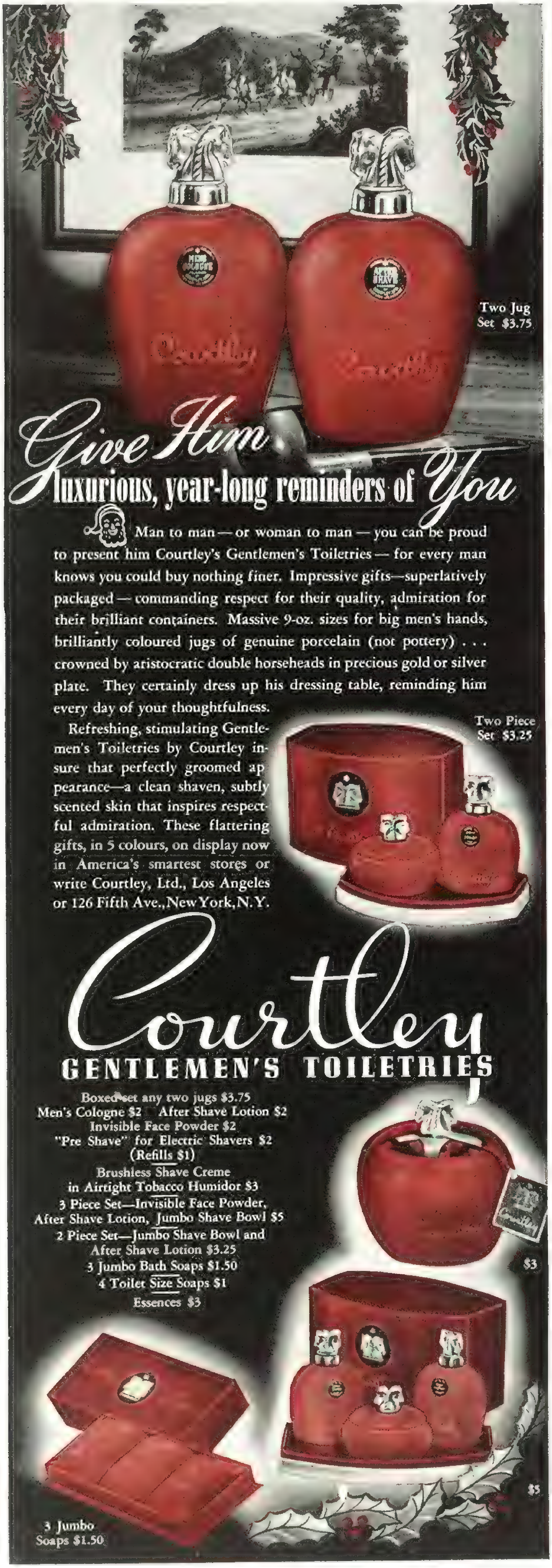

Two Jug Set $3.75

Give Him luxurious, year-long reminders of You

Man to man—or woman to man—you can be proud to present him Courtley's Gentlemen's Toiletries—for every man knows you could buy nothing finer. Impressive gifts—superlatively packaged—commanding respect for their quality, admiration for their brilliant containers. Massive 9-oz. sizes for big men's hands, brilliantly coloured jugs of genuine porcelain (not pottery) . . . crowned by aristocratic double horseheads in precious gold or silver plate. They certainly dress up his dressing table, reminding him every day of your thoughtfulness.

Two Piece Set $3.25

Refreshing, stimulating Gentlemen's Toiletries by Courtley insure that perfectly groomed appearance—a clean shaven, subtly scented skin that inspires respectful admiration. These flattering gifts, in 5 colours, on display now in America's smartest stores or write Courtley, Ltd., Los Angeles or 126 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

Courtley
GENTLEMEN'S TOILETRIES

Boxed set any two jugs $3.75
Men's Cologne $2 After Shave Lotion $2
Invisible Face Powder $2
"Pre Shave" for Electric Shavers $2
(Refills $1)
Brushless Shave Creme
in Airtight Tobacco Humidor $3
3 Piece Set—Invisible Face Powder,
After Shave Lotion, Jumbo Shave Bowl $5
2 Piece Set—Jumbo Shave Bowl and
After Shave Lotion $3.25
3 Jumbo Bath Soaps $1.50
4 Toilet Size Soaps $1
Essences $3

$3

$5

3 Jumbo Soaps $1.50

Some People Are Fools

Continued from pages 97-242

at a small lagoon. Docks extended out into it, and a number of white boats were moored there. I got out with Mr. Botlop and we went down to one of the docks and stopped before a boat. It was not one of the best boats.

"Step in," Mr. Botlop said. I stepped in. He said, "I'd take you for a spin, but the engine isn't working. Needs a new timer. But she's the finest little boat on the east coast, at that. Take a boat like this, Coe, she sleeps four in the cabin, and the whole coast opens up before you. You can cruise around in the inside passages, or the Gulf Stream itself is at your very feet, with all its beauty of sky and water. White sands, white moonlight, the salt air washing the body and the mind in a bath of liquid gold. The clouds rising in silver pillars over that lovely sapphire, the southern sea . . ."

As soon as I had bought the boat we went home.

Margaret and Von Bruggen were sitting on the porch and they were very happy. Margaret said: "Dad, Von has won the second prize with his sailfish. Isn't it wonderful of him?"

Mr. Botlop took Von Bruggen's hand and shook it for a long time. "It is an honor to have you as our guest," he said, emotionally.

Von Bruggen at this point took some papers out of his pocket, and a fountain pen. He said to Mr. Botlop: "This is the contract for the equipment of the hotel. It is purely a form, with the quantities and specifications blank, but we may as well have it signed and over with."

He gave Mr. Botlop the pen and Mr. Botlop signed the contract.

"I hope," Mr. Botlop said, "I shall have the pleasure of fishing with you again today, Mr. Von Bruggen."

Von Bruggen said it would be all right with him, and they asked me if I wanted to go along and I said that I did not. I turned away from them, away from the house, away even from Margaret, and just began to walk. I was very low in spirits. I had not won the contract, consequently could not astonish my employers on my return. And my return, by the way, would be by cut-rate bus, with hamburgers as sustenance, since I was the very next thing to being out of money.

Unconsciously I followed the route back to the lagoon, and when I saw where I was, I went down and looked at my boat. I could tell which was mine by the way the paint was peeling off. I went inside and sat down, holding my head in my hands. I had a lot, and a boat.

I wished I had neither. What I was going to do with them, I could not imagine. I had bought them partly because they undeniably were bargains of the first water, but also because it was my understanding that in selling, you had to play ball with your prospective customer.

I got up and walked out onto the pier. An old man was cutting up small fish into chunks. I asked him why, and he said that this was bait for catching snappers. He said there were lots of snappers in the lagoon. I went back into the boat and found an old fishpole and the man gave me some bait and I spent almost all the rest of the day fishing. I caught quite a string.

I took this string of fish to Mr. Botlop's house, having stopped on the way to eat a hamburger. When I got there just before sunset, Von Bruggen and Mr. Botlop had returned from fishing, and the house was in a state of confusion. Mr. Botlop was sitting in a chair in the living room, his head in his hands. Margaret was packing a suitcase. Von Bruggen was standing around looking pleased, especially at Margaret.

I said, "Well, what's going on?"

Mr. Botlop looked up at me. "It's over," he said bitterly. He waved his arms. "It was all a beautiful dream. Just a dream." He got up and walked around. "Therefore," he said in a loud voice, "I am renouncing my beloved state of Florida. It has betrayed me. It is worthless; it is a cheat; its beckoning arms are full of promise but empty of fulfillment. I never want to see it again. Never! I am disillusioned; I am through!"

"Dear me," I said.

Margaret said, "Mr. Coe, the hotel idea failed to go through. We just had a telephone call from the bankers in New York. So now we are giving up Florida forever. Dad worked for years on his idea, and it has—flopped. Mr. Von Bruggen won three hundred dollars for second prize in the sailfish contest, and in the goodness of his heart he has offered to take us back with him to New York."

"Why?" I said, in agony.

Margaret lowered her lashes. "I am to be a Florida bathing beauty," she said. "Mr. Von Bruggen seems to think we can make a living, Dad and I. I will pose for pictures. I'm taking my bathing suit."

"Margaret," I said, "I am very confused, as usual. But I have caught a string of snappers, and we may as well clean them for supper."

She offered to help me, and we went out into the back yard, where I had left the fish. "It was the dollar idea," she said, "that killed the hotel. I was afraid of it from the first. Daddy thought that thousands and thousands of people who had never had a chance to enjoy Florida would come here if they could get a fine room in a wonderful hotel on the beach for a dollar a day. It was to have been the finest hotel in the world, with two thousand rooms. That would mean an income of two thousand

HIS . . . *for a* Happy Christmas *at home or in camp*

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Ski Train—aristocrat of parkas. Reversible, with detachable hood; poplin or gabardine and rich wool or wool fleece. 5 big pockets. $15 and $16.95.

Wherever he is, Glover Sportswear will be a gift to warm body and heart. *Style* to make him proud—*comfort* that only generous, expert tailoring makes possible! See these luxurious Glover garments—with others equally distinguished—at the better stores. *This* Christmas give him the *best!*

H. B. GLOVER COMPANY
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dollars a day, and two thousand happy people."

I cleaned a fish. I asked, "But would it make a profit?"

"That's exactly what the banks in New York, that Daddy wanted to finance the hotel, were always asking," Margaret said.

I thought for a moment, while cutting off the head of a snapper. I said, "Margaret, you are not entirely broke. I have paid your father quite a little money lately."

She sighed deeply. "But he sells everything at a loss," she said. "We started out with half a million dollars and all we have left are these snappers you have caught. Daddy is always willing to take a small loss if he can get another person down here to help him enjoy Florida. The lot payment you gave him, he used for buying the boat. The boat money you gave him, he put down as first payment on the old airport."

"What does he want of the old airport?" I asked in amazement.

Margaret began to cry. "I don't know," she said.

I just sat there. I have not got a first-class mind, but what there is of it sometimes gets together in a sort of blitzkrieg. I felt one coming on now. "Let us go in," I said.

We went in.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I said, in a commanding voice, "the place for a Florida bathing beauty is in Florida!"

They all looked at me.

I said: "Mr. Botlop, go to New York if you want to, where the food is unfit for human consumption. Go, and see if you like it. As for me, I shall never waver. Some people are fools. They shiver and freeze amidst snow and slush and chilling winds." The words were coming back to me, and I realized it was Mr. Botlop talking as I went on: "Here in Florida, gentle zephyrs fan the cheek already flushed from a happy, carefree day in the outdoors, and tanned by the soft caress of the sub-tropical sun. Health, happiness, freedom, joy—the lingering whisper of palm leaf against palm."

I stepped over to the door and opened it. I said, "Listen to the gentle murmur of Florida, calling, calling. Every time I wake up, I thank God I have awakened in Florida! The Gulf Stream is at our very feet, with all its beauty of sky and water. White sands, white moonlight, the salt air washing the body and mind in a bath of liquid gold. The clouds rising in silver pillars over that lovely sapphire, the southern sea."

Margaret had moved over to her suitcase, and was beginning to unpack it. Mr. Botlop had taken out his handkerchief and was holding it in front of his face. I went on: "Mr. Botlop, I own one of the finest lots in the fastest growing town in Florida. We can sell this big white elephant here and build ourselves a modest but comfortable home on my lot. I also have a boat."

I could see my future father-in-law looking at me with interest.

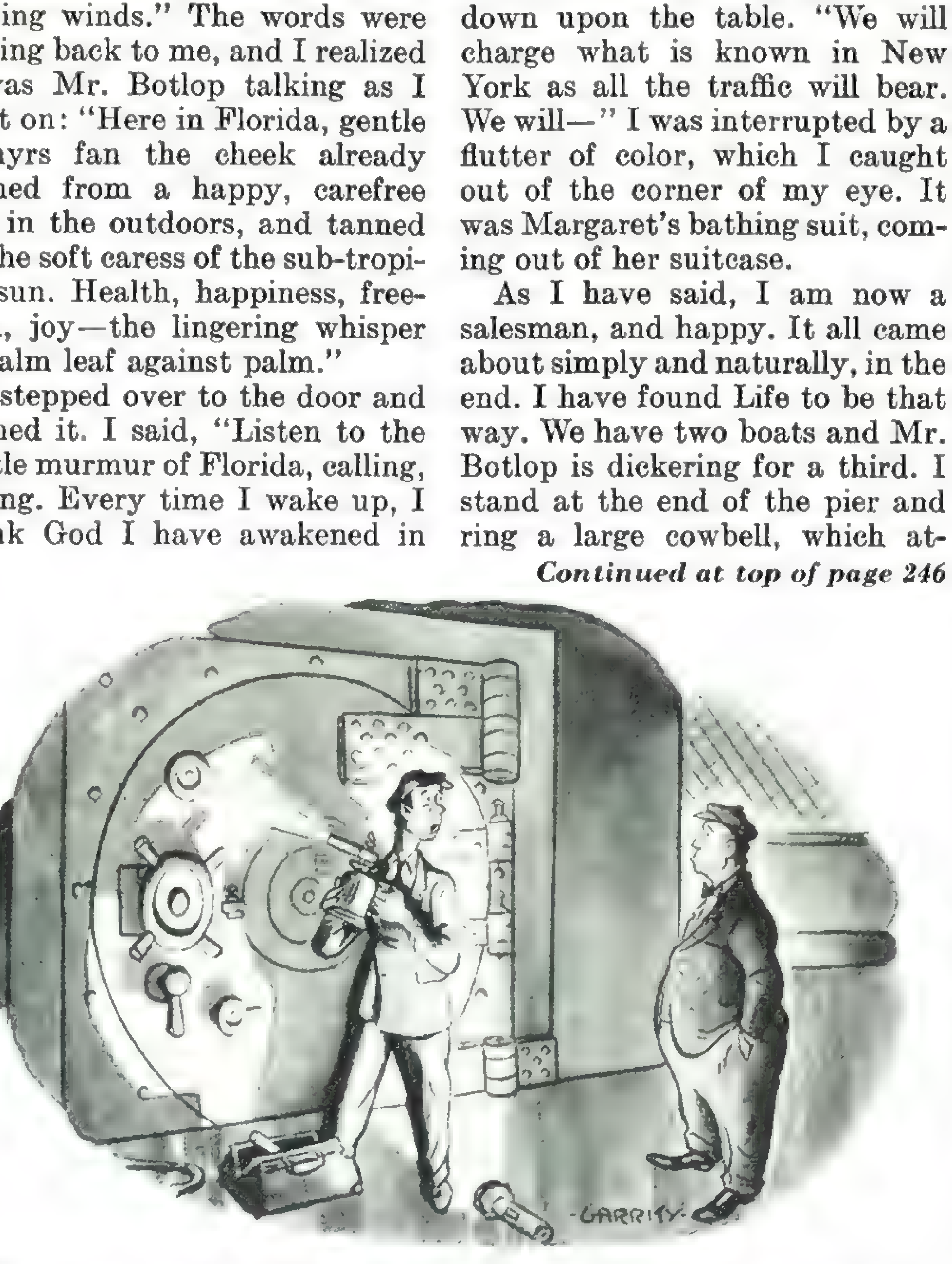
I said, "I have a boat. The finest little boat on the east coast, once we get a new timer for her. Hundreds of people who come down here from the north are like me, not like Von Bruggen. They hate the sea. They get seasick. They do not want to catch a sailfish or a whale. They want to sit in the Florida sun in a Florida boat and catch small Florida fish and have their pictures taken. We will offer such a service. We can tie the boat to the end of the pier, and have a large sign there. Margaret, in her bathing suit, can sit on the bow of the boat. The people can have their pictures taken with either her or the fish, or both. Thousands of people who never have had the opportunity—"

"We could charge just enough," Mr. Botlop said excitedly, "to cover our expenses. We could get millions of people—"

"No!" I said, bringing my fist down upon the table. "We will charge what is known in New York as all the traffic will bear. We will—" I was interrupted by a flutter of color, which I caught out of the corner of my eye. It was Margaret's bathing suit, coming out of her suitcase.

As I have said, I am now a salesman, and happy. It all came about simply and naturally, in the end. I have found Life to be that way. We have two boats and Mr. Botlop is dickering for a third. I stand at the end of the pier and ring a large cowbell, which at-

Continued at top of page 246



"You just watch, Clancy! I don't want you to do anything to violate your parole!"

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First Nighter's too good-looking to spend its whole life asleep. For the other 16 hours, it can be worn in the garden, on cruises, at the beach, or just relaxing. Crew neck pullover of soft combed mercerized balbriggan. Slack trousers tailored of fine broadcloth . . . with pleated tops, real cuffs, roomy side pockets and the breathe-with-you Lastex Wonderbelt.

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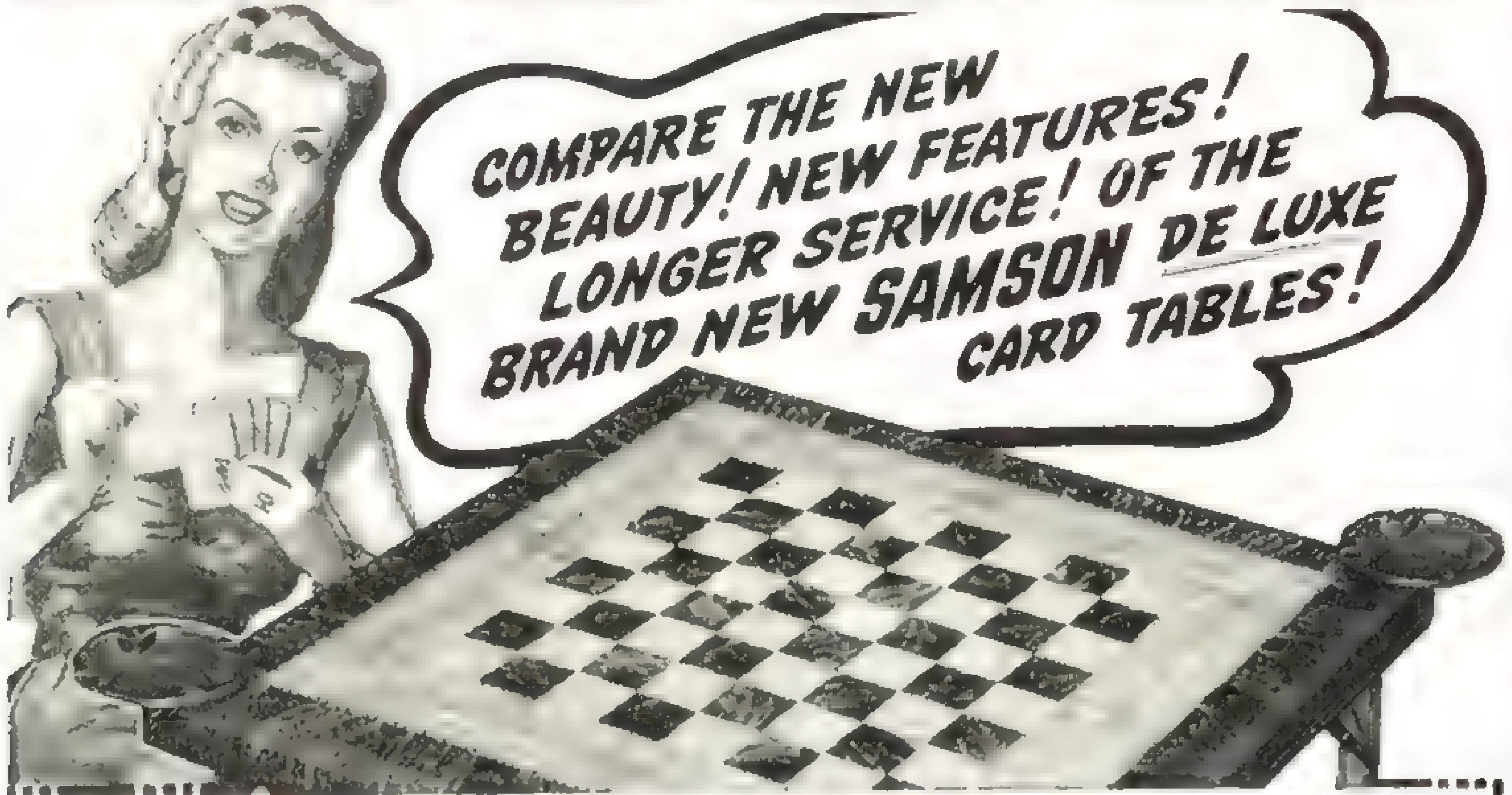
COMPARE THE NEW BEAUTY! NEW FEATURES! LONGER SERVICE! OF THE BRAND NEW SAMSON DE LUXE CARD TABLES!

YES! New styling, improved construction. . . A value even greater than ever before—but still available at $2.98

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Here is *only one* of the *ten* exquisite designs you can now get in 1942 Samson DeLuxe Card Tables! Famous for years for their washable stainproof finish and super-strength—now available in a variety of designs to enhance the beauty of any room! Handsome reproductions of rare cabinet woods, stunning embossed pastel shades, beautiful floral centers in full color—and many others. Yet you pay no more—the price is still $2.98! So act now! Visit your Samson dealer while his stock is complete!

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Rigid, easy-fold tubular steel frame—padded seat—choice of colors.
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SHWAYDER BROTHERS, INC. • Dept. 31 • Denver, Colo. • Detroit, Mich.
Made by makers of SAMSONITE LUGGAGE with same high quality

Some People Are Fools

Continued from pages 97-242-245

tracts the attention of the people.

When I am not doing this I am circulating through the crowds and along the beaches, handing out cards and circulars and making a short, appropriate talk with each one. At times I address impromptu gatherings on the street corners, and there, if I may say so, I am at my best as a salesman. Our competitors say I have a way of hypnotizing people. I lay my success, however, to the fact that my heart is in my work.

People who do not come to Florida are fools. I have a small but neat house on my lot, and we all live together. I am tanned almost black, like a Lascar, or Malay. I have a small son, and I am married to a Florida bathing beauty, in technicolor.

Some people are fools, but not me. ⧺

Alone the Stranger Passes

Continued from page 62

"There now Saul," said one of the soldiers addressing the blind man. "You followed him through the streets and you are still blind."

"Only my eyes are blind. My understanding sees more than most."

"You should have begged him to perform the miracle they say he has done in Galilee and make your blind eyes see. If we saw your sight returned to you then we would believe some of the stories we hear about him."

"I followed him," said Saul "and with my ears I heard everything and although blind I have seen in so short a time more than all of you who have eyes."

"And what have you seen with your hollow eyes?"

"I followed him and wherever his shadow passed the evil was cast down. Twelve times, in as many minutes, his shadow changed the course of human events. Twelve times were twelve evils hurled to the ground."

"What evils?" asked one.

"Twelve evils, each different," said the blind man. "I know they were twelve for I counted them."

"Name the twelve evils," challenged one of the soldiers.

"Yes, I could name them for you. Each one of them. There was a boy who worked for a coppersmith and he was fighting with the evil of temptation and he told his master the truth and threw it off. And then in a tavern there were three evils hurled to the ground. Indolence, drunkenness, and greed. But first, the very first, I had almost forgotten, a girl in the grip of vanity suddenly dropped her comb and the envy of her neighbor was cast out of the window. These were the first two and added to the four I have already mentioned it makes six in all."

"How six?" asked one.

"I will repeat the evils in the order as I heard them this evening. Vanity, envy, temptation, indolence, drunkenness and greed. The man who drank too much dashed the cup to the floor and the cup was not empty either."

"Yes, that is six," admitted one of the soldiers.

"Then I will go on. There was anger in a husband and cruelty in the wife who pinched her child. And then we came into the bazaar and I heard a liar confess and the woman who cheated in counting the eggs into the basket made good her mistake. And so these four evils are wrath, cruelty, lying and cheating. These four added to the other six makes ten."

"Two more."

"The last two you may not believe, but I heard myself the ring of a golden coin upon the counter. The thief returned it. And finally I heard a man set free his slaves and end the tyranny which held them in an iron grip. And tyranny is an evil as great as any. Altogether there were twelve."

"And the Prophet from the desert, did he speak?" asked one.

"No. Not a word. He passed in silence and He was unnoticed by the crowds in the streets. But wherever His shadow crossed, there the events were changed."

"I do not believe a word you say!" cried one in a loud voice.

"I do not ask you to believe." With these words the blind man bent down to the ground and his groping hand found the clay saucer which he had left when he rose to follow the Stranger. "There!" he cried, and he flung out the few coppers from the dish. "I am richer than all of you! And what is more, blind as I am I see more than all." He pounded his staff upon the pavement and started off for that hovel which he called his home.

At the same time a short distance from the walls of Jerusalem the Stranger passed beneath an old cedar tree. Looking back He could see in the falling light a shadowy figure of a sentinel pacing along the top of the wall.

Beside Him was the heavy trunk of the old cedar tree but the sun had already set in the heaven and no finger traced out the red muscles and limbs of those two eternal wrestlers, man and the evil monster. Twelve times they have clashed. Twelve falls and twelve victories have taken place and now they seemed merged together and in peace.

The bells in the wall towers ceased their clanging but the metal tongues still swayed and touched lightly the quivering rims to sound a far-away and muffled note. It was as though weary bells were clanging softly in their sleep and sending out their deep low echoing notes to be part of the vast dark night.

Alone the Stranger walked out into the desert. ⧺

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Scotland sends her best to you…one of her rarest treasures…so that you may give your friends a rare remembrance for Christmas. No man could ask for a more mellow greeting. No good friend deserves less. So have Johnnie Walker delivered to your friends.

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Still going strong
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BLACK LABEL
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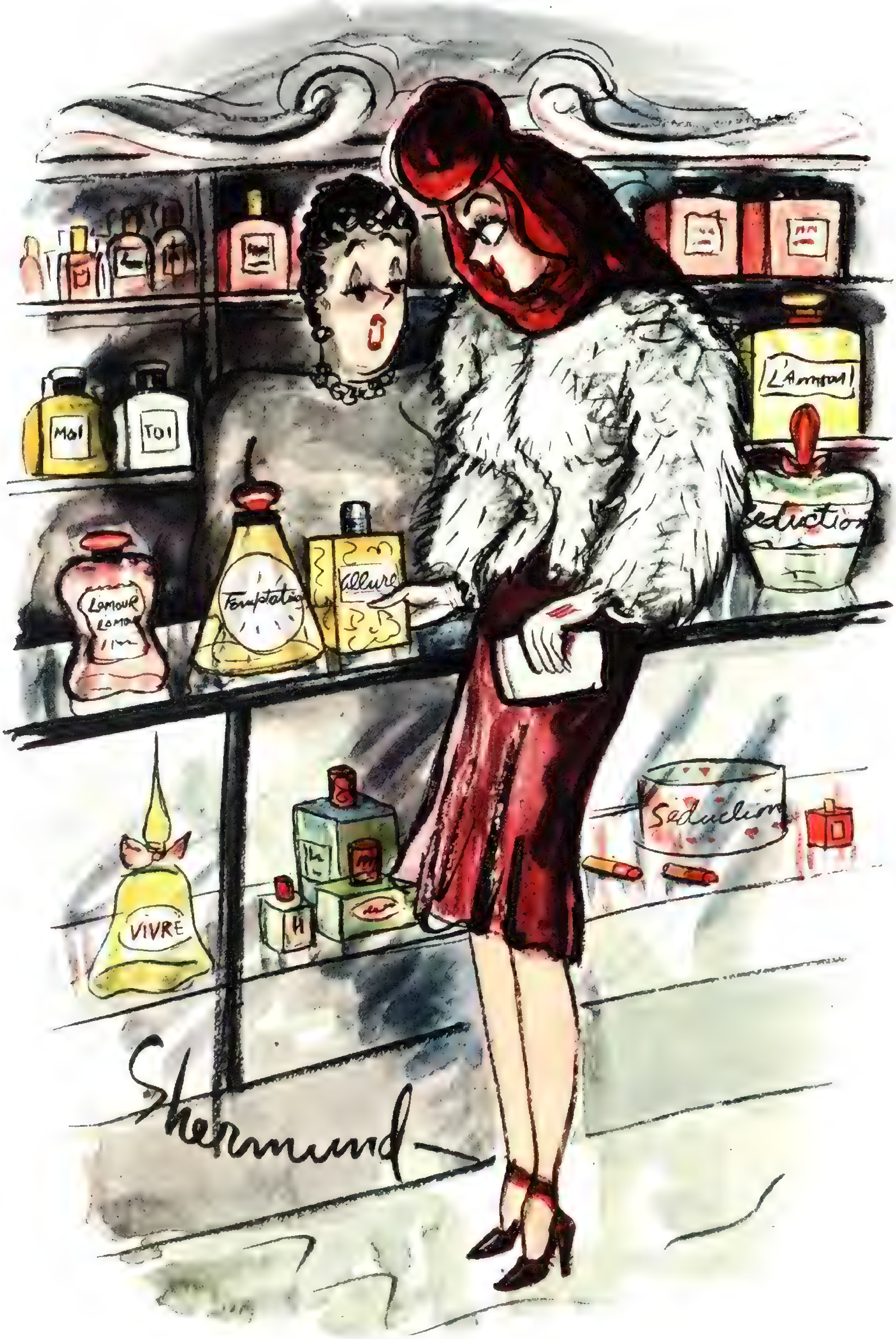
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"Tell her to make mine Manhattan"

Listen! That's your man talking, lady. Why not make him happy with some of those swell Manhattan shirts—Size-Fixt to look right and fit right *all* the time? Or new Manhattan ties designed to make shirts and suits handsomer? Or pajamas, or sportswear, or handkerchiefs? —all styled and turned out in Manhattan's own way . . . You see, lady, every Manhattan product has that *something* that makes it right. Give him what he wants!

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Freeing of Jason Whiteapple

Continued from page 73

ly. "He's that big man. He's a powerful man in our Party. He's the road-builder."

"You have 'im," Jailer Bert said. "He's the man. Now I just want to tell you about 'im."

"Yuh, I know 'im," Pa said. "He come nigh as a pea goin' to the Pen over shootin' Ham Frazier. Stood right in his own door and turned a double-barreled shot gun loose at 'im when Ham come to arrest 'im. Come nigh as a pea puttin' Ham under the wild honeysuckle."

"Yep, he did Mick," Jailer Bert said, his pale-blue eyes were shining in the jailhouse lights like a hounddog's eyes shine after dark. "It's too bad. Both men are wheelhosses in our Party. Fined Jason $500 and give 'im six months in jail. He can't pay a dollar of his fine. He has to lay it all out in jail at a dollar a day. He'll be here nearly two years. He's got a wife and nineteen youngins at home and I think he'd better be at home with 'em. And to tell you the truth, Mick, if I's to tell you somethin' you wouldn't believe me. You know that boy that let you in at the door awhile ago is a Trusty at the jail. He heps me with the work. He carries four and five times as much grub to Jason as he does to anybody in this jailhouse. It will break me up to feed 'im. Last Sunday for dinner Jason et four stewed hens all but the wings. He won't eat chicken wings. That's all he won't eat. I want to get 'im out'n the jail."

"My God," Pa said. "Did he eat four stewed hens at one meal?"

"He did Mick, besides the other grub he et," Jailer Bert said. "I'm not liein' to you. You know if he wasn't sicha damned big eater I'd like to keep Jason here with me in jail. I get a dollar a day for keepin' a man. It takes as much to feed Jason as it does five men. Now, you see where my profit's goin'. It will pay me to get 'im out and get five men in his place. I'll tell you Mick what I want you to do. Don't get me wrong. Let's get Jason back to his family. Let's see the men of our Party and make up money to pay his fine. You know it aint in my power to turn Jason out'n jail. If I could've turned 'im out, I'd a-turned 'im out atter he et his first meal here. But that part of the Law aint in my power. I'll tell you, I'll put in $200 myself on his fine. Then I'll make money, Mick for I like old Jason. But my God, he'll break me up if I haf to keep 'im."

"I'm a poor man Jailer Bert, but I'm in ten dollars on his fine," Pa said.

"That's just it, Mick," Jailer Bert said. "I think all the boys will throw in from ten to five bucks apiece and we'll soon get enough to pay 'im out. I want you to get on a mule tomorrow and go over the county and collect what you can."

"I'll be glad to do it," Pa said. "I'd like to see old Jason, Jailer Bert if he aint gone to bed yet."

"He won't be gone to bed," Jailer Bert said.

Jailer Bert Saddler got up and led the way. We followed him to a big iron door. He took a key from his key ring—opened the door and went inside. There was one cell after another all around the big square room. There was one window for each cell. In the middle of the room was a big room with bunks side by side. Old men with mustaches and beardy faces were in bunks fast asleep. Young men were sitting at tables playing cards. Middle aged men were on bunks trying to go to sleep and cussing the young men for playing cards. Men were smoking pipes, cigars and cigarettes. Men were chewing tobacco and spitting in spittoons. If they didn't hit them, they spit on the floor. When Pa saw all this his eyes got big. When Pa saw the initial-carved walls, he looked curious. He couldn't read the dirty things written on the walls for Pa can't read. He could tell about the dirty pictures drawn all over the walls.

"Jesus Christ," Pa said. "Jailer Bert, this is a hell o' a place."

"Mick, I know you think I aint worth a damn as a jailer," Bert said, "but I keep my Trusties washin' these walls and cleanin' atter these men. It don't do no good. They just do it over again. They air tough men—a lot o' 'im are purty good fellars. It's a job to keep 'em from fightin'. That's what I worry about most. Last week, they had a free-for-all and one fellar had to be sent from here to the hospital. I had to have Doc Wilburn with five that we kept in the jail. Doc Wilburn pulled a sliver from one's jawbone that looked like a piece of kindlin' wood."

"I'll be damned," Pa said. "Don't you carry a gat around this place?"

"No I don't carry no gat, Mick," he said. "The boys like to come and stay with me. Hell, I feed 'im good and they like it. It's money for me and a place for them to stay. A lot o' 'em don't have no homes. Their homes are where their hats are."

"Talk about a home," one of the men said that was sitting at a card table. "My home is with old jailer Bert. He's the best son-of-a-bitch that ever carried a jailhouse key. Long as Bert is jailer, this jailhouse will be my home. And by God, he'll be jailer a long time if people in this county vote like I do."

"Pal you took the words out'n my mouth," another beardy man said at the same card table. "Old Bert's what I call a man. I'd rather to stay with 'im as to have a home of my own. Get three good meals a day and a fire to sit by and a good bed to sleep on. By God, who'd ast fer a better life?"

The men laughed and threw their cards on the table. When

Continued on page 252

WOMEN

Full lengths, with cross-bands of "Lastex" in tops to absorb knee-bend and garter-pull.

Knee lengths, with dainty garter tops made with "Lastex".

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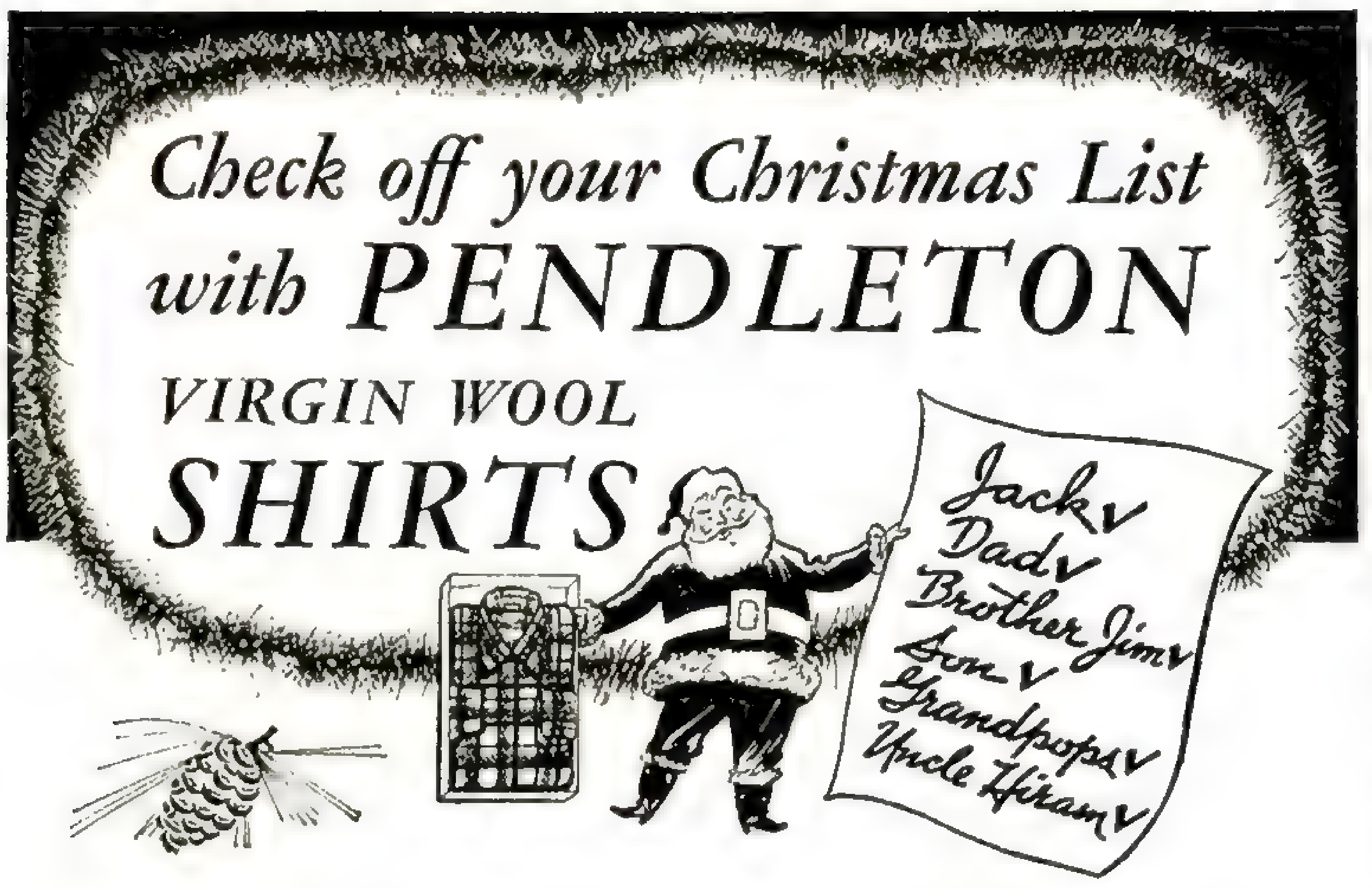

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A Pendleton favorite in Maroon, Royal Blue, Grey, Brown, Dark Green and Blue Green.

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Freeing of Jason Whiteapple

Continued from pages 73-251

they talked they didn't look at Jailer Bert. They watched to see that the other didn't cheat. They had matches on the table for money—and every few minutes they'd shift the match stems among the four men sitting at the table.

"Boys I'm glad you like your home," Bert laughed. "I do my best to give you three good meals a day, keep you a good fire and give you good beds to sleep on."

"Boy this place is somethin'," Pa said as he looked at the vulgar pictures drawn on the wall. "How could a man's mind get that goddamed filthy."

Pa's face got red as he looked at the pictures.

"I've been onery in my young days but I've never seen anythin' like this. Bert, I wouldn't want a boy of mine to come to this jail. He'd be a hell of a lot onerier when he got out than when he come here. A jail like this can't do a man any good."

"It aint supposed to do 'em any good, Mick," Bert said. "You can't larn an old dog new tricks is the way I look at it. That's why I never put a man on bread and water. I don't give a damn how tough he gets. I feed 'im."

"Well I want to see Jason Whiteapple, then I'll be ready to get out'n here," Pa said.

"Who called my name?" a hoarse voice asked from around behind Pa. "It sounds good to hear somebody callin' my name."

"Jason Whiteapple," Pa said. "How are you Jason?"

"Can't complain, Mick," Jason said. He stood in the door of his cell and shook Pa's hand. "It's good to see you Mick! Glad you've come to see this old jailbird—the first time I's ever inside of a jail in my life, Mick. I'll be here a long time. Come into my house."

Pa followed Jason into his cell. I followed Pa and Jailer Bert stood on the outside.

"This cell's supposed to be big enough for two men," Jason said. "But I told Jailer Bert that I didn't want no son-of-a-bitch stayin' with me. It's a no-account bunch of sons o'-bitches in here, Mick. I aint got no more business in this goddamed jail than a snowball has in hell. If Ham Frazier had minded his own business so I wouldn't a-had to shoot 'im, I wouldn't be here today. I'm glad he lived so I wouldn't haf to spend the balance of my days behind the bars."

"You shouldn't 've been," said a voice across the hall. "Why not spend your days behind bars? What's it matter where you spend your days so you spend 'em?"

"Pay that fellar no minds," Jason said. "He's over there in the bull-pen. He's used to jail. It's the only place he's ever been."

"What's this you got here, Jason?" Pa asked as he went over and examined a big mound of yellow clay dirt with streaks of black loam here and there and patches of wood moss stuck here and there.

"That's the county, Mick," Jason said. He got up from the side of his dirty bunk and walked over to the mound. "See the rivers runnin' across it. Here's the Rainy River and here's the Times River."

"I see," Pa said examining the white strips of strings that Jason had put across the mound for rivers. "Looks like you got every curve in 'em."

"I have," Jason said. "See, look at these dark pieces of strings. These are roads that have been completed in this county—roads that I have hepped to build. Now the little piece of seagrass strings are roads that need to be built. I've got them along the big curves in the roads that have been built —these are places that need to be straightened. The green wood moss is the patches of timber in this county."

When Jason spoke to Pa his keen black eyes looked at the mound. His long red chin stuck out like a limb on a tree. His fence-post arms were folded across his barrel-chest. He was a short man; he wasn't fat but he would weigh three-hundred and ninety pounds. "Jailer Bert talked about 'im eatin' four stewed hens," I thought, "that's all right for he's big as four small men." And then I wondered how he could tear the meat from the bones when he didn't have a tooth in his head. I had heard Pa talk about what a powerful man Jason was—that when he went to kill a beef, he didn't shoot it, knock it in the head with a hammer or cut its throat and let it bleed to death; he killed it with his fist. When I saw him, I could understand this now. And then I thought, "Maybe the reason Jailer Bert wants to get 'im out is, he's afraid of 'im."

"Jason how did you get all this dirt in here?"

"I made Bert bring it in to me," Jason said his black eyes dancing, deep in their sockets as he spoke. "I made him get me the twine and the wood moss too. Hell, I can't stay in this goddamed hole a couple of years and do nothin' but play cards."

"How can you work in all of this noise?"

"When I get to work plannin' roads for this county," Jason said, "all the noise in this jailhouse full of men can make, just don't bother me. My mind is on the roads. I'll tell you Mick I'm a road builder. My enemies haf to hand that to me. I aint got no edducashion but when it comes to roads I've got hoss sense. I aint braggin' but I've had the engineers to ast me my opinion on the roads in this county. I know this county; I know it's dirt —yes, deep, deep deep, down— and I can tell 'im if a road will stand 'r if it'll wash away. I aint got but one thing to ast of the people when I kick the bucket and leave this world—"

"What's that, Jason?" Pa asked.

"I want somebody to put on my tombstone, Mick, somethin' like this," he said. "*Here Jason Whiteapple sleeps. He's out of reach of his enemies. He done one thing in his lifetime which is a goddam sight more than a lot of men have done before they left this world. Jason Whiteapple was a road builder. He built the roads in this county in his day. He took them from the creeks and the mud-holes and put them on a higher level.*"

"What's this other mound of dirt you got over here?" Pa asked.

"It's my farm, Mick," Jason said. "I sit right on the edge of this goddamed dirty little bed and run my farm. I've drawed a good picture of my farm here. See the Rainy River bottoms! See the mountains! See the black-loam and the yellow clay. See the wooded bluffs! My boys come to see me and I show them what to do. I can show 'em better 'n I can tell 'em."

From Jason's door I saw Jailer Bert walk around among the prisoners, pat them on the back, laugh and talk with them.

"You belong to our Party, and you're a good man Jason," Pa said. "I'm goin' to see if we can't get you out'n this goddamed place and back to your family."

"You'll never do it," Jason said. His face got redder when he spoke. "My enemies put me here. They are goin' to keep me here. It was all over a road you know. I put the road where it ought to be and a lot of fellars got sore. They tried that gun stuff before on me. I had to shoot first. And when I shot I shot to kill. We had to fight it out one way 'r the other. I'm in jail today over it. Here's the county and here's my farm. I work awhile on my farm and plan things; but I spend most of my time workin' on the county roads while these lazy sons-o'-bitches around me are drawin' dirty pictures on the walls, playin' cards, tellin' dirty jokes, cussin' to beat hell 'r havin' a free-for-all fight that Jailer Bert and all his Trusties can't stop. I stand in my door and not a one of that crowd comes in here. I'd knock the first one cold as a beef that tried to come in here. This is my home and by-God I'll pertect it long as I'm in here."

"Why pertect it Jason," the man asked that was sprawled on the bull-pen floor. "Aint no ust to do that. I could live anywhere. I could eat grass. I could go months and never shave. It don't bother me. I just don't worry about anythin'. I am happy for I've learned to live. I ust to work. It was a sin if a man didn't work. Now it's a sin if he sweats and I aint got a job. So, I don't commit a sin by workin'. I just stay with Jailer Bert. This is my home. This bull-pen is my part of the house. The other fellars think I'm crazy. They are crazy for they don't know how to live. They couldn't eat grass and sleep beside the river and let their whiskers grow. No. But I can. I tell you life has taught me how to live. Why worry about the county's roads bein' lifted from the creeks and mud-holes and put on a higher level? To hell with the county roads and to hell with what goes on your goddamed stone in the marble orchard. Why do you want a stone at all? You air vain as hell to want one, Jason Whiteapple. Why waste your time worryin' about your farm, your wife and your nineteen children? The children 'll get along and your wife 'll find another man if you don't get out'n here pretty soon."

"Don't pay 'im no minds Mick," Jason said. "I've heard that sorta talk until I'm sick of it. He goes on like that all day. Hell, atter my wife has had nineteen youngins if she wants another man she can have 'im."

I looked at the big bearded man lying sprawled on the hard floor of the bull-pen. His pants were patched and his beard was long. He was a man with broad shoulders and big arms and hands. He didn't have shoes on his feet. He was barefooted. I stood and looked at him with my hands on the iron-bars of the bull-pen. I looked through a crack at him like he was a wild animal that would jump at me any minute. Pa and Jason talked. Jailer Bert Saddler made his rounds among the prisoners. I looked at this big strange looking man in the bull-pen. I watched him until Pa walked out of Jason's cell and Jason stood in the door and watched Pa leave. Jason Whiteapple was so broad across the shoulders he had to turn side ways to get out of his door. When Jailer Bert saw Pa leaving, he walked over and got with us. We went out together.

The next day Pa saddled a mule and rode away. Pa was gone three days. He went over the county. He collected money from the men in our Party to pay Jason's fine.

"Jason Whiteapple will go free," said Pa when he rode the mule back home. "I've got what it takes to set 'im free. It's right in my overall pocket. Just a few little pieces of paper, that's called money. I can't forget what that damned man said in the bull-pen."

The next morning Pa saddled the mule and rode to town.

When Pa rode back from town that day he said, "Old Jason is a free man. He kicked the two mounds of dirt all over his jail-house cell when he was told that he was free. He was tickled that the men of his Party paid his fine. He said to his friends gathered around the jail when he walked down the steps, 'Night will never get too dark, the days will never be too short or too long or too cold for me to get out and work the ends of my fingernails and toenails off for my Party. Look what you men have done for me. You've got me out'n a place where I didn't belong.'"

Autumn went into winter and

Continued at top of page 254

Tip to Smart Gift Buyers —
a PENDLETON
VIRGIN WOOL ROBE

Grouchy uncles,
fastidious favorites,
sons at college, and
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So men hold out for pajamas of Crown Tested Rayon fabrics! Then ...they *know* that colors will *resist* fading...that the fabric will *wear* well... *wash* well!

Men, too, are fussy about details of cut. And because they are... these pajamas have *one-piece* trousers with cuffs...shaped coat cuffs... dye-cut collars and lapels for uniformity. For around $5, you cannot buy a better gift for a man. On sale at quality men's shops everywhere.

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CROWN TESTED AND APPROVED RAYON FABRIC

THE FIRST NAME IN RAYON...THE FIRST IN TESTED QUALITY

Freeing of Jason Whiteapple

Continued from pages 73-251-253

winter passed slowly toward Spring. It was late in February when Pa walked across the ridge to town one day. When he come home that night Pa's face looked sad. "Shan, I've got somethin' to tell you," Pa said. "Tim Blevins told me at the hoss tradin' grounds today that Jason Whiteapple was dead.

"He said since he'd been kept six months in the jailhouse that he wasn't the man he ust to be. Said his ticker wasn't nigh right. And before the weather got warm, Jason planned to kill a beef. Said he tried to get Jason to shoot but Jason just cut drive with his fist and killed the beef—and Jason's ticker thumped a few times and he was gone.

"And Shan," Pa whispered, "when he kicked the bucket, they found two love letters he was carryin' in his inside coat pocket that some man in the Penitentiary wrote his wife while he was up there in jail. What do you know about that? I think about what that fellow in the bull-pen said. It just keeps goin' through my head."

I thought about what Jason wanted to put on his tombstone and who would put it there. I wondered if the men in his Party would put a stone to his head and one to his feet and have words chisled on the stone that he was safe from his enemies and that he'd done a lot more than a lot of fellars had for he'd built the county's roads, that he'd lifted them from the mudholes and the creeks to higher levels. Then I thought about the big man with the broad shoulders, the beardy face and bare feet on the bull-pen floor that told Jason he didn't know how to live, said a road and farms didn't matter—that he could sleep by the river and eat grass.

The words he said sounded crazy but they were words one couldn't forget. ╫

Case of a Missing Shakespeare

Continued from page 93

leather cover, which lay on a table in place of the treasured folio. Another was the letter handed Miss Osborne by the man who said he was Professor Gillingham, and the third was Miss Osborne's description of the thief.

The theft, the librarian related, must have occurred shortly after noon. The professor had requested permission to use the Shakespeare folio and had spent but a few minutes in the rare-volume room making notes on its contents. At about half-past twelve, he had bundled his notes in his brief case, put on his hat and coat, and said he was stepping out for lunch. He had asked Miss Osborne to leave the Shakespeare folio undisturbed on the table, as he intended to return shortly with his wife who assisted him in his research. The professor's failure to return went unnoticed until late in the afternoon, and shortly before the closing hour Miss Osborne instructed her assistant to replace the volume in the vault. It was then that the assistant discovered that it was a dummy book which lay on the table, and that the real volume was gone.

Police reasoned that the thief either was a painstaking specialist or a college prankster. But whether prank or professional job, all that could be done immediately was to broadcast belatedly a description of the suspect. What was stolen was not publicized, as the authorities reasoned the thief might be trapped when he attempted to sell his loot to a book dealer if he were unaware that dealers were on the lookout for the particular volume.

Close inspection of the dummy book revealed that it had been made expertly to duplicate the rare-folio's exterior, and might well have come from a professional bookbinder's shop. Here then, would be the immense job of circularizing book dealers and book binders' establishments, throughout the nation, asking for co-operation should the loot be offered for sale and in tracing a person who might have purchased materials to make a dummy volume.

The letter of introduction was equally disappointing as a clue. Communication with Middlebury College revealed the letter was an outright forgery; even the letterhead differed greatly from that actually used by the college. Moreover, no Professor Gillingham was known there either by that name or the description given by Miss Osborne.

Days went by, and still no trace of the book. Miss Osborne was unable to identify pictures sent by police departments over the country as having any likeness to the professor. March came, then April, May, June and the summer holidays . . .

* * *

Some three hundred years after Shakespeare's collected works were first published, and entirely ignorant of that venture, there came to the United States from Poland a humble worker and his wife. Like many fellow countrymen, Mr. and Mrs. Kwiatkowski arrived in the bustling industrial town of Buffalo, New York. There a good strong fellow, willing to sweat for his money, could find a job. Kwiatkowski was willing to put in an honest day's work, and so was his wife. Together they settled down and raised a family.

Within a dozen years there were three boys and four girls. The children, of course, had to shift for themselves pretty much of the time. It helped when they drifted into school one by one, and the

Continued on page 256

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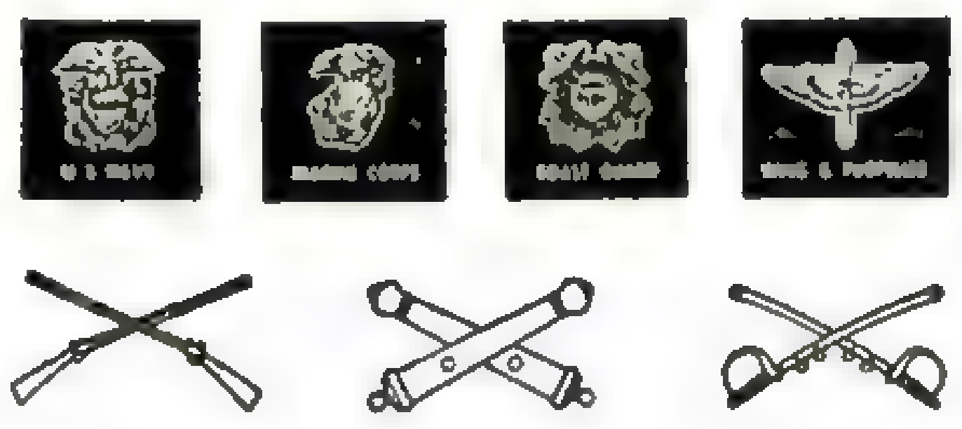

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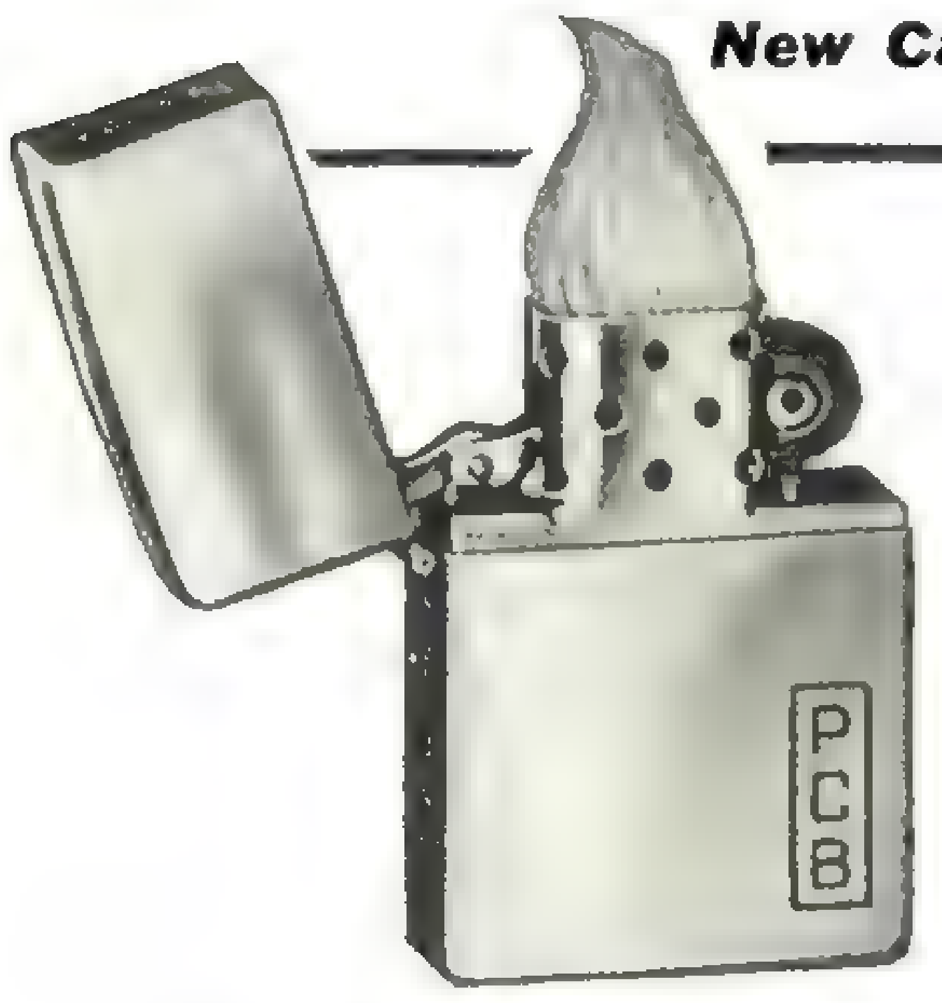

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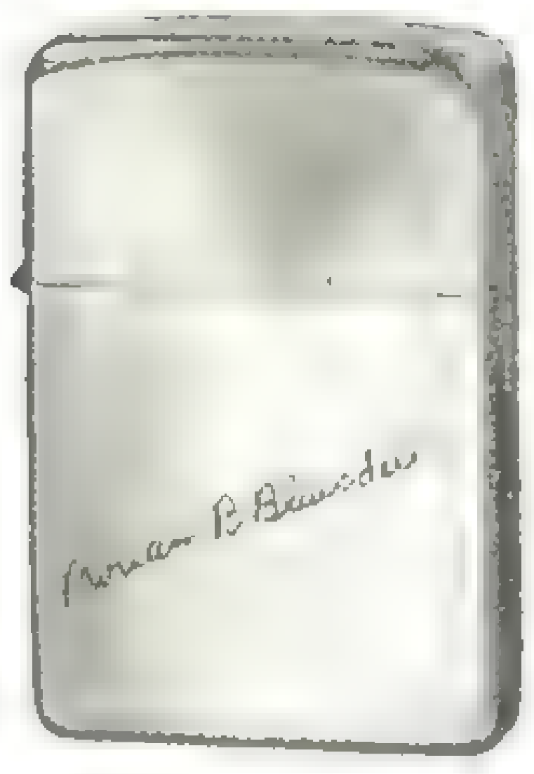

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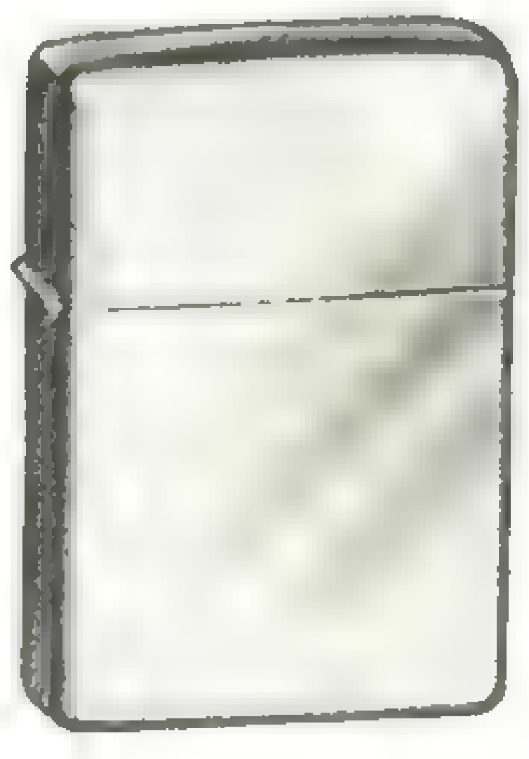

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Case of a Missing Shakespeare

Continued from pages 93-254

problem of buying enough groceries became easier when the first of the youngsters finished grammar school and began to work. Then a daughter, Helen, began to "go steady" and soon married a hard-working man from the Old Country, Joe Biernat. His pay as a laborer was not much, but it was steady, and he operated a little bootlegging business on the side to help out.

There was little indication that from a family such as the Kwiatkowskis—who spoke no English in their home—would come a man of letters. But such notoriety did come to one, William.

By the time Bill was eighteen, he had struggled through two years of high school and then had abandoned formal education as too slow a process for cultivation of his type of intellect. Father and Mother Kwiatkowski were quite relieved by his decision: they had watched with bewilderment as their serious-minded Bill developed into a lanky, swaggering young man who slicked down his blond hair, groomed fuzz over his lip into a fleck of a mustache and brazenly domineered his elders.

Father Kwiatkowski's hope that Bill would roll up his sleeves and go to work like a man was soon shattered. Bill, for the most part, stayed in the room he shared at home with his brother Eddie, three years his junior and the staunchest of Bill's few companions. When queried about his occupation, Bill would explain vaguely that he was writing. The postman began to bring letters for him. Then Bill bought a second-hand typewriter, and spent more and more time in the room tapping out "pieces." Sometimes he spent long hours away from home during the day, returned at night to write more.

One day at Christmas time, 1935, the postman brought a letter from a magazine to the Kwiatkowski house. The letter was addressed strangely, but Bill said it was for him and quickly tore open the envelope. It contained a check.

"There now," he said flourishing the draft before his astonished mother, and laughing. "I told you so! I've sold a story to a big magazine. See? Now I'll be rich."

The news spread quickly through Buffalo's Little Poland. Maybe that Kwiatkowski boy had a right to be stuck up, after all. A successful author . . . And then, the newspapers took note of young Kwiatkowski's budding literary career.

The news items had their origin at the New York office of a leading monthly magazine, to which had come an unsolicited manuscript of a short story bearing the name of H. Thompson Rich, a writer of some repute. The magazine editors changed the story's title a bit, altered the text not a whit, scheduled it for early publication and sent a check to Rich.

As the issue containing the story was being sent out to the newsstands and in the mails, a member of the magazine's circulation staff scanned through the pages and took time out to read the short short story. She read it again. It seemed to her that she had seen that story in print before. She informed the editors of her suspicion. Their investigation revealed that the same story, word for word, had been published first in a competing magazine fourteen years previously, and again later in a book of collected short stories.

The author, H. Thompson Rich, was located. He had given up writing some years before, and had never written the story published under his name. Moreover, he had received no check from the magazine in payment for the story. It was evident that the publication had been victimized by a plagiarist who had stolen one writer's story and used the name of another to sell it.

The Federal Bureau of Investigation was called in and given the two clues available: a letter which had accompanied the submitted manuscript and the check sent in payment for the story. The letter bore a return address, "Kent Building, Buffalo, N.Y." The check bore an endorsement, "H. Thompson Rich."

At Buffalo, F.B.I. agents discovered the "Kent Building" address to be that of a small frame dwelling in the city's Polish section occupied by a family named Kwiatkowski. Questioning in the neighborhood revealed that one of the Kwiatkowski boys, William, had a reputation as a budding young author. Bill was arrested. He confessed he had copied the story from a magazine at the Buffalo public library, and had sold his copy as an original composition. He insisted that he did not know he was breaking any law; and as for the name H. Thompson Rich, it was one he had "just thought up."

A kindly United States judge decided to give Bill another chance: he placed him on probation for a year and ordered him to repay the publishers the amount of the check they had sent him for the story.

His misadventure in the literary field apparently taught Bill that the pastime of copying another's work and selling it does not pay dividends. He thereupon enrolled in a drafting course and applied himself to learning the art of copying blue prints, giving every indication that he had turned over a new leaf. When police were called to the Buffalo Historical Society's library eight months later, it was learned that the new leaf in Bill's history was just another chapter in the same story.

Valuable books had been disappearing regularly from the library. Police, called by library assistants the night of May 21, arrested two suspects who were loitering before the shelves. The prisoners were Bill and one of his brothers, Eddie. In Bill's possession was a list of dealers in rare books. Inquiries to these dealers, most of them located in other cities, resulted in recovery of the stolen books and an indictment against the Kwiatkowski brothers. Both pleaded innocent, and were released in bail pending trial. A month later Bill changed his mind and admitted his guilt. He was sentenced to serve a year and a day in prison; the charge against his brother was dismissed.

* * *

It was a dull day at police headquarters in Albany on June 30, 1940. Dull, that is, until the drunk wandered in. As a rule, police don't get excited over drunks, nor do they pay any more attention to them than is necessary. But this dark-haired fellow, well-kept and in his thirties, was persistent. The drunk would talk, so the police let him. Sometimes it's the easiest way out.

The more the drunk talked the more fantastic sounded his tale of how a valuable book had been stolen from a college library. Dubious detectives put him in the lockup to sober. The next day, the erstwhile drunk stuck to his story; here, it seemed, not only was a drunk but a crackpot. He identified himself as Donald Lynch, thirty-six; married, father of a two-year-old son, employed at twenty dollars a week as a shoe store clerk in nearby Glens Falls; previous criminal record, none.

"No record yet," Lynch insisted candidly, "but I came here to give you one."

Almost reluctantly, Albany police contacted Massachusetts authorities to whom Lynch referred them—and learned that his crackpot rantings corresponded to fact. Then from Police Chief George Royal of Williamstown, Massachusetts, came an urgent request: "Detain prisoner pending my arrival for questioning."

Chief Royal arrived in Albany accompanied by Massachusetts State Police Lieutenant John F. Horgan and W. I. Cullen, an operative of a private detective agency representing the carrier of insurance on the Williams College Shakespeare folio.

Lynch, at last, had an enthusiastic audience. "I'm the guy," he announced, "who was Professor Gillingham . . ."

Where was the folio now? Lynch didn't know; the last he had seen of it was five months ago when the fellow who had bossed the Williams College job slipped it out of his brief case for a quick examination, zipped it back into the case, tucked the case under his arm and strode off down Williamstown's Main Street.

Who was this fellow? Well, he was a guy called Bill, who was a relative of a friend of Lynch's. He lived in Buffalo. Incidentally, Lynch added, there was another fellow in on the job whose name was Eddie, who also was a relative of Bill's.

With this somewhat vague information, police moved swiftly. Lynch was taken to Williamstown, there to be confronted by Miss Osborne, the college librarian. But Miss Osborne did not recognize Professor Gillingham in Lynch, and only by relating the events of February 8th in minute detail was he able to convince her that it was he who had posed as the professor.

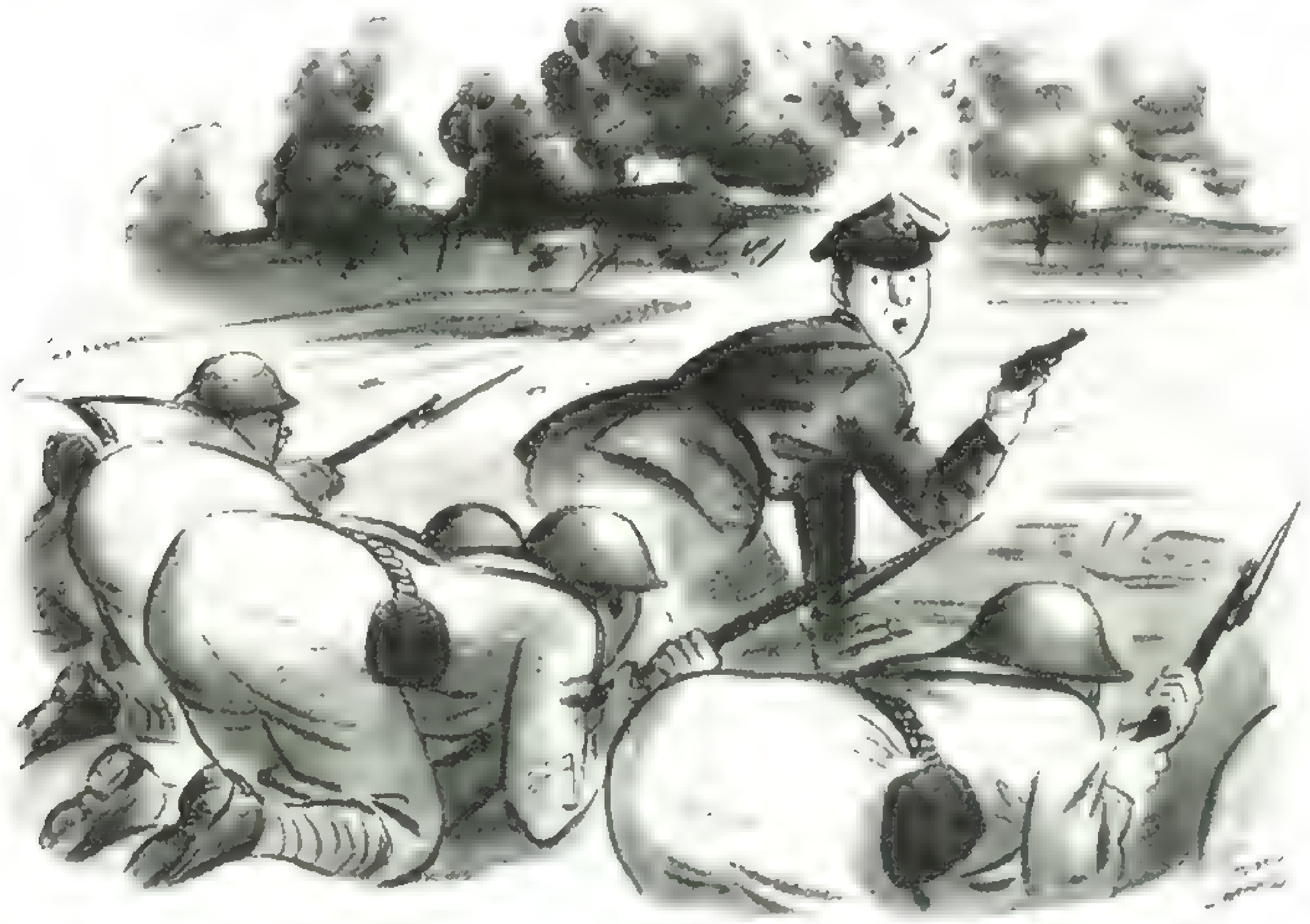
Lynch then was brought to Buffalo, where he recalled that the name of his friend and partner in crime was Joe Biernat. At police headquarters he identified a photograph of Joe taken on the occasion of an arrest for bootlegging. Further examination of the rogue's gallery completed identification of the Shakespearian theft cast as William and Edward Kwiatkowski. Investigation established that the Kwiatkowski brothers and Biernat all were in Buffalo, and indicated the probability that Bill had brought the stolen Shakespeare folio with him from Massachusetts. Here then, was basis for arrest on a Federal charge of conspiring to transport stolen property from one state to another. Accordingly, the Department of Justice was called upon to act.

* * *

In my experience as Assistant United States District Attorney, I have seldom heard a confession made with such candor as Lynch's, and never a confession made with such a bizarre motive.

Joe Biernat, he said, was an old

Continued on page 258



"Keep your chins up, men! We'll soon be out of this!"

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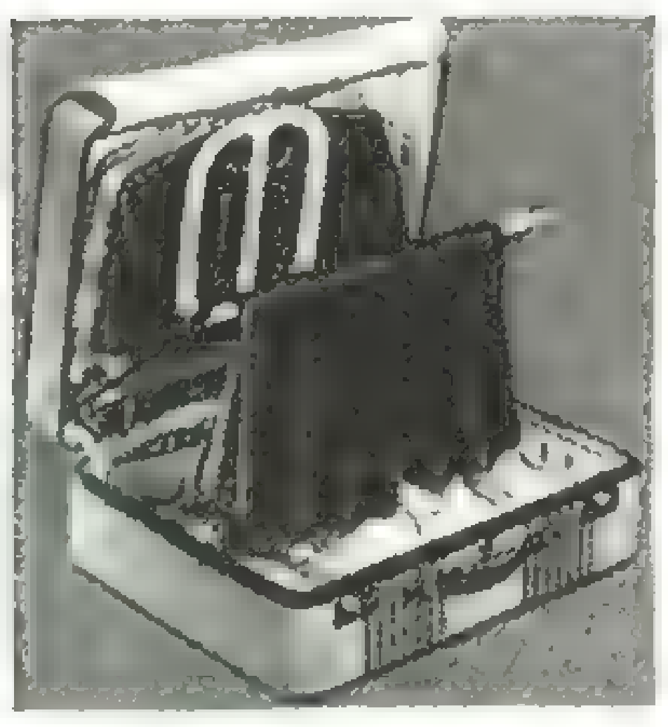

And by the way, Mister

While you're admiring *your* Plane-Flight, remember that she'll get the same thrill out of an Oshkosh Chief. She'll sigh with gratitude every time she touches the rich, Indian Head lining . . . she'll always adore the artistic color-design . . . the excellence of its construction. Whether at station or airport, at Miami Beach or Sun Valley, her luggage ensemble will be the tops in swank because it's an Oshkosh.

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Case of a Missing Shakespeare

Continued from pages 93-254-257

friend—a good egg, good for frequent touches of ten dollars or so when both worked in Buffalo. After Lynch moved from Buffalo to Hudson Falls, Biernat had written that he had a good proposition for Lynch, and a meeting was arranged at Albany. There Biernat introduced his friends to Lynch. Later, Lynch went to Biernat's home at Buffalo, where Bill rehearsed Lynch in the professor's role. Bill, Eddie and Lynch then drove to Albany, staying overnight at a hotel. The next morning Bill greyed Lynch's hair with powder, slipped a pair of eyeglasses in his pocket, and handed him the forged Middlebury letter of introduction and the brief case containing the dummy book. Then, at Bill's suggestion, Lynch completed the disguise by borrowing Eddie's old brown hat. The trio then drove to Williamstown, where Eddie and Bill waited in the car while Lynch went into the library. When Lynch returned, the trio drove to the business section of Williamstown. There Bill got out of the car with the brief case, saying he would return to Buffalo by bus. Eddie drove Lynch to Pittsfield, Massachusetts, where Lynch boarded a bus for Glens Falls. Eddie then drove to Buffalo alone.

Several days later Biernat came to Albany, met Lynch and gave him one hundred fifty dollars. He promised to deliver the rest of the money as soon as the book was sold. Subsequently, in response to demands, Biernat had sent Lynch approximately sixty dollars in dribbles of ten dollars at a time.

"Just why," I asked as Lynch concluded his confession, "did you go to the police station at Albany and give yourself up? Was it because they didn't pay you what they promised?"

Lynch was silent a moment. Then he looked up at me earnestly, and said slowly:

"No, I wasn't thinking of that. I didn't want Hitler to get the book."

"Hitler? What does he have to do with this?"

"It's like this. Ever since that night at Albany when those fellows let me in on this deal, I've been wondering what they were going to do with that book. Perhaps you've been reading that series of articles in *Liberty* magazine about Hitler's household, written by a girl who used to be a maid there. Well, I've been reading them and in the article I read the week I surrendered, she told how Hitler and Goebbels collect rare books and send their agents to foreign countries to buy old editions. I wondered if Bill intended to sell the folio to them."

Federal Bureau of Investigation agents speedily checked on Lynch's story. At Albany, the G-men learned that three men whose descriptions tallied with those of Lynch and the Kwiatkowski brothers had registered at the Woodstock Hotel on February 7, the night before the theft, and had checked out the following morning. At a Glens Falls store, where Lynch said he had purchased a new hat to replace the one borrowed from Eddie, an FBI agent found a battered brown felt with the initials "E.K." stamped on the band. Such corroborating evidence won authorization for Federal prosecution.

At 6:30 a.m. July 7, squads of FBI agents rapped simultaneously at the doors of the Biernat and Kwiatkowski homes. At the former, Biernat himself opened the door and meekly submitted to arrest. At the Kwiatkowski's, Special Agents A. C. Schlenker and Jack J. Osten had a more interesting time. They were admitted by the father. A young man who peered into the hallway as the agents entered identified himself as Eddie, and was taken into custody.

"Where's your brother Bill?" he was asked.

"Detroit, last I knew."

Two others of the household, Mrs. Kwiatkowski and her eldest son John, soon appeared. Quizzed, John admitted that Bill had been at home the previous day, but claimed he had not seen his brother since the previous evening when Bill left for the near-by home of another brother, Walter. On the basis of this statement, a raiding squad detail was dispatched to Walter's home.

Meanwhile, systematic search of the Kwiatkowski "Kent Building" began. In the attic was found a pile of books which included a copy of *The Actor: A Treatise on the Art of Playing*, published in 1750, and a volume of short stories printed in 1806. There was no trace of the missing Shakespeare folio, but under a pile of bedclothing in a bedroom corner the FBI agents discovered the fugitive Bill Kwiatkowski.

A few days later, I sent for Bill and saw him at my office. He had regained his dapper composure. His outthrust jaw and steady gaze on meeting me again said plainly, if without words, "Here I am again—so what?"

"Well, Bill," I greeted him, "I see you've done it again."

"Mr. Hitchcock," Bill replied, "I don't know what this is all about. I haven't any idea why I've been arrested."

The younger Kwiatkowski brother and Biernat likewise denied participation in the crime. With Lynch, they were jailed in default of bail. Biernat posted a ten thousand dollar property bond to gain his release.

Continuing investigation of the case, the FBI pressed its efforts to locate the stolen folio. Its recovery was important for two reasons: first, of course, that it might be returned to the library from which it was stolen; second, as evidence which would guarantee conviction of the defendants. Weeks of search,

Continued on page 260

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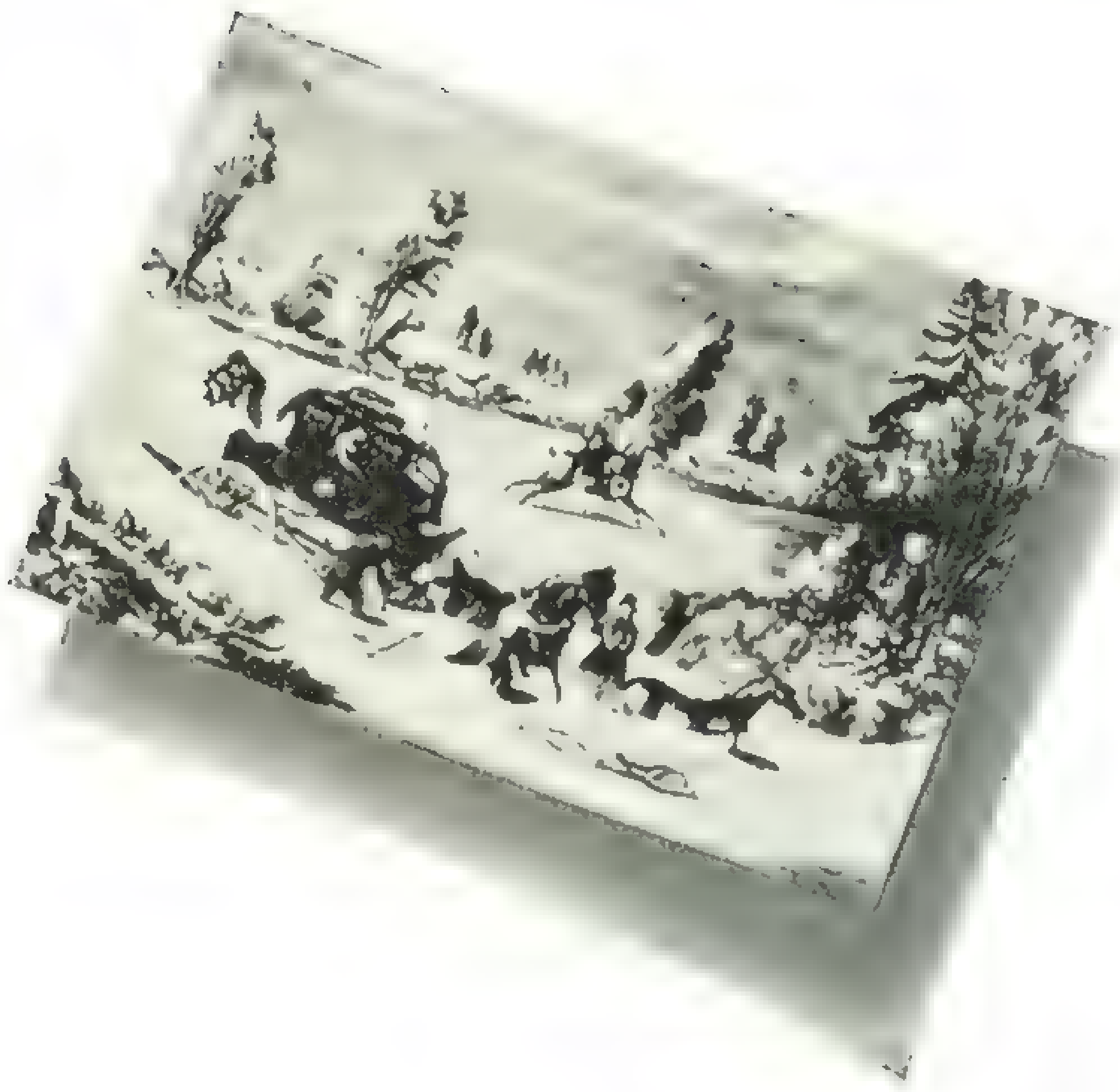

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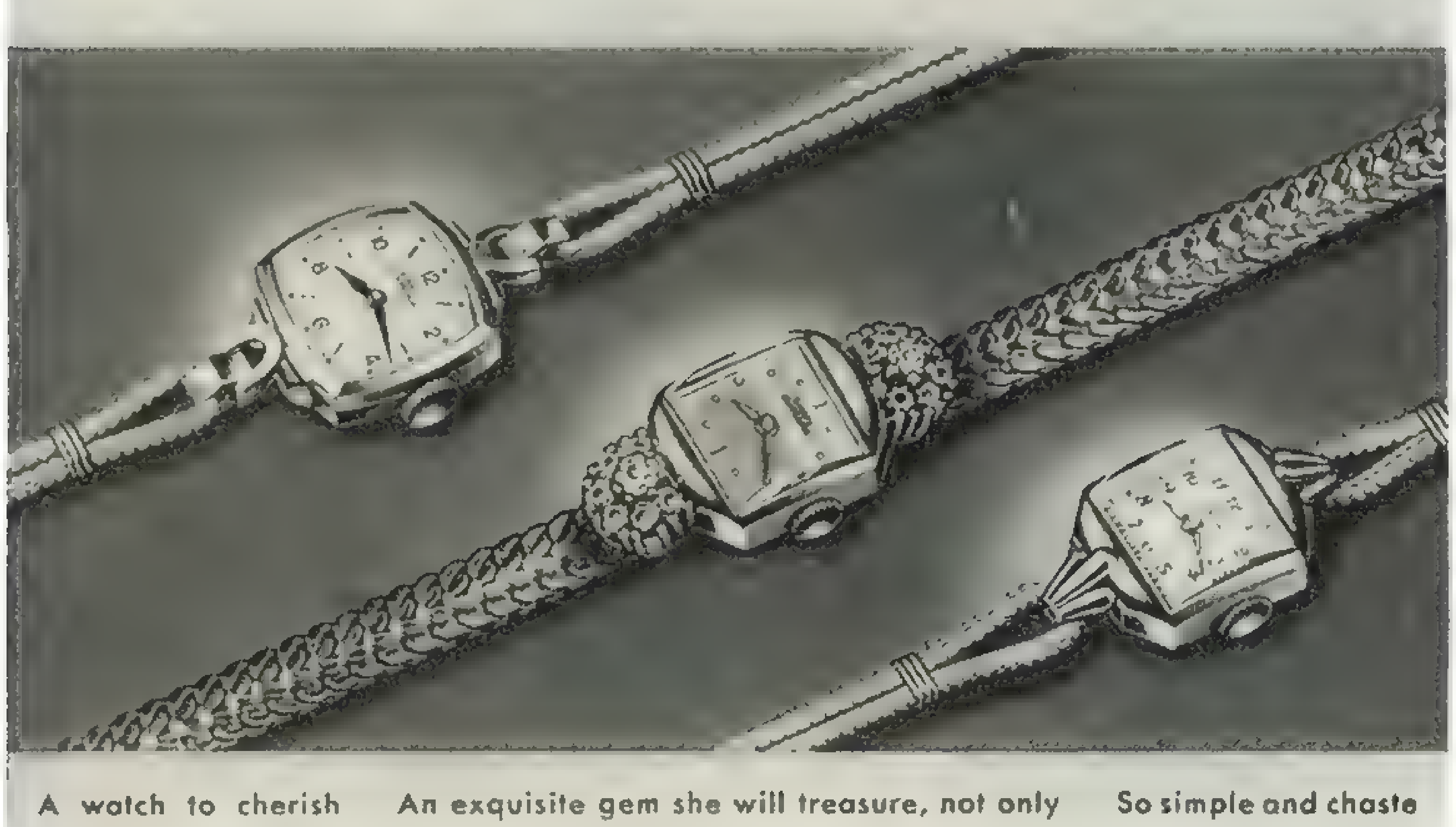

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Case of a Missing Shakespeare

Continued from pages 93-254-257-258

however, were futile. There were no clues: Lynch told all he knew, but Bill, alone, knew what he had done with the book and Bill refused to tell.

Preparations were being made to bring the case to trial with the book still missing when a telephone call was received at my office. The caller was a highly reputable gentleman of my acquaintance who, I believe, knows more underworld characters than any other man in Western New York.

"Hello, Bob," he said. "What do you want on the Kwiatkowski case?"

I told him I wanted nothing, that we had a good case against the prisoners.

"Isn't there anything you want—anything that's missing?" the caller insisted.

"Well, I would like to get the book," I admitted.

"If you get the book, what can you do for the boys?"

"Nothing. We are going to prosecute here, and I suppose Massachusetts will want them when we are through."

"That's what they are afraid of. If you get the book will you call off the Massachusetts charge?"

"We have no authority to do that—and no interest in doing it," I replied. "Furthermore, I doubt that Bill Kwiatkowski will tell even you the truth. Do you know where the book is?"

"No," he said. "But I think he will produce it if the Massachusetts officials won't prosecute."

"Well, I'm not even going to ask them unless I'm sure you are getting a straight story from Bill. We're not going to chase any more wild geese for him."

"All right; I'll call you tomorrow," he said, ending the conversation.

The next day he called again. "About that Shakespeare folio, Bob. I can get it back for you. And I'll furnish you with some information regarding the case that you don't know now, just to show that the boys intend to come clean: A telegram was sent from Buffalo to Springfield, Massachusetts, on February 8. It was a telegraphic money order. You check that and I'll call you tomorrow."

The FBI was requested to follow up the tip. At the Western Union office was discovered a copy of a money order for twenty dollars, addressed thus: "Bill Kent, Will Call at Western Union, Springfield, Mass." The order was signed "Helen Biernott"—which to us was a version of the name of Joe Biernat's wife and the Kwiatkowskis' sister, Helen. The name "Bill Kent" obviously linked the "Kent Building" address and William Kwiatkowski of plagiarism record.

The intermediary for the defendants called the next day as he had promised. "Now you know we're not fooling," he said. "What can you do for the boys?"

"There's nothing I can do. We will prosecute here. But I will write to Massachusetts authorities and see if they want the book badly enough to forego their prosecution."

Two weeks later I received a letter from Thomas F. Moriarty, District Attorney for Western Massachusetts. Williams College, Moriarty said, greatly desired return of the folio. To further that end, Moriarty promised that if the folio was returned and if the four culprits were prosecuted at Buffalo, Massachusetts would waive prosecution. I relayed this information to the defendants' intermediary, who promised return of the volume within three days.

Three days went by, but the book remained missing. The intermediary telephoned, explaining that he needed still more time to complete the arrangements. Ten days went by without a sign of the stolen folio, then came another phone call on a Sunday night. It was the intermediary, attempting to explain the delay.

"Don't call me again," I informed him. "Bill Kwiatkowski is lying, and has no intention of returning that folio. You tell all of those fellows that I'm sending Lynch to Massachusetts to testify against the other three. When we get through with them they'll have plenty of time to think things over."

"Bob, please—two more days?"

"All right. The deadline is noon, Wednesday. And don't call me again."

Wednesday morning I had scarcely reached my desk when my friend of the telephone conversations entered, carrying a bulky package wrapped in newspapers. He removed the wrapping, and revealed the long-sought copy of Shakespeare.

Identification of the book was confirmed by experts, and indictment of the four culprits by a Federal grand jury soon followed. The defendants were charged with having conspired at Buffalo to transport the proceeds of a larceny in interstate commerce. A few days later at Rochester, New York, the defendants appeared in Federal court and pleaded guilty. The court appearance marked the first, and only, time that the defendants other than Lynch actually admitted guilt. And Bill Kwiatkowski had one more card to play: a plea for leniency on the ground that he was employed as an aircraft designer and his services were necessary for national defense!

Investigation upheld the fact that Bill was employed as a draftsman in a Buffalo factory producing planes for the United States Army, but failed to show that loss of his services would imperil the nation, or affect its safety. Bill was quickly en route to prison to serve a lengthy term, while upon his accomplices were imposed less severe sentences. ##

How Christmas Came

Continued from page 60

Before coming into the court the dishonest merchant constructed a hollow staff and filled it with gold coins. He brought this staff with him and when he was asked to make his oath he handed the staff to the Jew to hold. And while the Jew was holding the staff he swore that he had delivered to him more gold than he borrowed. Then he took his heavy staff and journeyed home.

After walking a distance he grew weary and went to sleep by the side of the road. While he was asleep a cart ran over him and killed him. The wheels of the cart also crushed the hollow staff and scattered the gold coins.

The news of this occurrence was brought to the Jew. Some said that he should go and take the gold which rightfully belonged to him, but this he refused because he did not want to accept money from one who was dead. "But," he added, "if the merchant were given back his life by the good grace of Saint Nicholas, I would not only accept the money but I would accept also the Christian baptism."

When these words had been spoken a groan was heard and the body of the merchant lying beside the road began to stir. Life was returned to him and he arose.

The money lender went at once to the cathedral of Myra, where he knelt before the altar of Saint Nicholas and was baptized.

Another legend of early days tells about a certain Jew who, learning of the great powers of Saint Nicholas, made an image of this saint and set this image in his house, commanding the image with the following words: "Nicholas, lo! Here are all my goods. I charge thee keep them safe, for if you do not keep them well then I shall take vengeance upon thee."

One day when the merchant was out thieves came to his house, robbed him of all his goods, and left only the image of Saint Nicholas.

When the merchant discovered he had been robbed he was very angry and he shouted to the image: "Saint Nicholas, I set you here to watch over my goods. But alas! You have done nothing to protect the goods and therefore I shall give you pain and beat you." With these words the Jew lifted the image and threw it to the ground.

Then happened a wonderful miracle. That very night Saint Nicholas appeared to the thieves in a dream and he said to them: "Wherefore have I been beaten so cruelly for you and have so many torments? See how my body has been hewed and broken? See how the red blood runneth down my body? Go at once and fast and pray or else God in heaven will inform all men of your act of felony and then each of you shall be hanged."

"Who art thou?" asked the thieves.

"I am Nicholas the servant of Christ whom the merchant has so cruelly beaten because you have taken away his goods."

When morning arrived the thieves took back the goods to the merchant, who at once went to the church to ask forgiveness for what he had done to the image of Nicholas and to receive the faith of the Lord Christ.

Because of these last legends, to this very day in Russia and Greece an ikon of Saint Nicholas is found in the home of every devout merchant. It is also said that in early times money lenders would hang three golden purses as a sign before their door. These symbolized the three purses Saint Nicholas gave the needy maidens and in later days they became the three golden balls of the pawnbroker. It is said, also, that the three balls in the shield of the famous Medici family came from this early legend. Before the Medici became the rulers of Italy they were merchants.

But it is through children and the love of this good saint for the innocent that Nicholas has come down to us a Patron Saint of the Christmas festival.

Two legends of ancient times are directly concerned with the well-being of children. The first of these tells about a man who made a feast for his son who returned home from school. And to this feast he invited the parish

Continued on page 262

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How Christmas Came

Continued from pages 60-261,

clerks of the church. While they were eating, the devil dressed in the guise of a pilgrim knocked at the door of the house and begged for money. The father requested his boy to give the poor man something. The devil saw the face of the boy and waited for him at the cross-roads and killed him.

The father wept for the loss of his boy and the great sorrow in him made him cry out: "Bright sweet son, how is it with thee? Oh, Saint Nicholas! Is this the reward you have given me for all my devotion to you?"

No sooner were these words spoken when the boy opened his eyes wide and awoke before all. It was as though he had merely been asleep.

The second legend which has linked the name of Saint Nicholas with school boys is very famous indeed and provided subject matter for some of the early European painters. One or two old French folk songs, as well as an early Norman ballad, are also based on this remarkable legend of the three school boys.

The legend tells about three school boys who were passing through the city of Myra on their way to their college. The innkeeper at Myra saw that they carried their tuition money with them and at night when they were asleep he went to their room and killed and robbed them. He dragged their bodies into the yard and threw them into salting tubs, feeling certain that here they would never be discovered.

But Saint Nicholas knew of this evil deed and went directly to the yard of the inn. Here before the salting tubs he said a prayer and he asked that the Lord in Heaven give the boys back their souls for they were innocent of all evil and their bodies were so young.

Immediately life was returned to the school boys, who rose in their tubs and gave testimony against the evil innkeeper.

This legend was the subject of an early sermon by Saint Bonaventura who lived in the 13th Century. Through medieval times it was a subject of recitation in schools and in England up to very recent days school boys would exclaim the word "Nicholas!" in their sports or games. The utterance of this magical word was supposed to give the boy an extra moment of grace or protect him against being caught. Boys in England also cried out "Nicholas" when taking time out to tie a shoe or adjust a buckle.

The creation of the boy bishop of Myra in the early Christian world led to still another custom which continued in England for many centuries. A boy mock-bishop was chosen in each church, usually from the choir on Saint Nicholas' Day, December 6th. His authority lasted until Holy Innocent's Day, December 28th. The boy bishop during these days, together with his colleagues, performed all the cathedral ceremonies except mass.

This odd custom was abolished by Henry VIII, revived by Mary in 1552 and finally abolished by Elizabeth. In other European countries it lasted as late as 1799.

The custom of hanging up children's stockings at Christmas time is also associated with the name of Saint Nicholas and dates back to the mysterious medieval ages. It is related in one of the old legends that the young girls of a certain convent hung up their stockings on the door of the cell of their abbess at Christmas time. Each girl wrote her name on a piece of paper and added some good words addressed to Saint Nicholas. These papers were folded up and dropped into the stockings.

In the morning the stockings were found filled with sweets.

The girls in this convent wrote about this remarkable occurrence to their friends. Each year the stockings were found filled with sweets. Other children in various parts of Europe heard about this occurrence and they too prayed to Saint Nicholas and hung up their stockings on Christmas Eve. Many were rewarded for their faith in Saint Nicholas and in this way the custom of hanging up stockings was soon established.

It was not until several centuries after Saint Nicholas was dead that he was finally chosen as the Saint of Christmas. The name Santa Claus is purely an American distortion of the old Dutch name of San Nicolaas.

Saint Nicholas was all his long life Bishop of Myra. He defended the Christian faith at a time when faith in Christ hung in the balance. He grew old and feeble in the service of his God and his death is recorded in the year 326.

Many stories of his life and miracles were circulated very soon after his death. In the year 430 A.D. he was already so famous that the Emperor Justinian built a church in his honor in Constantinople.

As years went by his name and deeds became more and more known. History records that in the year 1087 his marble coffin was taken by force out of the Cathedral of Myra and brought to Bari in Italy. The powerful merchants of Naples insisted that this good saint be brought to their harbor.

Because of these miracles of Saint Nicholas he has become the patron saint of all school boys, parish clerks, unmarried maidens, seamen and merchants. He is special protector of all children, for many of his deeds were directed toward the happiness of children. They were dear to his heart and each year at Christmas time it is he who remembers children the world over with special gifts. And when children think of Saint Nicholas they are always very good. ⌗

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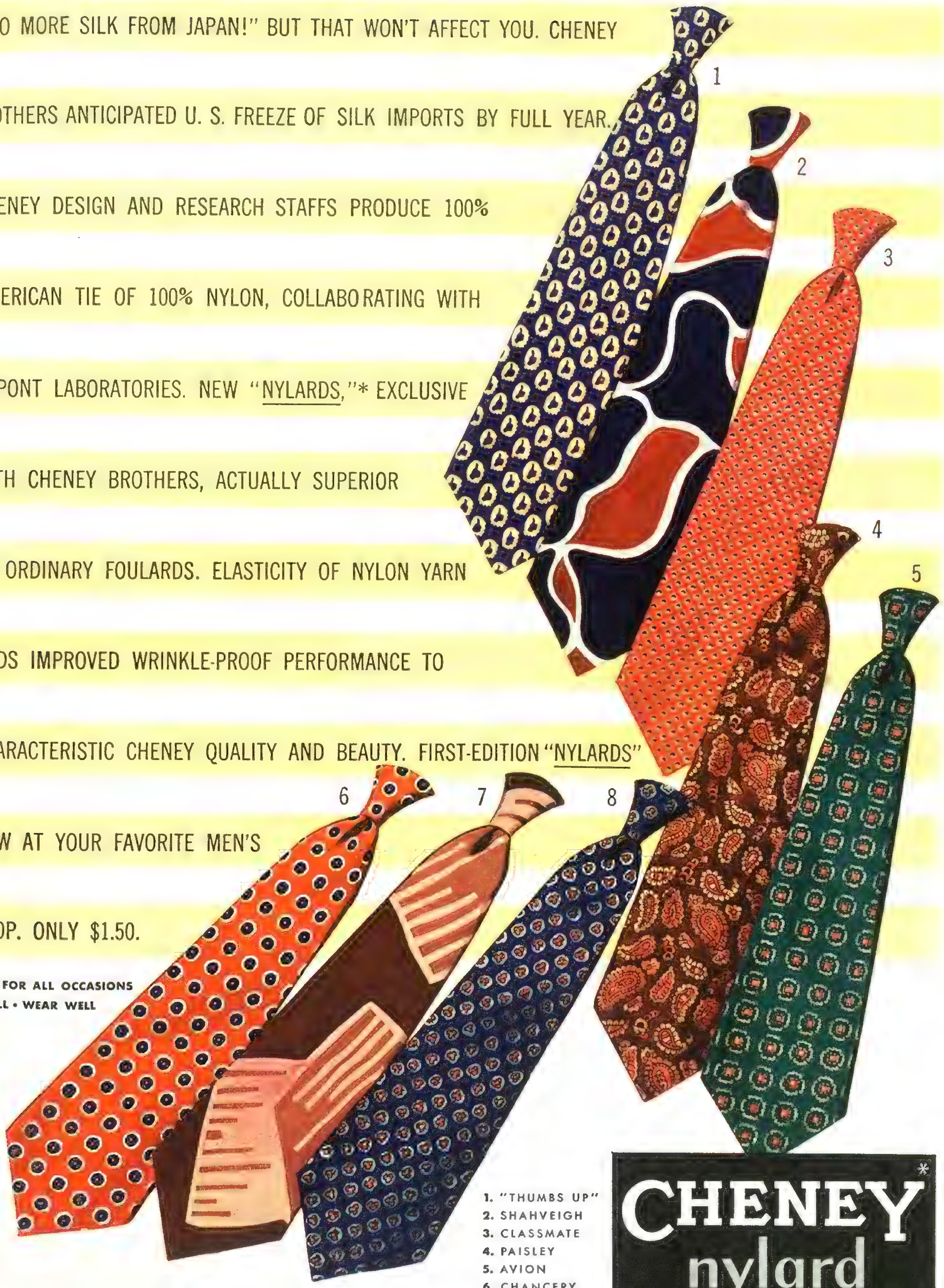

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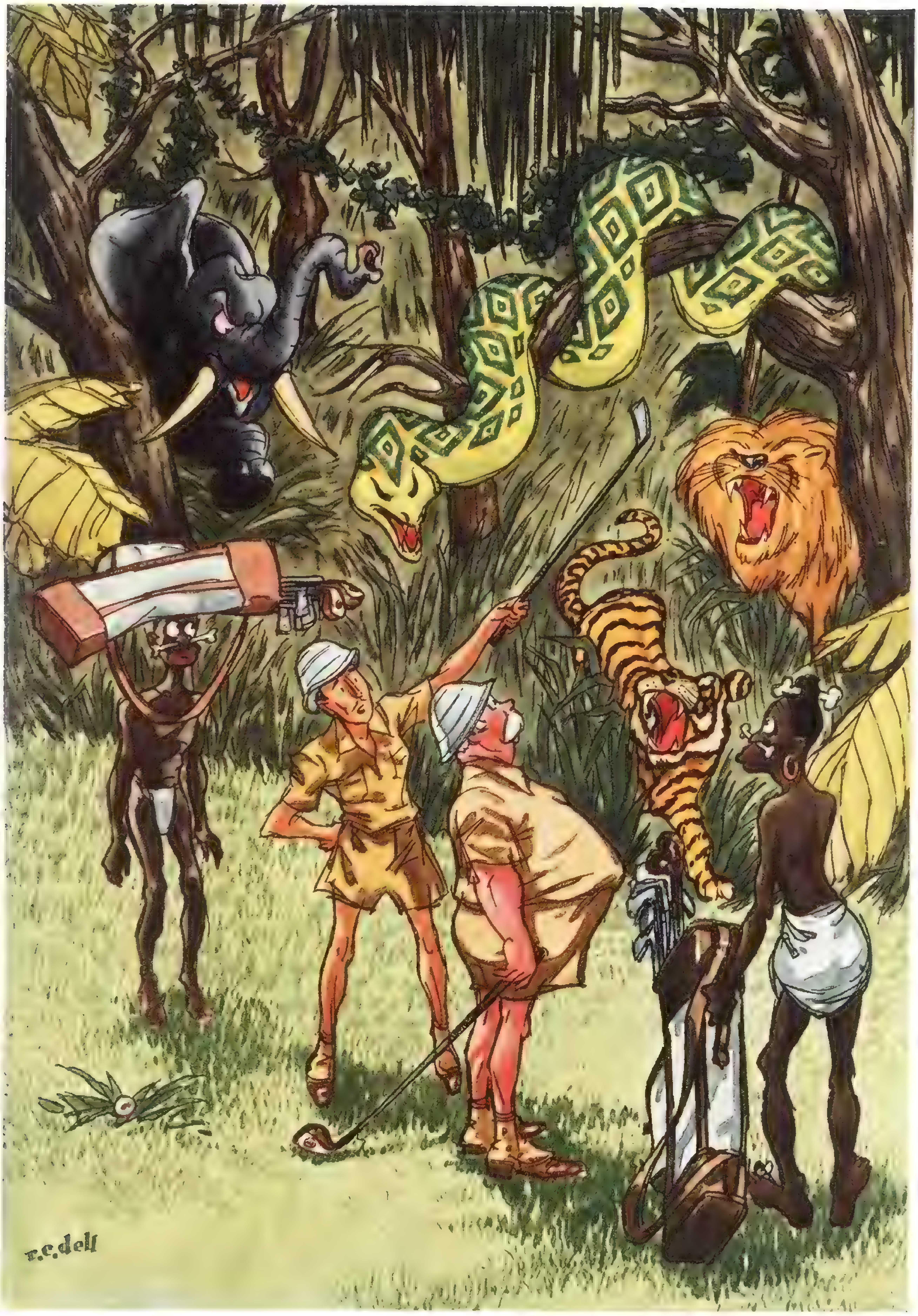

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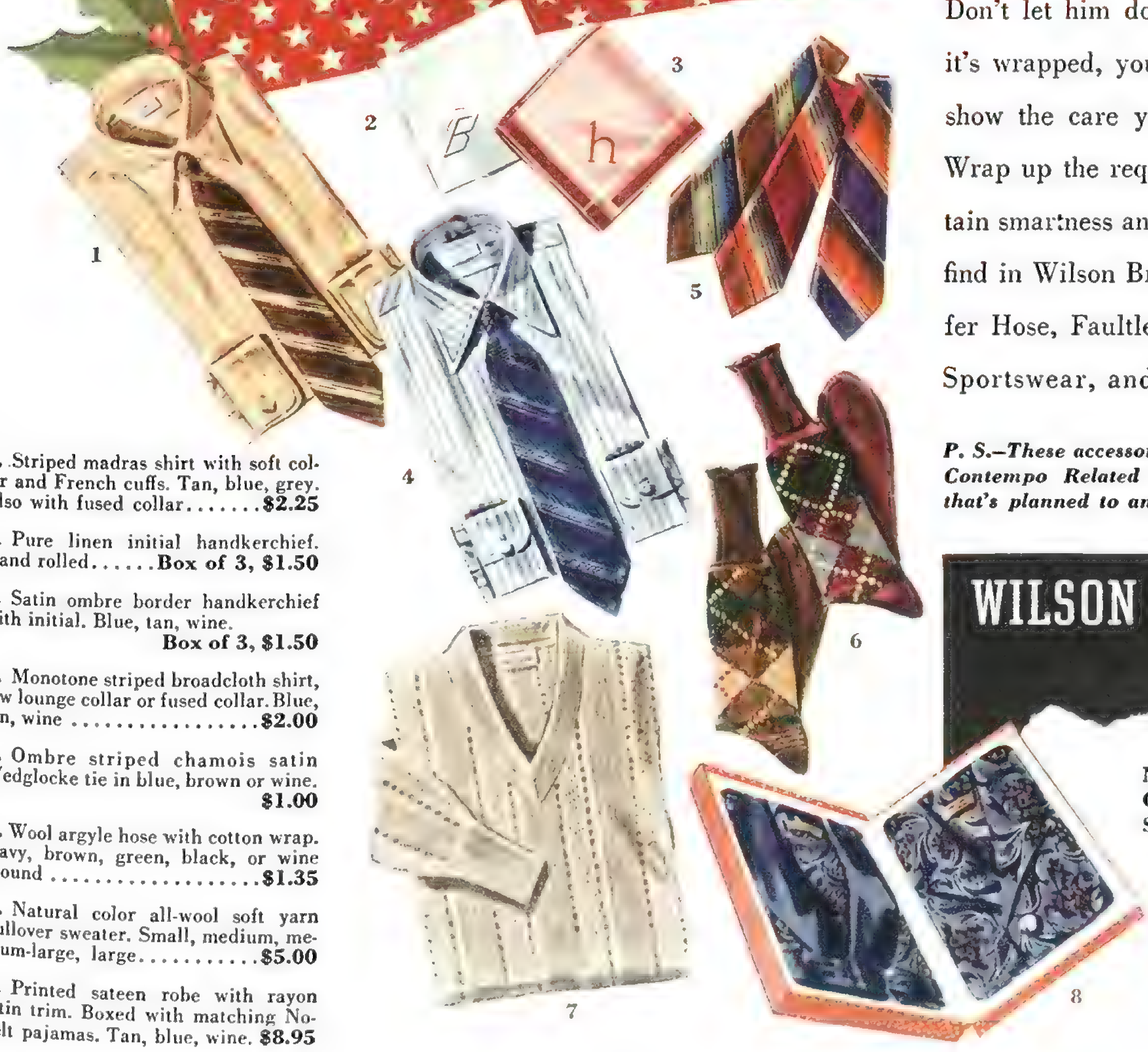

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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 10

BLITZ-BUST

The following incident is one of those believe-it-or-nots which would seem to lend itself perfectly to a snappy cartoon for your estimable publication.

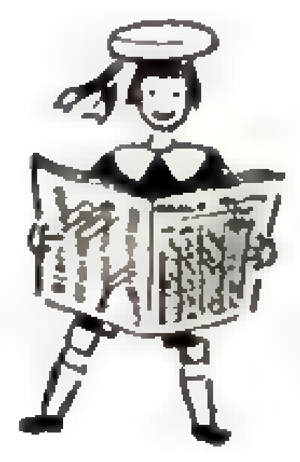
The other day I approached a haughty blonde dame at a lingerie counter in one of our local department stores in search of a brassiere for my daughter. The specifications were a bit difficult to fill—the garment must be "not too pointed"—and the salesgirl told me that there was great difficulty in filling factory orders. Facetiously I said, "I suppose they're using them in the Defense Industry." Without a smile the dame assured me, "Yes, they're using the workers to make parachutes."

That is all. But I can just imagine the down-flutter of a group of Maiden-Forms . . .

Best wishes,
Dorothy F. Morrissey
Los Angeles, California

PULP-FEST

Like a youngster awaiting the end of school, I waited for the arrival of the October issue of Esquire. Now that it's here, I'm gnashing my teeth, growling uncivilly at all and sundry, and rapidly losing my faith in the integrity of mankind. All because of a very effusive bunch of words printed in *The Sound and Fury* which department in your estimable magazine, I am beginning to feel, is sometimes not so sound, and very frequently packed with potential fury.



The letter is from two of our army lads, known more commonly as "Pvts." To you, Pvts. Carlisle and Rosenthal, a cheer—strictly Bronx. Your palpitating eulogy on Mr. Martin Cohen's *History of a Man of Pulp*, a slightly dizzy fictional extravaganza published in the August Esky, is slick. In fact, it's almost the slickest thing since Abe wowwed them at Gettysburg. Mr. Cohen's epic was so stupendously colossal, you would have us believe, that great droves of your khaki-clad brethren should have stopped measuring cigarettes long enough to indulge in one minute of reverent cheering in tribute to the author and his unsurpassable masterpiece.

So impressed were you by this scintillating sunrise on the literary horizon that you recommended it to "one hundred-thirty members of the company." No estimation was attempted at the number of these fellows who actually partook of this sumptuous literary banquet—but the innuendo is there—they all did! Think of it! In a magazine sparkling with luscious lovelies, full-page funny stuff, dazzling ads pedalling the dreamiest of luxuries and snappy verses by Stack, one hundred and thirty lusty young toughs from all walks of life breathlessly wallowed in the story of what happened because some dope let himself be influenced by the woman's page of a tabloid!

Blow the trumpets! Thrill to the beautiful literary unanimity of our armed forces! This is the new military era the idealists have been hungering for . . . an army that is BOTH brains and brawn.

Why, with proper encouragement, lads in cantonments all over this great nation will become fiends for Literature instead of literature. Exit the Magazine of Pulp. Enter the Man of Pulp.

(Aside: Where in hell's the WOMAN of Pulp?)

Your revelations, sirs, constitute a bright beacon shining warmly in these dark and troublesome days of our history. This great, cataclysmic upheaval, this glorious coming of Literature to the selectee, is no less thrilling to me, I assure you, than the mating of Toto and Gargantua. From here, sunburned Pvts. from Fort Lewis to Camp Dix will have but a short skip and a jump to sweet comprehension of the intellectual solidity of guys like Nathan, Phelps, Seldes.

The days of the crap game are now most surely doomed. The Esquire influence, like mist before reveille, is slowly but inexorably seeping into the barracks. You fellows had better get ready to say farewell forever to gritty side-of-the-mouth slang, and fruity, lowbrow songs like *The Caissons Go Rolling Along*. Other alterations, too, must necessarily be made upon the advent of the Great Clean Sweep. A Pvt's mind can no longer be properly engaged in cussing Sarges and Second Louies—for Great Things will be there. Perhaps some of the hostess gals can scare up a Chicago Round Table sort of thing in which Generals, Pvts., and all could get chummy over a discussion of such fundamental topics as Relativism, Bach, and Gertie Stein—much in the same manner in which some of the boys now jaw regarding the vulnerability of Blondes, and the eternally beautiful day-when-my-stretch-is-up.

To me, the whole thing is somewhat poignant, for I rather liked the Old Army. I liked the slang and the occasional stupidity. I liked to think of the boys indulging in a good old smoky poker session payday night—or maybe rollin' the bones, with all sound effects. I liked to think that anyone caught reading *History of a Man of Pulp* in the Old Army would automatically be given about a year's K. P. duty. Ah! how suddenly, how irrevocably it is all changing! How fearsomely mushroom-like has been our splendid Army's growth—numerically, intellectually and, er—morally!

When I first read *History of a Man of Pulp* I considered it a rather amusing piece of tripe. After reading your feverish review, Howard and Herbie (may I call you that?) I was so caught with your enthusiasm that I gulped the piece down again. Result: still tripe—no longer amusing.

Please don't be offended, dear Pvts. Far be it from me to shadow the integrity and dignity of a couple of noble chaps in our amazing army. I'm quite an understanding cuss and realize that since you gentlemen and Mr. Cohen are fellow scribblers, ostensibly well-acquainted, it is only natural that you should drool publicly upon the publication of his first masterpiece. Still, believe me—I swear by it!—my credulity was woefully wounded by your letter. I am willing to accept your statement that the two of you were enthusiastic to a delerious degree about a story which, by the very law of averages, a lot of other readers considered stinko. But when you intimate that a hundred and thirty members of the armed forces felt as you did about it, you are cruising dangerous waters. I'll believe that when I see the first newsreels of a jive session, Harlem style, attended solely by Dottie Thompson, Benito, Adolf, and Santa Claus.

Most sincerely,
Portland, Ore. Cliff Cernick

ESQ'S NICHE

Last Saturday evening Teddy, my son, age 12, entered the bathroom while his sister, Judy, age 9, was proceeding to enter the tub for her evening ritual. Making a hurried exit, he slammed the door, yelling back, "Gee, Judy, you look like something out of Esquire."

You may compliment yourself on your brilliant editorials, fascinating articles, sophisticated stories, etc., etc., but now you know what you stand for —at least among the younger generation.

Yours, etc.
Cumberland, Md. Arnold M. Kline

Continued on page 272

Life Begins for Aunt Margit

Continued from page 135

be completely out of danger.

The doctors looked at one another, smiling:

The blood-letting is apparently having a good effect on auntie—the head physician whispered to his assistants—she had high blood pressure, you know . . .

He was right. Even about those things which he did not say aloud; things he only thought. Medical men shy away from psychoanalysis.

The self-pride which had irradiated Aunt Margit's soul was now invigorating her body with fiery tongues.

For the first time in many weeks she felt able to get up. She combed her hair. She put on her striped hospital uniform, her cloth slippers. Clinging to the bannister of the staircase, she climbed up to the second story where the maternity ward was located. She paid a visit to the young mother and her baby. She took her an apple as a present. She gave her bits of wise advice. Patronizingly she sat down on the side of the bed, like the rich man who had just helped a poor relative.

Aunt Margit felt twenty years younger. Strange and vital forces were arising within her; they were drawing her away from where she was. She felt a desire for the world outside the hospital, for the petty intrigues of the poorhouse, for gossiping with the other old women about this marvelous adventure of hers.

Next morning she did not receive the doctors' visit lying down and groaning. She was sitting on the side of the bed, all prettied up; she had put her coral earrings back in the lobes of her ears.

She asked the head physician, grumbling and impatient:

When am I going to be discharged, doctor? You go crazy just doing nothing in this place! #

The Villain Still Pursued

Continued from page 126

I seen you do so well. Ah, Feodor, how I envy you for the heights you will scale."

"Come, Dmitri," I said modestly, "you say it because you are my friend. It was you who was splendid."

Evidently the producers of the show shared our opinions, for when they asked the best of us to remain for final casting Dmitri and I were included in the list. We sat in a semi-circle while the playwright spoke to us explaining the play.

"I do not say it is the world's best play," he said, "but I am quite sure it will be a successful one. In these days Russia is seething with patriotic fervor, and I suspect that war with Japan is inevitable. Always, in the days preceding a war, patriotic plays are welcome and profitable. After rehearsals we shall go on tour ending our run in St. Petersburg where it is quite possible that the Czar himself will attend one of the performances."

Dmitri nudged me excitedly. "Think of it," he whispered. "The Emperor himself!"

We returned to the theatre the following day for our assignments. Dmitri was excited as a child. "You," he said, "will surely play the artist, Feodor. But what part am I to play? Tell me, Feodor, where do you think I will fit?"

"Whatever role you have," I told him, "you may be sure that I will help you as much as I can."

"Ah, Feodor, you are a true friend."

When we arrived at the theatre our nerves were strained with uncertainty. The minor roles were assigned to the others, and Dmitri and I fidgeted unbearably while we waited. And then the director said, "The role of the artist, the hero of the play, goes to Dmitri Mikhailovitch."

You may imagine my astonishment. Dmitri was to receive the role which I had honestly expected. I could not believe my ears. But the director was speaking again. "Feodor Preglikoff will play the role of the villain, the foreign spy!"

It was a good part, though not so good as that of the artist, and I was content. Dmitri was sublimely happy. "Think of it, Feodor," he said, "I am to play the hero. What an opportunity I have! What a great opportunity!" And then sympathetically, "The role of the foreign spy is an excellent one too, Feodor. We shall work well together, you and I."

"I should have preferred to play the artist," I said, "but no matter."

"If it were possible to change," said Dmitri, "believe me, I should be only too happy . . ."

"It is nothing," I replied and dismissed the subject from my mind. "But I am forgetting that I promised to help you. Come, we shall go to your room, and I will help you with your lines."

And so I coached Dmitri in his part throughout the rehearsal period. One evening I spoke to Dmitri about the theory of acting.

"You are doing well," I said, "but I believe you could do better."

"Tell me how," he said.

"You must remember Stanislawski's words . . . *great acting is derived only from sincerity.* When you are on the stage you are merely Dmitri Mikhailovitch pretending he is an artist. That is not enough. You must be the artist himself, you must immerse yourself in your role completely, off stage as well as on. In that way you will be a great actor instead of being merely an adequate one."

He pondered over this for a moment. Then he said, "But what of you, Feodor? You are playing the role of the villain. Must you,

Continued on page 268

WHO WANTS ME FOR CHRISTMAS ?
To Bob

I HOPE it's someone who'll appreciate a real pal. I am a Pointer puppy now, but soon I'll be as stately and handsome as my mother and father are today, and I want to make someone as proud of me as the Janard people are of my folks.

My brothers and sisters and our cousins are going to be the most important present in quite a few homes on Christmas day. There aren't too many of us, as Janard, valuing its fine reputation, breeds only the very best.

Take my mother for instance—Champion Hie-On Coronation. She has won "Best of Breed" more times than she can count on the pads of her feet—has won many Sporting Groups and "Best-in-Show" awards too. She was even judged best Pointer at Madison Square Garden this year. Then my grandaddy—Champion Drumgannon Dreadnought—has won best Pointer at 49 Championship shows here since his arrival from England. My dad, Champion Puritan Lady's John, a more recent Janard importation, has already won at 7 big shows in this country.

So, with folks like ours, we Janard Pointers have to be perfect ladies and gentlemen. Better write Janard now because a quality gift like me takes more consideration than the usual Christmas things. Anyway, I promise to make someone real happy for a long time to come.

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The Villain Still Pursued

Continued from pages 126-267

too, be a villain off stage as well as on?"

The thought had not occurred to me. I considered it for awhile, and then I said, "We have had enough talking shop. Let us have dinner."

But you must not think that I set the thought aside. Why indeed, should not a villain be as sincere as the hero? If sincerity was the nucleus of an actor, then did it not follow logically that the villain of the play should be sincerely a rogue?

There was no other conclusion, and I determined to test the theory. I started by committing acts which were quite foreign to my nature. It was difficult at first, but I steeled myself. Little despicable things I deliberately did soon made me intensely disliked by my former friends, and to tell the truth I even despised myself . . . at first. In the beginning I was content with scowling and plain boorishness, but then I hit upon something better.

Secretly I put my watch among the belongings of one of the minor actors and then publicly accused him of stealing it. He protested his innocence and demanded that we search his bags. The watch was found, and he was dismissed from the company. My conscience troubled me a little but I succeeded in suppressing it effectively.

The next night, after the show, the director came to me. "Preglikoff," he said, "you have been splendid as the villain, but tonight you were better than ever."

You see, Stanislawski's theory of acting was right. My acting had improved because of my sincerity. Later, when we were on tour, we had a two week stop in Kiev, and there I became acquainted with a young lady naive enough to fall in love with me, the villain of the troupe. I promised her marriage and seduced her. Then I refused to see her again. I understand the poor girl was heartbroken, and her happiness was forever shattered.

"Ah, Preglikoff," said the director, "I do not see how it is possible. Every day you improve in your part. You are so sinister on the stage that even I am afraid of you."

"It is an actor's job to learn his role well," I answered. "If one is really sincere he never stops improving."

The play was extremely successful. We traveled all through Western Russia with it, and the critics were enthusiastic. To be truthful, however, they could not have been otherwise, for an unkind word might have been interpreted as treason. War with Japan was approaching and patriotism was the password. The Emperor of Japan was cursed on all sides, while the Czar was praised and adored as the leader of a righteous cause. This being so, the final scene of the play was one which always evoked wild cheers from the audience. In it the artist is about to display his latest creation, a painting which has remained veiled throughout the previous acts. The nature of the painting remains a mystery throughout the play, but then at last the artist draws aside the veils and shouts dramatically to the audience, "The Emperor!" It is a portrait of Nikolai, Emperor of all the Russias.

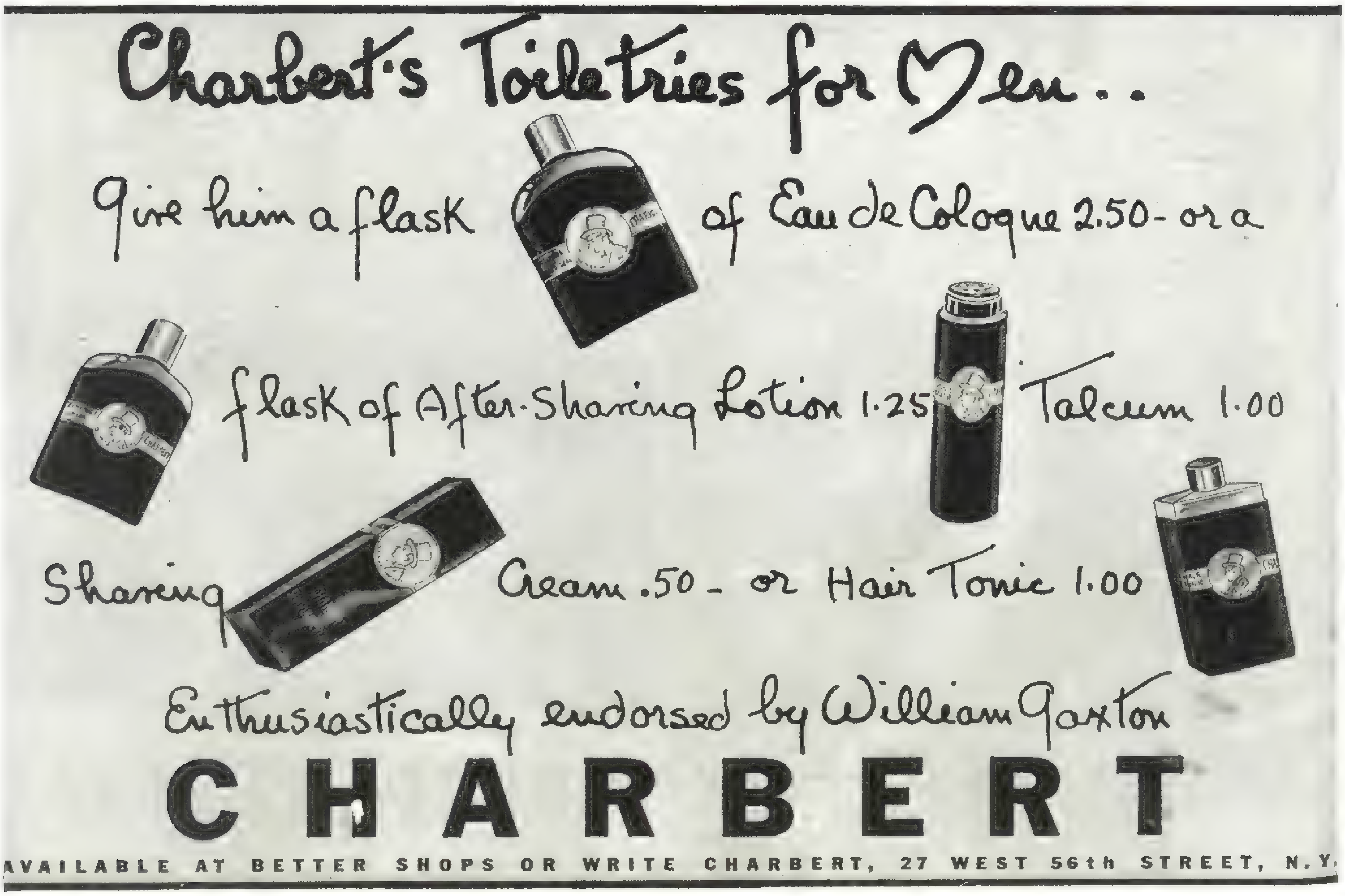
At this point the audience invariably rosê and cheered, the orchestra played the national anthem, and everyone felt that his money had been well spent. It was a patriotic play in the best patriotic tradition.

In the meantime Dmitri was taking my advice seriously. In order to be a virtuous hero on the stage he had become insufferably virtuous off stage. Walking down the avenues he would give a coin to every beggar he saw, add a sympathetic word or two, and then pass on. When a friend was in a blue mood Dmitri consoled him, when he was gay Dmitri rejoiced with him. A sick friend found a ready nurse and comforter in him. Everyone loved Dmitri more and more, and with each performance he grew more and more virtuous and heroic.

"Feodor," he said to me, "I am sure you would be happier if you tried to love your fellow man. Why must you scowl continually? Do you not recall what the poet said? God is in his heaven and all is right in the world?"

He was so nauseatingly pure that I could have strangled him cheerfully. How I hated Dmitri! As time went on I became more villainous than ever. Why should Dmitri be so smug, I asked myself. Did he not treacherously steal the role of the artist from me? And did I not deserve the role? Someday, I thought, I shall wreak my vengeance on Dmitri. Someday I shall have him in a position where he will squirm and beg for mercy. But I shall have to be subtle. I shall have to see to it that no blame will fall on me. Yes, Dmitri, my friend, had it not been for you, I should be playing the role of the artist. You have cheated me out of my just reward, and you will suffer for it.

I began to consider what means I might employ to gain my ends. Physical punishment I rejected as being too crude. What I wanted was something clever, something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fine and diabolical. I must think of a way to put Dmitri in such a position that no amount of explaining, no reference to his past reputation, could exonerate him. It would have to be dramatic, *that* I insisted upon, for the stage was in my blood. Yes, three things I demanded of my scheme: it must be dramatic, it must offer no means of escape, and it must end with drastic punishment for Dmitri. For weeks on end I mulled over my problem.

Perhaps I could involve him in a scandal with a woman? But no, Dmitri would merely marry the girl out of the sheer goodness of his heart. Could I accuse him of robbery and plant the stolen article among his belongings? No. Dmitri was such an angel by this time that no one would believe he had committed the crime. And if they did believe, they would immediately forgive. No, my plan must be finer than that, subtler, sharper. It must be like a play, with actors and an audience.

And then one day the director said: "Well, Preglikoff, we are opening in St. Petersburg on Monday. On Tuesday night the Czar himself will attend the performance. What a night that will be, eh, Preglikoff?"

The Czar! Like the quick illuminating flash of a bursting planet it came to me. I knew exactly what I was going to do to revenge myself on Dmitri. As I perfected the scheme in my mind I laughed mirthlessly. Yes, the plan was foolproof, fiendish, and Dmitri was doomed. "What a night that will be, eh, Preglikoff?" I chuckled.

By this time my portrayal of the role of the foreign spy was so realistic that I could actually feel the hatred the audience felt for me whenever I appeared on the stage. One might say that I was the perfect villain, the essence of foulness, and I gloried in it.

Do you wonder at this? But you have never felt as I did the tremendous urge to reach the highest perfection as an actor. Had I been the hero I would have been like Dmitri, pure and lovable. Had I been cast in the role of the butler I would have made my life stiff and methodical. And, in sequence, since I was the villain, I made myself the most despicable villain possible.

When I was seen and recognized on the street people shrank from me instinctively. Even the director suggested that I had refined the role to too nice a point. "Perhaps a smile here and there," he said. "A bit of relief to make you human."

"You think I am overacting?"

"It is not that," he said. "To tell you the truth, Preglikoff, it is simply that I feel uncomfortable when you are on the stage and even when you are off. The feeling lingers. It is strange. I cannot explain it, but it is so."

When we arrived in St. Petersburg we found it a hubbub of excitement, a uniformed camp, a city where rumors traveled with the speed of light. "How soon will we be at war with the Japanese?" everyone was asking. "When will our armies march?" "Is it true that the Emperor of Japan has given orders that all Russians must be shot on sight?" "How long will the war last?"

Flags and bunting were everywhere, patriotism had reached the peak of fanatic fervor. Our box office was inundated with demands for tickets. If the Czar himself thought the show worth seeing, then everyone must see it. A failure to do so was the equivalent of lese majesty.

It was in this atmosphere of flag-waving nationalism that I determined to wreak my revenge on Dmitri Mikhailovitch. Let me tell you my plan. It consisted of two parts. First, I would sew together the two drapes which covered the portrait of the Czar. Then, when Dmitri attempted, in his most dramatic manner, to unveil the portrait he would find it most difficult to do so. The audience, not knowing that the drapes had been sewn, would laugh and make Dmitri the object of ridicule. Whatever further consequences resulted from this would rest with the devil himself. This, then, was the first part of my program.

On Monday night the theatre was crowded with an enthusiastic audience. Dmitri went through the part as virtuously as ever. The audience response was excellent. Then came the final act of the play. The stage was set. Dmitri stood by the veiled portrait listening to the insults I shouted at him.

"Unveil the portrait!" I demanded. "Let us see the proof of your perfidy! Unveil the portrait!"

Dmitri put his hand to the cord and pulled. The drapes refused to part. He pulled again. The drapes did not part. He became frantic, and I saw him look appealingly to me for help in his predicament. But I was adamant. Again and again he yanked at the cord, but to no avail. The audience, seeing that something was wrong, became impatient and restive. There were a few coughs, then whispering, someone tittered in the balcony. Then a laugh. The laughter spread from one section of the house to another, until the entire audience, sensing the discomfiture of Dmitri, was rocking with laughter, catcalls and hisses. Beads of sweat collected on Dmitri's forehead, forcing their way through the greasepaint. At last, in desperation, he ripped the drapes open and shouted, "The Emperor!"

He would have done better to remain silent, for no one heard his words. There was such a roar of derisive guffaws that no one would have paid the slightest heed if a fire had swept the building. The laughter continued, and there was nothing for the stage manager to do but ring down the curtain.

Backstage Dmitri wept for shame. "I cannot understand it," he cried. "Never before have the drapes given me trouble. And tonight they were stitched together. Who could have done such a ter-

Continued on page 270

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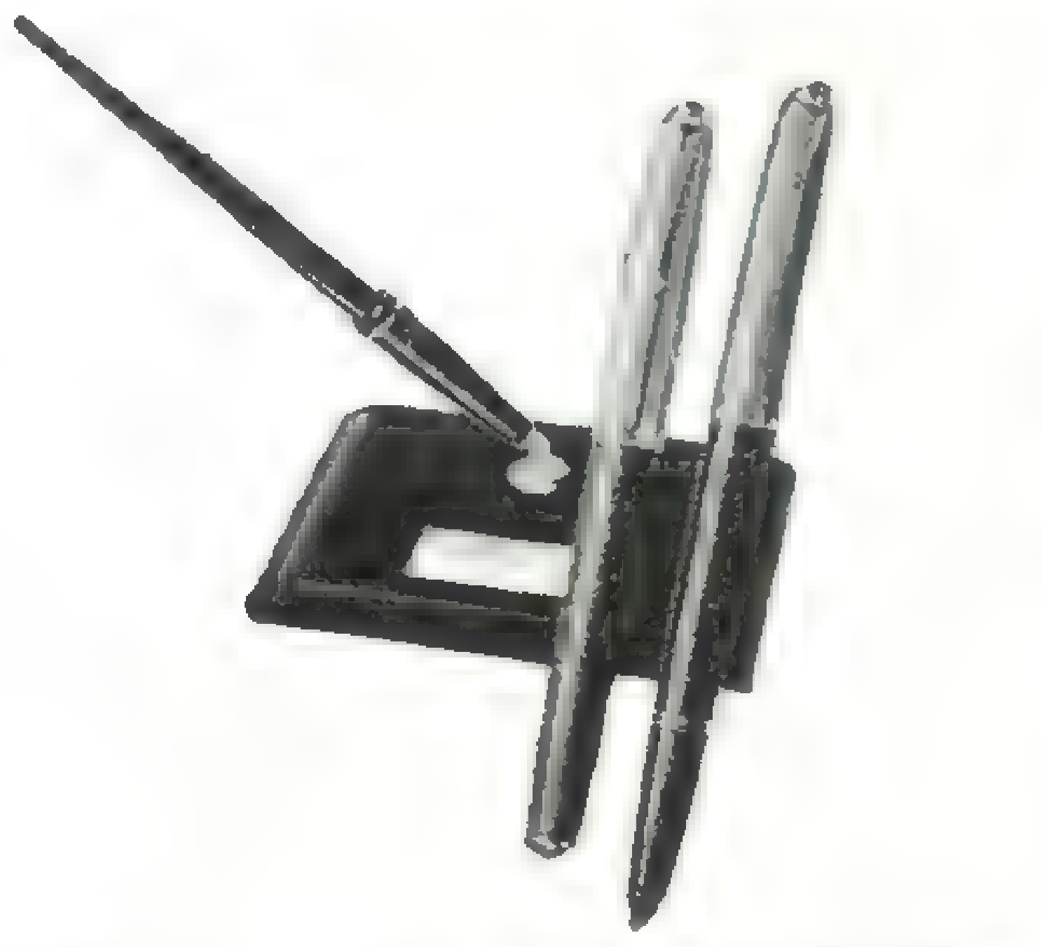

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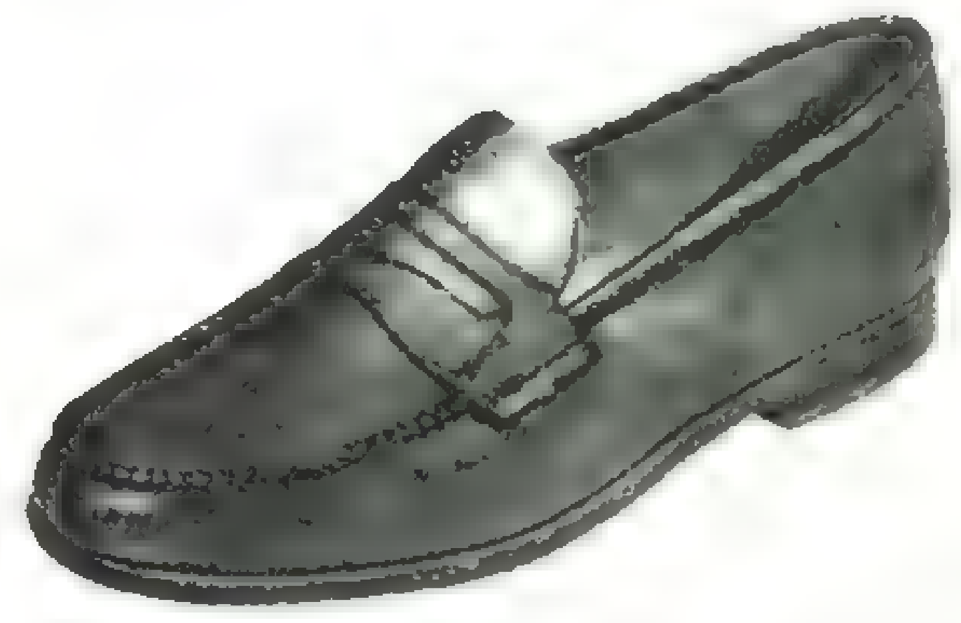

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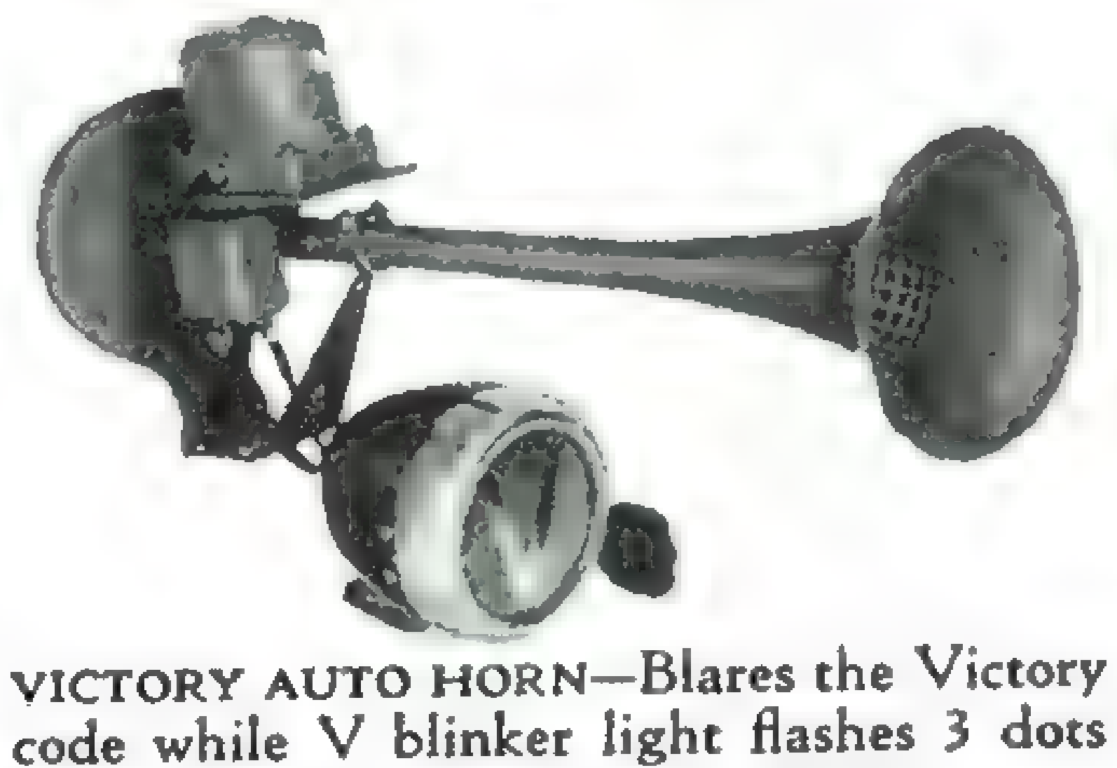

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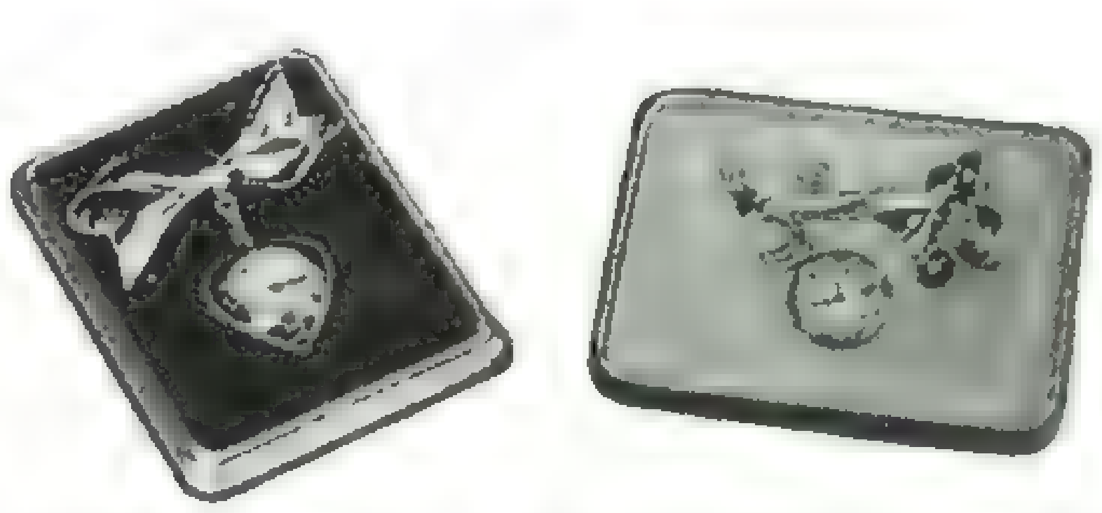

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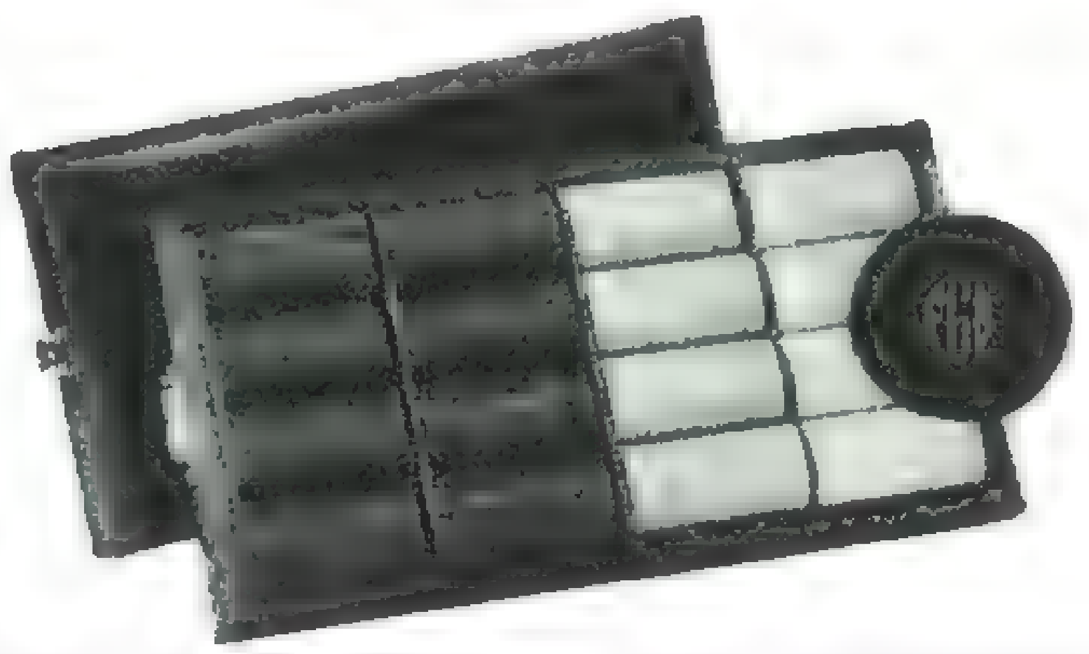

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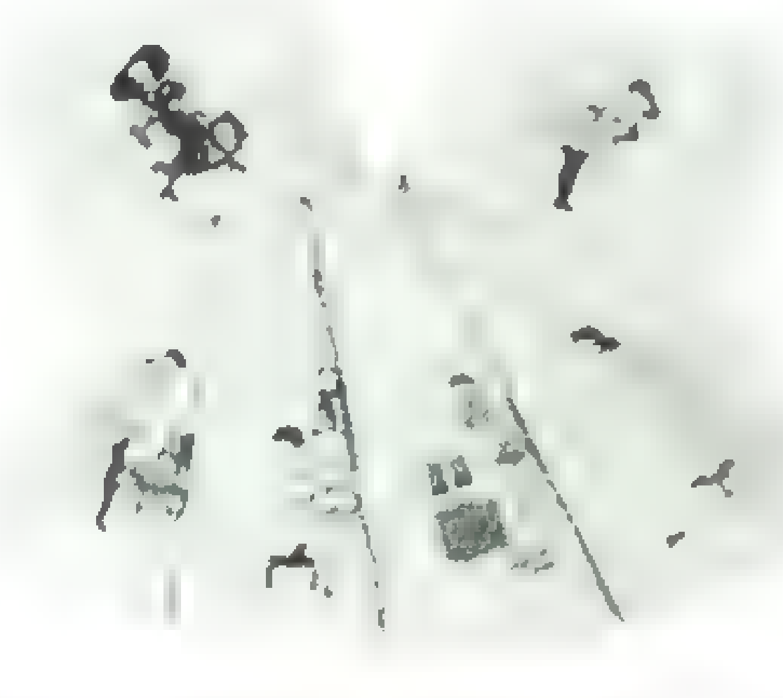

BUTTON COCKTAIL NAPKINS—Amusingly decorated with gay figures suitably padded. Pure linen, hand-hemmed. Set of 8, $7.50. Guest towels to match, each, $2.25.

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The Villain Still Pursued

Continued from pages 126-267-269

rible thing to me? Why should anyone want to harm me?"

Several of the company looked at me accusingly, and then moved away as if to rid themselves of my presence. They knew full well that only I could be responsible, and I was more than ever a pariah in their midst disliked by all.

"Dmitri Mikhailovitch!"

We looked up. An army officer was standing before us, his eyes smoldering with anger, his nervous fingers touching his sword belt tentatively.

"Dmitri Mikhailovitch!" he repeated. Dmitri stepped forward.

"I am Mikhailovitch," he said.

The officer glared. "You have committed a crime against the state," he said.

"I?"

"You have subjected the Czar to ridicule by making light of his portrait. That is a crime against the state!"

"But I assure your Excellency it was unintentional. Someone was playing a joke."

"I have heard of the practical jokes of the acting profession. You have chosen a poor time for your games. You must realize that every Russian must devote his reverent allegiance to the Emperor, especially in these days when war is imminent."

Dmitri bowed his head, accepting the rebuke like a martyr. "I shall take the blame and the punishment," he said. Still virtuous and heroic. I detested him passionately.

The officer considered for a moment, then said, "Very well. I shall be lenient with you this time. The Czar will attend the performance tomorrow night, and I shall be with him. See to it that the Czar is pleased."

"The Czar will be pleased, I promise you."

Will he, I thought. We shall see, Dmitri, my holy saint. The first part of my scheme has gone off even better than I had hoped. There is nothing that will prevent the successful conclusion of the second part. Poor Dmitri, every night I shall drink your health . . . in whatever prison you may be.

The next day was an eventful one for me, for Dmitri, and for Russia. It was on that day that war was declared between Russia and Japan. The streets of St. Petersburg were jammed with soldiers and cheering civilians who braved the bitter cold to wave flags and handkerchiefs. Military bands marched down the avenues, their instruments gleaming like gold in the sun, and the raucous tones of the brasses penetrated every cranny of Russia.

Cavalry units galloped through the snow, emanating from nowhere, bound for limbo. A few peasants loitered on the sidewalks. They looked at each other, shrugged their shoulders, and then looked again at the military display.

"It is war," said one. "Tell me, what manner of nation is this Japan?"

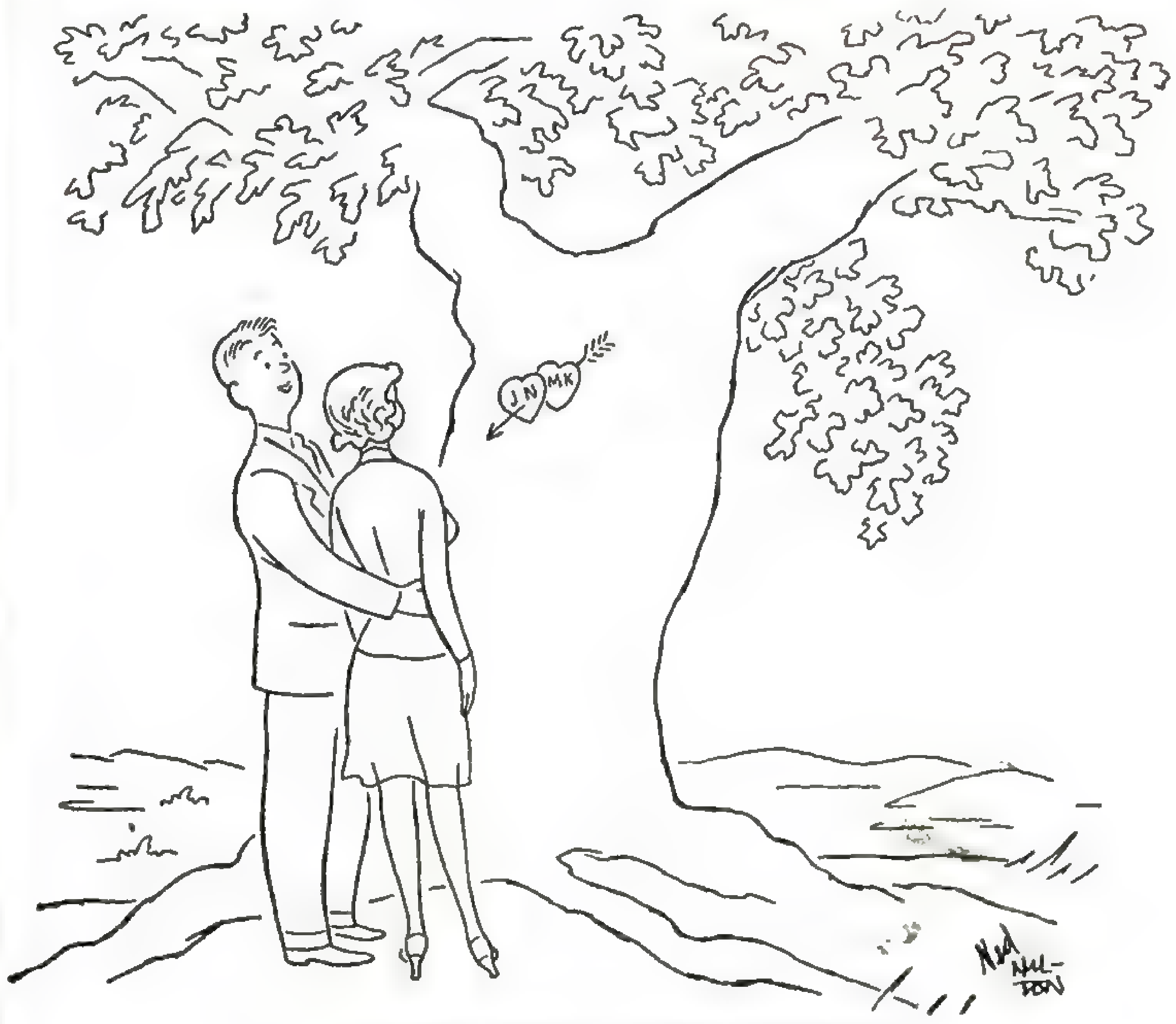
"It is a small nation," said another. "We will defeat them easily."

"And what if they should defeat us?"

The peasant shrugged his shoulders. "*Nitchevo*," he said philosophically.

The audience that night was a glittering array of officers and their ladies. The jewels and braid they wore outdid for sheer extravagance the glittering ornaments of the theatre. The finest blood in Russia was present in order to do honor to the Czar and also to be amused by our offering. An electric excitement prevailed backstage as everyone rushed madly about perfecting his makeup, adjusting his costume, nervously going over his lines. Dmitri was pale and taut.

"The Czar must be pleased tonight," he kept mumbling. "The Czar must be pleased."



"I want the whole world to know it"

"Yes, Dmitri," I jeered inwardly, "The Czar will be pleased to have your head!"

How was Dmitri to know the fate that was in store for him? How was anyone to know how I had spent my afternoon, that I had visited several art galleries searching for just the picture I wanted? At last I had found it. It was an oil painting of a horse standing in a smithy. The horse was facing away from the observer so that his head, in perspective, seemed very small. But, looming tremendously in the foreground, were the animal's buttocks occupying a very great portion of the canvas. It was exactly what I wanted, and I purchased it immediately. This, then, was to be the instrument of Dmitri's doom.

Entering the theatre stealthily in the evening, I had substituted the portrait of the horse for the portrait of the Emperor, and then drew the drapes carefully over the new canvas. You see even now how fiendish was my scheme. Dmitri would unveil the portrait dramatically, face the audience, and shout, "The Emperor!" And when the Czar perceived that he was represented by Dmitri as the bulbous buttocks of a horse, his reaction was certain to be something unpleasant for Dmitri. And this was especially so since Dmitri was already suspected by the aide.

The orchestra suddenly stopped playing, then in majestic tempo went into the national anthem. The Czar was entering his box! I peered through one of the peek holes and saw him taking his place, while the entire assemblage below arose to pay him homage. Next to Nikolai was the Czarina, cold and beautiful. And standing a little behind the Emperor was the officer who had warned Dmitri!

"Good," I whispered. "Good!"

The entire cast was alert that night, never had they given such a brilliant performance. The audience felt real sympathy for Dmitri as the artist and despised me as the villain with a violent hate. So it went for four acts. Dmitri was just nervous enough to put an added intensity into his acting.

And then act five, the climax of the show! The audience sat forward tensely awaiting the denouement, the Czar leaned forward in his box. There was such silence in the theatre that one could have heard the sound of a feather brushing against velvet.

"This is it," I said to myself. "The time has come."

I raised my hand and pointed at Dmitri. "Unveil the portrait! Let us see the proof of your perfidy! Unveil the portrait!"

Dmitri pulled the cord, and the drapes parted. Without even glancing at the picture, he faced the audience dramatically. "The Emperor!" he said.

Silence. Then the hissing sound of indrawn breaths. From the corner of my eye I looked into the audience. A picture of shock was drawn on each face, a sort of horrified petrifaction. I saw the Czar rise lowly in his seat, his face tight with fury. The officer behind him rose also and put his hand quickly to his sword. Dmitri stood downstage in utter confusion. Before at this point the audience had burst into applause, but now . . .

Yes, this was where I wanted Dmitri, but it was not enough. I must administer the *coup de grace.*

"The Emperor?" I ad libbed indignantly. "You dare to call this likeness of a horse's buttocks the Emperor!"

Dmitri turned at this, his eyes fell upon the canvas, and the blood drained from his face so that the rouge on his cheeks stood out like two patches of red lacquer. His eyes shifted from the picture to me, then back to the picture. He turned and faced the box in which the Czar was standing.

"Yes!" he cried. "It *is* the Emperor!"

Another horrified gasp of astonishment from the audience.

"The Emperor of Japan!"

Then, with a flourish, he pointed to the Czar's box. "And there," he cried, "is the true Emperor of all the Russias! May the Lord crown his crusade with success!"

The silence lasted only a moment. Then applause, shouts, a thunderous acclamation. The orchestra broke into the national anthem. The theatre rocked with cheers. Dmitri was forced to take twenty-six curtain calls that night, and later he was invited to the Czar's palace where he was feted and honored.

How did he do it? Well, it was the heroic thing to do, and certainly Dmitri was playing a hero. Stanislawski's theory applied to Dmitri as well as to me. I did not wait to discover what was in store for me. Dmitri had outwitted me in a treacherous manner, and I was convinced that the Russian scene was not for me. That night I crossed the border and escaped to Germany, and from there to America. And now I am an actor in the motion pictures.

* * *

"But," I said, "I cannot write such a story as that. The readers would not stand for it."

"Then what kind of a story would you rather have?"

"Perhaps one about your struggles in America before you were discovered by Hollywood."

"Ah yes," he said, "that, too, is a story. For many years I starved and struggled to attain prominence as an actor. Two years ago I was playing bit parts with a tent company. Then I was discovered and brought to Hollywood! It came just in time. I had not eaten for two days, when Dmitri found me."

"Dmitri? Dmitri discovered you? But I thought . . ."

"He came to America after the revolution. He is now a director."

"And he forgave you?"

"Yes. Dmitri is a very heroic character."

"And you are grateful to him, of course?"

"Grateful?" Preglikoff spat in disgust. "Phah! I am still working for my revenge!" # |

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LADY GOLFER — Same fine details. Eggshell, putty, sea green, aspin blue. Sizes 12 to 20. About **$8.95**

SPORT TRAIL—Soft-lamb body lining (all-wool fibre attached) and cloth sleeve lining zip out together. Bellows pockets with outside slash pockets. Talon front. Putty, eggshell, mode tan. Sizes 36 to 46 . . . About **$18.95**

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At better stores everywhere, or write
B. W. Harris Manufacturing Co., St. Paul, Minnesota

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. The brother and sister styles, University and Flapjack, have leather zip-out linings.

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 10-266

FOOTNOTE TO CAMERA HISTORY

Your article on cameras is interesting but not accurate.

The word "Kodak" was not coined by Mr. Eastman but was by a David H. Houston, the original inventor who derived the word from his home state, North Dakota. Mr. Eastman bought out this man's patent rights later on.

Yours very truly,
Akron, Ohio George Grant

PLASTICALLY POSTPONING

Congratulations on *Plastically Speaking* in the latest issue of Esquire. There is only one thing wrong with the heading, you should have added in small print "With Reservations."

I consider Mr. Walker as being top man in the designing field. I am personally acquainted with Mr. Walker (having borrowed sketching paper from him one time) and have collaborated with him and your old friend Alexis de Sakhnoffsky and others in the designing of radiator ornaments, interior hardware and other decorative appointments on America's automobiles.

Therefore I feel that I can speak with a certain amount of knowledge on the subject of automobiles and the materials from which they are made.

I feel that a goodly portion of Esquire readers will now believe that they will surely see in the "very, very near future" (as your article so optimistically put it) sleek and shining cars skimming along the highways made out of the same materials as their toothbrush handles and other familiar plastic articles. I would like to modify your prediction, at least to the extent of eliminating a couple of "verys."

We who have used them in their various forms have long been enthused with the future possibilities of plastics. I (and Mr. Walker will back me in this statement) believe that the future of plastics is unlimited. New plastics are being developed almost daily.

To get back to my real reason for writing this letter, I feel certain that no manufacturer of automobiles would attempt to build a car similar to any of the designs shown out of plastic material available at this time. No one could possibly want to see such cars as much as I do. These are the kind of cars I've always dreamed about, I've got dozens of such dream cars on paper.

BUT—although certain applications of plastic materials on automobiles have proven entirely satisfactory it has been because due consideration has been given to the physical characteristics of the material.

In order to use the present types of transparent plastics for tops, windshields, etc., as shown in the illustrations these surfaces would have to be divided up into several sections and these sections supported in steel channels whereby they could expand and contract independently. This, as you can readily see would make these beautiful cars look like greenhouses on wheels.

An example of the expansion characteristics of these materials can be seen in the large horn buttons as used on some recent cars. Some of these buttons although only about six inches in diameter expanded in the hot sunshine to such an extent that they bulged and warped sufficiently to sound the horn on the car. No doubt the phenomenon of a deserted automobile suddenly starting to blow its horn has surprised and puzzled many of your readers. The solution of course is to so support the horn button that it is free to expand and contract without materially changing the spacing of the electrical contacts for the horn.

I hope that the plastics industry comes forth soon with the proper material so that the above conditions are no problem. We will then begin to see beautiful, economical, practical automobiles and aeroplanes, fullfilling Bro. Walker's predictions.

While I am on the subject of future developments I would like to say that what the American public needs is a small, three-wheeled, two to four cylinder, light weight, cheap, economically running automobile to carry not over two passengers. I believe that if such a car can be built to sell around $250 to $300 every car owner will want one as a second car.

After the war is over we will have to find more uses for aluminum and its alloys and plastics. The answer is a light weight car for city use such as I have described above. The finish inside and out can be only that which is necessary for serviceability and convenience. Mr. Walker, I've got a hat-full of ideas on such a car.

Let's see more articles about such subjects as plastics. HOW ABOUT A PERMANENT SECTION FOR *New Things and Stuff?*

Sincerely yours,
Glen A. Johnson
Connersville, Ind. Designer

AGFA ADDENDA

I was quite interested in the last issue of Esquire, for as you of course know, there was an article in it on *100 Years of Photography*. However, I was extremely disappointed when I read the article.

We are, as the author of this article evidently did not know, or if he did, disregarded, the oldest manufacturer of photographic materials in America—as far as we know, in the world. It so happens that we will celebrate our hundredth anniversary next year in 1942, since Edward Anthony, our founder, started his business on Broadway in New York City in 1842. It seems a little difficult to believe that anyone writing an article on 100 years of photography could very well miss this important fact.

It's also interesting that Edward Anthony photographed the boundary between Maine and Canada, thus settling a dispute between this country and England by proving that there were highlands which formed a natural boundary between the two countries. This was the first time that photography was used by the United States government, or as a matter of fact, by any other government.

Anthony also ran the first photographic contest in history. It was of course a contest among daguerreotypists, and the prize was a huge silver mug.

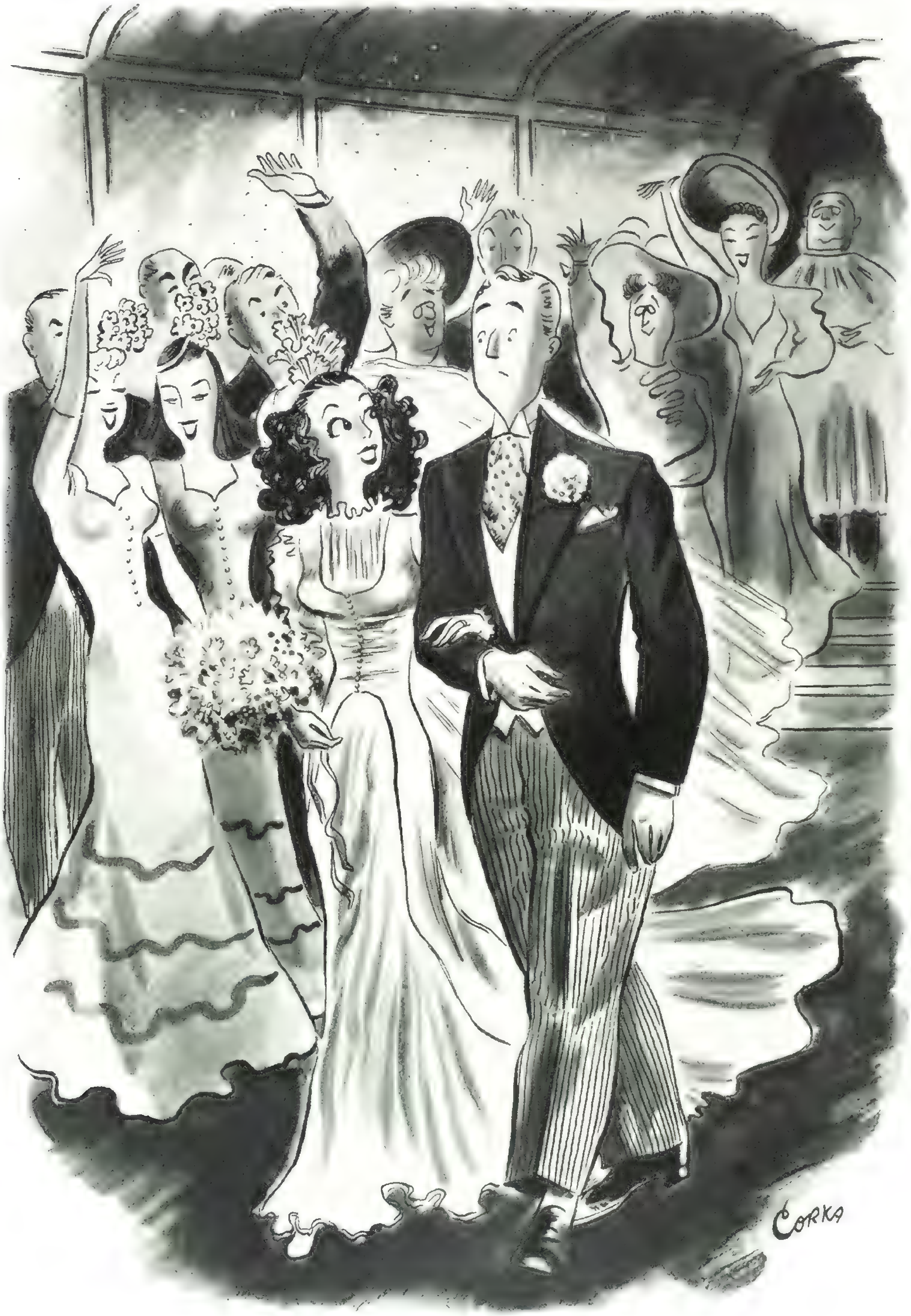
By the time of the Civil War Edward Anthony's brother had joined him in the firm and the company was then known as E. and H. T. Anthony. Brady, who is acknowledged to be the first war photographer in all history, was a close friend of the Anthonys and obtained his photographic materials from them.

Another friend of the Anthonys, Reverend Hannibal Goodwin, invented flexible film base. This invention obviously made possible roll film as we know it today, movie film, and in fact, was the basis for all films as they are manufactured today. Goodwin's patents were assigned to the Anthonys, and because of infringement, a suit was started. This strung out until after Goodwin's death but was later settled, and our company, and through us the Goodwin heirs, received considerable damages. This suit, incidentally, settled definitely both the validity and the priority of the Goodwin patents.

I am sending you with this letter a little booklet entitled "The Story of Agfa Ansco" which very briefly outlines the history of our company. I think you will be able to understand, after looking it over, why I feel that this recent article in Esquire was not only incomplete but actually unfair.

Robert M. Dunn
Adv. Mgr., Agfa Ansco
Binghamton, N. Y.

Continued on page 274



"Our marriage has been so perfect so far, dear; let's determine to keep it that way!"

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Send GALA PERFORMANCE . . . for an event that needs no rehearsing. Perfume, in a ballerina bottle, 25.00 ☐. Eau de Toilette, 10.00 ☐ *(Add 10% tax).*

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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 10-266-272

CARRY ON, CARLETON!

I am a constant reader of Esquire and so I am up to date on most articles. The article *Roulades and Cadenzas* of Carleton Smith which was emphasized by Private "Anonymous" of Fort Lewis, Wash., is the most important to me as I am also a Medical student in the Army.

I was drafted on March of this year. As thousands of others I thought the army was not the height of the career that I had worked and studied for in four years, but I would do my best for what I thought was needed.

My greatest problem is getting first-aid equipment to give the proper care to the injured in the field. I am a first-aid man attached to a rifle company and my statements are therefore from true experience only. I do not blame the army as a unit for any of my statements, but only those officers with such great inefficiency.

The government has given all the first-aid equipment needed in care of the supply sergeant and I don't think there is any limit on first-aid material. Why are the men not allowed to get the amount they need? It may be that the men are wasting this material or I should say some are. I have seen men use large strips of adhesive for their own personal use and a man who needed adhesive unable to get the amount he wished for an emergency. Shouldn't this be stopped by the proper orders from officers who should know how to give them.

I wish to tell of an experience I had. When I received my medical belt it was fully equipped but, as we were in the field every day my supply ran low. When I say supply I mean things such as adhesive plaster and plain gauze or iodine swabs, these, one uses in the simplest emergency. I went to the man in charge of supplies and asked for a refillment of the articles I needed. His reply was: "come back later I'm busy." It may be that he was busy, as he has charge of clothing and even transportation tools for the trucks of the detachment. But shouldn't there be a time after being in the field when everyone could go and get the articles they were in need of? I think this could be a very small matter to arrange. I had often received the same reply from him on the subject of replenishment, so I decided the next time I went home I would buy this material from my own account and this I did. Soon my medical belt was again filled properly although it was not government issue material it was duely as good. By chance the officer decided to inspect my medical belt and saw these articles which by the way were only a roll of adhesive tape and plain sterile gauze. He immediately made a sarcastic remark by asking if I thought I was Doctor Kildare. I told him the reason for my procedure and asked if he could help me to get the material needed he said I would have to do the best I can. It doesn't seem right that one should argue for such material.

I have seen no article so well written as the expressed thoughts as that of Private Anonymous in the October issue of Esquire so I know he will be happy to have it repeated.

I could never hope to voice my thoughts and opinions to my superior officers, and that is why I have written to you, in the hope that you may start the ball rollin' with your articles, and help us to become better prepared.

Sincerely yours,

Medical Detachment ANONYMOUS
Camp Edwards, Mass.
Infantry Co.

CONFIDENTIALLY, NO

For a long time I have hesitated to write you, but still if the rumor is true I feel sure you should do something more for me than send me this special credit card.

It is reported to me through a young woman connected with the Art Department of Northwestern University, and she claims she got it straight from your artist, that I am the original of his sketch of "Colonel Esquire."

For several years I have been addressed as such in the building where my office is, 20 N. Wacker Drive, as "Colonel Esquire," and it has gotten to be quite a joke. This past summer I was addressed as such by a stranger on the train to New York and at a Hotel in Boston I was again greeted in the same way.

Such being the case, don't you think there should be some kind of a bonus coming to me, at least a life's subscription? I do and I would be pleased to hear from you along these lines.

As the story goes, your artist saw me and performed the sketch just after the tavern opened in this building, some six years ago. I'd like at least to know the truth one way or the other.

Thank you.

Yours very truly,

Chicago, Ill. BENJAMIN P. GEORGE

PLEASURE ALLOYED WITH PAIN

Several times I have read in your magazine the stories by Komroff on the Holy Land and life there in the days of the Master. These stories, bringing so human a touch into Biblical history and being done in so delicate and reverent a style, I consider among the finest things that any American periodical is bringing out. I say this emphatically because, as you may be aware, I dislike exceedingly the character of some of the rest of your stuff and even more the style and manner in which it is written.

Very truly,
MARC T. GREENE

American Consulate
Auckland, New Zealand

CORRECTION: CAROL GOODNER IS THIRTY-SEVEN

In your October issue of this year, Mr. George Jean Nathan had listed Miss Carol Goodner, who is a client of ours, as being 45 years of age.

Miss Goodner has no objection as to the information about her age being given out to the public, but she thinks it would have been a good idea if someone had checked at the proper sources.

She has asked me to forward the enclosed birth certificate which establishes her age as 37 years. She would appreciate your printing a correction to this effect in the next George Jean Nathan column. We would further appreciate it being of sufficient size type and in a prominent place so that the regular George Jean Nathan readers will have the opportunity of adding it correctly to their fund of knowledge.

Thanks very much.

Very truly yours,

New York City LESTER SHURR
Manager of Artists

WEBSTER PLEASE COPY

While reading *Esprit de Corps* by Louis Paul in the latest issue of Esquire, I observed an item which is faulty as far as nomenclature of the U. S. Army is concerned.

Whether the author or the proofreader made the error it is not quite certain, but as I have noticed in several other periodicals the same error, I believe it is time that it was corrected. The Engineers in the army do not erect pontoon bridges—they build PONTON bridges. I have seen this error committed time and again in print, and as member of the Corps of Engineers, I have writhed and made an unfavorable exclamation each time I have observed it.

Trusting that I have not made myself objectionable by remarking upon this oversight, I remain,

Very truly yours,
ELLSWORTH L. VANSICKLE,
Sergeant, Co. C, 1st Engineer Bn.
Fort Devens, Mass. (Combat)

Continued on page 299

this Christmas

give him

Give him a lift to his chin . . . a left to his troubles . . . snap to his brim and a brimming cup of cheer-cheer-for-old-Alma-Mater. Give him spring to his step and the bounce to his boredom. Give him a toe-hold on totalitarianism . . . give him twelve easy lessons in let-yourself-go . . .

. . . give him Esquire—Give him an overall overhaul . . . a year's lease on a cabaña in the sky. Give him twelve months of carefree laughter and sheer devil-may-care. Give him wine, women and a singing telegram . . . a grin in place of his groan. Give him countless gals and no galls to the mile . . .

. . . give him Smileage! On second thought, make that "him" a "them." Give Esquire's Smileage to *all* the men who mind and matter on your Christmas gift list—all those guys who need to have their faces lifted out of the grime of the times. They could *all* do with a mental eyewash, the invigorating pick-me-up Esquire brings every month. Make it *them* and you'll save endless shopping time and energy. You'll save mazooma, too, for with Esquire's special Christmas rates, going into effect right this very moment and lasting until January 15, the whole process is painless.

Esquire's special smileage Christmas rates:

One subscription, one year	$ 5.00
Two subscriptions, one year, or one subscription, two years	8.00
Three subscriptions, one year, or one subscription, three years	10.00
Additional subscriptions, per year, each	3.00

(Add $2.50 for foreign postage; 50c for Canada)

So, there you have it! Why not deal yourself in, while you're at it? It's simple, with the combination order form and reply envelope bound into this issue just opposite this page. Make it a Merry Christmas and a Smileage New Year.

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN
919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE • CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Sportswear by Puritan
A PURITAN CHRISTMAS
means a Happy New Year!

PURCUNA Sweaters . . .
Special virgin wools blended with luxurious mohair, combining warmth with silky softness. Beautifully washable without shrinking, sagging or stretching out of fit.
COAT $7.50..PULLOVER $5.00..SLEEVELESS $3.50

Whatever you choose, if your gift bears the famous *Puritan* label, you will not only be certain of its welcome by any man or boy...but also of its style rightness and traditional quality.

SPORTVAL—The jacket for comfort or action, in soft, supple 100% all wool. Hand saddle stitching, roomy pockets . . . reinforced braided leather buttons...careful piping...plaid rayon shoulder yoke... shirred back...and other features. $10.00

E-ZIP—Rain or shine, you'll like the E-Zip weather jacket of fine Zelan poplin. It boasts a Lastex bi-swing action back . . . double shoulder yoke for extra protection. $5.00...Other models $2.95 to $8.50

At Leading Stores

PURITAN KNITTING MILLS COR., ALTOONA, PA.

A Matter of Offspring

Continued from page 137

talk together, ony this fox is very contemptible toward his buddy, the cat. 'Lissen, fella,' he use to tell the cat. 'Any time a enemy comes after me, why I got a million tricks to outwit 'em. I'm a wise guy, see.' So this here cat looks kind of downfallen. 'I ony got one trick against my enemies,' says this cat. 'If that don't work, well it is curtains for me.'

"So this fox says that if the cat wasn't such a dope he would go ahead and teach him a thing or two, but it is no use on account this cat don't know Thursday mornin' from the back end of a ferry boat. Well, to make a long story short, what happens at that very moment—"

"Say, we heard that ole story ninety hundred times," interrupted the pimply-faced boy. He recited the conclusion in a rapid monotone. "So just then a pack of hounds comes out of the woods and the cat used the one ole trick she knew and ran up a tree while the fox after tryin' all the smart tricks he could do got tired and the dogs et him all up and that's the end of the story."

Smoot compressed his lips into a hard white straight line. "Corporal Hyler, please take charge of this here nursery while I tend to a little unfinished business."

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm gonna call on the colonel of the regiment and ast to have a order made out givin' me official permission to throw myself offn a big high cliff."

The children, who had heard Sergeant Smoot's remark, were delighted with it. "Kin we see you throw yourself off a cliff, sergeant?"

"Yeah, kin we?"

The little blonde girl twisted her canary-like neck. "Rub-a-dub-dub," she crooned. "Three men in a tub, the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker. And they all jumped over a hot potater. Kin we see you jump over a hot potater, huh?"

"No," cried the pimply lad. "He is gonna throw himself offn a cliff. That's what I wanna see."

"Over a hot potater," the girl insisted.

"Offn a cliff."

They were still arguing when Johnson called to take them home for lunch.

When they finally had gone Smoot turned to his assistant. "And still," he murmured, "there is some people in this here country that thinks all there is to the Defense Program is battleships and tanks and airoplanes!" ⧻

Lord of the Amoeba

Continued from page 125

soul. We are bound, he implied, by a kindred love; and if and when you retract this loan, pray sell it where its eternal soul can find understanding and rest.

The Duke was interested, and the Duke was courteous, but somehow, he was satisfied with the guardianship of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

Years passed; the first World War clouded the English countryside.

Then, one night, as Norworth returned to his hotel, after a one-night stand in a small midwestern town, he found a letter. It was from the Duke. "You may remember our old correspondence," the Duke wrote. "Well, things have changed considerably since then.

"My nephew is leaving for the Front with his regiment; and I would like to give him some fine arms to take with him. Financially, I am somewhat straitened, at present, and so, if your offer still stands . . ."

And thus Norworth acquired the flagship of his microscopic fleet.

* * *

Norworth was born in Philadelphia, "a hard town." After he gave his first performance there, a singing part, he asked his mother what she thought. Mrs. Norworth said, "Those acrobats must have practiced an awfully long time."

Norworth's father, who was an organ builder, founded the by-now-famous miniature collection, and passed on his enthusiasms to Jack.

Now it seems that at an early age Jack left school, having quite inadvertently slugged the teacher.

At fourteen, he was at sea, being precocious. Often after a stormy voyage, when Jack arrived back in Philadelphia, old Mr. Norworth would skip the *Grüss Gotts*. He would always go straight to the point.

"Hello, Jack, what did you pick up this trip?"

Proudly Jack would fish in his pocket, and pull out some shrunken gem, some condensed rhapsody of consummate cunning, some jade camel designed for the needle's eye.

Years have passed since then; Jack's songs have been sung around the world, and the world for Jack has been compressed into the kind of song the wind might sing, as it rushed merrily through the riggings of a two-inch yawl.

Like a unicorn champing at gilded oats, Norworth toys with his treasures. Sometimes he tamps them with a long, thin sound; sometimes with loving tweezers. Sometimes he rests them on a matchbox—at the impressive Lamb's Club.

The world isn't his oyster: it's his amoeba. And he is beyond question the monarch of all he surveys—through a delicate microscope. ⧻

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Business Men—Industrial executives, gentlemen of the professions, Stars of stage and screen—men of the U. S. Services, Athletes, Sportsmen, *he*-men *all*, are fast forming the daily habit of enjoying the refreshing, tangy, "grassy" outdoor scents to be found only in L'Orlé's exclusive Cos-MAN-tics.

Impressive, welcome gifts that solve a woman's problem of "What to Give" to Men at home or in the U. S. Services.

AT FINE MEN'S SHOPS or wherever Toiletries are sold: If your favorite store hasn't as yet stocked L'Orlé Cos-MAN-tics, your order will be filled directly by us on receipt of remittance . . . *Illustrated folders on request.*

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"BUCKSKIN"
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After Shave

A soothing refreshant that leaves the face delightfully soft and smooth after shaving. 8-oz., $3.50.

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A super-quality toiletry essential to good grooming . . . For the meticulous man who demands a refreshing toilet water as masculine as his tweeds or pipe . . . 4-oz., $5.00, 12-oz., $12.50.

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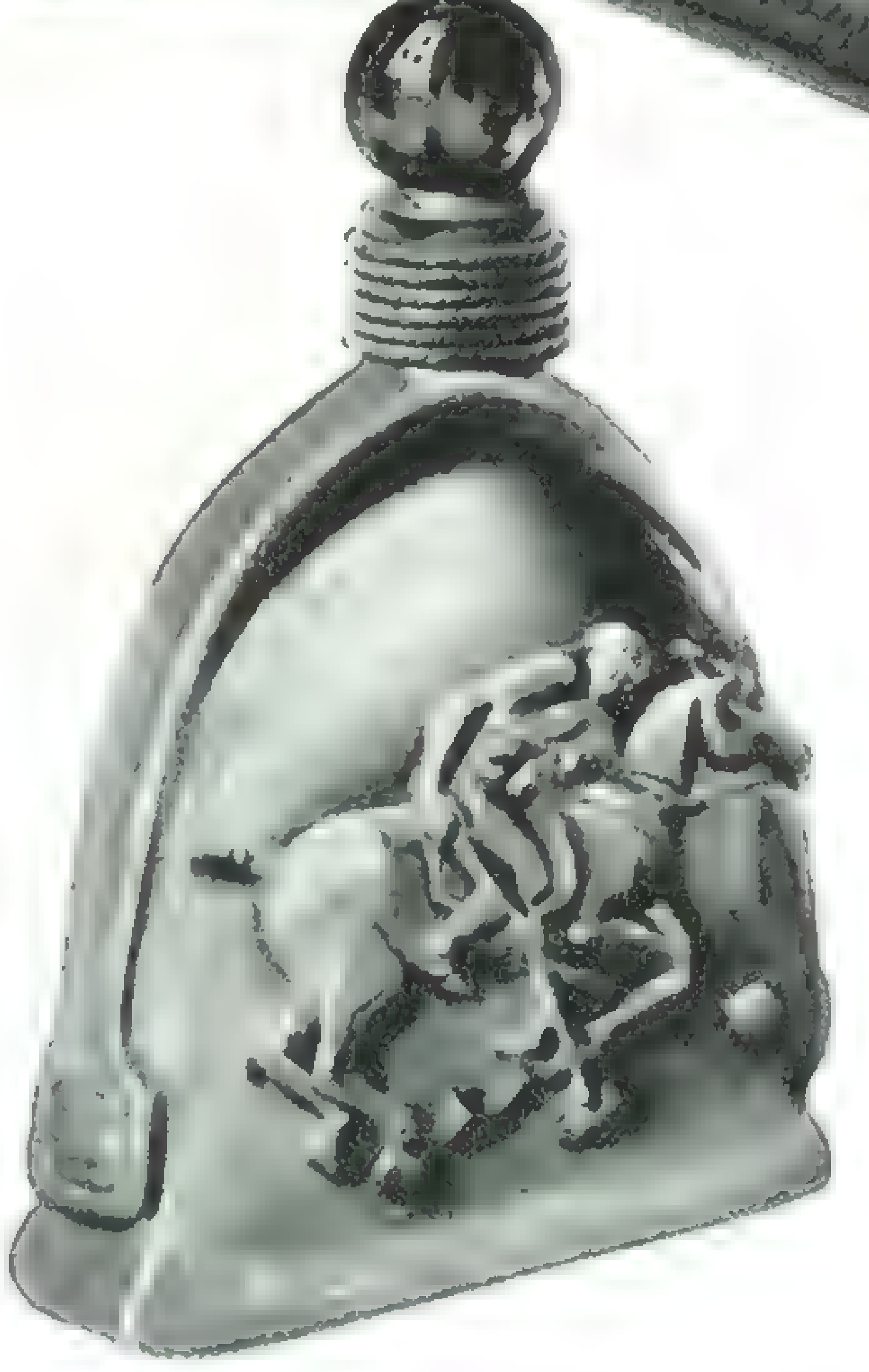
BOOTS AND SADDLE

GENTLEMEN'S LODORANTE, the SCENT-sational, Double Purpose Refreshant that deodorizes. In continuous use by men everywhere. A "demand" toiletry in the better men's shops. Many masculine, grassy, outdoor, tangy scents such as "Boots and Saddle," "Tumble-Weed," "Stick and Ball," "Pipe and Pouch," "Skiing," "Clover Hay," 2-oz., $1.00 . . . 8-oz., $3.00 . . . 16-oz., $5.50.

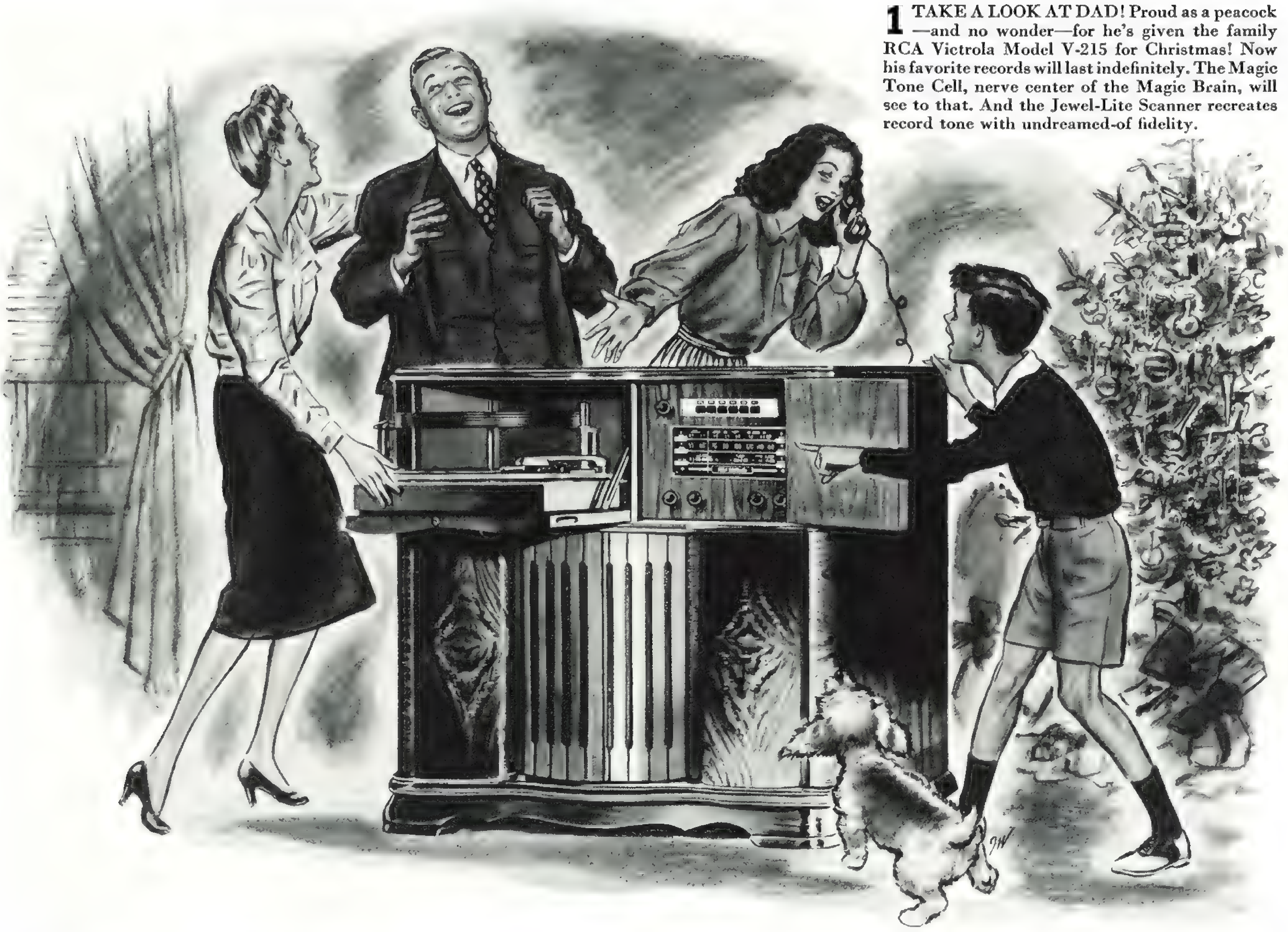
CANTEEN KIT features four exclusive essentials . . . Body Massage . . . Hair Dressing . . . After Shave . . . Foot Refreshant . . . In wood-stoppered bottles bearing a composite crest of the Army, Navy and Air Corps . . . "Cadet"-set of 4-oz. bottles, $3.75 (Individuals $1) . . . "Officers"-set of 8-oz. bottles, $6.50 (Individuals $1.75).

SPUR FLACON of Gentleman's Bouquet in a quartet of masculine scents such as "Boots and Saddle," "Stick and Ball," "Clover Hay," "El Rancho," 8-oz. spur-shaped, porcelain-type, rope-necked, wood-stoppered flacons . . . $3.50.



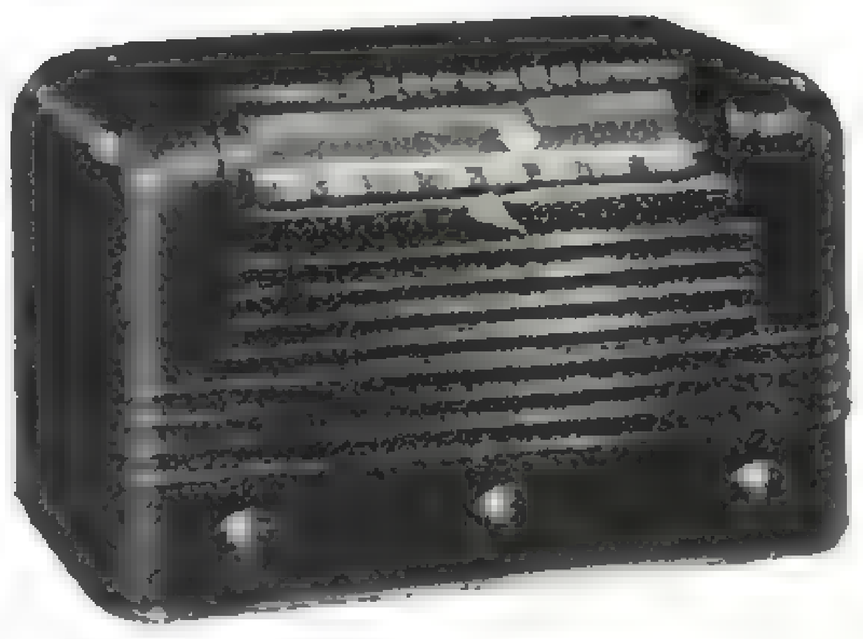
L'ORLÉ, Inc. . . *Creators of Original Toiletries Essentials for Men* . . 6 East 39th St., New York

Everybody's Happy—WITH THESE

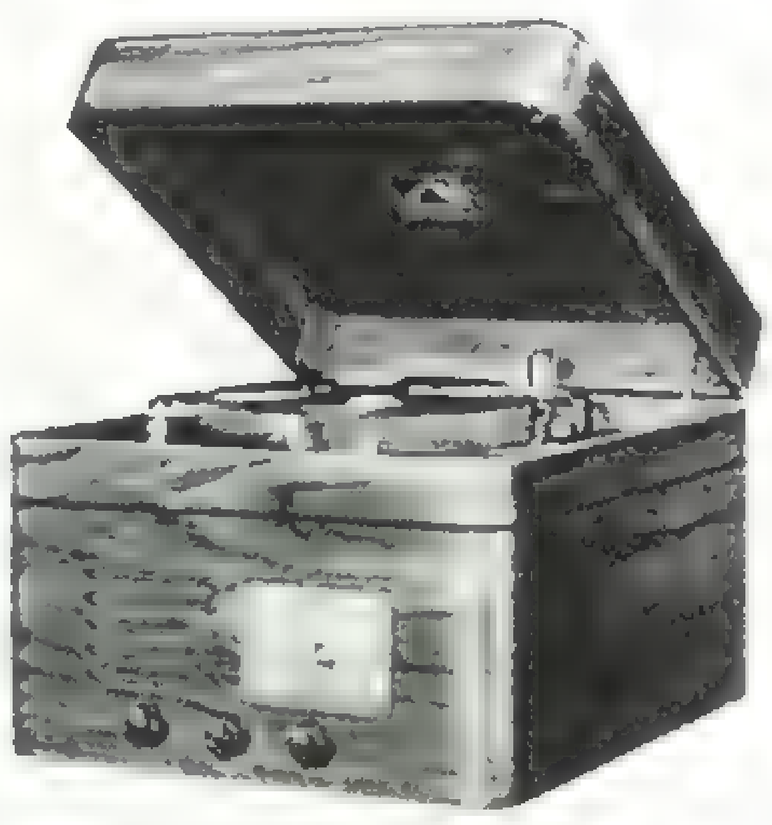


1 TAKE A LOOK AT DAD! Proud as a peacock —and no wonder—for he's given the family RCA Victrola Model V-215 for Christmas! Now his favorite records will last indefinitely. The Magic Tone Cell, nerve center of the Magic Brain, will see to that. And the Jewel-Lite Scanner recreates record tone with undreamed-of fidelity.

For all the family... Other RCA Victor Christmas Gifts of lasting pleasure



Joe's taking this gift back to school with him. It's RCA Victor Super-Six Model 15X. Has 6 RCA Victor Preferred Type Tubes . . . a stage of radio frequency amplification for better reception . . . powerful electrodynamic speaker . . . built-in Magic Loop Antenna . . . and many other features.



In Betty's room is this automatic record-changing RCA Victrola. It has amazing Jewel-point Pickup —no needles to worry about. Life of records is increased. Also, fine superheterodyne radio with many other features. Model V-135.

Here's a swell set for Dad to take on flying business trips. It's RCA Victor Pick-Me-Up Model 25BP. Plays on AC or DC as well as batteries. Extremely light. Has new supersensitive circuits, 5 RCA Victor Preferred Type Tubes, Magic Loop Antenna, and many other new features.

They bring out the best in each other

VICTOR RECORDS
and
Magic Brain RCA VICTROLA

FEWER but FINER!

RCA Victor is cooperating to the full with national defense priority requirements. Because of these requirements, shortages exist in certain raw materials needed for radios and phonograph-radios and there will be a universal decrease in the number of instruments to be made. Hence, RCA Victor products for the home will be *fewer*. But they will be *finer* than ever. For, as a result of defense work of which, we, too, are doing our share, RCA Victor quality standards, always the highest, are now more exacting than ever.

• • •

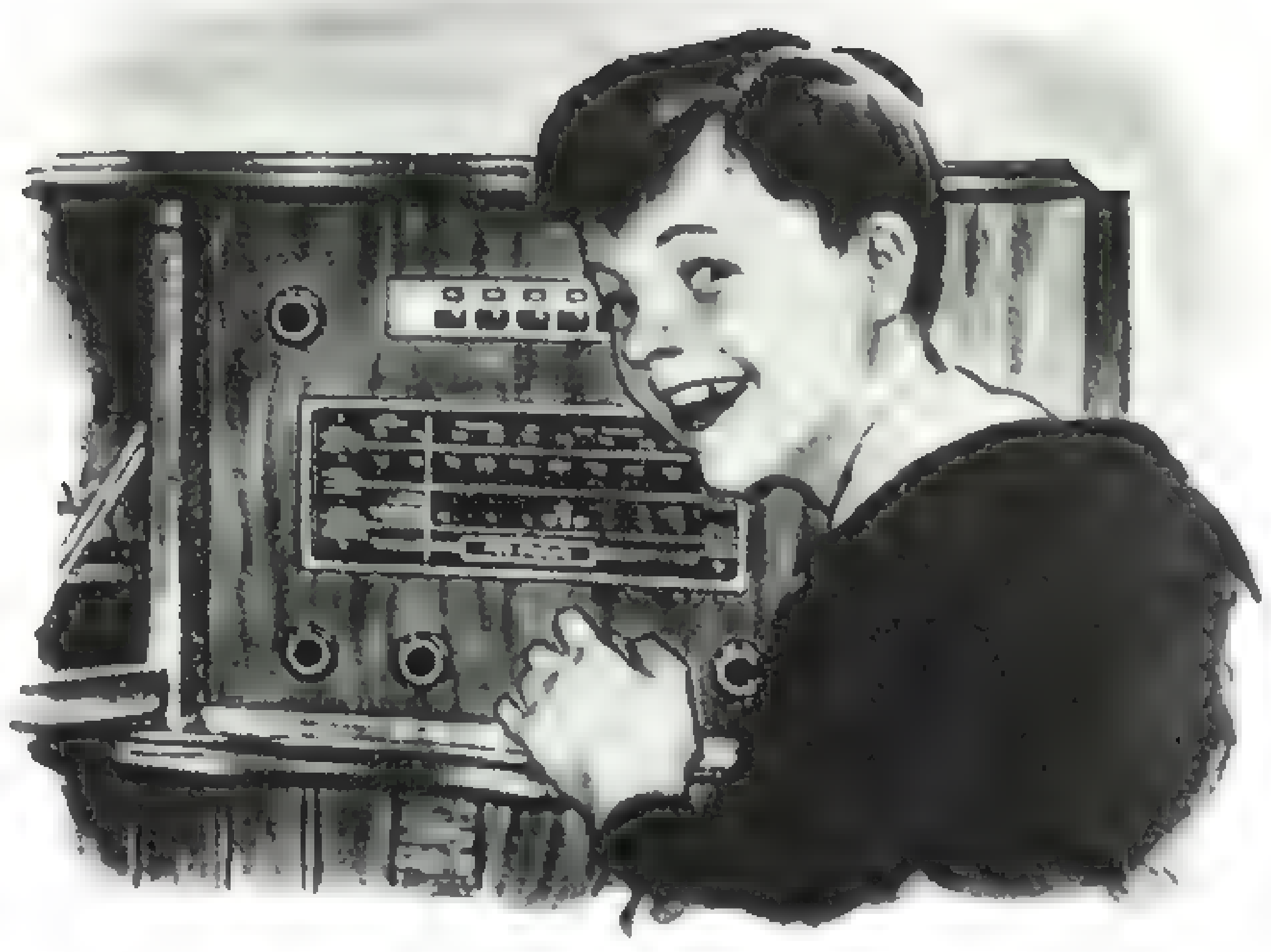
A Service of the Radio Corporation of America. Trademarks "Victrola," "RCA Victor," "Magic Brain" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by RCA Mfg. Co., Inc. . . . For Canadian models write to RCA Victor Co., Ltd., Montreal.

RCA VICTOR PREFERRED TYPE RADIO TUBES For Finer Radio Performance

GIFTS THAT KEEP ON GIVING!

2 MOM'S HAPPY, TOO! Think of hearing such famous Victor Red Seal Record stars as Flagstad, Melchior, Bampton—all the World's Greatest Artists. And think of no lid to lift, no ornaments to move . . . The Roll-Out Record Changer permits comfort level loading of records. And she's especially thrilled by the thought of no changing of needles.

3 BETTY'S WILD ABOUT THE IDEA of Tommy Dorsey, Glenn Miller, Artie Shaw—all the big Victor-Bluebird bands playing in one session! Wait till the gang gets a load of this record changer that plays, stops, changes records—even shuts itself off when the last selection has been played. And nobody needed to tend the program!



4 JOE'S AMAZED to discover that Victor Records—even when tuned down to the softest register—sound clear and true, without the slightest trace of "needle chatter" on their new Magic Brain RCA Victrola. He's itching to hear what the new Teletube, the new Audio System can do for standard, shortwave and foreign radio programs.

5 GOOD OLD FIDO gets a kick out of Model V-215, too. His wagging tail is a barometer of general satisfaction. Incidentally, this instrument is available in a choice of fine woods—either walnut or mahogany. See it at your RCA Victor dealer's. Its price, along with everything else about it, is a very pleasant surprise.

6 THIS HURRIED HUDDLE is called by Betty, who, inspired by the beautiful prospect for future fun, reminds the family that all Christmas money-gifts are now earmarked for Victor and Bluebird Records! A great idea, they all agree. And a grand way to get started on a real record library, she points out—so what are they waiting for?

7 THEY ALMOST TURN the store upside down—but Mom, she gets her operatic arias and symphonies, and Dad selects musical comedy classics. Betty—she jumps for joy over jive. Joe has a swell time choosing stories and songs. They all get the world's greatest artists in their finest performances—plus the famous Victor Higher Fidelity Recording.

HERE ARE SOME OF THE VICTOR AND BLUEBIRD RECORDS THEY PICKED

MOM'S CHOICE

Concerto No. 1, in B Flat Minor (*Tschaikowsky*). Vladimir Horowitz, Pianist, with Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Symphony Orchestra. Album M-800, 8 sides.

Selections from Six Wagnerian Operas—Kirsten Flagstad and Lauritz Melchior. Album M-749, 10 sides.

Andrea Chénier — Nemico della Patria (*Giordano*). Otello—Credo in un Dio Crudel (Iago's Creed) (*Verdi*). John Charles Thomas. 17639.

La Cenerentola — Act II — Scene and Rondo Finale. Semiramide—Act I—Bel raggio lusinghier (*Rossini*). Rose Bampton. 18217.

Samson and Delilah—Act II—Love, Come Aid My Weakness. My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice (*Saint-Saëns*). Marian Anderson. 18008.

Symphony No. 5, in C Minor (*Beethoven*). Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Symphony Orchestra. Album M-640, 8 sides.

Heart of the Piano Concerto—Nine superb excerpts, from Bach to Gershwin. Jesús María Sanromá, Pianist, with Victor Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Charles O'Connell. Album M-818, 8 sides.

1812 Overture and Capriccio Italien (*Tschaikowsky*). Boston "Pops" Orchestra, cond. by Arthur Fiedler. Album DM-776, 8 sides.

Carnival of the Animals (*Saint-Saëns*). Leopold Stokowski and The Philadelphia Orchestra with Jeanne Behrend, Sylvan Levin, Joseph Levine, Pianists; Benar Heifetz, 'Cellist. Album M-785, 6 sides.

BETTY'S CHOICE

Artie Shaw—Eight inimitable selections by the sensational young man of swing including such specials as Begin the Beguine, Frenesi, Star Dust, Moonglow. Album P-85, 8 sides.

Elmer's Tune and Delilah, played by Glenn Miller—B-11274; Piano Concerto in B Flat and Why Don't We Do This More Often? Played by Freddy Martin—B-11211. Smash hits on Bluebird Records.

The Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street—Vol. 2. Hot music, featuring Lena Horne and presided over by Maestros Laval and Levine. Album P-86, 8 sides.

DAD'S CHOICE

Friml's Melodies—Vol. 1. Memorable highlights from "Rose Marie," "Vagabond King," etc. Frank Parker with mixed chorus. Album P-58, 6 sides.

Gems from Jerome Kern's Musical Shows—The outstanding hits from "Roberta," "Sally," and other famous productions. Victor Light Opera Company. Album C-31, 12 sides.

Album of Strauss Waltzes—Five glamorous masterpieces by the Waltz King, played by the Boston "Pops" Orchestra, conducted by Arthur Fiedler. Album M-445, 10 sides.

Glamour Music from "Lady in the Dark"—Gertrude Lawrence, with chorus and orchestra conducted by Leonard Joy. Six choice selections, including the now immortal "Jenny." Album P-60.

Your dealer will gladly supply you with the new Victor Record Musical Masterpieces Catalog and the complete Victor Record Catalog—both packed with gift suggestions. *Be sure to ask about the sensational gift offer on new Victor Red Seal Records!* Available for a limited time only.

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THRILLS
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STAR, PLAYING "BAT-BAK"

G40 BAT-BAK—Deluxe model, 5-ply, ¾" top. Sturdy, folding legs. Non-glare green, walnut trim. Removable back board releases table for other games, buffet serving, etc. 36" x 54". With rules . . $27.50

G30 BAT-BAK — Victor Moore and Wm. Gaxton of "Louisiana Purchase," playing Bat-Bak on Model G30. Carrying-case, folding model. 5-ply, ½" top. No legs. Used on bridge or other tables. Same size as G40 . . . . . $27.50

Models G30 or G20, folded, becomes self-contained carrying cases, as illustrated.

G20 BAT-BAK — Same as G30, except 3-ply ¼" ply-wood . $25.00

Victor Moore says, "My kids and I have a lot of fun with 'BAT-BAK.' It's a swell game."

G10 BAT-BAK — 5-ply ½" ply-wood. 36"x54". Folding upright. Bak board detachable. Base board does not fold. Green finish. Used on bridge or other tables. $15.00

BAT-BAK — the new thrilling game. Takes only ¼ the space, yet has all the action of regulation table tennis; faster, more exciting. Any corner will do. ONE or TWO can play... back board is opposing team and a good one! Everybody, including movie and stage stars, are wild over BAT-BAK. Develops skill, alertness, speed. More fun than a circus!

2 bats and 6 balls for all models $2.75 extra.

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☐ G5 Bat-Bak $7.50; ☐ 2 Bats 6 Balls $2.75
Enclosed find $ .....(west of Miss. Riv. add 10%.)
Name..
Address..

The Lonely Wayfarer

Continued from page 98

my train leaves in ten minutes."

"You must go now!" she repeated. "Oh, can't you come along?"

"Come along?"

"Yes, and let's have some fun."

"I'd love to, really; very much, really. But this is my last train, and I must be back at my job tomorrow morning. But I'll soon be in town again. Let's see . . . next Wednesday, as a matter of fact. Couldn't I see you then? Perhaps you'd like to go to the Opera?"

"To the Opera?" she gasped, "why, yes, I'd love to."

"And we'll have dinner at Habbel's?" he suggested.

"Do you really mean all this?"

"Why, yes, of course," and then suddenly "Oh, pardon me, I forgot to introduce myself. My name is Wolf, Richard Wolf."

She scribbled her name and telephone number on a piece of paper and gave it to him.

"Elsa Derring," she said, "can you read it?"

He put his hand on hers for a moment (how tiny it was) and said softly, "I'm so happy I met you." He got up, flushing again "I can hardly wait until Wednesday."

The shrill bell sounded, and his train appeared on the signboard. When he turned at the door, to wave good-bye, her face was lit up in a smile. Poor creature, he thought, she must be having a hard time.

In the days that followed he was nervous, agitated, whenever he thought of her. Maybe she was out of a job. He couldn't forget the hungry, hurt look on her face. The weary gesture of her hand haunted him. How fragile it was, and how delicate.

He should never have left her alone that evening, he reproached himself. How eager she was to go out with him and have some fun. An idea suddenly struck him: suppose something had happened to her. He must telephone. But what was he to tell her? She would laugh at him. Still, he did telephone. There was no answer. He tried it again late in the evening. And again no answer.

He was frightened: surely something must have happened to her, and he sent a telegram with the answer paid. Made it sound casual: "Hope you didn't forget date tomorrow. Am looking forward to it."

The answer came: "Am expecting you."

His fear vanished, and he dreamed of her eager eyes, her soft smile, her pleasant voice. She had sounded so happy, when he invited her to the Opera. She must have liked him, too. Otherwise she would not have so readily accepted his invitation. If he could only help her to be happy always.

"Why not marry her?" said an insistent voice inside him. This was the girl. She was so different . . . But he laughed it off: after all, he hardly knew her.

She was happy and carefree, and his heart swelled, when they met at the appointed place.

"I haven't been at the Opera for three or four years," she said.

She ate heartily, talked gaily and listened enraptured to the music. She squeezed his arm and leaned against him, when they walked down the Linden after the performance.

"How lovely it was," she said dreamily.

They went into a little cafe. His mind was made up. This was the girl. This was his big opportunity. He looked at her intently, while a solemn feeling surged up in him, and then he asked abruptly: "Will you marry me?"

She went pale and pressed her hand to her mouth, as if to suppress a cry. Then she nodded her head, slowly, repeatedly, her eyes looking straight into his, as if in utter astonishment.

"If you really want me . . ." she said.

Three weeks later they were married, far away from Berlin. After the ceremony at the Magistrate's office and a leisurely dinner in a garden restaurant overlooking a river outside the town they drove home, parked the car in a garage a few blocks from their house, and then walked slowly down the quiet street.

"Oh, I left my briefcase in the car," he cried, "with the marriage license in it. Imagine! We can't leave that behind. I'll run back to get it. No, wait right here at the corner."

She stood at the streetcorner. The air was cool and pure. She hummed happily, felt like dancing, swayed her body and gaily swung her bag.

"Hi, baby," came a stranger's voice behind her, "you're just what I need. Come along. Let's have fun."

Her heart stood still, and a shiver crept all over her body. The "Hi Baby" rushed to her ears hundredfold, a hundred arms grasped her waist, dragging her down, down . . .

She felt defeated . . . Thrown back into the past two years, the dreadful abyss of those years. Slowly, reluctantly, she turned around.

The fat jovial face in front of her grinned: "Well, let's go."

No, no, not that again, she revolted, got hold of herself and said icily, "Please leave me alone!" Her body was stiff with fright.

"Sorry," she heard the man's voice, as coming from far away, and saw him sway around the corner.

As if through a heavy fog, she saw Richard coming, swinging his briefcase. My husband, she thought, "husband" she said shyly and sank in his arms, sobbing, her whole body shaking with tears.

"What is it, darling?" He put his arm around her, tenderly.

"O nothing. I'm just happy. I can't tell you . . ." she breathed. ♯

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GREATEST of NAMES in ATHLETIC GAMES
FUN
ACCURACY
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THRILLS
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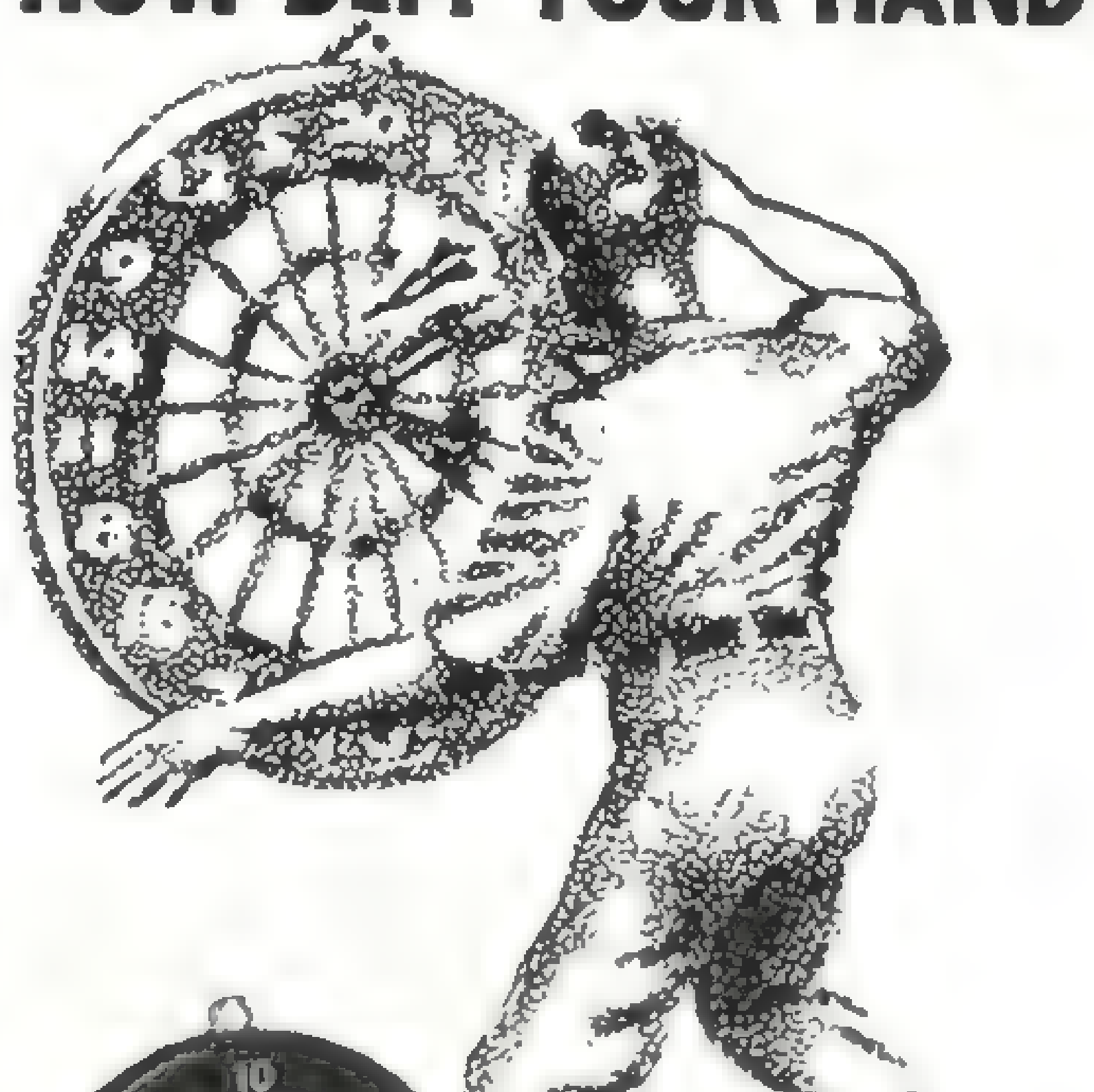
HOW QUICK YOUR EYE?
HOW DEFT YOUR HAND?



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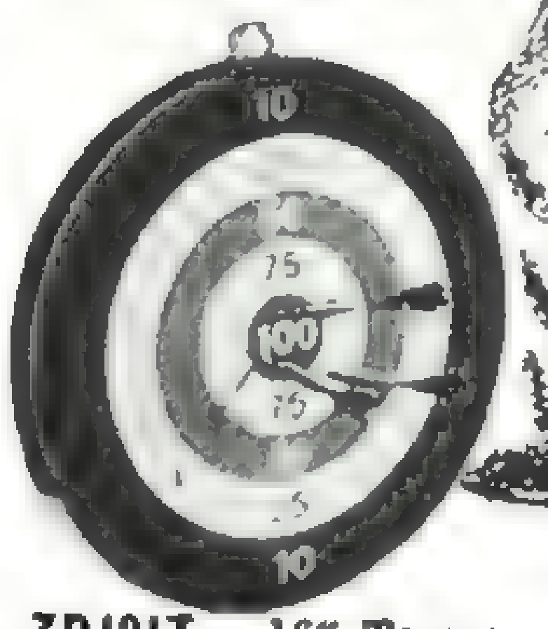

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Enclosed find $ .....(west of Miss. Riv. add 10%.)
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Cartoonists' Ups and Downs

Continued from page 143

days newspapers do not print the simple statement that anything signed by their government is an agreement with death and a covenant with hell; they feel that way about an income or corporation tax; but they still say it more soberly. Perhaps Herbert Agar will carry on the tradition of Henry Watterson in Louisville and cry "to hell with the Hitlers and Mussolinis"; but the chances are that he, too, will be less profane. Maybe the 1914 war-passion was a little synthetic; although it didn't seem so at the time; maybe the only passion we have left is for self-preservation, which doesn't lead to good cartoons.

Or it may be that the people with passion have gone elsewhere. You hear the tones of mania, at times, on small local stations, not only in the Midwest, but around Philadelphia and New York as as well. People who want to persuade, naturally go to the great instruments of persuasion; they haven't been able to take over the movies; but radio is open to them in order to preserve its integrity, its impartiality. Yet you would think that the graphic arts still were useful; because you can excite people in one medium, but you may want to clinch your argument in another. Is the cartoon outmoded, actually, or has it been transformed into something else?

In the first place, I may be wrong about the cartoon's place in the affections of newspaper readers. There are still half a dozen topnotch men (as in the time of Kirby, Cesare, Boardman Robinson, Weed, Miner, and Darling); I see few syndicated cartoonists in the provincial journals I read; but the news associations which go in for art do have them; and small town papers and metropolitan ones alike always reprint cartoons on Saturdays and Sundays. Perhaps people do feel as responsive to the cartoons of today as I felt between 1912 and 1920. (Prohibition was the inspiration of the last impassioned cartoons I can recall.)

If the cartoonist, strictly considered as a daily newspaperman, is fading, he is working into other fields: the satiric comic artist has a tremendous play these days; provincial versions of *The New Yorker* may not always survive, but the comic artist has learned to use political satire as his subject matter, instead of limiting himself to manners. And, parallel to this, etchers and engravers and water colorists are exhibiting, in the galleries, pictures heavily charged with political meaning. The picture which is often called the greatest of our time, the *Guernica* of Picasso, is a political cartoon.

A few weeks ago a committee was arranging a show of works of art dedicated to the Chinese fight for liberty. The committee discovered that makers of comic strips were often able to render the basic ideas more simply and more effectively than makers of daily cartoons. I was a little puzzled and, frankly, a little worried. Because if the comic artists *can* handle political ideas, one of these days they *will;* there have been leftist comic strips in the past; but conservative strips have been political only because they upheld the existing order. (Buck Rogers is Robin Hood and J. Edgar Hoover; Superman is James Jeffries and J. Edgar Hoover; Little Orphan Annie is Aimee MacPherson and J. Edgar Hoover; etc.) I would hate to see this changed. If the Yellow Kid was a forerunner of a new type of political art, I have been much mistaken; and so mistaken has been my friend Krazy Kat who, I am sure, hasn't an idea in his beautiful but mazed head.

Some of the troubles of cartooning go right back to the editors of newspapers: they prefer to buy a syndicated man, and the syndicated man is therefore working for a Republican paper (something like seven times out of ten) as well as for a Democratic paper; and even a prolabor paper may be buying him. He becomes first neutral, then neuter—and always sterile. He's got to be safe; he has to express not the average, but the composite view; and that's asking too much. *Punch* is said to reflect the Government of Britain (not in its funny pictures, I gather); but no man can attempt to represent all shades of opinion, and still draw a good picture.

For the sterile ones, I have an anecdote. I once worked on *The Philadelphia Evening Ledger* and shared desk space with Sykes, the cartoonist, a red-headed Southerner, more devoted to the Democratic party even than I was. A bill came up for a defense appropriation; we were not then in the war; and statesmen made it clear that in order to pay for defense, Congress would have to sacrifice the pork barrel. Sykes drew a cartoon of a pig at a trough; with a dagger hanging over him; and the caption, "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori . . ." It was a reasonably good cartoon, but it satisfied no political passions whatever; least of all those of the cartoonist. So Sykes drew the head of Woodrow Wilson, whom the *Evening Ledger* officially despised, on the hilt of the dagger. Reduced to cartoon dimensions, the profile could hardly be seen; but the cartoonist had declared himself.

And now to return to Low. Low is employed by Lord Beaverbrook. Low doesn't consistently, day by day, make fun of Beaverbrook, but when he wants to, he does. Low is a radical; he hates plutocracy as bitterly as he hates Hitler. Low slashes out at the old Britain as furiously as at the new Germany. Perhaps that is why Low is the incomparable one of this war—so far. ⌗

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YOUR dog craves *taste variety* in his food just as you do! Feed Red Heart's *3 delicious flavors*... beef, fish, and cheese ... in rotation. Red Heart is rich in essential vitamins and minerals. Contains LIVER! John Morrell & Co., General Offices, Ottumwa, Iowa.

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(UPRIGHT) Perfect flame for cigarette, cigar
(TILTED) 2½" jet flame for easy pipe-lighting

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THE WORLD'S MOST PRACTICAL POCKET LIGHTER

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 144

Milton, most independent of men, whose *Ready and Easy Way to Establish a Free Commonwealth* published in the year of the King's return (1660) showed a positive genius for the inopportune, also displayed independence of mind in another way which I have not seen mentioned. The Puritans succeeded in closing the theatres in 1642; and in 1645 Milton published *L'Allegro*, containing the following lines describing how one might spend a pleasant evening:

> "Then to the well-trod stage
> anon,
> If Jonson's learnéd sock be on,
> Or sweetest Shakespeare,
> Fancy's child,
> Warble his native woodnotes
> wild."

I wonder what some of his Puritan friends thought of that.

Dr. A. J. Cronin's *The Keys of the Kingdom* is the best novel he has written; it is not a great novel; great novels are scarce. Genius is the rarest thing in the world except radium. (Madame Curie had both.) But *The Keys of the Kingdom* is not cheap merely because it is a best-seller and because its immediate future lies in Hollywood. Dr. Cronin's first novel to attract general attention, *Hatter's Castle*, I disliked ardently, and thought it acutely unimportant. One of my reasons for this feeling was that the tragedies were laid on with a trowel; one horror followed another until they ceased to be impressive. The most cheerful event in that book is where the young girl committed suicide (by hanging, wasn't it?) because she had failed to pass her school exams; I thought that was very nice. If I remember correctly, and I had rather not look it up, because there is not a copy within a hundred miles and if there were I should not care to open it, a woman gave birth to a baby outdoors in a Learish stormy night, and it took her so many pages to do it, that I began thinking of something else. *The Citadel* was much better; and *The Keys of the Kingdom* is better still. It is written with skill and sincerity. The hero (for that is exactly what he is) is a true creation; I shall not forget him. There is nothing heroic about his appearance or manner; he is a hero only in his character. But in addition to his heroism, he is original, a one hundred per cent individualist. A devout Catholic, he is as broad-minded as the Gospel. He has humor, wit, sympathy, understanding, and in every difficulty, every emergency, thinks of himself last. This is the opposite of a success story; or of the old-fashioned Sunday School story. From the worldly point of view he begins as a failure, continues as a failure, and ends as a failure. But although he does not win success, he wins a good many individuals, for our love and admiration for a man are in inverse proportion to his love for himself.

Father Chisholm is one of the leading characters in the fiction of 1941; and as a foil to his originality, wit, and unselfishness, we have the politically successful priest, his companion in boyhood, Anselm, who becomes a Bishop. To this genial and kindly and prosperous man of the world, Chisholm always appears as an incurable eccentric; and I remember many years ago hearing Henry Drummond say that the best Christians were the least sanctimonious; yet they should appear in their way of life eccentric; because they are *Ex-centric*, revolving outside and away from the center of selfish ambitions. The poets have always admired sincerity in professionally religious people. Chaucer's Poor Parson is contrasted with the enameled hypocrites; four centuries later came Goldsmith's Village Preacher.

The larger part of Dr. Cronin's novel takes place in China; and we behold what terrific sacrifices, often what horrible tortures the true missionary must pass through in the Far East. Some of my readers may remember *Le Duel*, the French play famous thirty years ago, and the brief episode in it where the great Catholic dignitary who had suffered tortures in China gives his counsel to the young priest.

Two of the incidents in *The Keys of the Kingdom* that made the deepest impression on me were the winning of the aristocratic nun; who first hated and despised Chisholm and later made a complete surrender; and his even more difficult conquest of the Chinese rich merchant, Mr. Chia. Chisholm by an operation had saved the life of his son; therefore Chia called on him and declared his readiness to become a Christian, feeling that was the greatest sacrifice he could make to show his gratitude. To his amazement Father Chisholm indignantly refused, telling him he could not become a Christian without being convinced in his own heart. Chia went away astonished but joyful, and showed his gratitude in other and more substantial ways. Then, long after, when Chisholm was about to leave China, the priest was the one to be amazed. Mr. Chia called and expressed the desire to become a Christian, and when the priest said, "I cannot believe that you are serious," the Chinese merchant replied, "Once, many years ago, when you saved my son, I was not serious. But then I was unaware of the nature of your life . . . of its patience, quietness and courage. The goodness of a religion is best judged by the goodness of its adherents. My friend . . . you have conquered me by example."

It is impossible by this brief citation to show the true power of the incident. But every normal reader will feel it.

Although the basis of this novel is religious, it is not a tract; it is a

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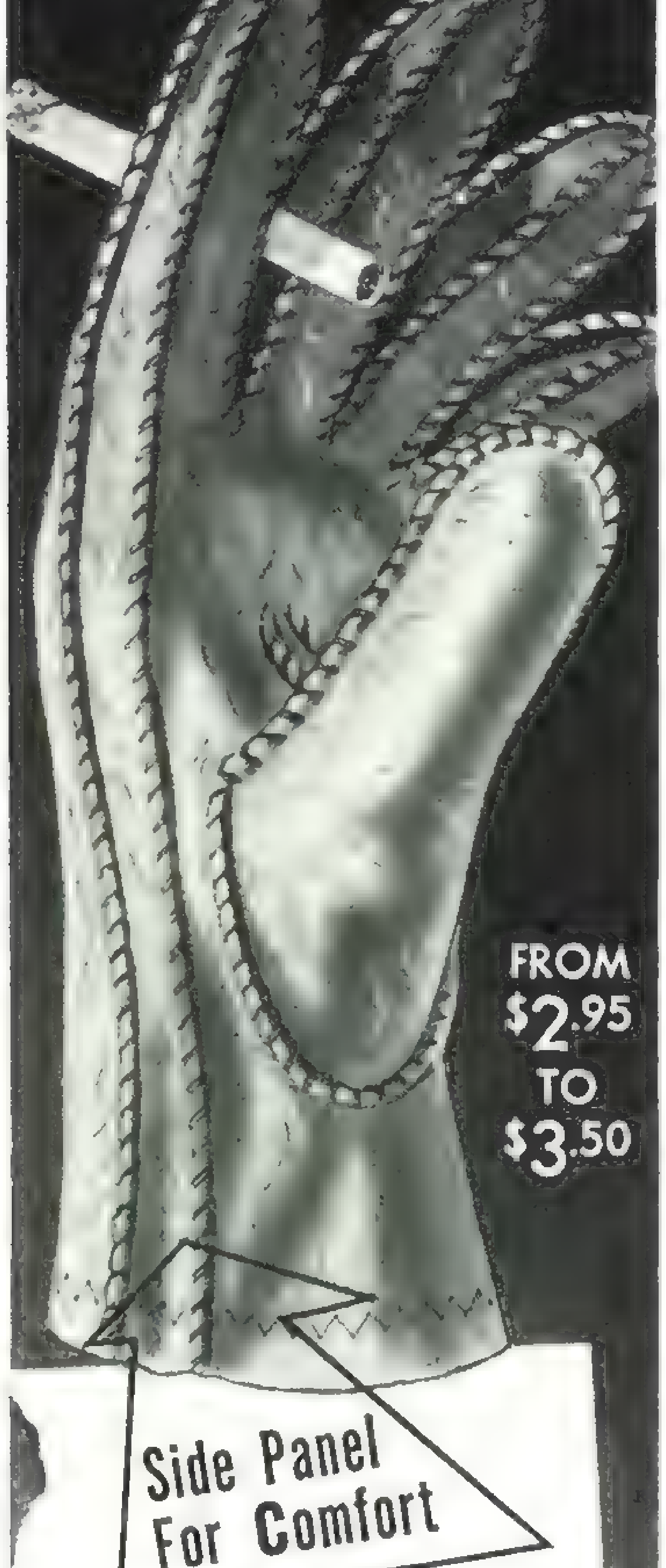

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story. The chief aim of every novel should be to arouse the reader's interest—to be *interesting*. It would be ridiculous to insist on this if it were not for the fact that many contemporary novels are not primarily interesting; and they are often praised for not being so—"Although this book is not interesting or entertaining in its narrative or characters, its thesis is deeply important and full of significance for the problems of our time." It is more difficult to be interesting than it is to be serious. To praise a *novel* in words like the above is like saying of a piece of music, "This is not music, but it is timely."

The Keys of the Kingdom is interesting from first to last, and often wildly exciting; I am glad it is having an enormous sale, for it deserves it.

One of the best mystery stories of the year is *Above Suspicion*, by a new writer, the Scotch wife of an Englishman, now, fortunately for them and for us, settled at Columbia University where he is Professor of Latin and Greek. She writes under or rather over the pen name of Helen MacInnis, and her portrait on the jacket is in pleasant contrast to the numerous pictures of authors which are so terrible that one wonders ... Well, *Above Suspicion* is a continuously exciting spy story where the young Oxford pair embark on a difficult and dangerous attempt to find some one on the Continent; and are in deadly peril of torture and death from the Nazis. The book is written with fluent ease, and while it is not quite so continuously thrilling as *Rogue Male* (a great pity that ripping and gripping novel had such a title) it has much more charm. Every woman who reads *Above Suspicion* will envy the heroine. Nearly all women enjoy the exclusive company of men; and in this book, the delightful young married pair have as their intimate associates two splendid young men, both of whom love danger; so that the lovely young wife, although devoted to her husband, has in addition to his presence, these two other males, without any other woman to lessen her enjoyment or to clog the machine. It is a romantic adventure, beginning in the peace of Oxford and going with increasing acceleration among the Nazis. A by-product of this very attractive thriller is that it is a powerful advertisement of the happiness of a happy marriage.

I am sadly disappointed in Frank Gruber's latest murder-tale, *Outlaw*. I do not know if it is his latest piece of writing, but it reads as if it were an immature manuscript that had been rejected and now, thanks to the well-deserved popularity of *The French Key* and its successors, has been dragged from its obscurity. It opens magnificently; the scene on the railway train is thrilling. But later, instead of Johnny and Sam, that happy combination, we have a collection of uninteresting supposedly historical personages, who live in increasingly infectious (the reader catches it) melancholia. I am such an ardent admirer of Frank Gruber's previous stories that I was more surprised than thrilled by this one.

Two other new and excellent murder-novels are *Mare's Nest*, by Carolyn Coffin, where the scenes are laid in Maryland and where the horrible method of murder is by finely-chopped horse hairs introduced into the food. It is well-written and exciting, but I think the heroine deserved the fate from which she escaped, because she did not have sense enough to suspect what every reader plainly sees. *Return to the Scene*, by Q. Patrick, will also please readers like me, in search of thrills. Here the "scene" is Bermuda, where I have never been, but it seems exactly like what Bermuda ought to be. Like *Mare's Nest*, it has a woman for leading person; and the killer will certainly surprise some readers.

An interesting autobiography is by a distinguished American writer of the deep South, William Alexander Percy of Mississippi. He is a classical scholar, a poet, and an aristocrat. He tells us where he came from in the first sentence which opens the book as definitely as Caesar's Commentary on Gaul. "My country is the Mississippi Delta, the river country. It lies flat, like a badly drawn half oval, with Memphis at its northern and Vicksburg at its southern tip. Its western boundary is the Mississippi River, which coils and returns on itself in great loops and crescents, though from the map you would think it ran in a straight line north and south."

Maps are often so projected as to be misleading to careless observers. Every person interested in geography should own a *globe*. It not only gives a fine tone to a library; it tells you the truth not about national, but about geographical relations. The majority of High School graduates do not know that South America is also East America; that only a small part of Africa is south of the equator; that Portland, Oregon, is about the center of the U.S.A., it being about as far to the western border of North America from Portland as it is east to the Maine coast; that New York and Naples are on about the same degree of latitude; that the east end of the Panama Canal is in the Pacific Ocean and the west end in the Atlantic.

Well, I discover from the reverse page of the title that this autobiography by Mr. Percy, with the pleasant title, *Lanterns on the Levee* (most Americans and others do not know how to pronounce *levee*), was published in March, 1941 and went through five printings by June. Perhaps it is better known in the South than in New York; but it ought to be better known in the North because every Northern man should know what an intelligent scholar and man of letters, born and bred in the deep

Continued on page 284

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Continued from pages 144-283

South, thinks about some of the greatest problems that afflict our country. A large part of this book is about the Negroes (northerners usually pronounce that word *Knee-groes* which is a Shibboleth of betrayal) and their relations to the Whites, with many humorous and tragic anecdotes as witnesses. Now I am not saying that Mr. Percy is right in all these statements and inferences, because although I have visited every State in the Union, I do not know enough about these matters to express an opinion; but I think we should all read these chapters by a man who has lived in the South all his life and knows how to write.

He tells us about his childhood and his parents and his family; his allusions to the French opera in New Orleans make me for the hundredth time regret the loss (by fire) of that wonderful Home of Music where the men and women in the audience did not go out between the acts but "visited around" in the auditorium. I have the most vivid memory of an evening of Grand Opera there in 1910.

The chapter *Learning from Teachers* will excite many readers, and like many other parts of the book, will arouse opposition in the minds of certain men and women. Here I use the word "certain" with deliberate ambiguity. Mr. Percy has very strong opinions and expresses them with vigor.

He went to college at the excellent University of the South at Sewanee; and among other things he learned there, was, in spite of all drawbacks and interferences, the sound of great literature when read in "Compulsory" Chapel. I echo his remarks and approve of them for I have always been glad we *had* Compulsory Chapel at Yale. This is what he says:

"Nevertheless, the Arcadians add to their list of benefactors those elderly gentlemen about King James who mistranslated certain Hebrew chronicles and poems into the most magnificent music the human tongue has ever syllabled. In their litanies should be named no less those others (or were they the same?) who wrote the Book of Common Prayer. Each morning these young men hear floating across their semi-consciousness the sea-surge of their own language at its most exalted—clean and thunderous and salty. Some of the wash of that stormy splendor lodges in their gay shallows, inevitably and eternally. Who could hear each morning the phrase 'the beauty of holiness' without being beguiled into starrier austerities?"

There are so many advertised substitutes for the King James Version of the Bible that we cannot too often hear its supreme merits proclaimed.

The chapter on his father's election to the United States Senate and his next campaign is written with vitriolic power. As I have always been interested in political history, his description of Vardaman's personal appearance, manners, and mental ability brought him vividly to my remembrance of things past. I was not acquainted with the loathsome details of what happened in the second campaign, but it is not an exaggeration of what has taken place elsewhere. I hope that no reader will infer from its abominations that popular election of senators is in general better than the former elections from the legislatures. For I firmly believe that two of the greatest misfortunes that have happened in our history are the popular election of senators and the direct primaries.

After the Senatorial chapter come those on the World War, the book we Northern men ought to read whether we agree with it or not. It would be impertinent for me to express an opinion.

I will simply repeat two stories, which I heard separately from two different persons. Perhaps they have only an academic or historical interest; because the first describes an event during the Civil War and the second something that happened soon after.

A slave escaped into Ohio and there met a white man and the following conversation took place.

"So you ran away?"

"Yes, Sir."

"I suppose your master treated you very badly?"

"Oh, no, Master was always very kind to all of us."

"But you were hungry and ill-clothed and abused?"

"Oh, no, we had plenty of good food and the best of care."

"Then you were a damn fool to run away!"

"Well, there's a vacancy down there; you can have it."

And here is the other. A very poor and hungry colored man called at three or four houses in Boston, handed in a card on which was printed Mr. James Brown. When the resident appeared, and asked what was wanted, he received in every instance substantially (or perhaps insubstantially) the same answer. "I am very sorry, Mr. Brown, I cannot give you anything to eat." At the next house the owner happened to be a former Confederate Brigadier-General, who entered the room holding the card in his hand and asked, "Where is Mr. Brown?" The Negro replied with some hesitation, "I am Mr. Brown." The General exclaimed, "What the hell do you mean coming in here with a card? What do you want?" "Boss, I am very hungry, almost starving." "Well, you fool, go down to the kitchen and the cook will give you everything you want." "Thank God, I am among my own people!"

Mr. Percy is a poet; and after the stormy passages of this autobiography, after the bitterness and rage of some of its chapters, I like to return to the calm beauty of one of his poems which first brought his name to my knowledge

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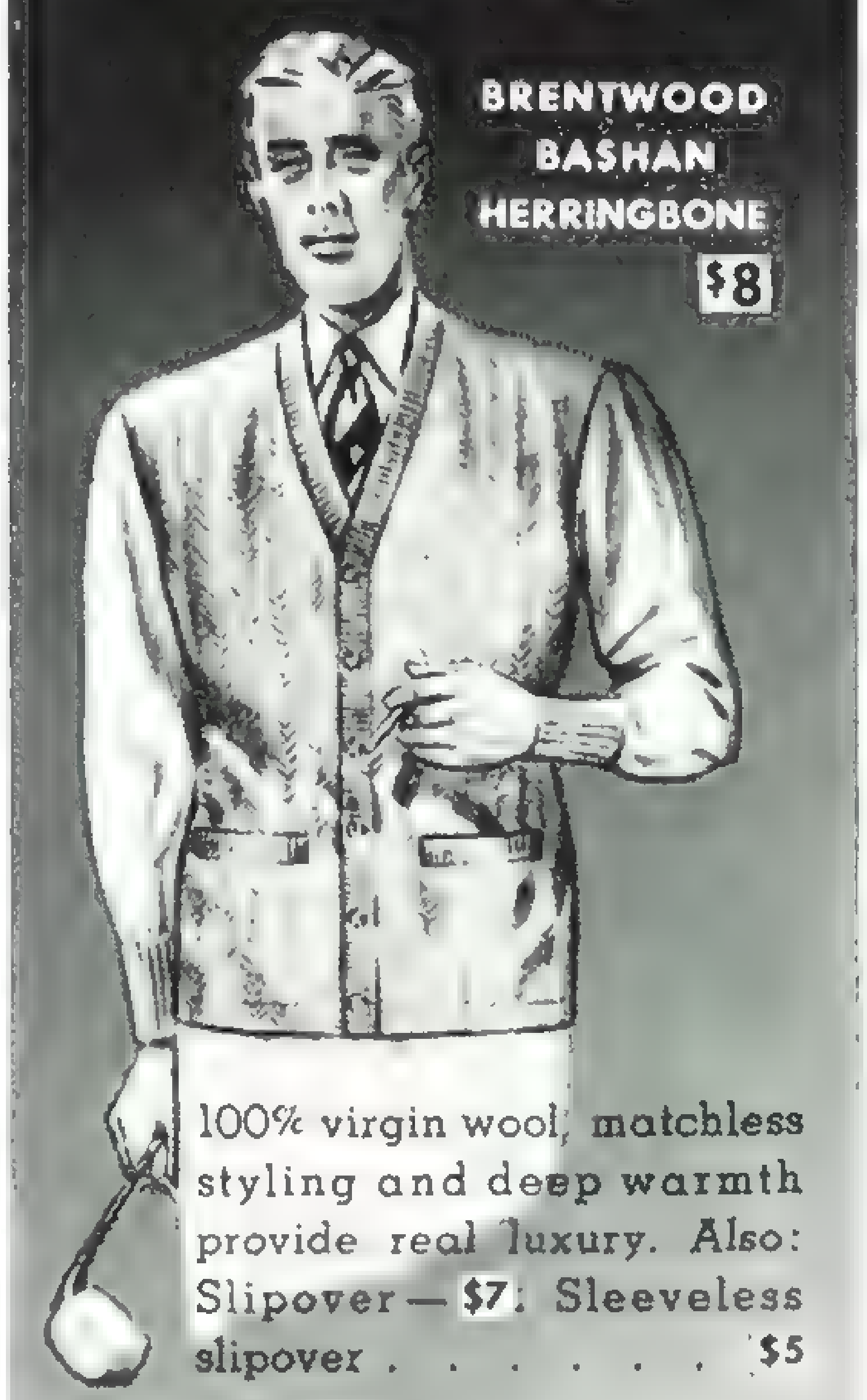

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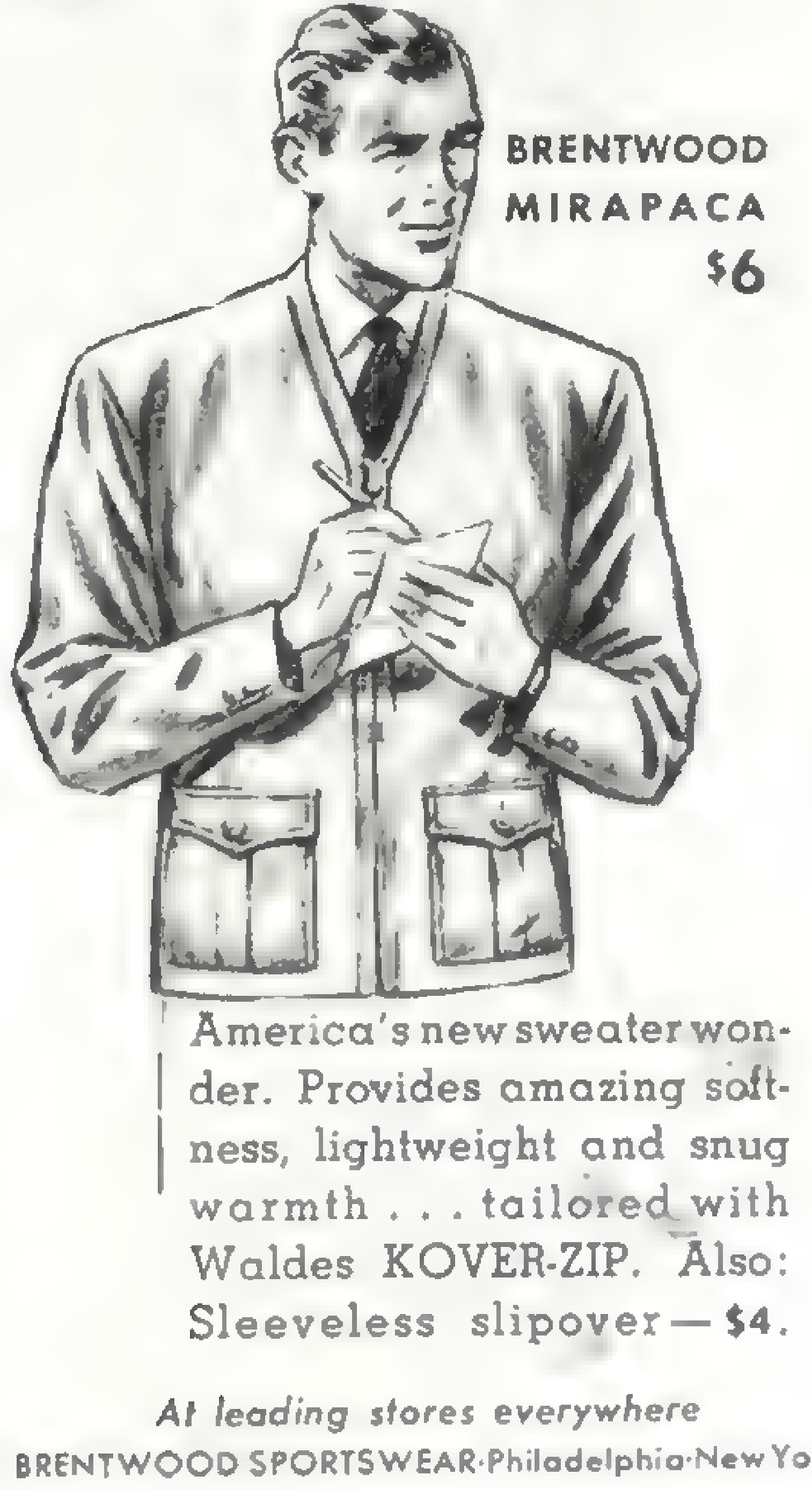

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and which I never tire of quoting:

OVERTONES

I heard a bird at break of day
  Sing in the autumn trees
A song so mystical, so calm,
  So full of certainties,
No man, I think, could listen long
  Except upon his knees,
Yet this was but a simple bird,
  Alone, among dead trees.

An excellent book on an interesting subject has just appeared, called *The British Constitution*, by W. Ivor Jennings, Principal of the Ceylon University College; and barrister-at-law of Gray's Inn. There are eight illustrations. Perhaps an even better title would have been *The British Government*, for its methods are set forth with clearness and with detail. Government by Party, The House of Commons, The House of Lords, The Monarchy, Administration, Cabinet Government, Government in War Time, British Democracy are discussed, and answer the questions most Americans would naturally ask.

This book was written just before Mr. Churchill became Prime Minister; but the reader will have him constantly in mind in reading the following sentences:

"The Prime Minister holds the key position in the British Constitution, and nearly all recent developments have tended to increase his authority. The extension of the franchise, added to the prestige which Gladstone and Disraeli conferred upon the office, have given him a status almost comparable with that of the President of the United States. A general election is in reality the election of a Prime Minister . . . The office is necessarily what the holder chooses to make it and what the other ministers allow him to make of it. His powers are large, but he has to secure the collaboration of his colleagues. Neither Salisbury nor Balfour could (even if they had so desired) have prevented the limelight from falling on Joseph Chamberlain. On the other hand, not even he could take the center of the stage while Gladstone was behind the footlights . . . The difference between Balfour and Gladstone was the difference between a driver who keeps his team going hard even when they want to bite each other, and a driver who lets his team loose and pulls the carriage himself."

Speaking of the power of the British Government when it has a majority in both Houses and no written Constitution, he says, "Even a written Constitution, however, is but a slight check—as Hitler showed in Germany," etc. But the U. S. Constitution was intended to provide a strong check, by the legislative and especially by the Supreme Court.

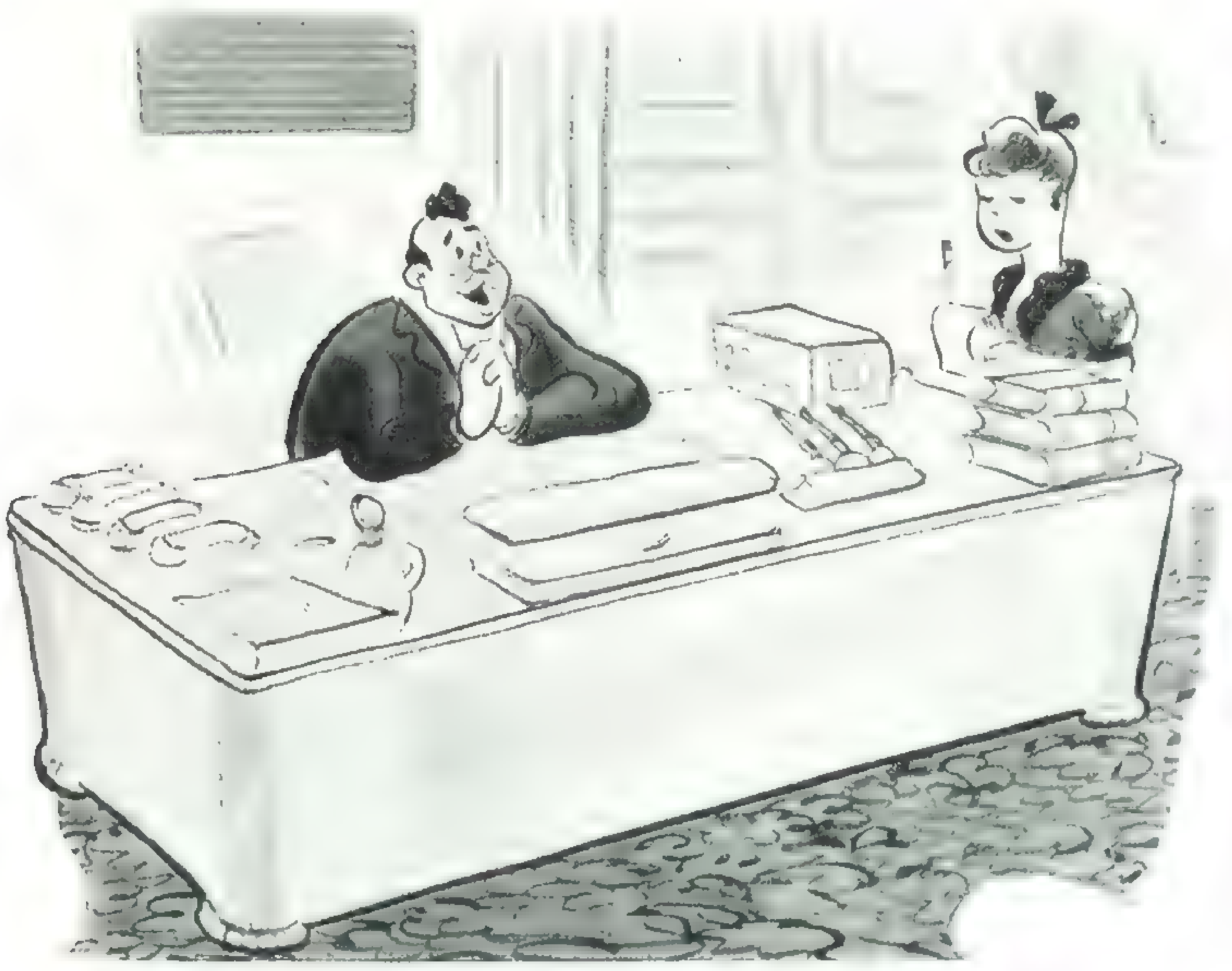
My friend, Mr. William Williams, called my attention to an anecdote of Franklin I had forgotten. Franklin wrote (1784) in a letter:

"I wish the Bald Eagle had not been chosen as the Representative of our Country; he is a Bird of bad moral Character; like those among Men who live by Sharping and Robbing, he is generally poor, and often very lousy. The Turkey is a much more respectable Bird, and withal a true original Native of America."

There are only two days in the year when in the U. S. A. the Turkey takes precedence over the Eagle—Christmas and Thanksgiving.

Spot the sources of these quotations used as titles of recent books.

1. Cities and Men
2. The Stricken Deer
3. This Realm, This England
4. Revelry by Night
5. Awake Deborah!
6. Above Suspicion
7. Good Neighbors
8. Let Us Now Praise Famous Men
9. Not by Bread Alone
10. Convenient Season
11. Blithe Spirit
12. Not without Honor
13. The Earth is the Lord's
14. A Thousand Shall Fall
15. The Keys of the Kingdom #



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Continued from page 148

sters are better, but the middle-age working-class bandsman not only does not know whether he is in tune, but he actually can not tell whether he is playing the right note, so strange are the chords of modern music to his ear.

Consequently, he is limited to banalities and tiresome trifles which confirm his vulgar and obvious style of execution. Even a Schubert march is often beyond him, because the modulations, simple and brilliantly effective as they are, are not solely from tonic to dominant and back again. The only way to rescue him from his bad habit is to familiarize him with the sound of modern polyphony in its full development.

"Clinics" held at our university afford inspiration and ideas for band leaders. There are demonstrations and discussions, the instrumental literature is explored in search of material that lends itself to effective transcription, and it is passed on for use in concerts and contests. But what is needed is to send round—the radio won't do—to every village and hamlet in the land . . . to Monticello, Sullivan, Shelbyville and Paxton as well as Decatur, Bloomington and Peoria, a highly skilled, splendidly equipped band with a conductor who puts music before applause, the chance of a doctor's degree, loyalty, state legislators, and every other earthly consideration—in short, an Arturo Toscanini.

This is the only way to teach the bandsman on the street and his patrons how his quicksteps with their three chords and one modulation have been improved by Schubert, Offenbach, and Rossini, not to mention Beethoven, Wagner, and Tschaikowsky. Let him pick all this up through his ears, and he will come out with a much sounder knowledge than that of the literate snob who knows that Beethoven is a great guy only by reading critical statements to that effect.

Improvement has been made; but how much further we have to go has been shown by the poor quality of our army bands. In the days to come we will be passing down processions miles long without ever being out of earshot of at least two bands. Whether we like bands or not, we must put up with them. If only in self-defense, we might as well make them respectable and efficient.

Times are coming when we will need music for the feet as well as for the head. That means Sousa marches, which survive, curiously enough, without footnotes. You say: "A Sousa march" as you say "A play by Shakespeare," "A symphony by Beethoven," or "A painting by Rembrandt." No one asks: "What march?" Hearing the name, you take it for granted that any work by him is worthy of attention. Even the lesser works survive because they bear his name.

Sousa was no Beethoven. When you say "a Sousa march," it means something clear-cut, energetic, the impulse of a young people in a time when they knew themselves to be the best of all nations in what was by no means the worst of worlds.

The energy, the optimism, even the braggadocio of Sousa's marches convey national élan, and speak of gallant things no man with blood in his veins will deny.

Sousa was from an earlier age when life went marching on. He himself tells of his childhood, of the day when Civil War troops came home for the Grand Review:

"Bright an' early, me an' dad starts up, an' when we gets to the Botanical Gardens by the Tiber Creek bridge, we finds a pile o' bricks, an' as they looks handy to set on, we perempts 'em, an' we could see hunky-dory.

"At nine o'clock, 'Boom!' goes the signal gun, an' afore yer got tired waitin' along comes The Bummers . . . Yer could hear 'em plunk, plunk, plunk, the boys are marchin', till yer couldn't rest.

"Well, sir, here comes a sojer marchin' 'long with his comp'ny, an' I hope I-hope-I-may-die, if he didn't have a raccoon a-settin' on his shoulder. That raccoon jest put his face down by the side of the sojer's cheek an' looked at the crowd, jest as sharp an' bright as yer please, an' it seemed to me he was sayin': *I've bin there, I've bin there; I've bin fightin'.*

"The crowd clapped an' laughed to split their sides. Then up comes a tall sojer carryin' a flag pole, an' the flag was faded and shot to pieces. There wuz stains on it that looked like blood, an' all at once the breeze jest flung that flag out, proud an' defiant like, an' I thought it sed, plain as possible: *I've bin there, I've bin there; I've bin fightin'.*

"The crowd clapped till the flag was out er sight, an' pretty soon along comes mules, an' donkeys, an' goats, an' dogs, an' cows, an' I hope I-hope-I-may die, if there wasn't a rooster perched on a horse's back an' a-crowin': *I've bin there, I've bin' there; I've bin fightin'.*

"An' we jest went crazy, clappin'.

"When the sappers an' miners comes, their blouses tucked in their pants an' their belts tightened, an' shoulderin' their shovels, picks, an' axes, we knowed they'd bin there. We knowed they had chopped, had dug, had shoveled their way to vict'ry, an' to glory Hallelujah . . .

"An' *Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marchin'*, we went up the Av'nue. Dad stepped out jest as if he hadn't enny cork leg, an' I stretched my shanks for all I wuz worth."

Fifty years afterwards Sousa continued to stretch his shanks and put down march after march. He was, in his way a builder of State.

Most of his life was spent in making bands good. "A good

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band, like a pretty woman," he wrote, "appeals to everybody." To the end, he remained a trooper, not content unless he was on the go. There will never be a farewell concert by Sousa and His Band, he boasted, and there wasn't. He kept on leading his men and godfathering his girls—harpist and soloist—on tour after tour. His platform, in the beginning a foot and a half high, had to be shortened and shortened until it was only five inches, so that he could mount it with ease. His portly figure still erect, his weather-beaten face glowed beneath glittering eyeglasses . . . his braided military coat was littered with medals . . . and with a quick down-stroke, a clash of cymbals, a blare of trumpets, he was off.

When he died, now ten years ago, it was in the harness. And, wherever he went, as Deems Taylor said, he surely found a welcome. There is a dining hall in the Elysian Fields, marked GRADE-A COMPOSERS ONLY. If you could look in at that window tonight, you would probably see him there; perhaps not at the speakers' table, with Beethoven and Mozart and Bach and Handel, but somewhere in the room possibly, with Victor Herbert and Johann Strauss, Stephen Foster and Offenbach.

"However did *he* get in there?" asks some disapproving shade—an old-fashioned Kapellmeister, probably. "He was a good craftsman, and did an honest job, no doubt. But so am I, and so did I. Yet when I applied they blackballed me. Who got him in?"

The guide smiles.

"The marching men. The men who had to go long miles, on an empty belly, under a hot sun, or through a driving sleet. They made us take him in. They said he made things easier for them." ⧺

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 150

who graduate from humorous bluster to pathos and dignity. Dr. Lewisohn is the hokum Jewish insert with the noble human spirit. Ernie Wookey is the brat of the family who comports himself much like the customary stage brat and who is periodically either threatened with a spanking or duly spanked for his actions. Mrs. Wookey is the patient, understanding and dutiful spouse of her lord and master, even when he is most unreasonable and irascible. Aunt Gen is the flashily overdressed, rowdy music hall actress given to comical obscenities and easy morals. She of course pronounces *ingénue* as *ongernoo* and likes her liquor.

To continue. Constable Simpson is the stereotyped bobby "of enormous self-importance and dignity." Primrose Wookey is the spirited young woman who refuses to listen to the pleas of her suitor because she considers him failing of his duty to God and country; and the suitor, Rory McSwiggin, is the stock Irishman who hates the English and who talks bad Abbey Theatre like "I want you—in Dublin. Agh, Primmy, what is there here but stumblin' in the dark . . . an' tremblin' at news on the wireless . . . an' growin' a year older in five minutes by the clock?" Cousin Hector is the rubber-stamp relative who sits around, gets in the way, and contents himself with an occasional "'Ear, 'ear!" or "'E'd jolly well better!" Colonel Glenn is the usual worried, haggard military man in his fifties. And the Curate, of course, is the curate.

As for the general complexion of the hokum writing, one sample will suffice. Proclaims the regenerated Wookey before going off at the play's end: "I'm offerin' you me own son to mother. 'Im an' Primmy is all me 'ope . . . all me pride. Wot am I fightin' for but them? Wot comes outer this war but them an' the free life better men than me is dyin' ter give them?" To which Aunt Gen (*stage direction: huskily*): "You're . . . you're a good man, Mr. Wookey. Jerry, 'e carn't kill yer . . . 'e carn't *never* kill yer!"

So overcome was the Metro-Goldwyn company by the dramatic genius of the play that it gave the author thirty thousand dollars in advance of royalties.

III

Several other new plays reviewed before the deadline got in its dirty work disclosed considerably less warrant for serious critical exertion than even *The Wookey*, so I spare you the details and proceed, instead, to a general consideration of possibly more reader interest.

IV

Every once in so often someone springs to the fore with a consoling statement to the effect that personal beauty is a liability rather than an asset and that blessed of the Lord are those of us at the sight of whose faces all the clocks for miles around instantly stop functioning. It is, of course, a welcome palliative, albeit one slightly minimized by the suspicion that its sponsor is him or herself very probably a pieface of the first order, and hence not without a subtle axe to grind. Be that as it may, however, the theory bears a renewed looking into, the which having been duly and carefully consummated persuades one to believe that maybe there is something in it after all.

By way of a starter, first glance at the moving pictures. The movie pictures, above everything else, are popularly considered to be the especial market of and for both feminine and masculine beauty. In the general imagination, the main thing required of an aspirant to the screen's honors is a face and figure sufficiently puissant in pulchritude and symmetry to floor the entire personnel of a battleship in the case of the girls and

Continued on page 288

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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from pages 150-287

the whole sales staff at Schrafft's in the case of the boys. Yet the facts seem liberally to confound the concept.

The larger proportion of popular and successful figures in the motion pictures today are far from being Venuses and Adonises. In point of truth, the Venuses and Adonises often seem to find the going pretty rocky. Surely such admired and steadily prosperous male screen players as Spencer Tracy, Gene Autry, Charles Laughton, W. C. Fields, Wallace Beery, Mickey Rooney, James Cagney, Bing Crosby, William Powell, Edward G. Robinson, Edward Arnold, Jean Gabin, Humphrey Bogart, Mischa Auer and the like are none of them facially calculated to drive the girls crazy with the heat. Yet they far outdistance in popular appeal and the money they personally earn from it such beauties as Cesar Romero, Victor Mature, Orrin Tucker, Ray Milland, Robert Taylor, Francis Lederer, Gilbert Roland, Don Alvarado, Ralph Forbes, Randy Scott, John Howard, Ralph Bellamy, Jeffrey Lynn, and all their lovely counterparts.

It is the same with the women. Uniformly popular and accordingly prosperous girls like Bette Davis, Joan Crawford, Dorothy Lamour, Martha Scott, Kay Francis, Irene Dunne, Wendy Hiller, Norma Shearer, *et al.*, surely have not compared in looks with such eye-gougers as Hedy Lamarr, Virginia Bruce, Lili Damita, Anita Louise, Frances Farmer, Ann Sheridan, Simone Simon, Dolores Del Rio, Veronica Lake, Ilona Massey, Rita Hayworth and, above all, the matchless late Alma Rubens, yet it does not seem to have hindered them in the least. In the long run, indeed, it has apparently helped them considerably.

The biggest holdings of real estate and the biggest bank accounts in Hollywood today are those not of film actors and actresses who are famous for their personal pictorial wallop but of players who would finish well to the rear in any beauty parade.

The stage's record is not much different. The great majority of actors and actresses who have most greatly succeeded in the theatre have been those who were hardly born with faces and figures that were answers to an artist's prayer. On the other hand consider those who were theoretically blessed with more than usual good looks and who either disappeared from view altogether or at best got only a relatively short distance. In the list we find Mabel Taliaferro, Olive Tell, Martha Hedman, Ann Murdock, Julia Bruns, Linda Watkins, Eleanora de Cisneros, Katherine Florence, Marie Doro, Lois Meredith, Olive Wyndham, Gertrude Elliott, Pauline Frederick, Edna Goodrich, Eileen Huban, Alice Dovey, Doris Patston, Julia Hoyt, Ann Harding, Helen MacKellar, Catherine Dale Owen, Irene Fenwick, Vivienne Osborne, Willette Kershaw, Elsie Mackay, Ruth Shepley, Maude Fealy, Flora Sheffield, Carroll McComas, and all kinds of other such fair blossoms. And among the males a procession including Robert Dempster, Donald Brian, Shelley Hull, Malcolm Duncan, Hugh Buckler, Vernon Steele, Edward Crandall, Stewart Baird, Roland Drew, George Renavent, Rudolph Cameron, Austin Fairman, etc., etc. Conversely, most of the outstanding triumphers from Minnie Maddern Fiske to Helen Hayes and from George M. Cohan to Raymond Massey have, with a few exceptions, been hardly notorious for the divinity of their pans.

I surely do not mean to go so far as to agree even faintly that a man or woman aspiring to either the stage or screen is better off if he or she looks like an old laundry bag that has been tramped on by an Army mule. That would seem to me to be the height of foolishness, even, indeed, if the bag were not tramped on by the mule. Some boys and girls assuredly get their starts and travel what distance they do principally because of their looks. But the point is that the distance they travel is most often a relatively short one compared with that covered by colleagues less favored by those fates that have in hand the architecture of human features.

The reasons are several. The average man, not endowed with an excess of pulchritude, naturally resents a surplusage of looks in a more fortunate fellow-man. And he resents it doubly when that other man makes an easy living, for however brief a period, by selling his looks on the screen or stage. He views the fellow in the light of a gigolo living luxuriously off himself. And he is agin' him. The fellow strikes him as unmanly, egotistical, and something of a bonehead—and, God wot, he is often right. The average woman, in turn, who is also no transcendent daisy, resents even more greatly the professional female beauty. She will, true, unlike the man, seldom admit it, but her envy gets in its foul work all the same, and the good-looker suffers from its sting.

In the second place, an equitable Providence often seems to make up for lack of looks in a person by supplying him or her with a talent withheld from those who drew the sweeter end of the stick. There have been very few authentically beautiful men or women on either the screen or stage who have simultaneously been possessed of authentic talent. On the more modern American stage I can think of only three such women—Mary Anderson, Julia Marlowe and Ethel Barrymore, and of only two such men—William Faversham and John Barrymore.

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In the third place, there is the question of ultimate acting ability. Many a lovely girl or handsome young man does not learn how really to act until his or her looks are gone. In youth they are duds, and in the subsequent years of their improvement and advance they no longer figure in the category of the beautiful and damned.

Good looks seem to be especially valuable chiefly and only in the inferior professions, like those of the chorus girl, the fashion model, the hat-check girl, the advertising model, the movie theatre usher, and suchlike. The hat-check and coat-room girl who is pretty is in great demand by the concessionaires, who appreciate that she will get much bigger tips from the men customers than her plainer sister. A chorus girl without looks is a drug on the market, inasmuch as men go solely to look at her, whether she can dance or sing not much mattering. No man within the memory of the oldest inhabitant recalls any other man ever having taken the average Gilbert and Sullivan chorus girl out to supper, and for a readily comprehensible reason.

The male movie house usher also profits from his good looks, since the theatre management appreciates that the female patrons will complain less to such a young man than they would to one who looked like a left-over dish of Bavarian kraut. And the fashion model has to be on the beautiful side because, first, the vain old babies she models clothes for are deluded into imagining they will look as devastating in them as she does; secondly, because her boss wants and needs attractive advertising photographs; and, thirdly, because a pretty model can get the valuable free publicity that a homely one can not.

Put the question of feminine beauty to most men and they will wriggle out of it with a lot of oblique gabble about beauty of soul, beauty of character, beauty of disposition, and other such irrelevancies to the direct issue. For example, the New York *Daily News* not long ago commissioned its Inquiring Reporter to wander about the city and cull answers from a cross-section of males to the question: "An author writes that beauty is a bit of a bore and that all men feel that way at one time or another. Do you?" Of all the men interrogated, one and one only, J. Tismon, a drug salesman, allowed forthrightly that the author (whom the *News* carelessly failed to identify as W. Somerset Maugham) had something there. The cowardly rest squirmed like Houdini out of a sack.

Said one, Jesse Adler, a shoe merchant: "No. Beauty is not merely facial. You may find it in the voice or personality."

Said another, J. M. Brearton, a musician: "No. Beauty may be beauty of face, form, character, or disposition, but particularly disposition. One of the sweetest women I ever knew was a freak in a sideshow who was billed as *The Homeliest Woman in the World*, but she was beautiful."

Said still another, William Tieger, an executive: "Definitely not. It is due to the women's lack of intelligence, their dispositions, their conceit, and not to the beauty they possess."

Dubiously sign-languaged another still, George W. Luesing, who described himself as a fountain manager: "I am handicapped by being deaf and dumb. You men who hear and talk don't appreciate how fortunate you are. If beauty ever bores you—well, I wish I could be bored."

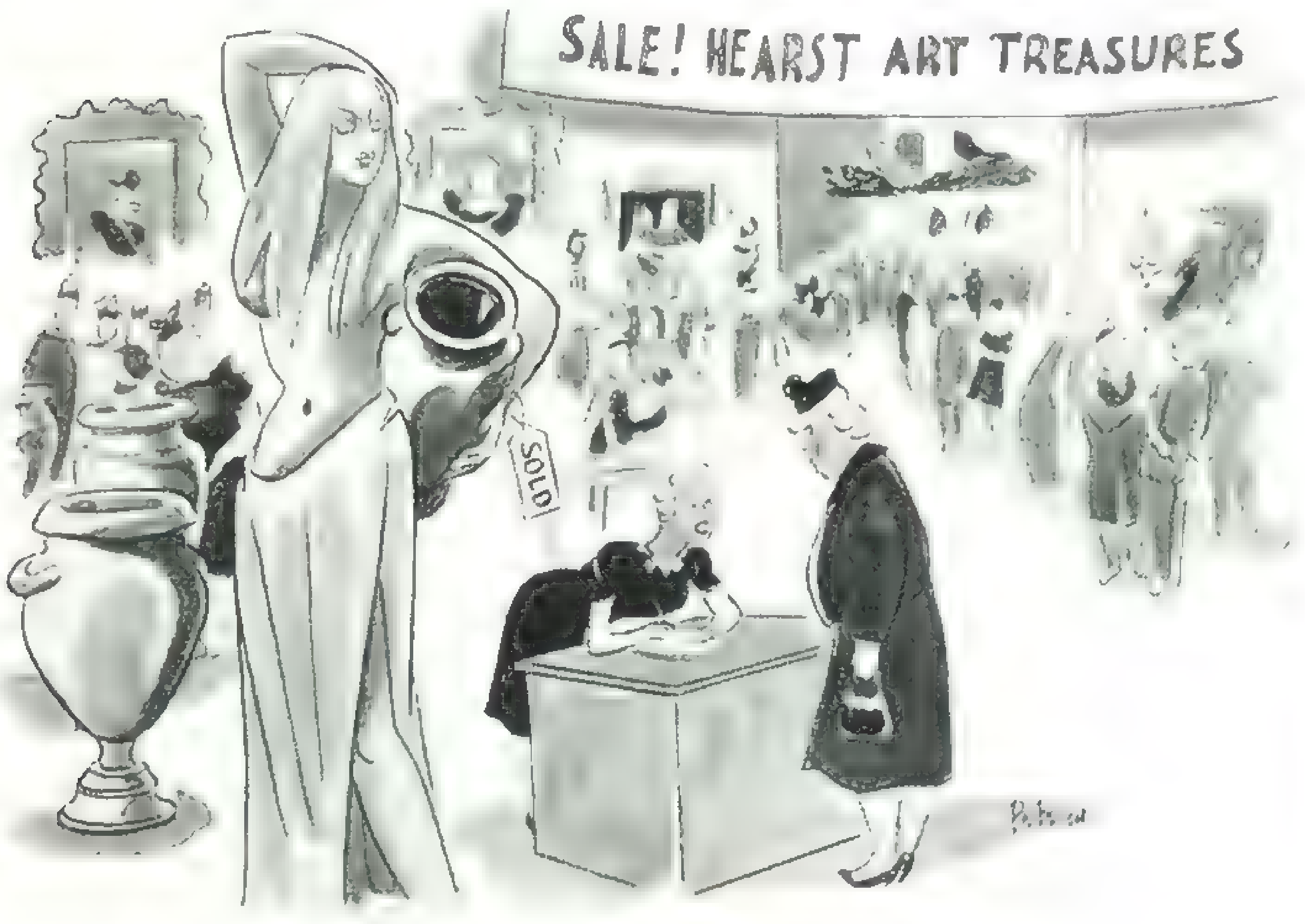
And qualified yet another still, Herman Colonna, a hotel representative: "Not exactly. It is true that beauty has not always had the appeal for me that most people think beauty has for men in general, but it has never bored me. There are very few really beautiful women."

In short, only Mr. Tismon had the guts to let go and say, "Yes. Beauty is only skin deep, if that deep. Today, it's usually on the surface of the skin. I've often seen beautiful girls posing in a conceited manner, and not only has it bored me, but I've frequently exclaimed, 'Oh, nuts'!"

The majority of the other men and women in the nation are, if only they were frank and told the truth, Tismons and Mrs. Tismons.

V

Personal scoop: Merry Christmas and Happy New Year! Dated early September. #



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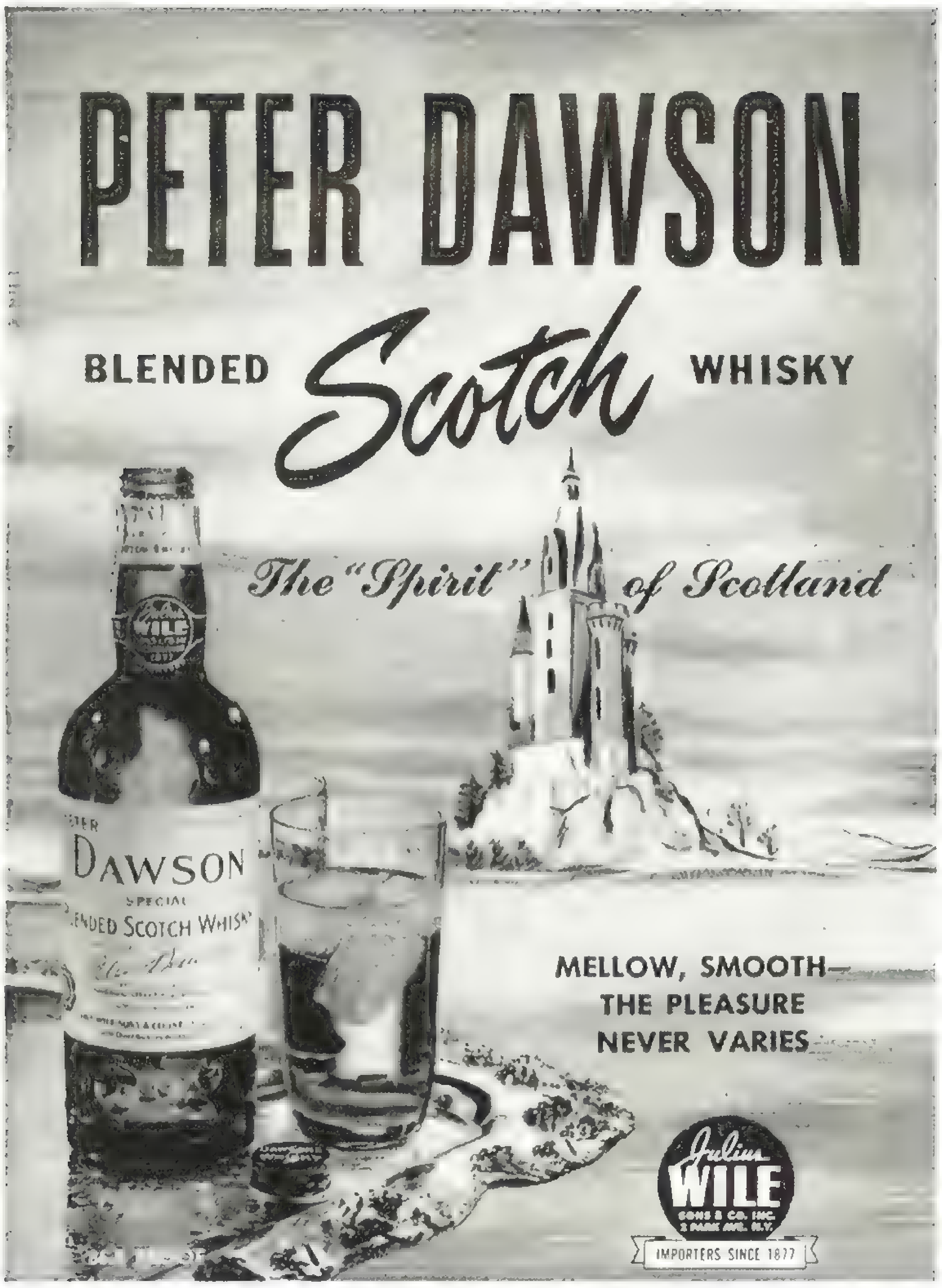

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Dice system requiring a hundred sixty bucks, a gambler's nerve, a banker's cool head, patience

by A. B. J. FOUNDLING

▪ ARTICLE ▪

HAVE you ever met a fellow who knew a fellow who had a friend who broke the bank at Monte Carlo? Sure you have!

There is also the fable of the expert actuary who devised a way to beat the ponies. His system required two years of preliminary calculation and revision, then another two years of testing on paper. After that prolonged clinical period he and three friends from his home town of Memphis (or maybe it was Minneapolis or Spokane) each kicked in $1,000, making a pool of $4,000 to play the system. It called for bets on every race at every track in the country. And the doggone thing worked! In a short time they had their original investment back in the kitty and a round profit of $10,000.

But here the story ends, alas! One day, much too soon, the Grim Reaper in his grimmest mood struck down our genius. It was a malevolent trick to play on the other three, for the fourth man on their horses had never esteemed the characters of his partners highly enough to divulge the system to them, and none was smart enough to backtrack over all the bets and figure it out. Now the system lies with our genius in his no doubt moss-covered grave. So there you are. You may conceive a devilishly clever way to get rich, only to die.

But if, before dying, you would profitably cast the die, or its plural, the dice, pay close attention. This, my friends, is a system to win at dice, in any honest, standard $100-limit (and up) gambling house in the land. It is a system to win the way you like to win, with your nostrils spurting flame, your heart clunking off balance, the sweat sloshing off your hands, and your mouth hotter and drier than an old-fashioned anthracite furnace.

Don't say it can't be done. It can. The mathematical odds prove it. The system to be divulged to you proves it; the results prove it. This system is not particularly new. It just hasn't ever been whipped into shape for publication heretofore, and hasn't ever been presented so conclusively and at the same time with extreme (or utter, for you purists) simplicity. It's been kicking around the U.S.A. and especially the Midlands, for fifty years or more without followers or development, certainly without breaking any bank anywhere.

It was used a lot and successfully by a cool-headed gentleman of chance named Schloop or Schlupp in the now extinct Missouri River gambling town of Covington, Nebraska. At the same time you will be astonished to learn that that excellent gambler, Pittsburgh Phil, did not use it, or at least there is no evidence that he did. It passed from Schloop to some of the old-timers around the Chicago House in Sioux City, Iowa, and gradually to my informant, himself the former owner of a small gambling emporium. As this is a confidential communication, he must remain anonymous. Let's call him, say, Saroyyan, spelling it with two yy's to distinguish the genuine from the spurious.

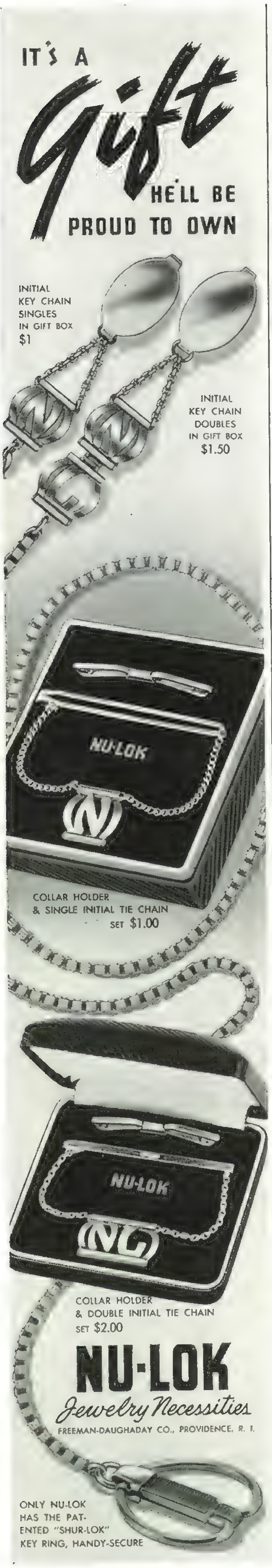
The astounding thing about Saroyyan's system, which henceforth shall be called The System, with caps., is that it calls for you to bet *with* the dice. That's right. I said "with." Saroyyan himself has never lost money doing it that way.

That theory is, of course, completely revolutionary. Those of you who already haven't muttered "Stupid" and turned elsewhere in this magazine to study the Varga system of anatomy, kindly read on. You shall be The System's converts, or at least it's dice-ciples.

Everybody knows, of course, that in normal betting the odds are against the dice, especially where there is an established limit, which in most cases is $100. The professional or semi-professional crapshooter usually bets against the dice and makes the size of his bet no larger than the sum of all the bets riding on the line with the dice. By doing that he is reasonably insured against a phony pair of dice ever so coyly being slipped into the game. But a thousand pardons! This whole system is predicated on honest dice. There are supposed to be such articles and also, emporiums that feature their constant use. Into that category falls the reputation for scrupulous gambling righteousness of the establishments alleged (this is necessary anti-libel qualification) to have been conducted in Chicago by one William Johnson and certain associates.

The professional crapshooter, however, has an entirely different approach to the game than you or I. He is the kind of gent to whom caution is a reckless word. He feeds his family, pays the rent, sends his good-looking kids to college and supports his greying, aged and sweet mother by the sweat of those dice. In horse racing he plays the favorites to show and will take two dollars and sixty cents for two dollars a thousand times straight. That's his way and that's his business.

It's a little different with you and me—the "us guys" crowd. We differ greatly from the crapshooting pro, who happens to be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a minute minority, voiceless, soundless, and entirely unrepresented in legislative lobbies. He is a sort of elegant, egotistical and successful termite, taking a small, neat, precise bite on the wrong side of the table with monotonous regularity. But you and I have other things to do. We are clerks, tellers, butchers, soldiers, sailors, marines (I play no favorites), doctors, brewers, lawyers, salesmen and, as far as the gambling house is concerned, nice plump chumps. It's us guys that the house wants to get in droves every night. We are the real pluck potential. We walk in to have fun, to make one hell of a killing, to drip gore and greenbacks and ride those bouncing broncs of the green baize right through the umpteenth pass. We are the same guys who in poker play middle straights hand after hand on our hunches. We are the crapshooters who go mad with pleasure when we get hold of a pair of dice, and find reminiscences for a whole lifetime by dropping fifty bucks on eleven and having it come up, or twenty bucks on twelve or a cool century on crap. Mister, if you and I and all our friends weren't the "us-guys" crowd there just wouldn't be any gambling houses, straight or crooked. They can't exist without us to pluck, and to ape Jimmy Fidler, I do mean pluck.

The man who runs a joint has us pegged pretty well. He gives us quite a variety of interesting bets and reasonably fair odds. He wants us to win once in a while for the good will advertising involved. He wants us to play for the kill, too, and like a jackal or black leopard, when we are metaphorically ready to roast the missionary over an open fire, after drinking a little of his blood, he pounces on us; and we, intoxicated with the life-giving elixir (type 3) of profit hemoglobin, become willing victims. We just lose our heads when we acquire a neat little stack, and then the house takes a big bite out of us. After all—it's business.

The house gambles heavily on your emotional instability as well as on the other percentages in its favor. To the house an over-excited crapshooter is a bigger edge than its estimated guaranteed take of three per cent on the gross volume of all money bet both ways.

The house wants you to ride the dice (so does The System). The house wants you to bet $1 or an equivalent unit and let it ride through 2-4-8-16-32-64 if you're winning, or to bet the same way to get even if you're losing. More familiar than the chant of the tobacco auctioneer is the chant of the "stick" man: "Double up, mister! They're bound to start passing! Double up! Get your money back!" You know the routine; perhaps too well.

Well, you *can* take the house dare and bet with the dice. Take chances now and then? Yes. Make big bets? Yes. But stick to The System when you do it, and you'll come out all right. You'll make that killing. With a quick nod of your head and a knowing, drooping wink of one eye, you'll be able to tell your friends and grandchildren: "Yes-siree, I jest had a feeling that fella was a-gonna be hot, so I strung along with him. I jest laid one buck on the line, and first thing you know he made thirteen straight points without a crap! Boy, did I clean up! I made $764 on just that hand, but the poor fish with the dice, he only made 70 bucks for himself. That's fate for you."

Sincerely yours, Joe Doakes, who has been making $8.75 extra with just two night's work a week can throw away his home-model hair sweater maker right now. This is by far a more appealing way to make side dough although it is not intended as a rap at the correspondence courses in hotel training or to strangle the ambition of Joe Doakes or Joe Blow or any other Joe to be a career man.

The System is NOT too complicated for a man of average intelligence or less. It is not based on mathematical frequencies alone. It is a subtle blending of those odds together with practical probabilities and the innate human gambling instinct, with certain checkmates on your emotions.

It calls for you to supply these factors:

1. A banker's cool head.
2. A gambler's nerve.
3. Patience.
4. A clear mind.
5. A bankroll of $160 minimum.

The System demands that you keep careful and accurate count of the successive number of bets and the cumulative amount of your bets, and that you be content with a banker's, not a crapshooter's, profit. Is that contradictory? Not at all. A bank, they say, estimates that $100 will earn $13 to $17 gross for itself in a year. That's before taxes, before losses, before depreciations of various kinds and innumerable other bookkeeping doodles written in red ink.

Now then, if you will be satisfied with a MINIMUM of 17 per cent per HOUR per gambling diem, The System is for you. But only under those conditions. So if you're thinking of parlaying $200 into $20,000 in one night you can get off the streetcar right here. But if the idea of $17 to $35 per hour for every C-note in your roll appeals to you, read on.

First off, you'd better refresh your memory on such elementary dice facts as these:

1. There are 36 different point combinations on a pair of dice.
2. 7 can be made six different ways. Its mathematical odds are 5 to 1.
3. 8 and 6 can each be made 5 different ways. Their mathematical odds are 6.2 to 1.
4. 9 and 5 can each be made four different ways. Their mathematical odds are 8 to 1.
5. 10 and 4 can each be made 3 different ways. Their mathe-

Continued on page 292

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Name..
Address.....................................
City.......................State............

All This and Seven, Too

Continued from page 291

matical odds are 11 to 1.

6. 11 can be made two ways. Its mathematical odds are 17 to 1.
7. 3-crap can be made two ways. Its mathematical odds are 17 to 1.
8. 2-crap and 12-crap can each be made one way only. Their mathematical odds are 35 to 1.

Bearing in mind those odds, The System is based on this quite superficial but correct principle: that the longer it takes for a win, the greater the odds in YOUR favor and against the house for that win, provided that your final and win bet is less than or equal to the house maximum at a point where there is a completely safe PLUS element over and above the mathematical odds to bring up your winning point. It is equally important to resist hunches and rash impulses; and remember, The System is so constituted that the longer it takes for a win, the greater the odds on your side, and, with correct increases on successive bets as shown on The System's charts, the greater the profits. That is an important key, so don't forget it.

The System declares that the best bets on a dice table on the "with" side, come in this order:

1. The Field, which pays even money.
2. Point play, which pays even money plus point odds, which The System does not advise except with certain important reservations.
3. Snake Eyes (2) or Box Cars (12). Each pays 30 to 1.
4. Any crap (2, 3 or 12). Pays 7 to 1.
5. 11. Pays 15 to 1.
6. 7. Pays 4 to 1.

Are you surprised to learn that the Field is the very best bet? Do you challenge The System? Be patient until you see the chart. The Field is that infrequently played area inside the betting line that's about the size of a small kidney plaster and similarly shaped. It bears the numbers 2, 3, 5, 9, 10, 11, 12. The house will pay you here on every roll of the dice. On 2 and 12 it will pay you 3 to 2 on bets of $1 or more; on the others, even money. There are 17 ways to make a Field number, which, subtracted from the 36 combinations possible with a pair of dice, leaves 19 combinations of no-Field numbers against you. These, in the order of their mathematical frequencies are 7, 8 and 6 and 4. The house gives you your choice of 7 numbers against 4 for itself, yet still retains what it believes to be the necessary profit edge.

Right here the mathematician and the gambler will agree on one important point, which is that while the mathematical odds indicate 17 Field points in 36 rolls of the dice, it won't happen in actual play. The Field may come up as infrequently as 5 times in 36. But over a span of 360 rolls it will approach, and sometimes exceed, its mathematical probability. Saroyyan declares that only by watching thousands and thousands of rolls of the dice did he determine that the 8th roll to bring up a Field number after 7 successive misses is as sound as the Bank of England (a figurative term, of course). When that happens, The System pays you your handsome banker's profit. Don't sneer at that term. On a busy table there will be a good 360 rolls an hour. Divide it by 8 and you get a measly 45 point turnover. That doesn't mean $45. Study the Field charts and you'll see that it may mean as much as $200 an hour. Is that bad?

Bearing in mind the variables in the human equation, The System sets up three charts on the Field. Chart A is ultra-conservative. It is the personification of caution and rubber heels and about as stable as the Federal Reserve. It plays three spots to get even, on the sound theory, to which The System subscribes, that it's better to play with house money than your own. From the union of gambler and banker it produces a hybrid which can be designated as a "gankler." The fact that a jackass is also a hybrid is irrelevant. Chart A offers you a minimum of $24 and an absolute maximum (for 360 rolls) of $225.

The "Field"

Mathematical odds: 19 to 17 against the bettor. House pays you even money on 3-5-9-10-11. House pays you 3 to 2 (if over $1 bet) on 2 and 12, or even money if $1 or less bet. You lose on 4-6-7-8.

CHART A—CONSERVATIVE
Allows for 7 consecutive misses.

ROLL	BET	Cumulative Amount Bet	Gross return on a win, including amount of last bet	NET PROFIT
1	1	1	2	1
2	1	2	2	0*
3	2	4	4	0*
4	4	8	8	0*
5	9	17	18	1
6	19	36	38	2
7	39	75	78	3
8	80	155	160	5

CHART B—LIBERAL
Allows for 6 consecutive misses.

ROLL	BET	Cumulative Amount Bet	Gross return on a win, including amount of last bet	NET PROFIT
1	1	1	2	1
2	1	2	2	0*
3	3	5	6	1
4	7	12	14	2
5	15	27	30	3
6	31	58	62	4
7	64	122	128	6

CHART C—RECKLESS
Allows for 6 consecutive misses.

ROLL	BET	Cumulative Amount Bet	Gross return on a win, including amount of last bet	NET PROFIT
1	1	1	2	1
2	2	3	4	1
3	4	7	8	1
4	9	16	18	2
5	19	35	38	3
6	39	74	78	4
7	80	154	160	6

*Makes you just even.

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DETROLA BLDG. DETROIT, MICH.

These are the general instructions by The System on playing the Field: You follow the chart to the letter regardless of how big your bankroll is. Whenever a Field point comes up you go back to the $1 bet. Remember—back to $1.

Incidentally, this is a good place to dispose of the double-up myth. It's no good, boys. It's strictly a house come-on. To give double-up every advantage before blitzing it, assume that you get a field number every 7th time (not every 8th, as provided by The System).

You can't make more than 7 consecutive double-up bets because the 8th bet would be over the house limit

Your consecutive double-up bets are 1-2-4-8-16-32-64, a cumulative total of $127 to get $128, back, or a profit of just $1.

Now check it with The System. You will notice that The System's 7th roll cumulative bet total is $75 to get $78 back. So your final results are:

Double-Up—$127 bet; $128 return; $1 net profit.

The System—$75 bet; $78 return; $3 net profit. With double-up you have bet $53 more than with The System to make a profit just one-third as large. Not so kosher, is it? Or to put it the other way around, with The System you have risked nearly 50 per cent less to make three times the profit.

But even one Field point every 7 rolls is far from a sucker bet, so if you think you can afford to be Morris Planny instead of Federal Reservy, The System heartily recommends Field Chart B. It has only one get-even spot(the second bet) and a longer "return" ratio. Getting a fair break on it, you can skyrocket your profit to over $300 an hour. But take heed! It allows only seven straight bets. If you tumble off you've got to start at $1 again. And that means you're gambling a leetle. If you have a $250 bankroll this one is a lulu.

Field Chart C is shown only for the record, and not wholeheartedly recommended by The System. It's a bit like picking horses on a ouija board and not too progressive in profits.

You're not convinced?

Well, brother, appended to this article is a list of 1,000 actual casts of the dice and the numerical order in which they appeared. Check it yourself. Furthermore, you are free to go to a gambling house if you must (personally I do not recommend the frequenting of such places by anybody, and certainly not by minors, and furthermore, this entire article is to be disregarded in those states where gambling is illegal and not to be construed as an offer for sale) and write down any consecutive 1,000 casts of the dice yourself. Or do it at home on the dining room table. What do I care? The System came to me, I didn't go to The System.

That brings up the next best bet on the table, point play. Let's face the issue squarely, Mr. Gankler. Every crapshooter alive exists for the thrill of riding high, wide and handsome on a hot hand.

The house gets its longest take on your ambition to make a killing. Who knows when there's going to be a dream hand? Nobody.

You may have ridden three times around the table, pooping along with one-, two- and three-point hands, when suddenly the next shooter gets into a hot lick and you're not on him because you've been tapped down to your last buck and you're now waiting patiently and bitterly for the dice to swing around to you again for one last burning fling across the felt greensward yourself. Can such tragedy be averted? It can.

The System gives you a way to ride the dice nine times around the table or nine times nine, betting with every shooter, and never, when a point is made within its wide range, will you be more than $3 out, yet you'll always be poised with money on the line for the shooter who makes the kill.

The System requires that just one point in eight be made, and in certain variations gives you a ninth point.

Actually, the odds are 3 plus to 1 on anybody making a point, and practically, 5 to 1. The System gives you 7 to 1.

How much per hour would you like to make here? Would, say, $70 an hour satisfy you? Or are you already getting $1.74 and time and a half for overtime?

The beauty of The System on point play is not $70 an hour minimum, but the fact that your worst injury may be only minus $3, of which $2 is insurance to keep you riding on the line and to parlay the winning streak properly.

The difference between The System and double-up on point play is that (letting a $1 bet ride) with The System you play ENTIRELY with house money after the third consecutive point has been made, and, after the fourth point, can tumble off or crap out with a profit, whereas with strict double-up you will be minus $1 right through the seventh point, besides having a smaller gross profit before losing on the last point.

That $1 chip is all the house wants, but time and again. And the house will surely grind you out that way.

Study the point play chart on following page and you'll get the drift. Those two successive $1 insurance bets on points 2 and 3 are the answer. To quote some cigarette maker or other, "What a whale of a difference a few cents makes!"

Both The System and the double-up win charts are carried out to eight successive win points. Beyond that just add $100 profit for every successive point for either chart.

Continued on page 294

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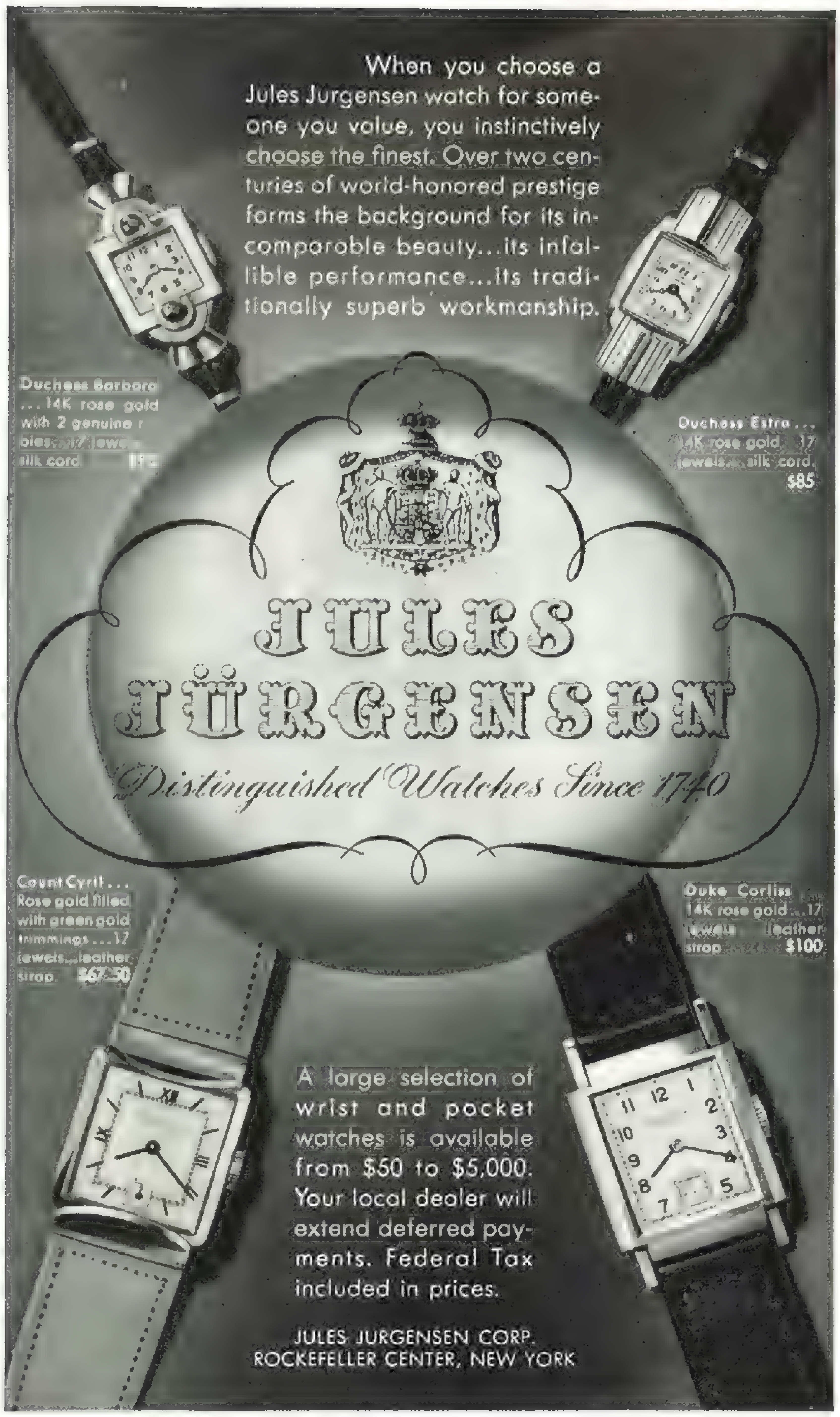

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All This and Seven, Too

Continued from pages 291-293

Point Play

Mathematical odds 3.+ against you
Practical odds 5 against you
Safety factor 2 against you
Total 7 to 1 against you.

This is how the house would like to have you parlay on successive wins. It is typical Double-Up.

	Drag	Bet	Total Win	Running Profit	Net loss or gain if point loses after previous point makes
1st point	....	1	2	1	— 1
2nd point	0	2	4	3	— 1
3rd point	0	4	8	7	— 1
4th point	0	8	16	15	— 1
5th point	0	16	32	31	— 1
6th point	0	32	64	63	— 1
7th point	0	64	128	127	— 1
8th point	28	100	200	227	+27

But THIS is THE SYSTEM's method for parlaying your bets on any series of successive wins.

	Drag	Bet	Total Win	Running Profit	Net loss or gain if point loses after previous point makes
1st point	....	1	2	1	— 1
2nd point	0	2+ (1)*	6	4	— 2
3rd point	0	6+ (1)*	14	11	— 3
4th point	**3	11	22	22	0
5th point	1	21	42	43	+ 1
6th point	1	41	82	84	+ 2
7th point	2	80	160	164	+ 4
8th point	60	100	200	264	+64

*You ADD $1 new money to the total win riding for this bet.
**Begin drag after 3rd point has been made.

RECAPITULATION:	If SYSTEM dumps on 7th point, you are plus	$ 4	
	If DOUBLE-UP dumps on 7th point, you are minus	1	
	SYSTEM is better by plus		$ 5
	If SYSTEM dumps on 8th point, you are plus	$64	
	If DOUBLE-UP dumps on 8th point, you are plus	27	
	SYSTEM is better by plus		$37

This Is The System's Chart on How to Get Even

Any time a point in a win series loses and your net result is in the minus column, bet as follows on the succeeding points. And when a win point occurs, go back to the $1 first-point bet in the SYSTEM parlay chart.

	If-1	If-2	If-3
On next point bet	1	2	3
And if it loses, bet	2	4	6
And if it loses, bet	4	8	12
And if it loses, bet	8	16	25
And if it loses, bet	16	33	50
And if it loses, bet	33	66	100
And if it loses, bet	66	....	....

If —1, you have played and lost 1 point, so Col. 1 protects you through 7 consecutive losses.
If —2, you have played and lost 2 points, so Col. 2 protects you through 8 consecutive losses.
If —3, you have played and lost 3 points, so Col. 3 protects you through 8 consecutive losses.
(Not 9, though it carries you into a ninth bet.)

The System's get-even chart also may be used for come bets as a hedge, providing consecutive come bets of from $1 to $65 on seven consecutive rolls if you get that many. Its use for come purposes is not advised, and countenanced only in bad grace, and then only if you are $500 ahead and feel like a little plunging. The worst that can happen is that you'll lose $128 of house money back to the house. Feel liberal? Okay, spend it.

The System next brings us to a strange conclusion, but one stoutly supported by the evidence: that snake-eyes and boxcars on every roll are a good bet. In fact, the appended rolls table shows that they come up with better mathematical regularity than 3-crap or 7. Each pays the munificent odds of 30 to 1, or $31 back for each dollar bet. The actual odds are 35 to 1, but 30 to 1 is long enough for The System to give its user a heft pull and excellent returns.

True, it has thin spots with profits pared down that call for guts, but you don't have to start peeling big money until you pass the 85th roll. It offers the nicest inducement to the man who doesn't faze easily, one who won't start squirming after 70 payless rolls. Surprisingly enough, should it come up at roll 40 you've spent only $52 to get $62 back; at the 50th roll, $78 to get $93; at the 60th, $115 to get $124; at the 70th, $171 to get $217; at the 80th, $253 to get $310. From there on the profits grow like hydroponic tomatoes.

Don't put up a holler about the above returns being measly potentials against odds of 30 to 1. Those odds, my friends, are a sugar-coated lure. The house figgers you to play snake-eyes or boxcars purely as an occasional hunch bet, not as a System business proposition. The house wants to tap you for that extra buck whenever—and if—it can. The System provides a chance to turn the tables, and all it asks is a 2 or a 12 within 141 rolls, which is FOUR TIMES the mathematical frequency of each number.

Without gasping, run your thumb and eye over The System's 2 and 12 chart and learn how in one easy lesson.

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This is The System for 2 Crap or 12 Crap, playing every role of the dice

Mathematical odds: 35 to 1
House pays: 30 to 1

Roll	Bet	Total Bet	Gross Win	Net Win
1	1	1	31	30
2	1	2	31	29
3	1	3	31	28
4	1	4	31	27
5	1	5	31	26
6	1	6	31	25
7	1	7	31	24
8	1	8	31	23
9	1	9	31	22
10	1	10	31	21
11	1	11	31	20
12	1	12	31	19
13	1	13	31	18
14	1	14	31	17
15	1	15	31	16
16	1	16	31	15
17	1	17	31	14
18	1	18	31	13
19	1	19	31	12
20	1	20	31	11
21	1	21	31	10
22	1	22	31	9
23	1	23	31	8
24	1	24	31	7
25	1	25	31	6
26	1	26	31	5
27	1	27	31	4
28	1	28	31	3
29	2	30	62	32
30	2	32	62	30
31	2	34	62	28
32	2	36	62	26
33	2	38	62	24
34	2	40	62	22
35	2	42	62	20
36	2	44	62	18
37	2	46	62	16
38	2	48	62	14
39	2	50	62	12
40	2	52	62	10
41	2	54	62	8
42	2	56	62	6
43	2	58	62	4
44	2	60	62	2
45	3	63	93	30
46	3	66	93	27
47	3	69	93	24
48	3	72	93	21
49	3	75	93	18
50	3	78	93	15
51	3	81	93	12
52	3	84	93	9
53	3	87	93	6
54	4	91	124	33
55	4	95	124	29
56	4	99	124	25
57	4	103	124	21
58	4	107	124	17
59	4	111	124	13
60	4	115	124	9
61	5	120	155	35
62	5	125	155	30
63	5	130	155	25
64	5	135	155	20
65	5	140	155	15
66	6	146	186	40
67	6	152	186	34
68	6	158	186	28
69	6	164	186	22
70	7	171	217	46
71	7	178	217	39
72	7	185	217	32
73	7	192	217	25
74	8	200	248	48
75	8	208	248	40
76	8	216	248	32
77	9	225	279	54
78	9	234	279	45
79	9	243	279	36
80	10	253	310	57
81	10	263	310	47
82	11	274	341	67
83	11	285	341	56
84	12	297	372	75
85	12	309	372	63
86	13	322	403	81
87	13	335	403	68
88	14	349	434	85
89	14	363	434	71
90	15	378	465	87
91	15	393	465	72
92	16	409	496	87
93	17	426	527	101
94	18	444	558	114
95	19	463	589	126
96	20	483	620	137
97	21	504	651	147
98	22	526	682	156
99	23	549	713	164
100	24	573	744	171
101	25	598	775	177
102	26	624	806	182
103	27	651	837	186
104	28	679	868	189
105	29	708	899	191
106	30	738	930	192
107	31	769	961	192
108	32	801	992	191
109	33	834	1023	189
110	34	868	1054	186
111	34	902	1054	152
112	35	937	1085	148
113	36	973	1116	143
114	36	1009	1116	107
115	37	1046	1147	101
116	38	1084	1178	94
117	39	1123	1209	86
118	40	1163	1240	77
119	41	1204	1271	67
120	42	1246	1302	56
121	45	1291	1395	104
122	46	1337	1426	89
123	47	1384	1457	73
124	48	1432	1488	56
125	49	1481	1519	38
126	50	1531	1550	19
127	55	1586	1705	119
128	60	1646	1860	214
129	62	1708	1922	124
130	64	1772	1984	112
131	68	1840	2108	268
132	70	1910	2170	260
133	72	1982	2232	250
134	74	2056	2294	238
135	76	2132	2356	324
136	78	2210	2418	208
137	80	2290	2480	190
138	82	2372	2542	170
139	84	2456	2604	148
140	86	2542	2660	118
141	88	2630	2728	98

If you want faster action than snake-eyes or boxcars provides, there is betting any crap. The odds on such are 9 to 1 and the house pays you 7 to 1, or $8 back for every dollar bet. The win profits here are small but consistent. From a risk standpoint they are not as attractive as 2 or 12. If you like to keep nibbling away at the potential of $200-plus an hour, this may be your meat. But it calls for nerves of steel and colder eyes than the payoff man on the other side of the table.

This is The System for any Crap (2-12-3) played every role of the dice

Mathematical odds: 8 to 1
House pays: 7 to 1

Roll	Bet	Total Bet	Gross Win	Net Win
1	1	1	8	7
2	1	2	8	6
3	1	3	8	5
4	1	4	8	4
5	1	5	8	3
6	1	6	8	2
7	2	8	16	8
8	2	10	16	6
9	2	12	16	4
10	2	14	16	2
11	3	17	24	7
12	3	20	24	4
13	3	23	24	1
14	4	27	32	5
15	4	31	32	1
16	5	36	40	4
17	6	42	48	6
18	7	49	56	7
19	8	57	64	7
20	9	66	72	6
21	10	76	80	4
22	11	87	88	1
23	13	100	104	4
24	15	115	120	5
25	17	132	136	4
26	20	152	160	8
27	22	174	176	2
28	25	199	200	1
29	31	230	248	18
30	33	263	264	1
31	38	301	304	3
32	44	345	352	7
33	52	397	416	19
34	60	457	480	23
35	68	525	544	19
36	77	602	616	14
37	87	689	696	5
38	100	789	800	11

Continued on page 296

Vitalator
AID TO
GOOD LOOKS...
GOOD HEALTH!

A truly **USEFUL** *Christmas Gift*

★

GIVE VITALATOR THIS CHRISTMAS—and be remembered straight through the year as a giver of *useful* gifts. Any man or woman on your list will reap daily benefit from Vitalator.

VITALATOR FOR SCALP MASSAGE. Where sluggish scalp circulation is the cause of falling hair . . or dry, lifeless hair . . daily *fingertip* massage is one of the most sensible things anyone can do to help. *Easy,* with Vitalator—it combines hand and electric massage . . imparts to the fingertips the correct rotary motion of Swedish massage.

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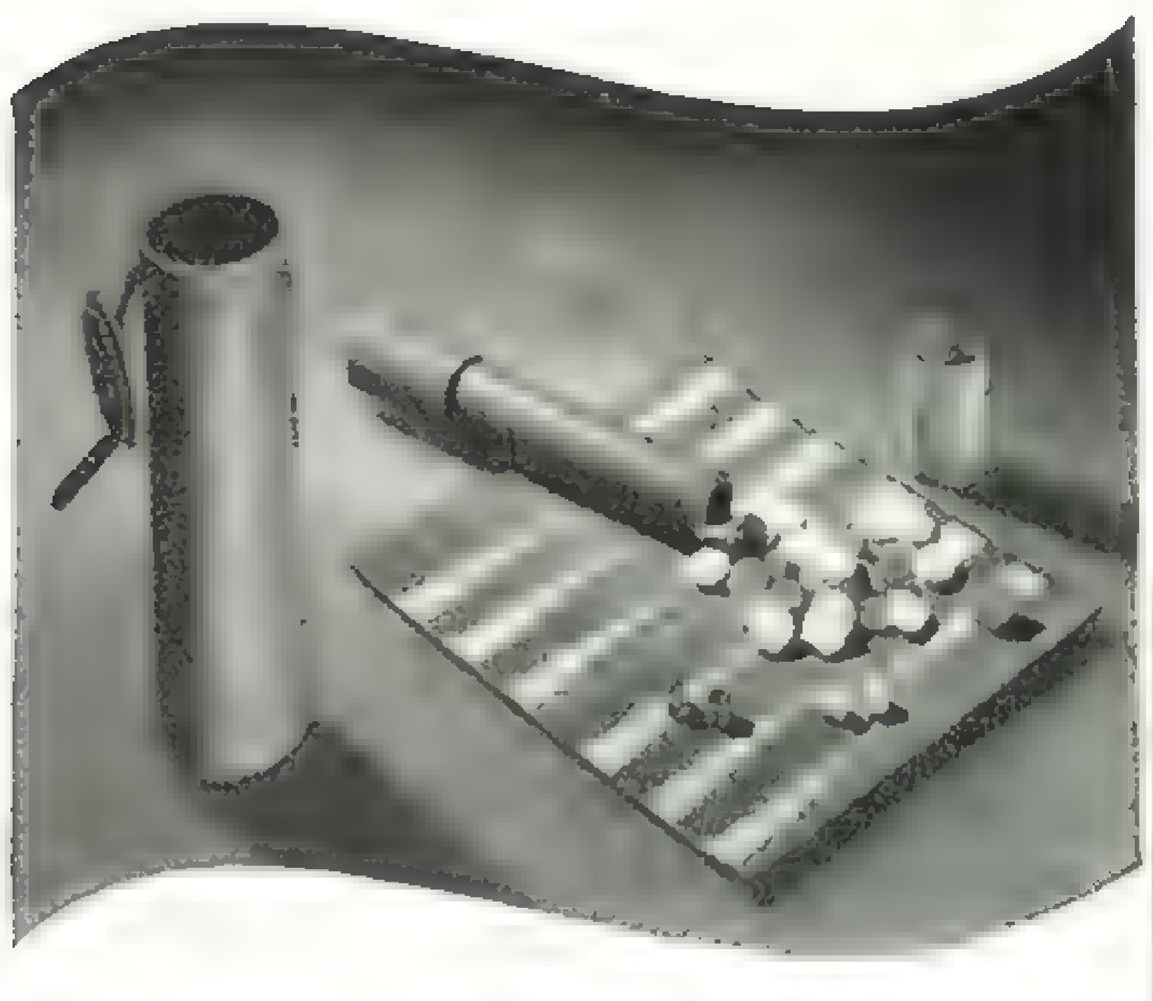

Worry - Chaser—Backgammon is famous for easing tired brains . . . quickly. This cylindrical stitched Havana leather case contains everything for the game: dice, dice cups, rubber mat playing field and draughtsmen. . . . 5.95

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All This and Seven, Too

Continued from pages 291-293-295

And here comes 11, the Big Natural, the Paradise Point! It's supposed to come up every 18th time, which makes the mathematical odds 17 to 1 against house odds of 15 to 1, or $16 back for every dollar bet. The System gives you 72 comfortable rolls, or 4-plus times the chance probability, for an 11 to come up. The System's estimate is an average of $150 an hour.

The System also offers this counsel, especially for 11, 7-to-1 crap and 7: If at any time you get a cluster of points far in excess of chance ratio, lay off 5 to 10 rolls before making your first bet.

This is How to Bet to Play 11 on Every Roll of the Dice

Mathematical odds: 17 to 1
House pays you: 15 to 1

ROLL	BET	TOTAL BET	GROSS WIN	NET WIN
1	1	1	16	15
2	1	2	16	14
3	1	3	16	13
4	1	4	16	12
5	1	5	16	11
6	1	6	16	10
7	1	7	16	9
8	1	8	16	8
9	1	9	16	7
10	1	10	16	6
11	1	11	16	5
12	1	12	16	4
13	1	13	16	3
14	1	14	16	2
15	2	16	32	16
16	2	18	32	14
17	2	20	32	12
18	2	22	32	10
19	2	24	32	8
20	2	26	32	6
21	2	28	32	4
22	3	31	48	17
23	3	34	48	14
24	3	37	48	11
25	3	40	48	8
26	3	43	48	5
27	3	46	48	2
28	4	50	64	14
29	4	54	64	10
30	4	58	64	6
31	4	62	64	2
32	5	67	80	13
33	5	72	80	8
34	5	77	80	3
35	6	83	96	13
36	6	89	96	7
37	6	95	96	1
38	7	102	112	10
39	7	109	112	3
40	8	117	128	11
41	8	125	128	3
42	9	134	144	10
43	9	143	144	1
44	10	153	160	7
45	11	164	176	12
46	11	175	176	1
47	12	187	192	5
48	13	200	208	8
49	14	214	224	10
50	15	229	240	11
51	16	245	256	11
52	17	262	272	10
53	18	280	288	8
54	20	300	320	20
55	21	321	336	15
56	22	343	352	9
57	23	366	368	2
58	26	392	416	24
59	28	420	448	28
60	30	450	480	30
61	31	481	496	15
62	33	514	528	14
63	35	549	570	21
64	38	587	608	21
65	43	630	698	68
66	45	675	720	45
67	46	721	736	15
68	49	770	784	14
69	59	829	944	115
70	59	888	944	56
71	60	948	960	12
72	65	1013	1040	27

Next up for discussion is 7, the mirage in the life of every watermelon addict. The System doesn't like 7 because, its mathematical odds being 5 to 1, and the house odds only 4 to 1 ($5 back for $1 bet) the chart, to protect you because of the shorter odds and the greater proportionate investment, should give you five times the probability, not just four times (see table), which can't be attained on a $100-limit table. If you're going to bet it at all, count at least four rolls from the previous seven before you get your first bet down. That's a warning.

Playing Seven Every Roll

Mathematical odds: 5 to 1
House pays: 4 to 1

ROLL	BET	Cumulative amount bet	Gross return on a win	NET PROFIT
1	1	1	5	4
2	1	2	5	3
3	2	4	10	6
4	2	6	10	4
5	2	8	10	2
6	3	11	15	4
7	3	14	15	1
8	4	18	20	2
9	5	23	25	2
10	7	30	35	5
11	10	40	50	10
12	12	52	60	8
13	14	66	70	4
14	18	84	90	6
15	23	107	115	8
16	30	137	150	13
17	40	177	200	23
18	46	223	230	7
19	58	281	290	9
20	73	354	365	11
21	95	449	475	26

The System does not advise an odds bet on a line point unless that point has not appeared within the span of its chance probability. Furthermore, there is no guarantee that 10 or 4, whose mathematical odds are 11 to 1, will come up on the 12th roll, or before 7, but at least, after 11 rolls you have a better chance.

The greatest sucker bets of all, of course, are hard 10, hard 4, hard 6 or hard 8. These are purely hunch bets, although veteran gamblers insist that for some mysterious reason if a number shows up hard at least one other will show up hard before a 7.

Obviously the maximum results from the system can only accrue if it's played in a pool by, say, four men. Two could handle just point play, which is the most involved and calls for the strictest bookkeeping; another could take the Field and 11; still another, snake-eyes, boxcars and 7.

Appended here is an actual record of 1,000 consecutive casts of the dice. It shows an evening's potential profit of a mere $3,000.

Would you like to know what became of Saroyyan? He gave up his modest little gambling house, if we must call a spade a spade, about two years ago, and now lives peacefully in California.

As for myself, gentlemen, I have stuffed the imaginary money in a little black bag and have just taken a plane for Africa. *There is no forwarding address.* ᚔ

This is an Actual Record of One Thousand Consecutive Throws of the Dice

No.	Point	No.	Point	No.	Point	No.	Point	No.	Point
1	2	101	6	201	3	301	7	401	3
2	11	102	7	202	6	302	7	402	10
3	3	103	7	203	6	303	6	403	5
4	11	104	11	204	6	304	5	404	6
5	9	105	5	205	8	305	6	405	4
6	8	106	5	206	7	306	8	406	10
7	10	107	9	207	8	307	3	407	6
8	4	108	9	208	8	308	5	408	12
9	6	109	6	209	5	309	10	409	7
10	6	110	7	210	6	310	3	410	8
11	5	111	8	211	7	311	9	411	9
12	5	112	6	212	12	312	4	412	7
13	4	113	11	213	9	313	7	413	3
14	5	114	5	214	4	314	8	414	7
15	5	115	10	215	8	315	6	415	9
16	9	116	10	216	7	316	9	416	8
17	9	117	6	217	12	317	2	417	12
18	3	118	7	218	9	318	10	418	10
19	9	119	6	219	11	319	12	419	7
20	9	120	10	220	9	320	5	420	12
21	2	121	2	221	8	321	4	421	4
22	5	122	8	222	11	322	6	422	9
23	6	123	4	223	8	323	4	423	9
24	8	124	7	224	6	324	10	424	5
25	7	125	6	225	7	325	7	425	5
26	3	126	3	226	3	326	9	426	7
27	7	127	12	227	3	327	9	427	5
28	10	128	10	228	3	328	9	428	4
29	6	129	4	229	6	329	6	429	8
30	3	130	7	230	7	330	6	430	11
31	7	131	7	231	11	331	7	431	9
32	6	132	8	232	11	332	8	432	3
33	7	133	7	233	7	333	6	433	11
34	7	134	2	234	4	334	5	434	2
35	10	135	11	235	10	335	9	435	12
36	8	136	7	236	9	336	11	436	8
37	5	137	8	237	10	337	4	437	7
38	6	138	7	238	12	338	10	438	7
39	4	139	7	239	4	339	7	439	7
40	9	140	4	240	5	340	7	440	12
41	9	141	11	241	3	341	6	441	5
42	5	142	8	242	7	342	7	442	3
43	6	143	7	243	9	343	7	443	7
44	3	144	5	244	8	344	6	444	11
45	10	145	6	245	5	345	9	445	10
46	5	146	6	246	6	346	7	446	10
47	5	147	12	247	10	347	7	447	12
48	4	148	7	248	4	348	11	448	6
49	7	149	10	249	5	349	7	449	7
50	4	150	3	250	7	350	7	450	6
51	7	151	4	251	7	351	8	451	5
52	12	152	7	252	2	352	3	452	7
53	6	153	12	253	4	353	10	453	4
54	4	154	7	254	5	354	7	454	9
55	8	155	6	255	8	355	10	455	4
56	5	156	7	256	4	356	6	456	7
57	8	157	7	257	5	357	5	457	4
58	8	158	5	258	10	358	8	458	5
59	2	159	12	259	3	359	7	459	7
60	10	160	3	260	8	360	5	460	7
61	11	161	9	261	5	361	5	461	5
62	5	162	5	262	4	362	9	462	9
63	5	163	7	263	5	363	5	463	6
64	9	164	10	264	3	364	4	464	7
65	7	165	6	265	4	365	5	465	10
66	7	166	11	266	6	366	7	466	9
67	5	167	8	267	10	367	2	467	6
68	2	168	7	268	8	368	4	468	10
69	7	169	5	269	7	369	2	469	12
70	8	170	9	270	10	370	4	470	7
71	10	171	6	271	7	371	5	471	9
72	6	172	4	272	8	372	8	472	9
73	9	173	9	273	8	373	7	473	5
74	7	174	8	274	5	374	9	474	5
75	8	175	4	275	8	375	9	475	7
76	4	176	11	276	6	376	7	476	7
77	2	177	6	277	9	377	7	477	2
78	9	178	6	278	3	378	6	478	11
79	2	179	3	279	11	379	7	479	6
80	7	180	8	280	8	380	7	480	2
81	11	181	6	281	9	381	9	481	5
82	11	182	9	282	3	382	4	482	3
83	11	183	4	283	10	383	9	483	9
84	2	184	2	284	5	384	4	484	5
85	7	185	5	285	3	385	5	485	12
86	7	186	9	286	9	386	8	486	7
87	9	187	8	287	6	387	8	487	12
88	7	188	5	288	5	388	7	488	10
89	9	189	10	289	8	389	7	489	8
90	9	190	8	290	7	390	11	490	3
91	6	191	9	291	8	391	6	491	4
92	10	192	6	292	4	392	8	492	5
93	9	193	9	293	9	393	9	493	7
94	5	194	7	294	2	394	7	494	11
95	8	195	9	295	2	395	7	495	4
96	10	196	7	296	7	396	10	496	8
97	8	197	6	297	5	397	10	497	7
98	6	198	7	298	5	398	7	498	7
99	8	199	3	299	6	399	9	499	11
100	5	200	11	300	7	400	4	500	11

Continued on page 298

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All This and Seven, Too

Continued from pages 291-293-295-297

No.	Point	No.	Point	No.	Point	No.	Point	No.	Point
501	6	601	5	701	9	801	5	901	6
502	6	602	8	702	7	802	5	902	2
503	10	603	6	703	6	803	8	903	7
504	8	604	5	704	9	804	9	904	5
505	7	605	11	705	7	805	9	905	4
506	4	606	7	706	12	806	8	906	4
507	3	607	3	707	7	807	9	907	6
508	5	608	12	708	8	808	7	908	4
509	8	609	10	709	3	809	9	909	7
510	7	610	7	710	9	810	4	910	7
511	4	611	7	711	3	811	11	911	7
512	8	612	9	712	3	812	9	912	5
513	6	613	10	713	10	813	6	913	6
514	7	614	11	714	3	814	7	914	4
515	12	615	5	715	5	815	7	915	7
516	9	616	6	716	4	816	7	916	11
517	9	617	4	717	9	817	5	917	9
518	5	618	3	718	2	818	4	918	7
519	9	619	5	719	9	819	9	919	4
520	3	620	11	720	9	820	10	920	8
521	7	621	10	721	7	821	7	921	5
522	4	622	10	722	6	822	7	922	11
523	9	623	8	723	7	823	7	923	6
524	5	624	5	724	6	824	10	924	3
525	10	625	10	725	7	825	3	925	6
526	11	626	10	726	10	826	12	926	9
527	7	627	11	727	5	827	6	927	10
528	9	628	6	728	6	828	5	928	8
529	6	629	5	729	7	829	10	929	4
530	11	630	9	730	3	830	3	930	11
531	10	631	8	731	9	831	10	931	6
532	10	632	8	732	7	832	6	932	10
533	8	633	4	733	8	833	3	933	4
534	9	634	9	734	8	834	7	934	4
535	7	635	8	735	4	835	7	935	7
536	4	636	10	736	9	836	6	936	2
537	7	637	8	737	3	837	3	937	7
538	8	638	5	738	8	838	8	938	7
539	10	639	10	739	7	839	8	939	8
540	8	640	6	740	2	840	5	940	10
541	6	641	8	741	4	841	3	941	9
542	5	642	8	742	11	842	9	942	9
543	6	643	7	743	8	843	5	943	6
544	6	644	4	744	6	844	7	944	3
545	5	645	8	745	3	845	4	945	3
546	12	646	8	746	6	846	5	946	11
547	8	647	10	747	7	847	6	947	4
548	4	648	7	748	10	848	8	948	4
549	7	649	4	749	9	849	5	949	4
550	3	650	7	750	5	850	7	950	7
551	8	651	10	751	5	851	8	951	8
552	7	652	6	752	11	852	3	952	4
553	6	653	3	753	9	853	7	953	6
554	5	654	6	754	7	854	10	954	8
555	5	655	6	755	3	855	4	955	9
556	6	656	9	756	2	856	3	956	5
557	12	657	8	757	8	857	6	957	7
558	7	658	7	758	8	858	3	958	2
559	3	659	6	759	7	859	7	959	6
560	5	660	5	760	4	860	6	960	6
561	5	661	10	761	4	861	11	961	7
562	4	662	4	762	9	862	5	962	3
563	2	663	9	763	7	863	9	963	8
564	5	664	7	764	8	864	8	964	7
565	7	665	7	765	11	865	7	965	3
566	4	666	10	766	5	866	6	966	5
567	7	667	8	767	8	867	7	967	7
568	8	668	6	768	5	868	6	968	4
569	7	669	5	769	6	869	5	969	6
570	11	670	7	770	6	870	8	970	4
571	6	671	5	771	9	871	5	971	11
572	2	672	7	772	3	872	5	972	10
573	3	673	3	773	5	873	7	973	10
574	5	674	8	774	12	874	4	974	8
575	3	675	6	775	2	875	9	975	6
576	11	676	5	776	7	876	11	976	5
577	6	677	7	777	11	877	4	977	5
578	5	678	6	778	12	878	10	978	6
579	4	679	6	779	11	879	12	979	9
580	7	680	9	780	4	880	2	980	3
581	6	681	7	781	8	881	8	981	7
582	3	682	7	782	5	882	11	982	11
583	8	683	11	783	4	883	9	983	11
584	8	684	8	784	6	884	4	984	4
585	6	685	9	785	5	885	2	985	4
586	7	686	8	786	4	886	7	986	4
587	8	687	10	787	5	887	11	987	8
588	8	688	8	788	7	888	8	988	7
589	3	689	10	789	7	889	8	989	12
590	4	690	10	790	8	890	4	990	8
591	7	691	6	791	8	891	7	991	8
592	6	692	5	792	8	892	4	992	7
593	5	693	6	793	11	893	12	993	10
594	7	694	5	794	5	894	8	994	3
595	4	695	10	795	5	895	8	995	10
596	9	696	8	796	4	896	8	996	8
597	3	697	7	797	4	897	4	997	8
598	2	698	7	798	2	898	2	998	7
599	12	699	6	799	8	899	6	999	5
600	6	700	7	800	8	900	7	1000	3

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 10-266-272-274

PROJECT FOR PRIVATE "AID TO BRITAIN"

Recently a copy of Esquire and one of Coronet came into my possession, and they have been very enthusiastically received by my companions in the Royal Air Force.

We much regret we are not in a position to purchase these magazines regularly, owing to our very limited pocket-money, and I am wondering if any of your subscribers would be willing to send their copies on to me when they have finished with them. I realize this is a shot in the dark, and there is small chance of your knowing of such contributors, but "nothing ventured nothing won," and reading matter is very eagerly sought by personnel in the R.A.F.

I cannot give my camp address, as we are continually being shifted, so the one given is my home address.

I hope you'll forgive the liberty I am taking in writing to you on such a subject. I am

Yours truly,
GEOFFREY A. LEE

"Seven"
Beatrice Road
Oxted
Surrey, England

ADDENDUM TO THE STEUBEN SAGA

In delving through an old book published 1850 I found an anecdote illustrative of Baron Von Steuben's generous character. The scene is at Newburgh, at the time of the disbanding of the army.

"Colonel Cochrane was standing in the street, penniless. When Steuben tried to comfort him by saying that better times would come. 'For myself,' said the brave officer, 'I can stand it; but my wife and daughter are in the garret of that wretched tavern and I have nowhere to carry them, nor even money to remove them.' The baron's generous heart was touched, and, though poor himself, he hastened to the family of Cochrane, poured the whole contents of his purse upon the table, and left as suddenly as he had entered. As he was walking toward the wharf, a wounded Negro soldier came up to him, bitterly lamenting that he had no means with which to get to New York. The baron borrowed a dollar, and handing it to the Negro, hailed a sloop and put him on board."

Many similar acts hallow the memory of Baron Von Steuben.

Chicago, Ill. DON SWANSON

STAND UP FOR SMILEAGE

Friday used to be one of the outstanding days in the week for me because it was the day magazines were unpacked and put on display in Carpenter's Cut-Rate Drug Store. During my four years in college I kept abreast of all outstanding articles appearing in our national periodicals, and I have the drug dispensary to thank. And now that I am a year or so out of college and often find myself remembering favorite hangouts, Carpenter's Cut-Rate Drug Store comes to mind a lot quicker than the university library, or any other hangout on the campus.

Drug store authorities never assailed me for reading their publications except one time. I remember that time. I was reading a Christmas copy of Esquire while standing on my feet, and those who have tried reading a Christmas copy of Esquire, standing or sitting, know how heavy it is and how tired your arms can become holding it up.

The refreshment booths were empty so I sat down in one, letting the table support the weight of the magazine. Just why I had not thought of sitting down about three years before this, I do not know. I do know, however, I had never before tried reading a Christmas copy of Esquire standing up.

After a while Old Lady Carpenter, whose face favored a foamy chocolate soda, came over to my booth. I wondered what she had on her mind. I knew she was going to say something.

You mustn't read that sitting down, she said.

You'd rather I'd read it standing up? I replied.

Yes I had.

But it's darn difficult holding up a magazine of this size very long, I said.

Nevertheless, she said. That's our rule.

What's your rule?

Customers must not sit down when reading magazines from the newsstand, she replied.

It's a silly rule.

Nevertheless, it is our rule, she said.

And besides, I'm not a customer.

Which makes it all the worse, she said. You never buy a magazine. But you understand how we can't allow anything like this to go on. Why, soon everybody would be doing it. The drug store would become a reading room. And that wouldn't help the sale of our magazines any.

I meditated over the little man on the cover a moment.

No, I suppose not, I said. I believe I can see your point. I shall never again sit down while reading one of your magazines.

Not even a Christmas copy of Esquire, I added on my way out.

Sincerely yours,
Sparta, N. C. RAYMOND LOWERY

RIOT CALL FOR KITCHEN POLICE

Who said men can't cook? That outburst of feminine back-slapping in the current issue of "Esquire, a Magazine for Men" arouses my ire. It ought to arouse every man to show these women that men *can* cook.

Why, I'd risk competition with any woman on baking a peach pie. I'm willing to say I bake a better peach pie than any other 100 women. For my own observation has shown me that men do experiment . . . and thereby come the *new* recipes. Women observe in their teen ages how mother prepared the meals, absorb the advice given to mother by grandma . . . and stay in the same old rut. Why, not long ago, I baked a lemon cream pie and included lemon flavoring in the crust and the meringue. The ladies (including the little woman) set up a cry . . . "Why, the idea, experimenting like that! You're crazy." Yet, only about two months later a well known women's magazine printed a "sensational recipe, sure to thrill every man . . . a 'lemon cream pie that's all lemon . . . lemon filling, lemon crust, lemon meringue' . . . discovered by———, women's editor."

Nuts.

I'd like to receive a challenge from the author of the article *Why Men Can't Cook.*

Sincerely yours,
Herrin, Ill. FRED REINHARDT

BACHELOR HOUSES SOON TO COME

What's cookin'? October's issue of Esquire doesn't contain a bachelor's house plan? Some month's ago you ran an article concerning Deskey's Sportshack and I was hoping it was the beginning of a series of such housing projects. Then recently you ran an article concerning the Dymaxion prefabricated house and once again my hopes ran high. Then along comes October and no suggested budget-house!

I rather imagine there are dozens and dozens of bachelors like myself that are especially interested in learning more about week-end houses, thrift-hideaways, etc. Why not publish more articles about these moderately priced, cleverly designed houses?

Yours sincerely,
Dayton, Ohio Q. E. MCCREDIE

Continued on page 300

WAKE UP YOUR SCALP!

The Secret of Healthy Hair

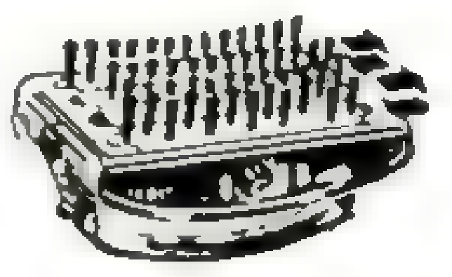
Are you worried about your hair? Do you fear *you* are on the way to the bald-headed row? Are you troubled by dandruff, falling hair or itching scalp? Then don't wait until it is too late. You need a Vitabrush and you need it *now!* Ask *any* doctor or any *competent* scalp authorities. They will tell you to *brush* your hair . . . *brush* your hair vigorously . . . *brush* your hair frequently . . . *brush* your hair regularly. *Brushing* is the only recognized way to get the scalp clean, *really clean,* and to stimulate the life-giving blood supply that *alone* can nourish a head of lustrous, healthy hair.

Vitabrush is a scientific instrument to do just this and nothing more. It is *not* a vibrator. It is an electric-powered scalp brush that takes all the tedious work and the waste of time out of the vigorous, frequent and regular *brushing* which specialists know is needed to get results. Use Vitabrush only 3 minutes a day and *feel* the difference. Restful, pleasant, satisfying. A boon to better health, cleanliness, and appearance for the entire family.

Vitabrush is available in several models and sold on a positive guarantee of complete satisfaction or your money back. You need not risk a penny to try Vitabrush and judge for yourself. Don't delay. Write today for full information.
HERSHEY MANUFACURING CO.,
175 South LaSalle Street, Chicago

Doctors Will Tell You

The normal full growth of healthy attractive hair results when the scalp is clean and free of extraneous matter, the normal processes functioning properly and tissues beneath well supplied with nourishing blood.

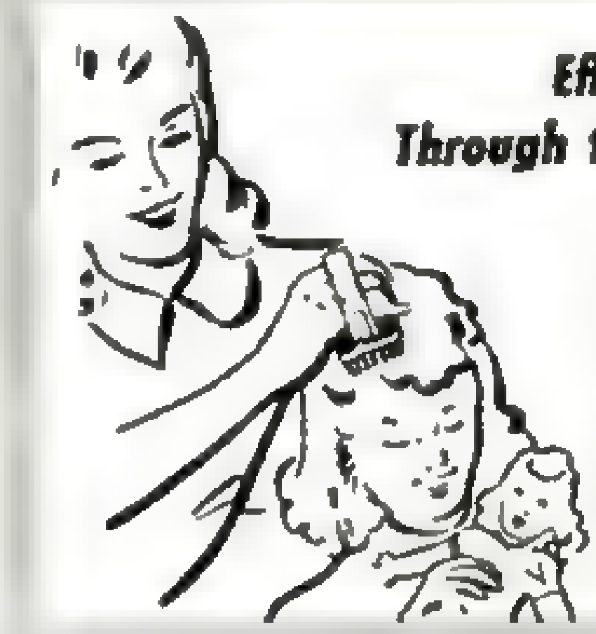


There Is Nothing in the World like Vitabrush

Vitabrush produces 5000 stimulating, vitalizing strokes per minute in a cyclic movement that subjects each tiny part of scalp area to an action not possible by any other means.

It Saves Worry, Time and Money

Vitabrush turns the regular care of scalp and hair from drudgery into fun. It takes but a few minutes a day, will serve for years, and saves cost of tonics and preparations.



Effective Protection Through the Years for the Entire Family

Women praise Vitabrush for the lustre and vitality it brings their hair. Children beg for Vitabrush treatments . . . a sensible start for a lifetime of healthy hair.

TIPPLE A TOAST TO FUN-FILLED SMILEAGE

Men will be hailed as never before . . . Women will be mobbed under the mistletoe . . . For refreshments are being served on page 275. And you can be the host (or hostess)! Turn back 24 pages and declare yourself a dividend.

HE'LL show HIS GRATITUDE. . .
WHEN YOU GIVE HIM A
Dopp-Kit
•EXCLUSIVE
•PATENTED
Opens wide and stays open for easy use—closes snug and flat

A traveling companion "de-luxe"—that's DOPP-KIT, the smartest looking, most convenient toilet case on the market. Big capacity to hold all necessary toilet articles—and yet it closes snug and compact and fits easily into a traveling bag. In several styles and leathers priced from $3.00 up.

DOPP-KITS for the Ladies, Too

Combination cases of surpassing beauty and usefulness—with a top compartment for dress articles and a bottom compartment for toilet articles. They come with or without fittings. A gift that will be appreciated. *Send for illustrated folder.*

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FOR AMERICA'S BEST DRESSED MEN it's GABA-DEAN Shirts. You'll fully enjoy the complete comfort and the properly dressed feeling they'll give you in your office, club, while traveling, and for outdoor sports.

GABA-DEAN — a genuine gabardine shirt — made of Lorraine's 100% worsted wool gabardine. Custom-made throughout. Fitted with perspiration proof arm shields — two bellas pockets — inverted back plait — handsewed ocean pearl buttons.

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Prairie Tan — Navy Blue — Sea Green
Gopher Maroon — Turf Green
Fall Rust — Coffee Brown — Teal Blue
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....Fall Rust ....Sea Green ....Deep Water Blue
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City............. .... . State. .

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 10-266-272-274-299

AUSSIES'S AUDIT

Only in their title (*Behind the Aussies Lies Australia*, Esquire, September) did Messrs. W. P. Munger, Jr. and Philip Harkins really hit the spot which shouldn't be missed in any current discussion of Australia and Australians in relation to the rest of the world. More accurate—but admittedly less euphonious—might have been the title, *In Front of Australia Stand the Aussies.*

As an American who has represented Australian newspapers in this country for twenty-five years and during that period has probably written more about Australia for periodicals here than any other American, perhaps I'll be forgiven for a few good-natured observations in Messrs. Munger and Harkins' obviously very good-natured article.

They plainly told a great deal of the truth about Australia and the Australians; and perhaps in a hearty melange such as their piece, one should expect some hewing not quite on the line—not in the matter of good-will (they're obviously full of nothing but that) but in the matter of fact.

For instance, the two gentlemen leave the strange inference that Australia depends on the Great Barrier Reef for protection from inimical outside forces. The confidence of Mr. Munger (or is it Mr. Harkins?) in the protective powers of the Great Barrier Reef hasn't in the past been shared by Australians. They will be maybe a little irritated and even embarrassed to discover that the $900,000,000 they spent last year for defense, and the $1,200,000,000 they are spending this year, might have been saved, and the 500,000 men they have under arms might have been left to follow their peaceful pursuit of the girls (and other delights which the authors so gallantly describe) while the obliging coral polyps looked after the defense.

Simply because Esquire has waited until September 1941 to reveal that the Great Barrier Reef can be used as a defense against aggression (Australians, regarding it as one of the wonders of the world, have short-sightedly used it merely to attract tourists and wreck ships) nearly half the available manpower of military age has been put into military service, representing, in terms of comparative population, an army of ten million Americans; more than 160,000 are actually serving abroad in the Middle East and Malaya (justifying my suggested title, "In Front of Australia Stand the Aussies," since the Australian view is that the country should be defended as far away from its own shores as possible); 200,000 have volunteered for the Royal Australian Air Force, of whom well over 50,000 are in action or in training; an unrevealed number, in excess of 20,000, are in the Royal Australian Navy (remember the *Bartolomeo Colleoni?* Fastest ship of her type in the world, but just not fast enough for *HMAS Sydney*); and 150,000 are making munitions.

In the current year, another 300,000 will be turned from civilian pursuits to the armed services and the industries supporting them.

All of which might have been avoided if Esquire had spoken sooner and louder. There are millions more coral polyps than Mr. Munger met on Lindemen Island. Maybe, instead of an armored division, now being formed, which demands all sorts of equipment, Australia could have "sicked" a few million enraged polyps (which require no equipment at all, since they make it as they go along) onto any possible aggressors.

But it's too late now; and it seems to me that a good deal of the responsibility rests with Esquire.

And what's more, Esquire, while I hate to be statistical (although I think facts cannot be avoided) only five-thirteenths of Australia is within the tropics, and Queensland ("the tropics kill white men," remember?) has a crude death rate lower than the Australian average, a natural population increase rate second in Australia only to Tasmania, (and nearly twice as great as that of the United States). Allowing for immigration, the annual increase of population in Queensland is higher than that of any State in the Commonwealth. The death rate from tuberculosis in the last year for which figures are available was the lowest in the world; and the infant mortality rate was below that of New South Wales (and third lowest in the world).

So the tropics kill white men, huh? Not in Queensland, Esquire.

And look, Esquire, Melbourne's population was listed as 1,046,000 in 1939 (not 800,000); Adelaide had 322,000 and Brisbane 326,000. And that "bloodless revolution of 1926" was merely the start of a movement (culminating in the Statute of Westminster in 1931) to express in words what the British Commonwealth of Nations had become as the result of years of evolution. Australia has (in the sense I think your authors mean) been cut loose from Britain for so long Australians just don't think about cutting loose any more. They run their own show, anyhow.

Cook didn't circumnavigate Australia in 1770; New South Wales wasn't settled as a penal colony until 1778; estimate of 100,000,000 as Australia's population has long since been accepted as over-optimistic (from 25 to 50 million is the present accepted figure—the latter regarded as highly optimistic); there are no Customs divisions between States and no border guards . . . Aw, heck, what's the use, Esquire?

But don't get me wrong. It was a nice article.

Thanks, Esquire.

Sincerely yours,
New York City A. D. Rothman
Sydney Morning Herald
Overseas News Service

TOLD BY A MARINE

In regards to Louis Jamme's cartoon which appeared in the October issue*, I wish to inform you that almost every detail of it is wrong. The right dress is executed with either the left hand on the hip and elbow extended or either the left arm extended straight out from the shoulder, and with the right arm straight down at the side, with the fingers joined and palms in. The proper way to give the right hand salute is: the upper part of the arm horizontal, the lower part at a 45° angle extended to touch the headdress above the right eye. The fingers are joined and the palm "in," and not out as is showing in the mentioned cartoon.

Hoping the Marines have come through again, at the right time, and make the Sound and Fury. I have been a constant reader for seven years now, and this is the third effort I've made. I remain,

Sincerely yours,
Pvt. Wilbur J. Helvey, U.S.M.C.
Guantanamo Bay, Cuba

---

*"No, no, Corporal, never teach the salute and the right dress at the same time"!

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

The quotations at the close of my current article are from:

1. Tennyson's poem *Ulysses.*
2. *Hamlet.*
3. Shakespeare's *King Richard II.*
4. Byron's *Childe Harold.*
5. Bible—*Judges.*
6. Plutarch's *Life of Julius Caesar.*
7. Robert Frost's poem, *Mending Wall.*
8. Bible—*The Apocrypha.*
9. *The Gospels.*
10. Bible—*The Book of Acts.*
11. Shelley's poem *The Skylark.*
12. *The Gospels.*
13. Bible—*Psalms.*
14. Bible—*Psalms.*
15. *The Gospels.*

Cordially,
William Lyon Phelps
New Haven, Conn.

Merry Christmas

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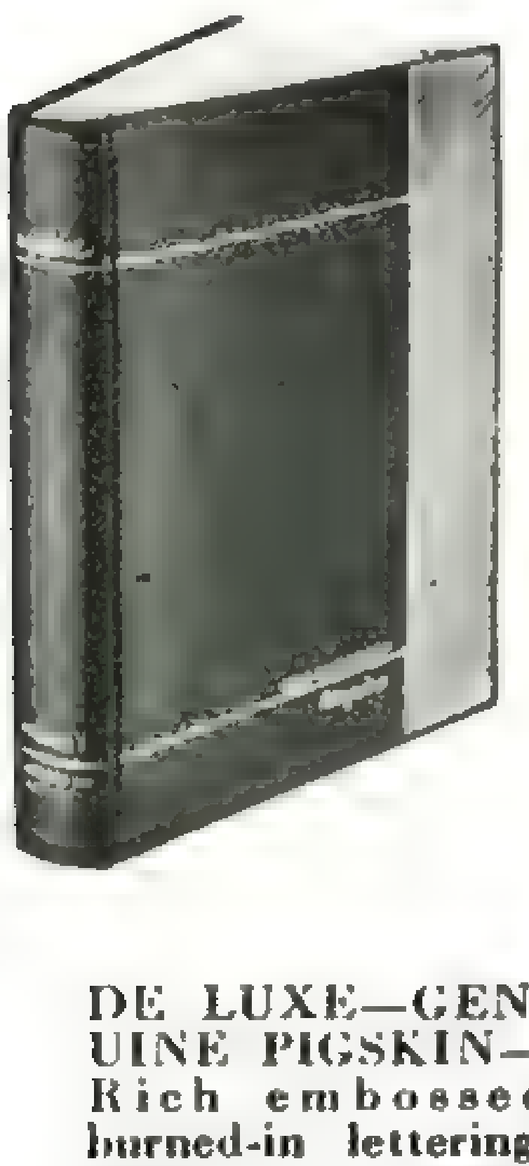

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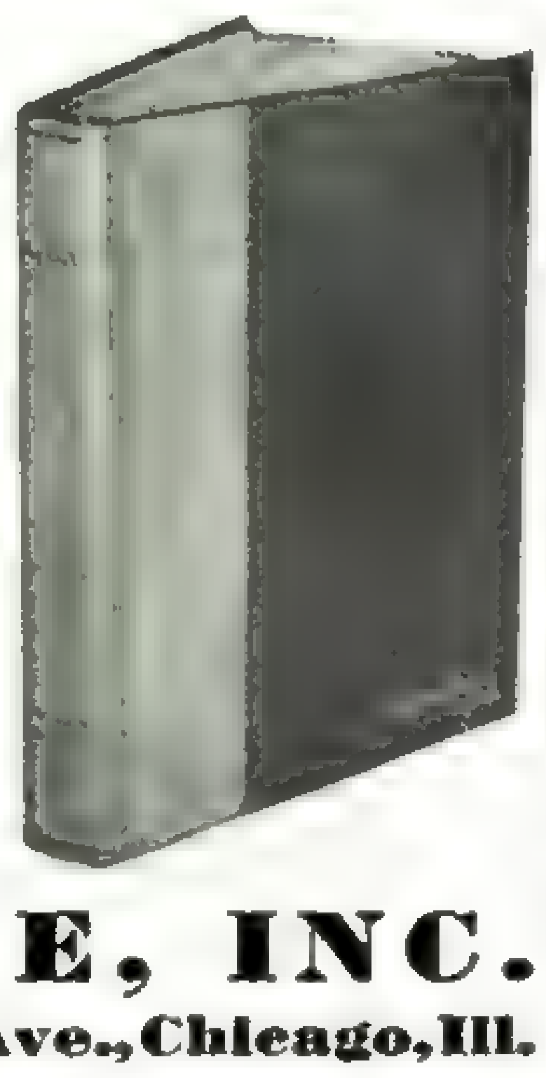

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GLORY BE TO THE K. C. GREASE BURNER

Iles Brody should receive a vote of thanks for glorifying us "Kansas City Grease Burners," otherwise known as Ship's Cooks, by referring to us as Chefs in his report on the chow aboard the *North Carolina.*

In my humble opinion it takes more than a casual inspection of the galley to determine the quality of the food. If Mr. Brody could have had a sample ration it would not be necessary for him to qualify his remarks about the food served.

Yes it's true the Navy maintains two Cook's schools, but a gob has to have a cook's rate before he can be sent to one of these schools. Most sailors who aspire to be cooks get their baptism in the galley sink as "middlemen." After two weeks as middle-man I was permitted to experiment with the stomachs of my buddies. So far so good, they are all still living and "chipping their teeth" about the lousy chow I put out.

U. S. S. Kennison HENRY KAPLINSKI
San Diego, Cal.

COMPLIMENTS TO THE JUKE

It was all very fine for Carleton Smith (in the September Esquire) to prescribe records of *The Beggar's Opera* for pleasant listening at home where we are masters of our own turntables, but what has he to say about compulsory listening in the juke-joints, where they turn the tables on us? What good then is a fine flair for Eighteenth Century tunes and Mr. Gay's bawdry?

Now suppose we have just assembled, at some pains, a bottle of wine, a table for two, and a vintage young woman—and then the juke-box tears loose with *The Hut-Sut Song*. Yoo-hoo, Mr. Smith; where are you now?

But already there are a few minds at work on this angle of Defense, and I hope that Mr. Smith's is one of them. Recently some smart columnist proposed his own panacea for the juke-box menace—the Silent Record, whereby a man might slake his thirst for peace and quiet at the drop of a nickel.

But these are deep waters, Watson! A Bostonian friend of mine says flatly that the Silent Record isn't good enough. He doesn't see how he can accept the universe unless he can have juke-boxes more the way he wants them. It would do no good, he adds, to squander nickels on a forced silence; for at the end of three minutes a great wave of jive, a billow of bellow, would roll in about our ears, bigger than life, to fill the abhorred vacuum. Instead, by his system, the coins of the *cognoscenti* would go forth like little missionaries to elevate the public taste in juke platters. *Noblesse oblige*, and all that.

He starts with a reformed juke-box, primed with just half the usual complement of barrel-house, boogie-woogie, and Bing Crosby, the rest of the repertory to consist of gentler measures in an ascending scale of rarefication from Johann Strauss to Johann Sebastian Bach. As always, the first nickel will fetch forth a platter of swing, but a silver dime dropped in the slot will instantly change the fare and produce *Tales From the Vienna Woods;* and the next dime will invoke *Wine, Women and Song*. And when these pall, any Croesus with a quarter in his hand can rock the walls of Al's Lunch for three contrapuntal minutes to the tune of the *Toccata and Fugue*.

It is quite a vision (almost Wagnerian), this battle of music, with loyal Straussians beating the groundlings to the draw and pouring silver down the slot to keep *Gemütlichkeit* alive. But silence, pure silence, is still our dish, and we stick to it, with one concession—a little spirited bidding to liven things up.

We'll fix it so that the first nickel will get a jam session under way; a dissenting dime will squelch it; an assertive quarter will restore King Jive to the podium for a brief interregnum; and finally, a fifty-cent piece will buy three minutes of gilt-edged silence, guaranteed proof against reckless hepcats who might try to grease the robot's promiscuous palm with a silver dollar.

And for those three hushed minutes, the vintage young woman is ours. . . . My compliments to the juke!

Cambridge, Mass. GARDNER BARKER

BELATED HOMAGE TO A. F. J. CLAUDET

The article, *A Hundred Years of Photography*, by Mark Ashley, in your October issue is very interesting. It deals chiefly with the more modern inventions and improvements of that science, which are wonderful, and which have rendered photography of the utmost use to mankind.

Little is said, however, of the first few pioneers of a hundred years ago, and as a grandson of a distinguished one—Antoine Francois Jean Claudet, F.R.S.—I was rather surprised at his name not being included.

The Encyclopaedia Britannica—Vol. 5, p. 815—gives a short account of some of his qualifications which, I venture to say, rank him as one of the first photographers, inventors, and improvers of processes worthy of note.

In 1840 he acquired Daguerre's patent and started portraiture in London, and improved and greatly accelerated the taking of portraits. He read many papers on photography, light, etc. before the Royal Society and British Association from 1841-67, the year of his death.

I have many photographs taken by him—some as long ago as about 1850, besides several Daguerreotypes taken previously—clear and unfaded.

I conclude with an extract from his *Memoir* in the *Scientific Review*, 1867. "The first notable result of Claudet's effort was made known in communications to the "Academie des Sciences" and to the Royal Society, on a method of accelerating the production of the image of the Daguerreotype by the use of bromine and chloride of iodine. The operation was thus made a hundred times more rapid, and hence Claudet has the credit of first rendering possible the effectual portraiture of animate objects."

Yours truly,
Victoria, B. C. FRED G. CLAUDET

HONORABLE MENTION FOR FAIRBANKS, MORSE

I was very much interested in the article entitled, *Farewell to Gasoline*, included with your letter of September 19th.

I was amazed to note, however, that no mention was made of Fairbanks, Morse & Company, who have been, as you should know, pioneers in the Diesel engine industry in these United States.

It was in 1913 that the first semi-Diesel engine was put into production in this country and it was manufactured by Fairbanks, Morse & Co.

This was later changed to a full Diesel engine some few years later, and it is unfortunate, indeed, that this company, who are at present supplying many of the big Diesel engines for the United States Navy, was not mentioned in your article, although some of the newcomers, such as Caterpillar and Cummins were mentioned.

This is being brought to your attention merely in the interest of the facts.

Yours truly,
FAIRBANKS, MORSE & CO.
HENRY J. BARBOUR
Manager Sales Promotion
Chicago, Ill. and Publicity

AVERT THE OMEN

The October issue of Esquire has a group of Varga beauties bedecked in Army, Navy, and Air Corps regalia. The little girl in the center is wearing a cap ornament which is intended to be the Naval emblem.

Navy regulations have the eagle facing right, not left; the picture is incorrect in this respect.

An eagle or lion facing left is a heraldic symbol of cowardice.

Chicago, Ill. WALTER DANYLUK

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by Jobey

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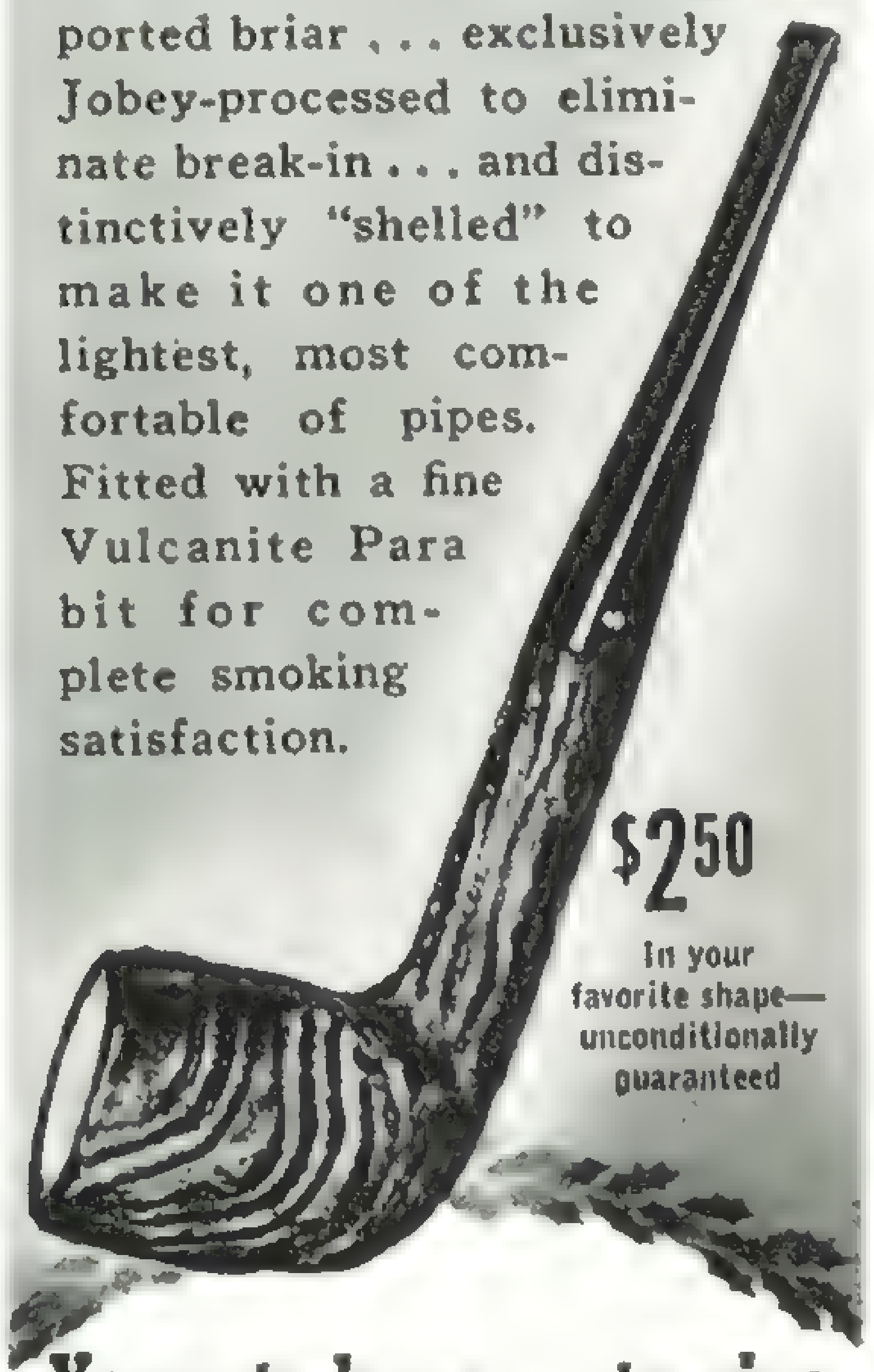

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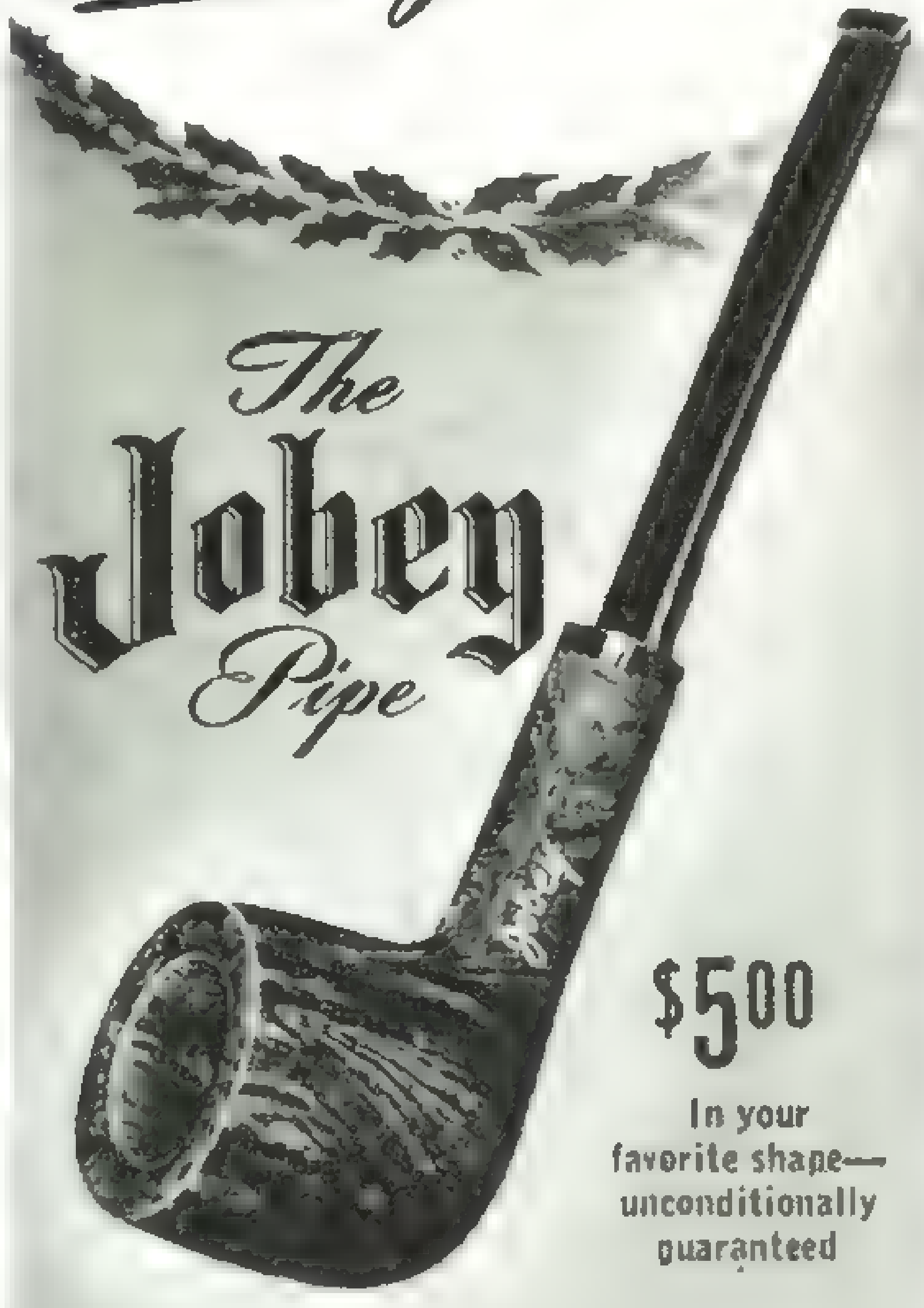

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Once in a lifetime will you find a pipe as distinguished as this inimitably hand-crafted Jobey. Superb in the rich plum finish of its matchless, centuries-old imported briar . . . unique in its secret oil processing that eliminates break-in . . . flawless from its balanced feel to its fine hand-cut Jobey bit . . . these things make the Jobey a "must" in every discerning smoker's collection.

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Punch with a Punch

Continued from page 147

ter along the wine and food trail, piles up heartfelt profanity in the dishwashing department. Still, it would be out of line for any host or hostess to criticize guests whose approaches to glory are so conspicuously sanitary.

So, as I say, let's go after the facts, or, better still, *sit* still, sip and concentrate and let insight creep up on us till we get a sort of spiritual bird's-eye view of the whole circumference of the thing. First, it becomes clear to us that a recipe holds good only as regards proportions; quantity needed will have to be figured separately according to size and vim of party. With some groups the turnover may be leisurely—say, a bowl an hour. With others, it will take *two* bowls—one under attack in the living or dining room, and the other in process of concoction in the pantry, with steady alternation. In extreme instances, Chinese jardinieres may have to be commandeered as branch offices. But the common or terra-cotta flower pot is to be eschewed, as it has a hole in its bottom, and the potation is too precious to be wasted on a rug or carpet.

Copious quantity does not amount to much as far as enjoyment is concerned unless plenty of quality goes with it. Hence the true holiday gladsomeness of

Champagne Punch

To each bottle of Champagne add one bottle of Club Soda, one pony of Brandy, one pony of Triple Sec liqueur; the rind of one orange, cut very thin. Little or no powdered sugar. And *never* lemon. Deposit berg of ice.

Decorate with sliced fresh pineapple and orange, and plenty of fresh mint. Crushed fresh strawberries add a gala touch to looks and flavor. (And save me a dipper, will ya?)

Redoubtable Confederate battle leader General Jubal A. Early would have snorted at our warning against the insertion of lemon in a Champagne concoction. "We Virginians beg to differ, sir," would have been his sentiments. *His* tactic was to use lemon lavishly, but to brigade it with rum, forming a combination now imbibed to his memory as

Jubal Early Punch

1½ gallons of lemonade
3 pints Brandy
1 pint Jamaica Rum
3 quarts Champagne

Dissolve 1½ pounds of sugar in the lemonade before adding other ingredients. Bowl well iced.

A contrastingly ruddy proposition was the holiday medicine of the General's big boss, President Davis. Thus:

Jeff. Davis Punch

1½ pints lemon juice
3¼ pounds sugar, dissolved in water
12 bottles Claret
1½ bottles Sherry
½ bottle Brandy
½ pint Jamaica Rum
1 cup Maraschino Liqueur
3 bottles Ginger Ale
6 bottles Mineral Water or soda

Garnish with 2 lemons sliced thin; half of a cucumber sliced with peel on; one orange sliced.

If too strong, water may be added till the quantity reaches 5 gallons. Best if made 24 hours before using, adding ice, the ginger ale and mineral water just before serving.

If *that*—and wait till you taste it—isn't a full length portrait of a scholar and a gentleman, I'll take sarsaparilla. And I don't mean sarsaparilla redeemed with Jamaica Rum, a combination which, smackfully salubrious, is much endeared to mid-evening gullets at a certain choosy New York club.

To tradition-steeped celebrants the summit of the season would be bleak unless thickly upholstered with Eggnog. That, they aver, is why eggs were born. Recipes are many and proud, some underpinned with Rye, some with Bourbon, some double-foundationed with Brandy and Rum. My friend Leon B...... (unrelated to Leon & Eddie's but a soul of cheer in his own way) staged a nog feast last year afore his roaring hearth, which hit spots in all directions. Asked how such smooth suasion was built, the nervy fellow told me he had clipped the specifications from this department but had taken the liberty of improving them. So now I'm stealing them back, everything, improvements and all:

Leonine Eggnog

12 eggs, recently from Mrs. Cluck
12 level tablespoons granulated sugar
3 pints bouquet Bourbon (Rye if you prefer)
1 quart milk
1 pint heavy cream
Nutmeg

Crack eggs, separating yolks from whites. Setting latter aside for the nonce, go at yolks with an egg-beater, plying it furiously. Gradually add the sugar, beating it in till entirely dissolved. Now enters the whiskey, poured slowly and stirred, its action on yolks being equivalent to a gentle cooking. Then the milk, followed by the cream (whipped cream if you prefer extra richness), likewise stirred in.

Clean off egg-beater and tackle the whites till they stand without flinching. Fold them into the general mixture. Stir in one grated nutmeg. Will serve 10 to 12 people. If it's the whipped cream version, they'll need spoons.

For convenience' sake some hosts prepare this eggnog the day before the party and put it in the refrigerator till wanted. Parked there, or even in a moderately cool place, it will keep perfectly for several days if airtight jars are used.

If I seem emotional about eggnogs it's because I *am*. The very word conjures up pictures of pleasant, spacious homes with wide open doors through which trooped endless chains of friends and neighbors, all come to wish you the merry and partake of a bit of it while on the premises, with Grandma or Mother doing the ladling and offering fruit cake, while Dad and the other male-sexers of the family were out covering the social front: every block dotted with eggnog stations. If we today slight this feature of the American Way, somebody ought to bump us in the rear lights and wake us up.

Appeal of a solid sort is to be

found in a creation which occurs at New York's wayward inn, the Algonquin Hotel:

FROZEN EGGNOG

12 egg yolks
1 pound sugar
1 gallon cream, whipped
1 pint Brandy
1 pint Jamaica Rum

Beat the egg yolks very light and add the sugar, then the whipped cream. Freeze till firm. Then add the Brandy and Rum and turn freezer rapidly a few times to mix well. Eat with holiday cake. Serves 24.

Another item for your holiday agenda which you should have a lot of fun preparing is also filched from the Frank Case repertoire:

RUM BUMBLE PUDDING

1¼ tablespoons gelatin
2 tablespoons cold water
6 tablespoons boiling water
1 cup sugar
1 pint whipped cream
⅓ cup Jamaica Rum
4 tablespoons Rye or Bourbon Whiskey
2 egg whites
Extra cream for whipping
Extra Rum for flavoring
½ cup chopped almonds for sprinkling

Soak gelatin in cold water 5 minutes, then add boiling water and dissolve. Add sugar, Rum and Whiskey. Stir well till sugar is dissolved, then strain and cool. When mixture begins to thicken, beat until frothy and add the egg whites well beaten. Add 2 tablespoons whipped cream and whip it smoothly; then add 2 tablespoons more, mix smoothly again, and continue mixing until the entire pint of cream is used. Beat until light and pour into a mold and chill in the refrigerator.

Serve pudding with whipped cream flavored with the extra Rum, and sprinkle top with chopped almonds. If desired, the almond thatch may be omitted and a little nutmeg dusted on.

This allotment serves 1 guy and 5 lady friends. Stand back, girls, don't crowd.

On the Hades side there's steaming, teeming plenty to do. New Englanders keep in character with entrail-rejoicing Hot Buttered Rum, a noble example of which is made with 1 quart New England Rum, 3 quarts sweet cider, 1 cup brown sugar, and enough butter to dapple the surface. (Dissolve sugar in 1 cup boiling water, add cider and heat to boil, then add Rum. Butter. Serve piping in punch bowl, flurried with ground cinnamon.) Devotees of native Whiskey glow employ Rye or Bourbon in Hot Toddy: 1 quart Whiskey, 2 quarts boiling water, clove-studded lemon slices, bits of cinnamon, and sugar to taste. Others do similarly with Scotch. Or Brandy of the Apple. Or our own Grape Brandy.

"Sure and if the likes of them care to be bothering with the likes of those, well, let them," was the opinion of an Old Sodder, interviewed on the subject of seasonal activities. Contentedly he was nursing a large, fresh-filled goblet of Hot Old Irish Punch (12 lumps sugar rubbed onto rinds of 2 lemons and mixed with juice of same; bottle of Irish Whiskey, cinnamon, cloves, and boiling water to dilute as per own judgment.) And lad, was it good!

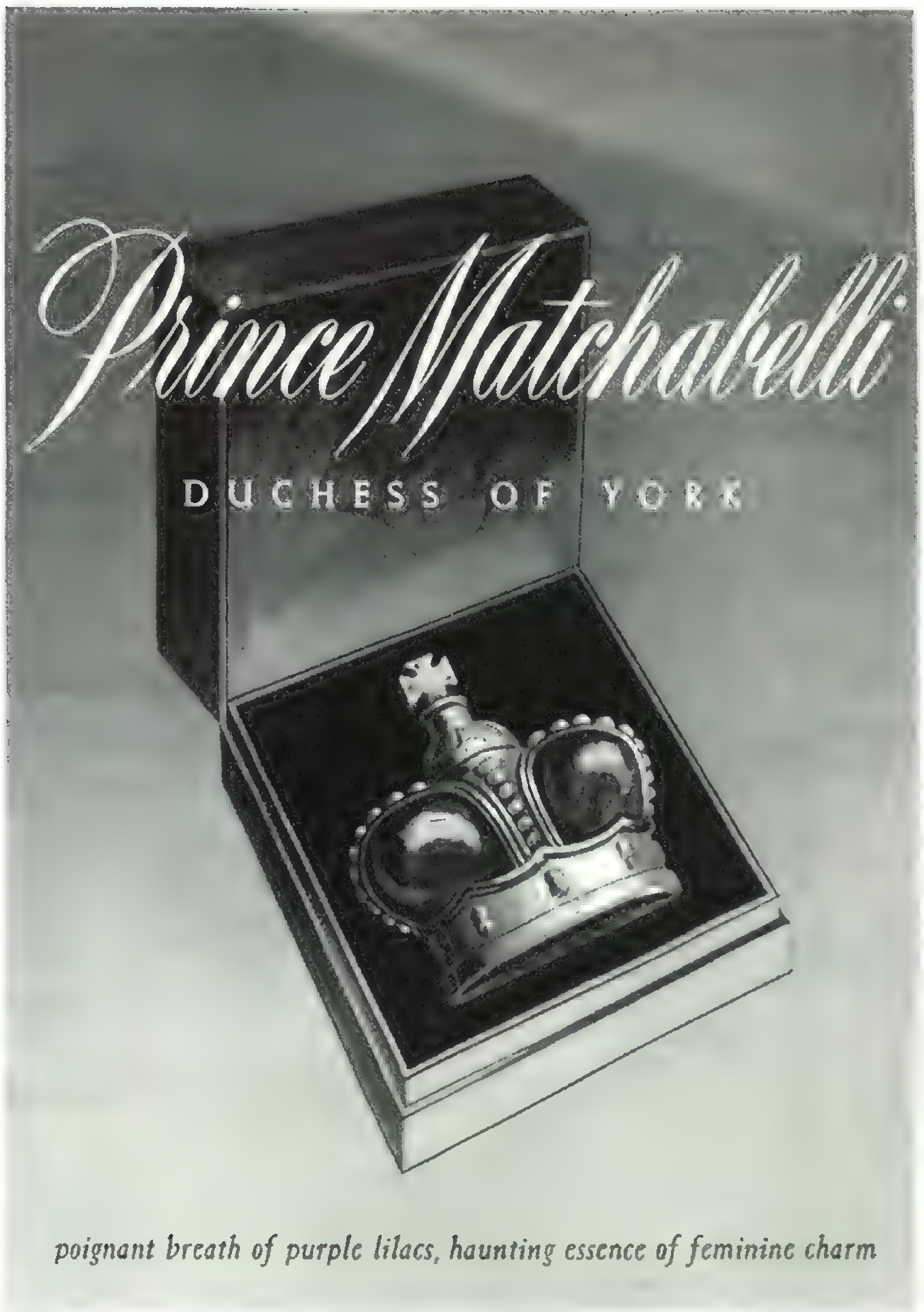
A select cult of worshipers of the fruit that Eve and Adam snacked on in the Garden, put together a little something called Flames Over Jersey. Bowling a quart of Apple Brandy sweetened with a cup of sugar, zipped with 1 oz. to 1 jigger Angostura, and zested with lemon peels, they set afire and stir, with blue flames flickering. Then add 1 quart (or more) boiling water and serve pronto in glass or silver mugware.

Sun-bussed Southern California and flamingoed Florida, where Christmas trees wear feather-duster fronds and Santa sports in shorts, are apt to concoct their holiday quenchment with spirits of the cane from Cuba, Porto Rico, and other West Undies as the little girl said. Created by the memorable Henry M. Flagler, and constantly re-prepared as a monument to him, is the Whitehall Punch which flows in the erstwhile Flagler mansion at Palm Beach, now a palatial hotel. Thus: Into a mixing glass, squeeze the juice of 1 lime, 1 jigger Brandy, 1 barspoon Grenadine, 1 dash syrup. Fill with cracked ice and shake well. Then strain into a special stemless glass which has been well frosted and is full of snow ice. After straining the drink into the glass, fill up with more snow ice and top off with seltzer. Place glass in individual silver bowl and pack shaved ice to within 1 inch of brim. Decorate with a strawberry, slice of orange and pineapple. Serve 2 straws and sip slowly to savor delicate bouquet.

Conviction gathers, from all sides, that plum pudding time is upon us in unusually large measure—time for clinking while Rum burns.

So I touch with you to a better world of the future. And let's make this present one as hospitable as can be, right now. ⧺

Holiday cheer goes double with Esquire this year. If you enjoyed this issue's special features, you surely won't want to miss next month's Holiday Issue. Better reserve your copy at your newsdealer's now, because just one of its added attractions is the famous Varga Calendar.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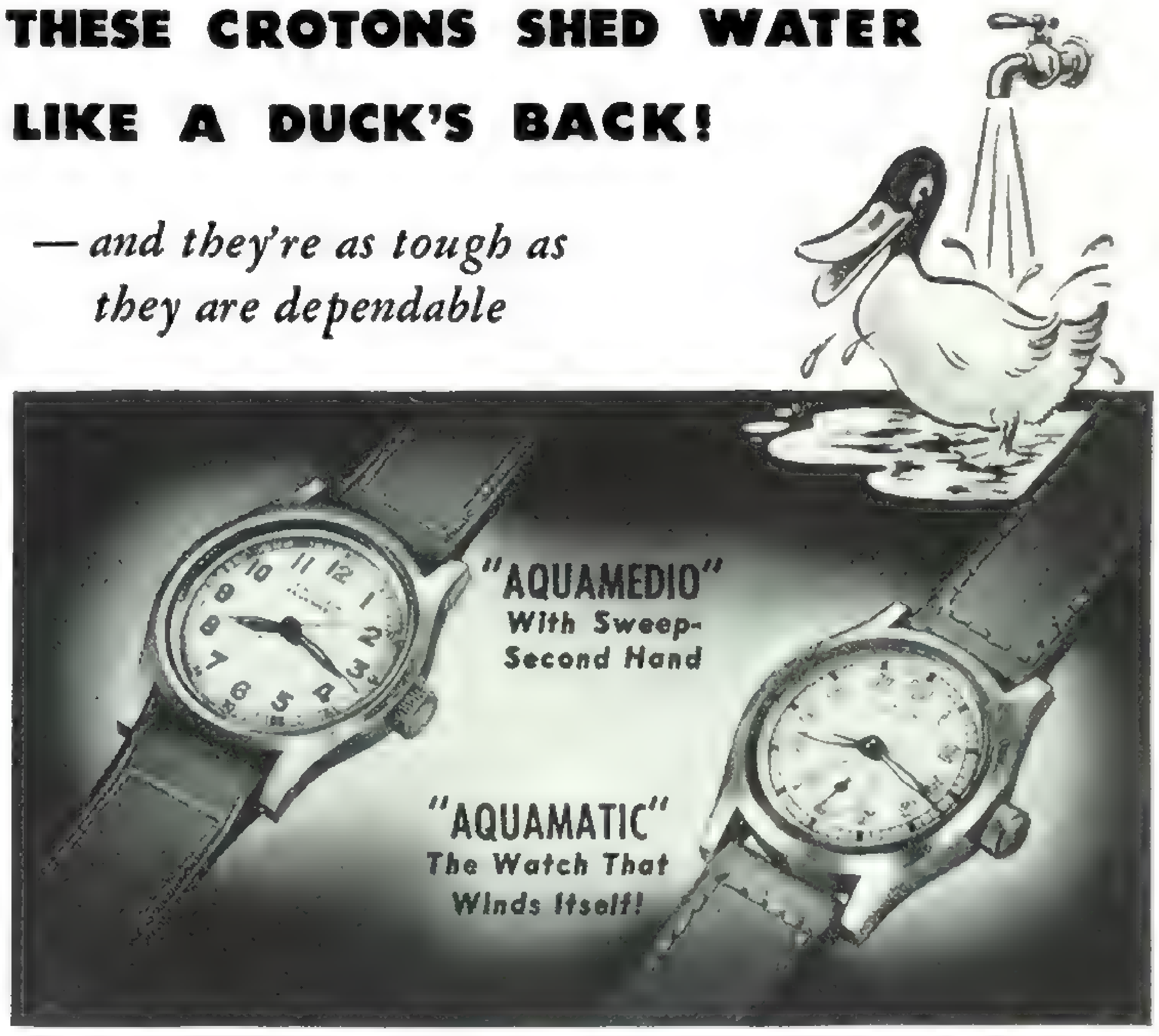

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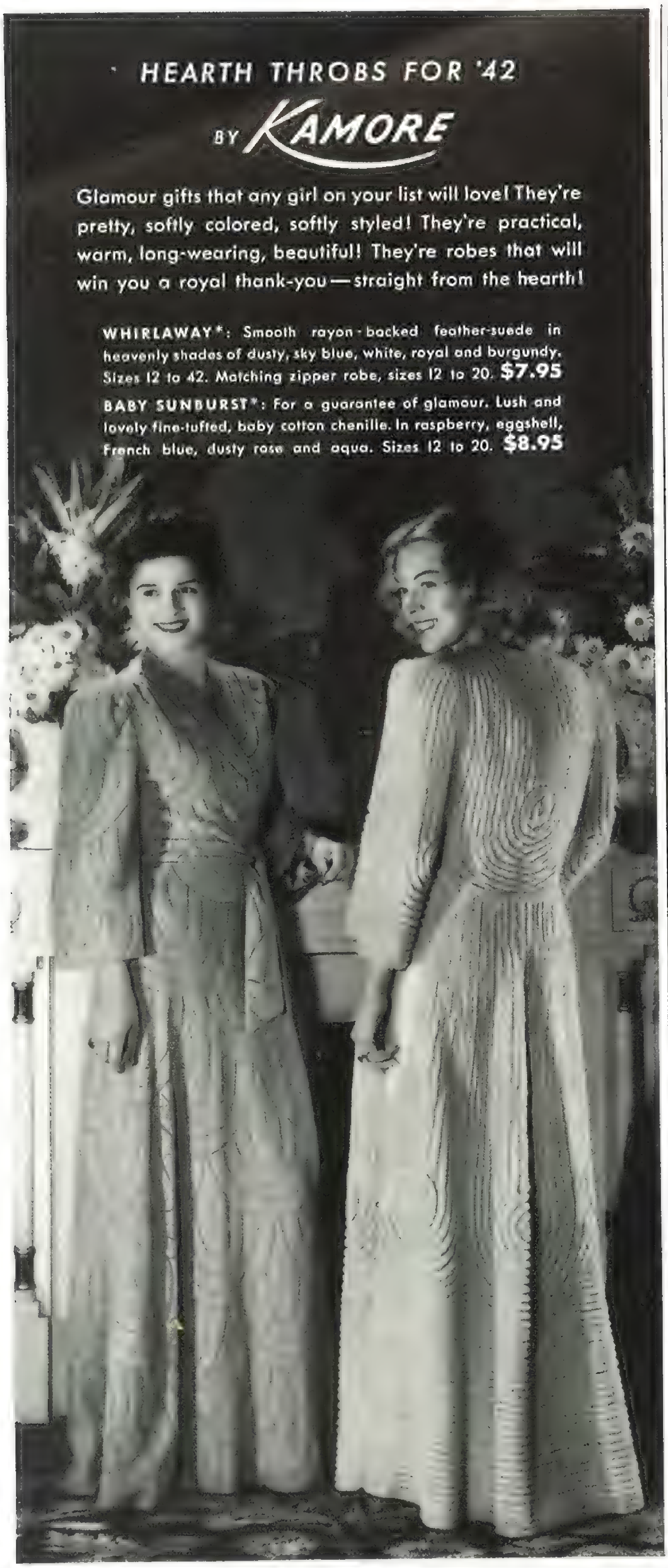

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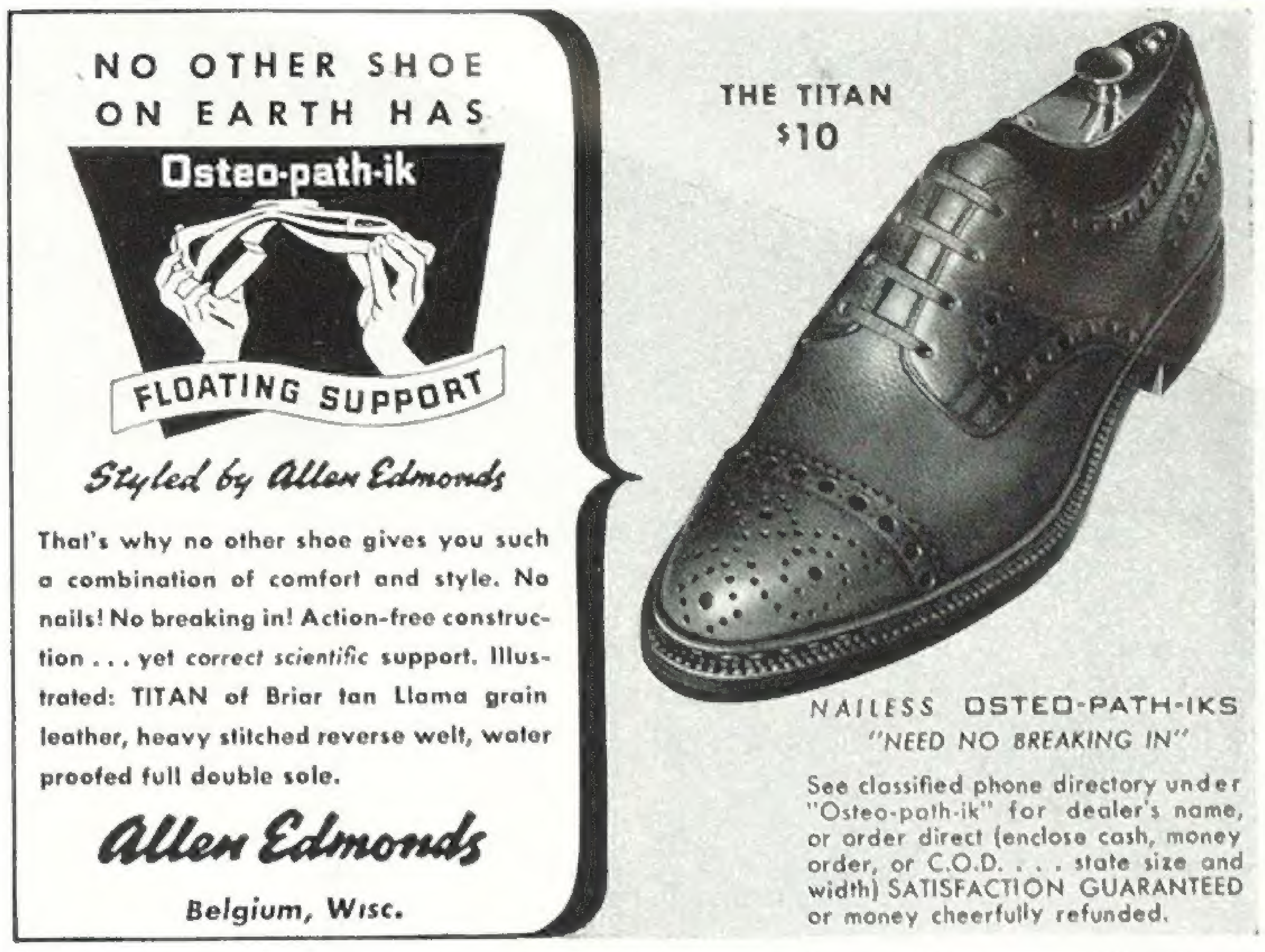
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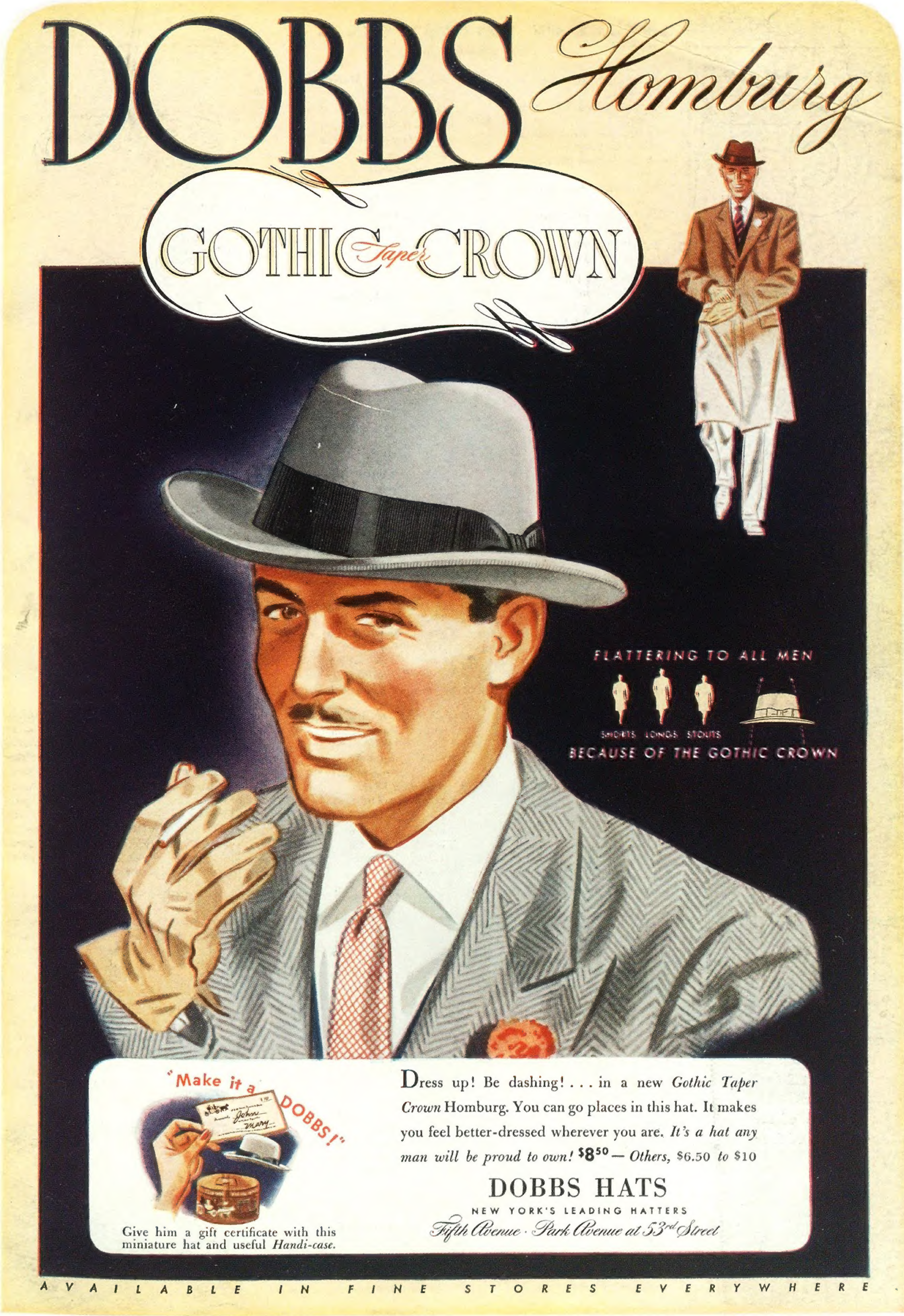
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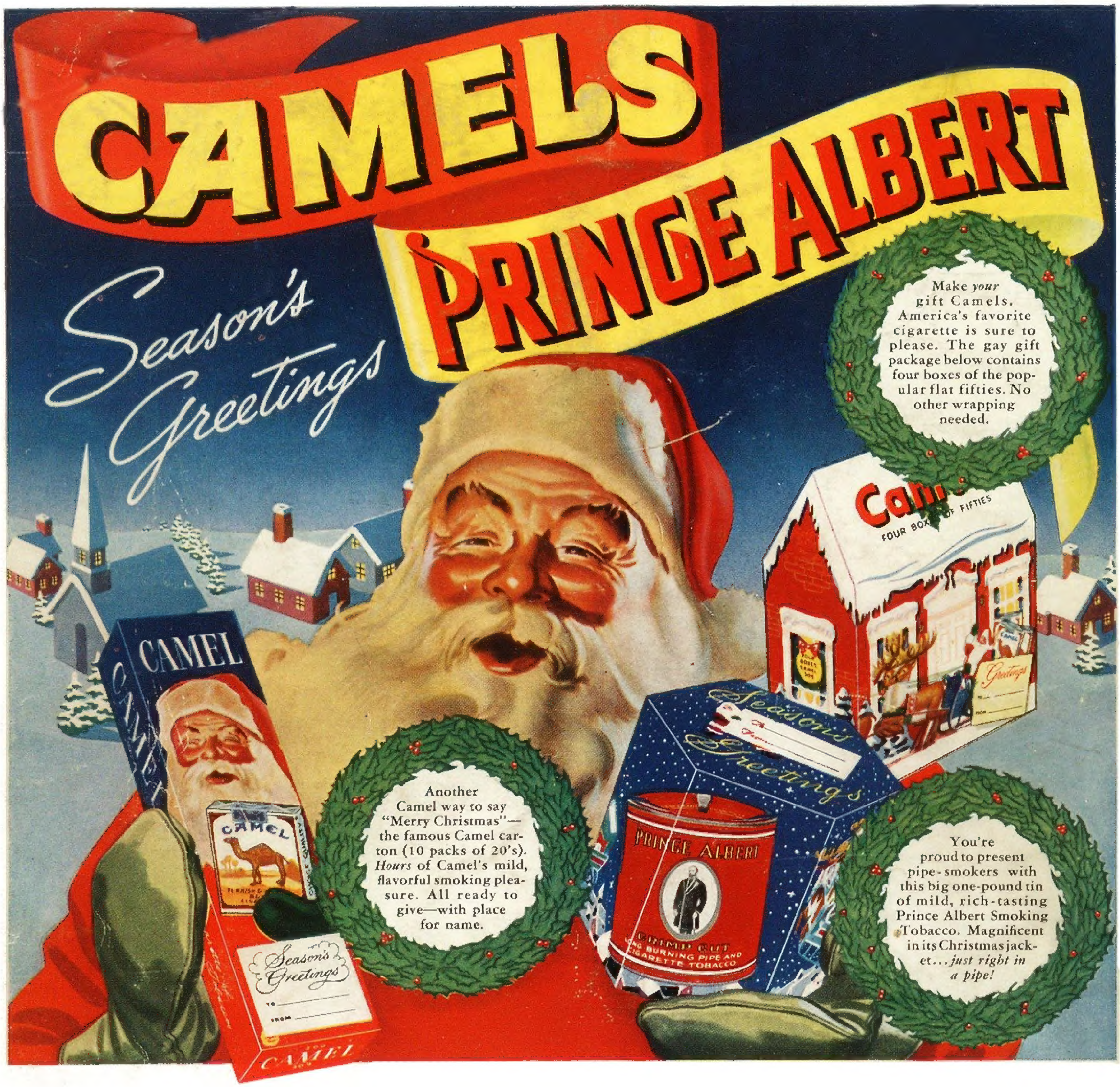
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